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GIFT OF PUBLISHER

Photoplay combined with

movie MIRROR

JUNE

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

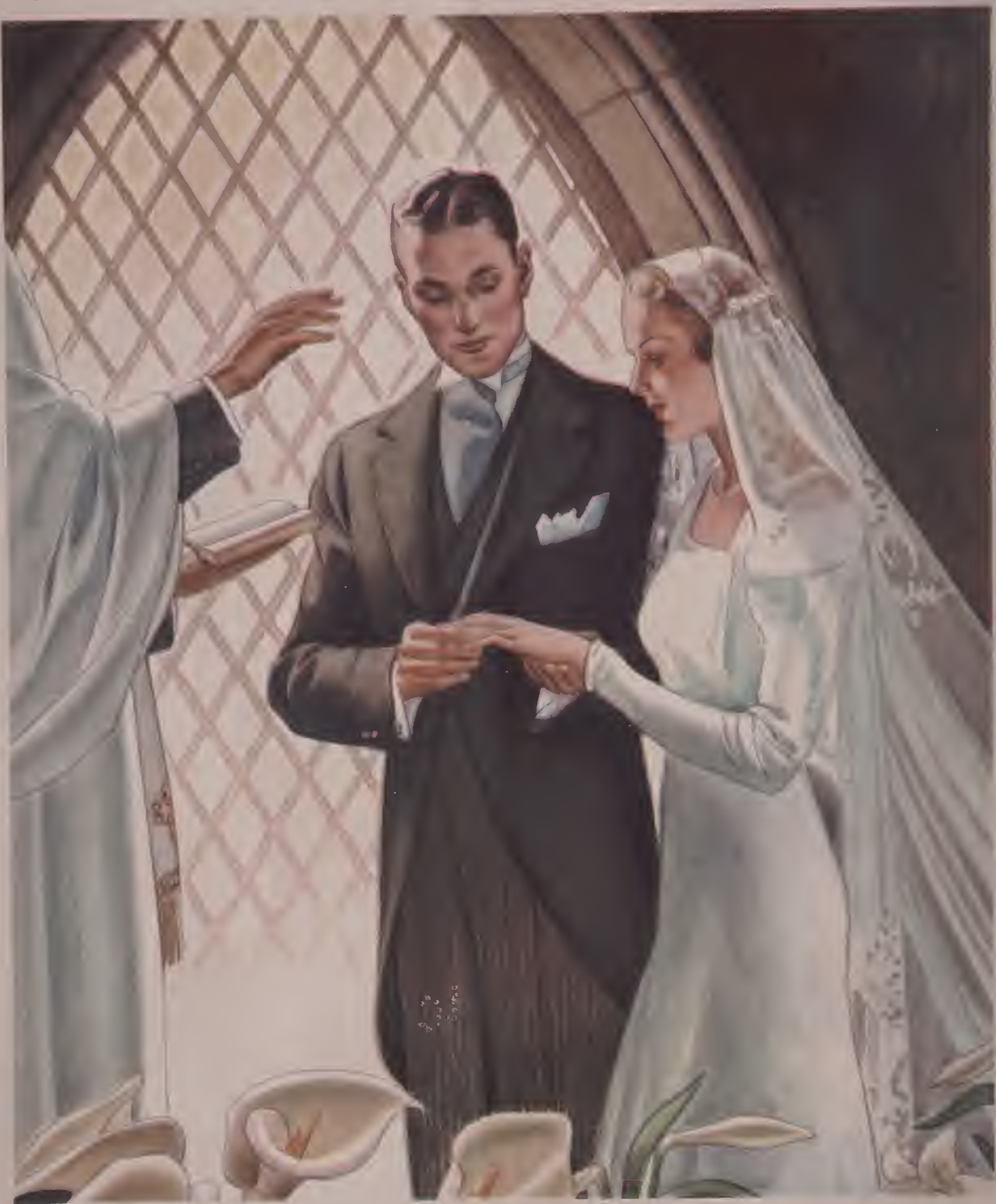
GINGER ROGERS

HOW CLARK GABLE CHANGED MY LIFE

A Boy Tramp's Amazing Story

P515

The Papers didn't print the Whole story...



They ran three columns about the wedding. The bride, they said, was beautiful, the groom rich, and both families of fine lineage and tradition. But what they failed to mention was this: that the bride would never have been engaged, much less married, if she hadn't discovered in time that she had halitosis (unpleasant breath) and promptly corrected it. After all, halitosis is the fault unforgivable. Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant, is the pleasant means of overcoming it. Is there a hint here for you? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS

"Appalling!"

SAYS DOWAGER

A DOWAGER AND A DENTIST BATTLE ABOUT A TURKEY LEG

"Sensible!"

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—*socially.*

But your dentist will retort: "Excuse?—The picture *needs* no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise . . . and our modern soft-food diet does *not* give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—*see* your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves . . . So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward *complete* oral health . . . Change to Ipana and massage today.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MOVIE MIRROR

VOL. 9 NO. 1
JUNE
1936

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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Natural Color Photograph of Ginger Rogers by James N. Doolittle

IN THE JULY ISSUE

(OUT MAY 22)

The Weird Love Story of Ida Lupino

It's one of the strangest and sweetest love stories ever told—the story of an affection that began in childhood and grew so strong that nothing, not even death, could break the ties of sympathy. You've never read anything like it before, and it will give you a new insight into one of Hollywood's loveliest and most promising young stars.

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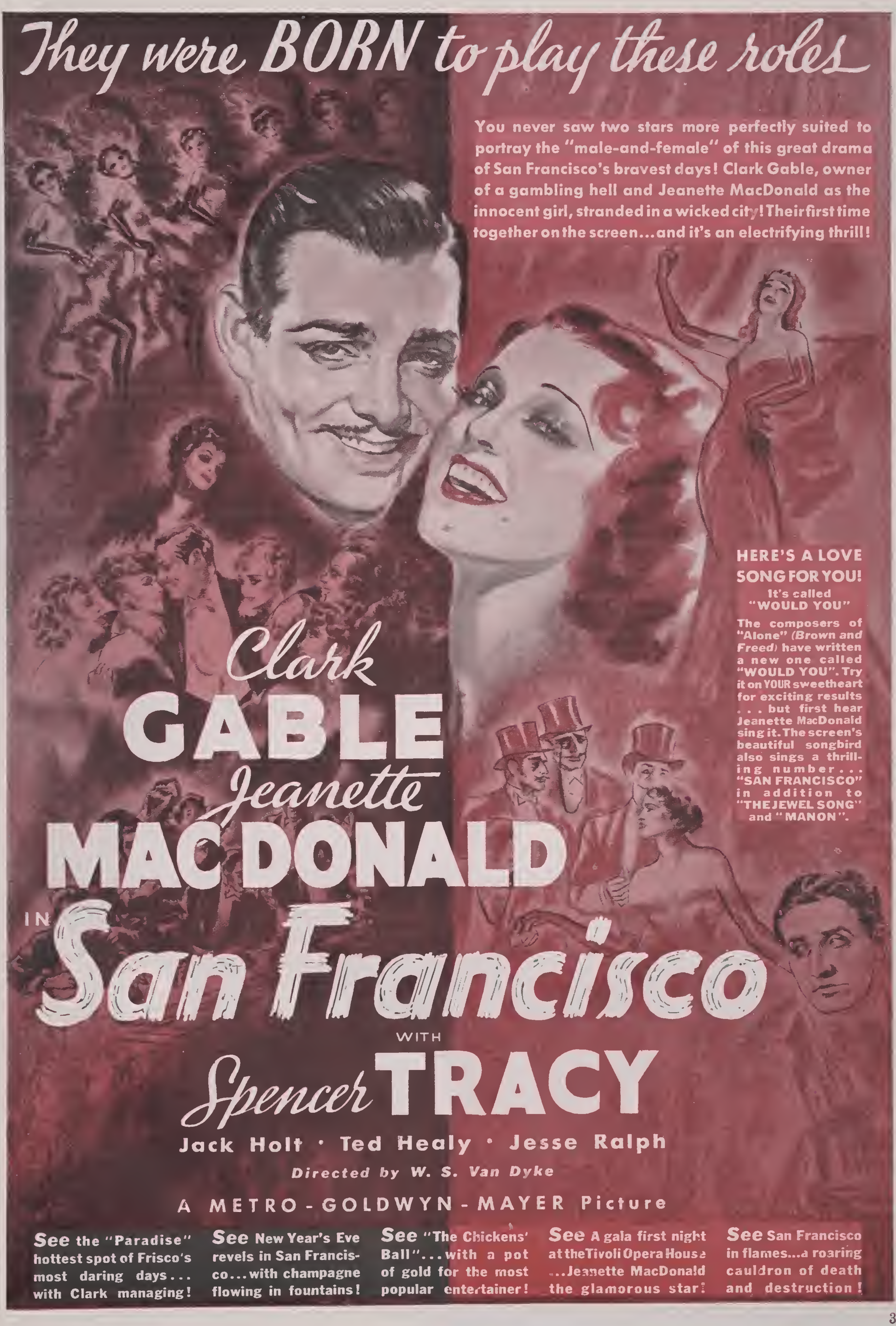

They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" (*Brown and Freed*) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results . . . but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number . . . "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Clark GABLE
Jeanette MAC DONALD
IN San Francisco
WITH
Spencer TRACY
Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days . . . with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco . . . with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball" . . . with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House . . . Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

THE HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Giving you the real lowdown on what a star, away from Hollywood, really thinks about himself and his fans

By Ruth Waterbury

THE letter on this page happened entirely by accident. Every day for months when I have reached my office the desk has been snowed under with letters, photographs, manuscripts from girls in the towns where Nelson Eddy has recently been singing. And each letter and manuscript has been so fine, so definite in its indication of the stirring, exciting influence Nelson Eddy has left in those towns that constantly I have been set wondering how he, the star, felt about all this.

On Page 45 of this issue, you will see a story about Nelson Eddy's apparent jinx in movies. Why Metro has not planned one great production after another with this greatest discovery of the last two years, I shall certainly never understand. Though this has nothing to do with the letter below.

That happened because I wrote Nelson asking him, finally, about his concert tour, asking if he had kept a diary that I might publish. His answer came at once, unassuming, spontaneous, deeply charming, gracious as Nelson himself. In fact, it seemed to me to tell more of the real man, of the person behind that great voice, than anything that has ever been written about him. Nelson Eddy, the real person, in his own words:

Dear Ruth:

Thanks for your note. I liked hearing from you.

Here's some stuff. Hate talking about myself, but you asked for it!

No diary. Hardly have time to put check marks in engagement book!

Trip is mad—surging! Can't possibly give you details—but here are my "impressions:"

1. Seas of up-turned faces. Smiling. (That's good.)

2. Autographs. Scores. Hundreds. Thousands. Day-time. Train-time. Night-time. Meal-time. Concert-time. Bed-time. Knocks on door. Autographs. Autographs! Nelson Eddy. Nelson Eddy, Nelson Eddy. Nelson Eddy. Nelson Eddy— Neuritis in right arm. But how thankful I am they want my signature.

3. Trains. Trains. Trains. Coaches, parlor cars, pullman berths, compartments. Bumps. Whistles. "Six-thirty, Sir; arrive in half an hour." Ee-aw-ugh! Shaving in those wash-rooms. Ah!

4. In and out of taxicabs. Grips. Red caps. Trying to smile at the people. Trying not to offend those grand fans by too little attention. Clamouring. Clamouring! Kids riding on the rear bumpers. Except when there are motorcycle cops ahead and behind. There's a thrill! Through red lights—sirens screaming! No fire. Just a movie actor!

5. Girls. Girls. Girls! Mostly youngsters in teens. Pretty, too. And alive. At station, stage door, dining room, hotel lobby. One or two dozen always outside hotel room. Some bring lunch and sit on floor of corridor. Chasing in cabs. Following on trains. (I do not mean Barbara Clarke! She was a quiet, lovely girl, minding her own business, misunderstood by reporters. Victim of silly-season sob-sisters).

6. Interviews. Reporters and photographers everywhere. Some intelligent questions. Mostly silly. Many sickening. Few insulting. All want the Hollywood "low-down." Surprised, disappointed, when I give them the "High-up." (That N.A.N.A. dispatch hurt. Curious falsification. Exact opposite of what I said. I now avoid girl reporters wherever possible. With few exceptions, they don't write square.)

7. Invitations. Breakfasts. Luncheons. Dinners. Teas. Cocktail parties. Suppers. Banquets. Receptions. From schools, colleges, relatives, friends, fans, musical and society leaders. Most all of them impossible to accept. No time. No strength. No *capacity!* But again, I am so *grateful!*

8. Mail. Stacks of it enroute. 4000 to 5000 a week to Hollywood and radio stations. (Hundreds hated that *hat* in "Rose-Marie!") Write 20 to 30 personal letters by hand daily. Can't handle it all. Secretaries must do the rest.

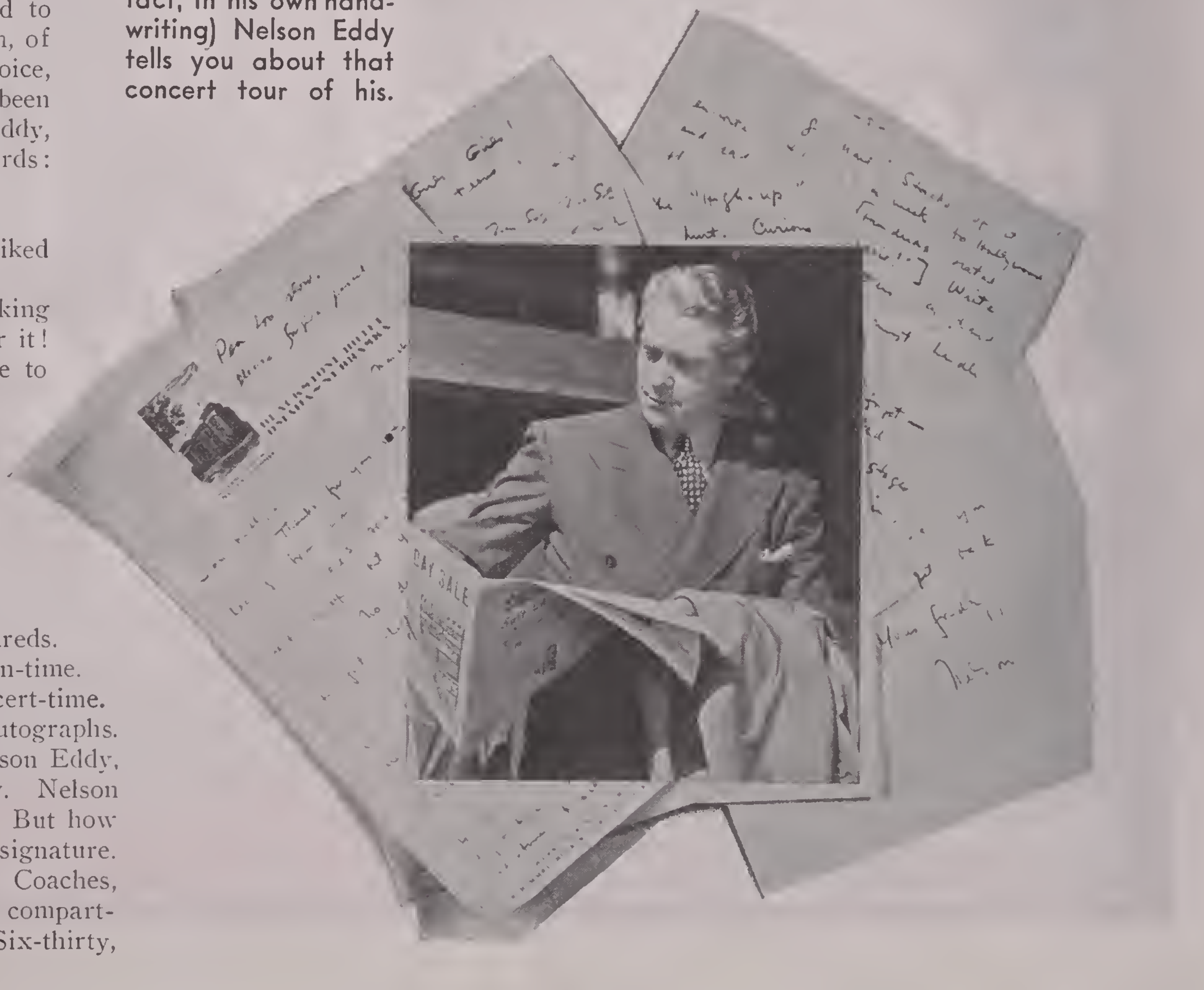
9. Oh, yes, almost forgot—CONCERTS! About 55 (Jan.-April). Packed houses in every city. Pits and stages crowded. Re-engagements flocking in. (Season 1936-37 already sold out. Booking for 1938.) This is a wonderful public that pictures give us, a public that deserves the best always.

Sorry—it's train time again. Must go. Miss seeing you. Crazy to get back.

Yours fondly,

(signed) Nelson.

In his own words (in fact, in his own handwriting) Nelson Eddy tells you about that concert tour of his.



Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

... in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES
presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.
Distributed by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

Speak for Yourself

We're proud of stars like Karen Morley, who combines marriage and a career so successfully. Her next film is "Devil's Squadron."

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER
Ambition vs. Happiness

To Robert Taylor—what's all this ballyhoo about the "sad" love between you and Irene Hervey? If you're really and truly in love, haven't you the "guts" to take a chance for true happiness?

Ambition is to be valued, but what is it worth to you without happiness? Don't worry about your fans—we'd like you to show us that you have what it takes to fight for happiness as well as fame. And we'll be there to show your "studio advisers" that we become an actor's fan because of his screen personality and acting ability, not because of his availability for a stag line.

So, Bob—make a break, grab your girl while she's yours to grab, and just watch us fans stand back of you and make you boxoffice, *because* of it—instead of in spite of it!

Jerilynn Miller,
Claremont, S. D.

$10 PRIZE LETTER
A Vote for the Veterans

In two weeks I have witnessed two of the funniest, most entertaining, gloom-chasing pictures that I have seen in years. I am referring, of course, to Harold Lloyd in "Milky Way" and Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times."

Now, I would like to know—is it a coincidence that these two comedy successes were produced and acted in by two old-timers, veterans of several decades of movie history? Or have we cinema citizens been forced to accept in the interim an inferior quality in a minimum of side-splitting comedies?

Whichever the case may be detracts in no way from my humble praise of these two artists and their splendid supporting casts. Please, Harold and Charlie, give us more, soon!

C. B. Barstow,
Dayton, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Here Comes the Army!

Being a movie fan, I love mostly sea pictures. I lived near the sea for thirteen years. As a result of the pictures "Here Comes the Navy," "Annapolis Farewell," "Shipmates Forever," "Follow the Fleet" and many others, I decided to join the Navy.

Because of a slight flat-foot, I wasn't accepted. I tried the Army and I just made it by a miracle. Many other fellows joined the Navy when they saw those pictures. How about some pictures of the U. S. Army? The Army needs recruits worse than the Navy. The Army has very fine points that would make a good picture. With James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, or Dick Powell.

Pictures of the Army Air Service, Engineers, the U. S. Army Band, or of the Infantry or Artillery or many other branches would make a fine show. Here's to the great Army picture!

Bernard Abramson,
First Engineers, U. S. Army,
Fort Du Pont, Del.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

"SONS O' GUNS"

Including Joan

BLONDELL

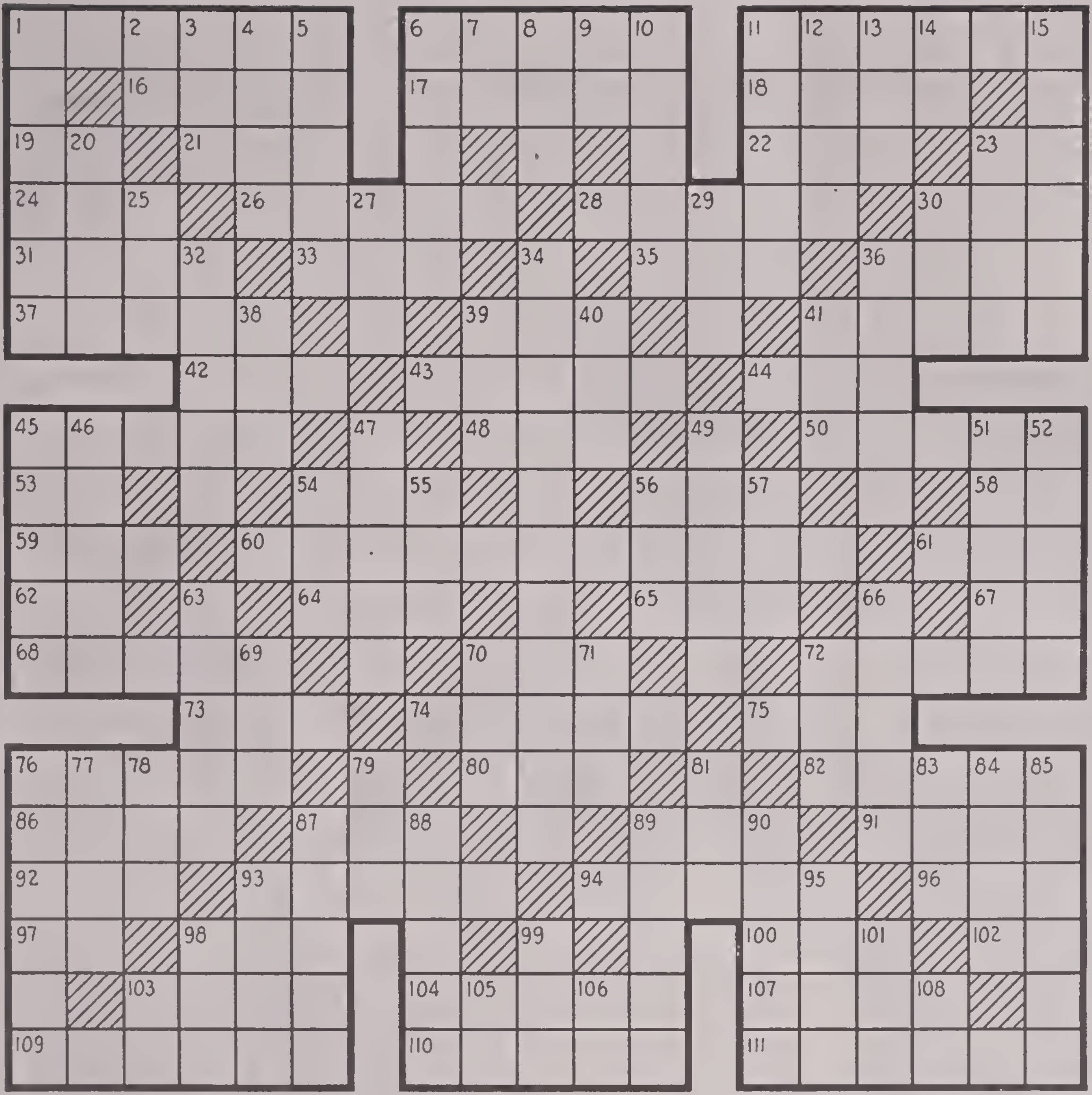
Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

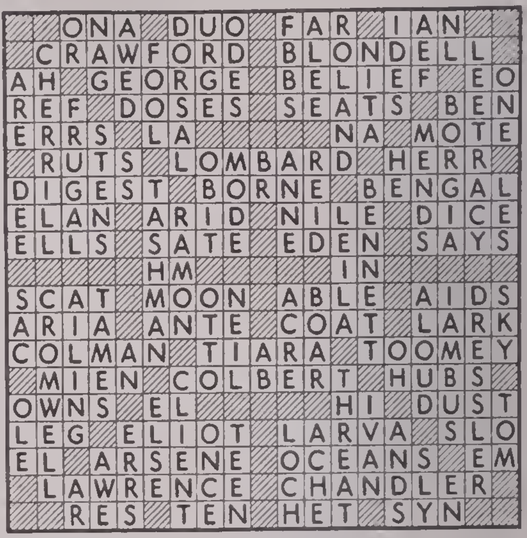
And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs
"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



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MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in March to Edgar Hayes, 1307 Hamilton Ave., Trenton, N. J. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. He's in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
6. Jim Monkley in "Sylvia Scarlett."
11. Harlow's ex-husband.
16. "One - - - - Late."
17. Platinum blonde singer.
18. He'll be in "Angel of Mercy."
19. Wally in "Thousand Dollars a Minute." (init.)
21. Mrs. Joel McCrea.
22. He was in "Midsummer Night's Dream."
23. Feminine lead in "Road to Glory." (init.)
24. - - - Sparks.
26. Singer in "Laughing Irish Eyes."
28. Miss Oliver in "No More Ladies."
30. 20th Century-Fox player. (init.)
31. - - - - Rhodes.
33. Piccolo Pete in "Here Comes the Band."
35. "- - - Iceberg."
36. Clown star of "Once in a Blue Moon."
37. Vernon - - - - - -.
39. Happy in "Here Comes the Band."
41. In love with Bette Davis in "Petrified Forest."
42. He was in "If You Could Only Cook."
43. Star of "Phantom President."
44. "- - - the King's Horses."
45. Male star in "Wife vs. Secretary."
48. Star of "Gram."
50. Charlie Chan.
53. He's in "Dancing Feet." (init.)
54. "The Captain Hates the - - -."
56. "The Man - - - Reclaimed His Head."
58. Bruce Cabot's wife. (init.)
59. A moving picture studio's initials.
60. Marie in "Life of Louis Pasteur." (poss.)
61. Her latest is "The Witness Chair."
62. Star of "Brazen." (init.)
64. Ginger Ayres, - - - Rogers.
65. Garden implement.
67. Mr. Nagel's initials.
68. Lucie in "Tale of Two Cities."
70. Mr. Jolson's first name. (poss.)
72. Harry - - - - -, old cowboy star.
73. "- - - of a Sailor."
74. "- - - - - of the Lonesome Pine."
75. "Gift of - - -."
76. Famous director.
80. "Journey's - - -."
82. Jerry in "One-way Ticket."
86. Mr. Lebedeff's first name.
87. He's in "Give Us this Night."
89. Star of "Her Master's Voice." (init.)
91. Don Bellows in "Dangerous."
92. "- - - and Forever."
93. Pat Paterson's husband.
94. Helen - - - - -, stage and screen star.
96. She's in "Riff Raff."
97. Fan dancer. (init.)
98. "Little - - -, What Now?"
100. Dolores Del - - -.
102. Bishop in "Bishop Misbehaves." (init.)
103. Alan - - - -.
104. To act the part of.
107. One of Miss Oliver's first names.
109. Conrad - - - - -. (poss.)
110. Peggotty in "David Copperfield."
111. Jane Withers' pal in "Gentle Julia."

DOWN

1. She's in "Sutter's Gold."
2. Feminine lead in "The Country Beyond." (init.)
3. - - - LaRoque.
4. Mischa - - - -.
5. She was in "Murder of Dr. Harrigan."
6. The lieutenant in "Adorable."
7. She's in "Charlie Chan's Secret." (init.)
8. "13 Hours by - - -."
9. Featured in "After the Dance." (init.)
10. Last seen in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."
11. Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse."
12. Ayres starred in "- - - -, America."
13. "- - - Takes a Holiday."
14. Baby in "O'Shaugnessey's Boy." (init.)
15. Male star of "Rose Marie."
20. Goldie in "Mary Burns, Fugitive."
23. "- - - - Head."
25. Decease.
27. "The - - - Deception."
29. "She Loves Me - - -."
30. "- - - 99."
32. Comedienne once starred with Todd.
34. Arabella in "Captain Blood."
36. Stone's name in "Frisco Kid."
38. Mrs. Crosby's maiden name.
39. Click in "Annapolis Farewell."
40. "This - - - and Age."
41. Mr. Ziegfeld's nickname.
45. Elizabeth Bergner's name in "Escape Me Never."
46. Mrs. Ralph Forbes.
47. The criminal in "Crime and Punishment."
49. "- - - - - the Works."
51. - - - - - O'Neil, stage and screen actress.
52. Edw. Arnold in "Remember Last Night."
54. "Sinners in the - - -."
55. "- - - of Aces."
56. Famous movie cowboy. (init.)
57. "- - - Night of Love."
63. Gloria in "Little Big Shot."
66. Pitch in "Show Them No Mercy."
69. Correlative of neither.
70. "The Marines - - - Coming."
71. - - - Silvers.
72. To be able.
76. Mrs. Fred Perry.
77. - - - - Novello, English star.
78. Majorie - - -, former movie star.
79. Charles - - -, former star now playing "bits."
81. Wm. Powell starred in "The - - -."
83. - - - Holtz, radio and stage comedian.
84. She was in "Chatterbox."
85. Anna - - - - - - played "Nell Gwyn."
87. Allan - - - - - sang in "A Night at the Opera."
88. "Escape Me - - - - -."
89. Muni is making "Good - - - - -."
90. "- - - - - to Romance."
93. Lucille - - - -.
95. "The Human - - - -."
98. The blonde menace's first name.
99. "Midsummer Night's Dream" camera man.
101. - - - Munson, former stage and screen star.
103. Star of "She." (init.)
105. Ex-husband of Vivian Duncan. (init.)
106. Muriel in "Ah Wilderness." (init.)
108. Deceased wife of Ricardo Cortez. (init.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Five..."Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE *the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.*

• • •

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

• • •

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!

Lysol
Lysol

Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MM-6
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

ONE way of answering the question "What happens to famous movie youngsters when they grow up?" might be found in looking at the pictures of former child stars on this page. Some of these boys and girls go right back into the movies. There are quite a number of them in Hollywood today staging comebacks in mature roles.

Many of them undoubtedly remember the pleasant and exciting times they had when they acted before the camera as kids. They usually hurry to finish their schooling and growing up, once they are released from the studios, and rush back to Hollywood as quickly as they can.

Madge Evans was one of these successful child stars. She was quite famous as a picture baby back in the old silent days and did not leave the screen until she was ten years old. During the next six years Madge studied hard. She grew into a beautiful young girl and at sixteen returned to Hollywood and got a part in "Son of India," starring Ramon Novarro. She has been very busy at the M-G-M studios ever since. Her popularity is even greater on the screen today than it was when she was known as a child favorite.

Johnny Downs is another popular actor now headed for stardom in Hollywood.

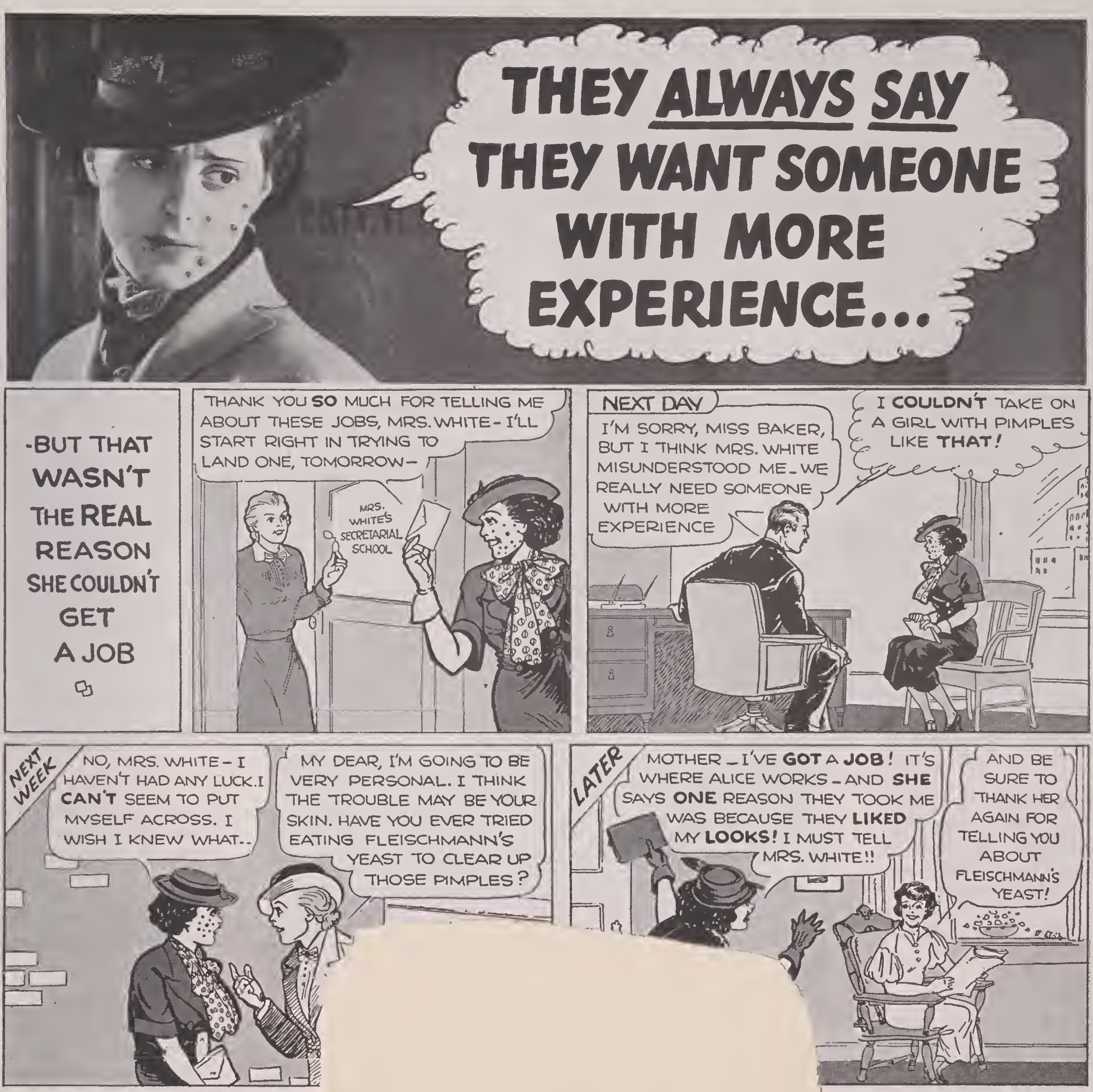
Johnny started in pictures when he was a very little boy. As a member of the original "Our Gang," he has never forgotten the fun he had making comedies in those days. When we asked him about it, he said:

"I remember we had an old flivver we used in some pictures and all sorts of contraptions—things other kids would have given anything to play with. We got to see all sorts of interesting things and go to all kinds of interesting places.

"I learned almost all I know back there. 'The Gang' was a fine training school. I learned my trade right along with my reading, writing and arithmetic."

Nor is Johnny the only member of that famous original "Gang" in pictures today. Mary Kornman, who for years played the little blonde sweetheart of the crew, is now a successful and lovely Hollywood (*Continued on page* 116)

What happens when "Our Gang" grows up? Well, here are three of the original members who are still doing very well in films—Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs (left, from the top). Below, the first "Our Gang;" Jackie Condon, Joe Cobb, Mary, Mickey, Johnny and Farina.


THEY ALWAYS SAY THEY WANT SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE...
-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-
MRS. WHITE'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
NEXT DAY
I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE
I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!
NEXT WEEK
NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT..
MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?
LATER
MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!
AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

SAY - MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE-LAST FOR YOU-

lescent Pimples
dicap to YOU

ng of adolescence—from
or even longer—many
bled by pimples.

mportant glands develop
place. This causes dis-
the body. The skin gets
oisons in the blood irri-
and pimples break out.

Yeast is often prescribed
cent pimples. It clears
t of the blood. Then

e about ½ hour before
gularly—plain, or in
your skin clears. Start

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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Co

The Temples (papa, mama and Shirley herself) have a right to look pleased after seeing the "Captain January" preview, since Shirley is very swell in it.

It was John Gilbert's little girl, Leatrice (right), who went to the "Country Doctor" preview with Marlene Dietrich and her own little daughter, Maria Sieber.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTO FINK

HOT NEWS: Little **Jean Parker** surprised Hollywood, her guardian, and apparently herself, by suddenly marrying **George MacDonald,** a Grea Neck newspaper man. They haven't made any plans yet.

Anita Louise says she is really interested in **Tommy Beck,** 20th Century-Fox player, an that all other romantic rumo about her are false. She's see everywhere with him eve night.

Dolores Del Rio has left f London to make **Doug Fai banks, Jr.'s,** "To You My Lif and her husband, **Cedric Gi bons,** will have to see the Co tinent alone. She's going work during her vacation.

Torrid love—**Marie Wils** and **Director Nick Grinde.**

Jack Oakie treated fiftee hundred residents of Yuma to champagne with which to toas

the health and happiness of his bride, **Vanita Varden,** following their wedding in the Arizona town.

Mary Brian and **Cary Grant** are vigorously denying a romance as are **Cesar Romero** and **Adrienne Ames.**

Irene Dunne has moved into her exquisite new home in Holmby Hills where **Claudette Colbert** and **Dr. Joel Pressman** are her next-door neighbors.

Ann Sothern vacationed in New York, a fact **Cesar Romero** and **Frank Milland** bemoaned in Hollywood, since her No. 1 boy friend, **Roger Pryor,** also was in New York.

Howard Hughes continues to fly across the country at least once a week to take **Frances Drake** dining and dancing. In between times Socialite **Winthrop Gardiner,** who is Howard's best pal, takes Frances places.

YOU probably could never guess what the latest fad pastime of the stars is. Remember with what intense concentration you played jack-straws years ago? Well, that's it—jack-straws, only they have re-named it "Pull-Out Sticks." You pile up a bunch of brightly colored little sticks about eight inches long and then try to lift them out, one at a time, with a little hook without disturbing another stick.

There is scarcely a set these days where you cannot find at least one spirited game going full-blast.

* * *

FELLOW diners in the M-G-M commissary saw amusing proof the other day that these child actors, even if they do earn adult salaries, are still little boys and girls at heart.

Mickey Rooney was lunching with a couple of his pals. Little Judy Garland was sitting at an adjoining table with her mother. Finally the boys invited Judy to join them and then began as obvious a series of dinner table variety of fence-walking and standing-on-heads as ever you saw. They balanced glasses, sugar bowls, salt shakers, knives, forks, spoons and plates in astounding pyramids, each taking more chances with Mr. Mayer's cutlery and dishes than the other. And each, naturally, with one end in view: To impress Judy with his cleverness.

Judy was a smart little woman. She oh'd and ah'd breathlessly.

* * *

THERE are tragedies in any well constructed household, but Madge Evans is feeling pretty sad these days. Dissension within the homestead walls, and all that.

Madge recently had her two Scotties' heavy coats clipped in the latest spring fashion, but when she brought them home and sent them out to run around, her two Pekinese didn't recognize their Highland buddies.

What fur the Scotties had left was lost in the ensuing battle. No serious injuries, though, reports Madge.

* * *

TEA, Percival—and stir them dogs or I'll slug ye!" Quote from Richard Dix, every afternoon at four.

It's a nice incongruity. Dix made a picture in London recently, and came home so impressed with the English studio habit of stopping everything at tea-hour and rolling in huge trays of goodies that now he demands the same service on the Hollywood set. Which would be just dandy, except the picture is "Special Investigator" with no women on the sound-stage, and all the cast are made up as gangsters and tough mugs!

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

THERE was a young actor
. . . oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see . . .
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis LEDERER
in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

with
IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE
Released thru United Artists

James Stewart, Franchot Tone, Mrs. Tone (ah, there, Joan!), Leopold Stokowski and Henry Fonda at the reception which the Tones gave for the great conductor. Below—Madge Evans, Joan Blondell and Irene Dunne arriving at the Ambassador Hotel for this reception.

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

THE waiters at the famous Vendome are even more confused than ever.

Last month they spent every luncheon hour trying to think up a reducing luncheon for Joan Bennett who was trying to shed some of the hundred and thirty pounds she had accumulated.

This month they are frantically tearing about trying to think up fattening dishes for Joan who suddenly dropped to a hundred and four. Evidently they overdid a good thing.

* * *

CORA SUE COLLINS' big sister has a beau called "Hotelenger."

Upon her sister's return home the other day, Cora Sue informed her that a "Mr. Storehouse" had phoned.

"Don't you mean Mr. Hotelenger?" sister Madge asked.

"Oh well," shrugged Cora Sue, "I knew it was some kind of building."

* * *

HOW does it seem to make love to these beauties of the screen?" someone asked Fred MacMurray. "Kind of goes to your head, doesn't it?"

"No, to my heart," Fred answered. "You see it only makes me love my own girl more."

Miss Lillian Lamont is the lucky lady.

* * *

Jimmy Cagney, Countess di Frasso, Dietrich, Gilbert Roland, Maureen O'Sullivan, and (sitting) Clifton Webb and Kay Francis, in the paper costumes which provided an entertaining feature of the Countess' most recent party.

IN the midst of a busy afternoon on the Paramount lot, a small fire broke out in the studio. Fire engines, preceded by the fire chief, clattered and clanged up to the front gate in response to the alarm only to be met by the stern-faced gateman.

"Let's see your pass," he demanded.

"Say, we came here in response to a call," the chief cried. "We're here to put out the fire."

"I know nothing about that," the gateman argued. "You'll either have to show a pass or go round by the property gate."

The fire engines turned around in search of the property gate while inside the fire burned merrily on.

* * *

IT can't happen here? Oh, but it does and many, many times.

We mean the little business of Porter Hall who registered in a small bit in "The Thin Man." A Paramount scout saw Mr. Hall in that picture and had him signed to a term contract. Months went by and finally Mr. Hall was given a small part in a Paramount program picture.

Mr. Lubitch happened to see several of the rushes and went into a dither over Porter Hall's acting ability. Scouts were sent out in every direction to locate the actor, who knew nothing of the commotion.

Yes, you've guessed it. After days of hunting and searching they located him, under contract *to their own studio.*

* * *

IT serves Jean Parker right, but she's getting awfully tired of eating off the mantel lately.

You see some little kids on skates came to her door the other day and asked for autographs; Jean was feeling rather frisky and had to brag that when *she* was that age *she* was the best skater in the block, etc., etc. So of course when the youngsters dashed away and came tearing back a few minutes later with an extra pair of skates for her, what could she do but go out and show them?

She showed them. She strapped the things on and went whipping down the side-walk and forgot to jump a curb.

* * *

JOEL McCREA and Frances Dee are still the happiest married couple in Hollywood, but the fact remains that he kicked her in the face a week ago and as a result she had to stay home for nights with raw beefsteak on one peeper! Honest to Pete.

It isn't as bad as it sounds, though. The story is that Joel was clowning one afternoon, and decided to stand on his head. After a few tries he made it, then lost his balance. Crash! went Mr. McCrea—with poor Francis in the way of his number elevens.

WINNING the Academy Award has gone to Bette Davis' feet instead of her head—at any rate on the day Hollywood up and gave her the gold statue she decided the eighteen sound stages on the Warner premises were just too far apart for walking.

Limping slightly, she went to an auto lot and purchased cash down for fifty bucks a dinky second-hand Austin, and now drives in the grand manner, if noisily, from set to commissary to dressing-room.

* * *

HENRY FONDA is a smouldering hunk of dynamite these days—makes odd motions at the sight of smoke and snaps your head off if you light a match.

The way of it is that James Stewart, who bunks with Hank, wanted to gain weight (he's a little thinner than Gary Cooper and almost as tall) and Hank suggested laying off the nicotine for a while. James answered that it would take too much will power and of course Fonda came back with an offer to keep him company, remarking that he could use a little added poundage himself.

So they made a bet. Not one cigarette for three months and he who tops the scales at the end of that time wins the gilded egg-plant. Hank's held out so far—but is he jittery!

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD and Bob Montgomery have cars as alike as the proverbial peas in the pod and ofttimes park them side by side on the M-G-M lot.

The other day Bob, about to start home, noticed a flat tire and rather than be delayed by waiting for a mechanic, turned to and changed the thing. Just as he was giving a last twist to a bolt Leslie walked up.

"Thanks so much, old fellow," he said. "Awfully decent of you."

"Why thank me?" Bob asked.

"It was my flat tire," Leslie informed him.

One glance at the license plates proved him right.

Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane, oblivious of Brown Derby crowds.

DOWN goes your clothes upkeep!...

when you buy "Ivory-washables"

Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful . . . fresh . . . appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so *easy* to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics *tested by 6 Ivory washings.* So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright . . . crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!

IVORY FLAKES
IVORY FLAKES

99 44/100 % pure

NO

PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera.

We'd like to print micro-photographs, too, of the tissues of the alimentary tract. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards . . . all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know that you've even taken a laxative. And that's as it should be . . . You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! You will have no stomach pains. You won't be nauseated. You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste.

In the morning your constipation will be completely relieved. You'll feel fine!

30 YEARS' PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this . . . for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... Age..........

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

ALTHOUGH he had never been able properly to identify the object, Stu Erwin had been perfectly happy for years using a strange gourd-shaped object, sent him by a South American fan, as an ash-tray.

The other night Stu had as a dinner guest a gentleman who has traveled the world rather completely. Stu saw him eyeing the ash tray rather intently.

"I say, Stu," he said after a moment, "don't you think it is a bit—er—whimsical or something to be using this as an ash-tray?"

"I don't know," Stu said honestly. "What is it?"

"It is a trophy held in high esteem by certain Amazon tribes," the visitor answered, "a shrunken and carved skull."

* * *

THE titled ones, or rather knighted ones, of England are feeling the frantic furore of movie star worship these days.

While in London, Boris Karloff had luncheon with his brother, Sir John Pratt, at the latter's club. Suddenly a waiter rushed up, and to Sir John's mounting confusion, seized him by the hand. "You never told me Mr. Karloff was your brother, Sir John," the waiter exclaimed. "You just slip in and out of here so quietly. Now you can expect real service."

Sir John was too overcome to eat. He still is.

* * *

CAROLE LOMBARD'S faithful "Fieldsy," companion and secretary, is frantically telephoning friends for bridge games.

"Come quickly before Carole falls in love again," Miss Fields urges. "Carole simply won't play bridge when she's in love. So hurry and let's get in some playing now."

Need we add Miss Lombard is between heart attacks?

Mae Clarke with Dr. Frank Nolan, the lucky man she is soon to wed.

Basil Rathbone (with neither wig nor rapier, for a change) leaving the Beverly Wilshire Hotel with his wife.

WHEN Katie Hepburn learned to ride she took her lessons in riding breeches. Last week, though, she was asked to ride in her "Mary, Queen of Scots" costume, a comfortable little matter of five petticoats and yards of embroidered brocade—which even at her salary was too much of a good thing, thought Kate.

In the first place, the horse wouldn't let her get near him—it was pants or nothing, with him—and also Hepburn claimed she wouldn't be able to find the reins anyway, much less use them, in all that mass of material.

Which is just one more reason for holding up production on the new picture, already behind schedule because the loudly clanking armor of off-stage extras makes it impossible to get a perfect scene in less than six tries.

Romance in bloom at the Trocadero —Howard Hughes and Frances Drake.

"For a smooth, soft skin–
Give me Camay"

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Like most women, I've tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin —give me Camay.

Sincerely,
(*Signed*) Viano Tobey
(Mrs. George E. Tobey)

December 7, 1935

NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair . . . smiling hazel eyes—and her skin . . . well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for *you*, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently . . . that's because it is made *milder, far milder!*

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

FOR Pioneer's technicolor picture, "The Dancing Pirate," they needed a fierce looking buccaneer replete with mustachios and tattoo-marks—that stuff can't be faked under the new process—and after days of search they finally found just the man.

The scene was shot, with close-ups, and the cast went home. But from the projection room where the rushes were being shown that night came sudden groans of despair. The sequence was perfect, the fellow was swell and so were his mustachios; but the tattooing on his chest was a picture of the battleship *Maine*—and "Dancing Pirate" is set in California, in 1802!

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD has taken many a chance on stage and screen but the biggest chance of all happened during the making of "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo forgot his glasses and couldn't see to drive home.

Mr. Howard, who is extremely near sighted, discovered his loss after he had started home from the studio and from then on it was nip and tuck with Leslie and the Hollywood traffic. After several narrow escapes, he finally made it, feeling as if he had just completed a journey with Stanley through darkest Africa.

* * *

LITTLE Sybil Jason is in love—and you can't pass it off as a passing fancy, either. She's awfully serious about it.

The lucky fellow is Bob Vreeland, one of Warner Brothers' dance directors, and Sybil's going to get him if she can. It may take a few years until she grows up, but that's a small matter thinks Sybil!

Jane Withers was given a big farewell party at the Assistance League before she left for a trip to New York. Standing—Tom Brown, Alice Faye, John McGuire, Claire Trevor, Brian Donlevy and Maurice Murphy; sitting—Jackie Searle (Jane's leading man), Janey herself, Arthur Treacher and Dixie Dunbar.

MOVIE stardom has not gone to the handsome head of Fredric March, as witness his remarks anent the plans of himself and his actress wife, Florence Eldredge (who gave up being an actress to be just Mrs. March), to appear together in a play in New York some time in the near future.

"I'll have to be on my toes," he said, "because my name means nothing on the stage whereas Flo's was, and still is, a name to be reckoned with."

* * *

IF you want to keep Jeanette MacDonald's friendship you won't mention the color blue to her for many years to come. She's blue enough as it is.

It happened at the studio, when Jeanette suddenly decided that the white hat she was to wear in a forthcoming scene would look a little better for the camera if it were darker in shade. Someone suggested sky blue and Jeanette agreed; the skimmer was rushed off to the wardrobe department and an hour later came back the prettiest azure you ever saw. Jeanette put it on and stepped under the sun-arcs.

But the dye wasn't fixed, and those stage lights are hot. Like mascara at a five-handkerchief show little blue rivulets ran and dripped-dripped-dripped off her chin. Incidentally the dye worked better on Jeanette's complexion than it did on the hat!

(*Continued on page* 20)

While Virginia Pine visited New York, George Raft took charge of her little girl. Here they are with George E. Stone at the Brown Derby.

The Norman Fosters (Sally Blane) at the Brown Derby with Sally's kid sister, Georgiana, youngest of the Young girls—who, so Loretta says, is going to be the prettiest of all!

eugene
STEAM SACHET
SPECIAL SACHET
eugene

These are the Sachets

that make the waves

that make you say

"No experimenting on me . . .
give me a

EUGENE"

IF EVER you are tempted by a permanent that is "easier," "quicker," "cheaper," remember that the Eugene method is relied upon by better Beauty Shops all over the world . . . that it has been turning out millions of beautiful permanents for many years. When Eugene perfected the little Sachets that gently steam your hair, they were patented for your protection. They are plainly trade-marked for all to see. They contain a waving solution that cannot be copied. Whether you want an all-over wave, or little croquignole curls, or both, Eugene Sachets perform their work with certainty and sure satisfaction. Be sure they are used for your Eugene Wave. We will send you one free, so you may recognize them.

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Powder, Rouge, Lipstick
Accent the Beauty
OF BLONDES, BRUNETTES

Discover how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor's new make-up, powder, rouge and lipstick, created in color harmony shades for every type.

MERLE OBERON

In Samuel Goldwyn's "THESE THREE"

The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely... Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours, $1.

The Perfect Color of Rouge for Your Type... Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color because Max Factor has created it for your individual type. Creamy-smooth, blends easily, 50c.

Lipstick Shades That Can Make Your Lips Alluring... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will give your lips an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. Keeps your lips smooth, $1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

***Mail for* POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY**

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐		

25-6-2

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

Meet the stars offscreen in this monthly feature!

Left, Carol Lee Stuart goes to lunch at the Vendome with her mama, Sue Carol, who was at one time Mrs. Nick Stuart.

Below—Next day, she visits her papa, Nick Stuart, at the Club Seville, where he has his orchestra. That's life for a child of divorce in Hollywood!

PRIZE of all the stories about Hollywood stars who have bought trailers or trucks to ride around in, is this:

Wallace Beery and his family were following a leisurely, comfortable course across country with home as their destination. They reached Detroit. They went through an automobile factory. Wally, standing beside a brand-new station-wagon, said, "I like this."

Mrs. Beery replied casually, "So do I." Then she bit her tongue—because Wally proceeded to buy the thing right then and there, and insisted on driving all the way to California in it!

* * *

LITTLE "Rickie" Arlen, Richard's son, is going to attain the age of three years in London this year—he has not yet had a birthday in his home country. Dick and his family are over there to make "The Barrier," GB's biggest production so far, and Dick will play in the British amateur golf tournament. GB has promised to hold up work on the picture so he can try for the cup.

* * *

MARCIA MAE JONES who, with Bonita Granville, made such an outstanding hit in Goldwyn's "We Three," may be considered an emotional actress among the adults but to her little school mates, Marcia is something else again. Instead of winning the praise she expected, she was greeted on her return to school with "Cry baby, Marcia. Cry baby, Marcia!"

So desperate is Marcia to return to the good graces of her playmates, that she is begging Mr. Goldwyn to let her laugh all through her next picture.

* * *

WINI SHAW is taking a man-sized ribbing these days about her knitting. When the new pastime of all the girls reached its height, Wini succumbed and started a sweater.

After three months she had knitted exactly one inch of the back. Her hairdresser, Margaret Donovan, finally finished the garment in one week. Wini said she didn't have the nerve to accept it and insisted that Margaret keep it. Margaret did.

* * *

HERE'S another of those hard-to-believe Hollywood tales: The amazing thing happened at Metro, where John Barrymore had brought Elaine Barrie for a screen test—as per earlier promises—and of all things, they chose the scene from "Dinner at Eight" in which a sweet young thing pleads for her love with an antiquated actor.

La Barrie emoted with such lines as, "I don't care a hoot what people say—I know all the things you've done, I know all the times you've been married," and. "I'm sick of hiding my love for you. I'm sick of scheming and pretending!"

For dessert they had a sequence from "Private Lives."

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD was sitting at the phone and personally dialling her friends to invite them to tea—one of those amazing things she never thinks are amazing—and to the other end of the wire came James Stewart, discovery in "Next Time We Love," for speech.

They had never met, these two.

James drawled, in bored tones, "Stewart speaking."

Said the lady, politely, "This is Joan Crawford, Mr. Stewart. I wonder if you'll be free Sunday afternoon? I'm having some people in for tea."

And as Joan tells it, James Stewart, who is but four years out of Princeton, immediately became very Princeton-ish indeed—his accents stiffened with his spine, his vowels went British— "Oh, but of course, Miss Crawford. I should be most happy to come. So nice of you to think of me."

Not to be nonplussed or anything, Joan got very precise too—and for some minutes they sat, carefully high-hatting each other. They made up next day at the party, though. People do, at "soirees' like that. . . .

* * *

THE rocky road to romance is certainly proving rocky enough for Joan March and Tommy Lee, Los Angeles millionaire playboy. They have been playing that off-again, on-again game with love for well nigh onto two years with violent spats and just as violent reconciliations punctuating the affair with remarkable regularity.

(*Continued on page* 119)

MEN! WOMEN! MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Wear the Unique Sensational PORTRAIT RING

Everybody Wants It!

JUST SHOW SAMPLE RING AND MAKE DOLLARS BY THE HANDFUL!

PROVE IT AT MY RISK!

This is the money-making chance you've looked for and longed for! A NEW IDEA—unique, thrilling, fascinating—that literally charms dollars into your pocket like magic! *EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING!* You simply wear and show your sample ring and take in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes. And no wonder! Imagine—a beautiful, polished, onyx-like ring on which is reproduced *in lifelike natural colors* the actual portrait of some loved one. Every man, woman and child in your town wants one. Hundreds of men and women, many who never took an order for anything in their lives before, are reaping a harvest of dollar bills. Now YOU can get money—plenty of money—easily and quickly! Spare time or full time. No investment in stock. No sample case to carry. Just wear sample Ring and pocket the dollars!

Any Photo, Snapshot Or Picture Made Into BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT RING

Picture Reproduced in Lifelike Colors

AMAZING SECRET DISCOVERY MAKES PRICELESS LIFETIME KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

A TREASURED REMEMBRANCE

MOTHER

Mother love is as old as the ages. You can pay no finer tribute to your mother than by wearing a smart portrait ring with her photo on it.

BABY

Imagine how eager proud father and mother will be to wear a beautiful ring bearing the portrait of their precious child.

HUSBAND

Every wife will be delighted to wear her husband's portrait on a beautifully designed lady's ring.

PORTRAIT RING is the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is permanently, clearly and faithfully reproduced in actual, natural, lifelike colors, on a beautiful ring. Portrait becomes part of ring itself—cannot rub off, fade off, wash off or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts eagerly seize this chance to own a ring with the most precious setting in the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

$1 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING!

Never before has there been such a sensational, sure-fire money making opportunity for ambitious men and women. Folks will pay any price to keep love and friendship alive. Customers write they wouldn't take $5.00 or even $10.00 and $15.00 for their Portrait Rings. But the tremendous demand enables you to take orders at only $2.00. And the thrilling news is that YOU COLLECT AND KEEP $1.00 OF THIS AS YOUR PROFIT—in advance. Think of it! You make no collections or deliveries. You get your profit on the spot.

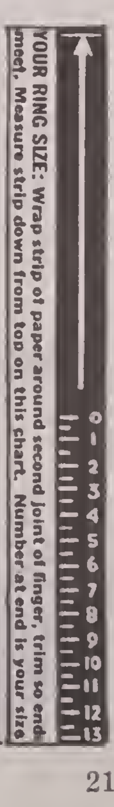
SEND NO MONEY

JUST SEND RING SIZE AND PHOTO

SPECIAL OFFER

$3 RING WITH PICTURE IN COLORS—NOW YOURS FOR $1.00

All you need is a sample ring on your finger to bring you orders and dollars wherever you turn! As special offer, we'll send you beautiful Portrait Ring, with picture reproduced in lifelike colors—the ring for which thousands have paid $3.00—for only $1.00! A bargain you may never see again. Only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 CLEAR PROFIT a week. 20 orders a day not impossible. Rush your order for Sample Ring now—send any photo you want reproduced. You take no risk. You must be satisfied, or money is refunded.



YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size

YOU CAN EVEN GET YOUR OWN RING FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

Send no money—not even one cent. Don't send $3.00, which is regular price of Ring with picture in colors. Simply rush coupon below with your favorite snapshot or photo and your ring size. **Your ring will be made to measure to fit your finger, and** shipped C. O. D. for $1.00 plus few cents postage. Photo will be returned unharmed with ring. Your satisfaction GUARANTEED. You can return Ring, and we'll refund your money. Order blanks and money making plans included FREE—also amazingly liberal plan to give you your sample ring FREE of extra charge. Hurry—be the first in your town. Send no money. But rush this coupon to us NOW!

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. K-31
Twelfth & Jackson Sts. Cincinnati, O.

MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLE RING!

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. K-31
Twelfth & Jackson, Cincinnati, O.

RING SIZE__ ➤

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring in lifelike colors (regular $3.00 value), and complete money-making plans and FREE SAMPLE RING OFFER. I will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage on delivery. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money.

Name...

Address...

City....................................State..........

(By enclosing $1.00 with coupon you save postage

YESTERDAY
TIRED...
NERVOUS...
BILIOUS...

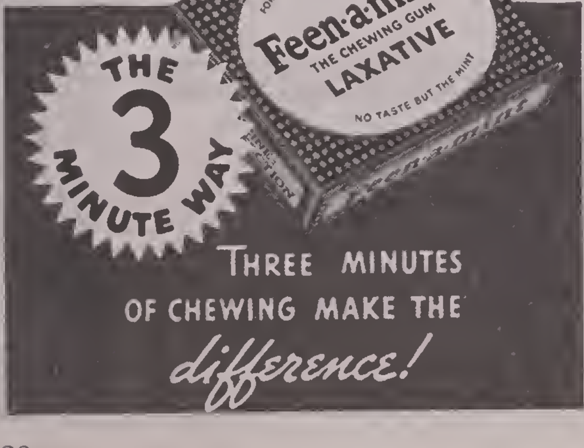
TODAY_
FRESH, RESTED,
FEELING FINE

HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.



THREE MINUTES
OF CHEWING MAKE THE
difference!

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED
BY
PAULINE
NELSON

Crisp cereals for breakfast, of course—but you can give them even greater value and variety of flavor by adding fruits and berries in season, with cream.

Photograph by Robert Whitten

HAVE you ever seen one of those old cookbooks that date from 1850 or even earlier? Glancing at recipes in these gives you a clue to the enthusiasm over "grandma's cooking." One cake recipe that I recall starts off happily with eighteen eggs, four cups of cream and about as much butter as we'd use in the house for a week! No wonder the food was rich and delicious.

It's no trick at all to cook with unlimited staples at your command, but housekeeping today is a different matter. We are too wise to overburden our diet with rich foods, and too good managers not to be able to plan for flavor and nourishment without disturbing our budgets.

Of course you rely on crisp cereals to give your breakfasts both the flavor and nourishment a healthy family needs to start the day. Particularly at this time of year when heavy, hot breakfasts are no longer necessary. And I'm sure I don't need to remind you that fresh fruits—bananas, all kinds of berries, and even dates, figs and stewed fruits served with cereal and milk or cream, are a splendid way of adding to the family's "protective" daily ration of fruit.

Whichever of the familiar breakfast cereals you prefer, remember they are all at their best when served crisp. Modern methods of packing insure their reaching you in this condition, but after the package has been opened for a day or two the cereal may need to be popped into the oven for a minute to bring back its original delicacy of texture. Many people prefer their crisp cereals served hot with melted butter and salt. Did you ever try this? It's a change from the routine milk and sugar.

These crisp cereals were always thought of conventionally as breakfast foods, but the undoubted fact that they supply both flavor and nourishment tempted the modern cooks to experiment with them in other ways. The result has been that in many pantries you will find a whole array of these erstwhile breakfast foods sitting serenely along the side of the flavorings, the sauces and the spices. They have

There are many exciting new ways to serve cereals—for instance, as a delicious stuffing for egg-plant!

WRITE TO PAULINE NELSON: for the extra-good meat loaf, how to make a deluxe ice-cream with the inexpensive cereal flavor; how to make walnut cocoroons, and for other delicious dishes using cereals as ingredients. You'll want the name too, of those incredibly good, new-process dates from California, which are such time-savers in cooking.

No charge for these. Just remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Pauline Nelson, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

So many calls for my low-calorie reducing menus, another new batch went to press, and you will receive these immediately if you mention you'd like them, when you write me.

been found to possess definite new flavoring qualities which delight everyone but which do not irritate young or ailing stomachs. This makes them particularly valuable when you plan for a family which includes children.

Unless you have already discovered the many things which can be done with cereals, you'll be amazed at finding you can make everything from candy to ice-cream with cereals among the ingredients—and with such deliciously different tastes, too. The other day, when I was in my kitchen trying out some of the best of the new recipes, I ended up with no less than seven different kinds of food, each dish new, inexpensive, good, and each using a cereal!

And, for a treat, you can make a delightfully different candy from one of your favorite breakfast foods.

Doesn't this puffed rice candy make you want to start right in on a batch of your own? It's so light, so crisp, and it's good for you, too, yet so simple to make. At least, it ought to be!

Don't you make the mistake I did the first time I tried it. I didn't use a big enough bowl when I poured the syrup over the rice, and by the time Mr. Whitten arrived to take our pictures, my kitchen and I looked as if a minor snowstorm had struck us. You can't stop once you begin to pour on the syrup or it will harden in a lump and not coat (*Continued on page* 114)

SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!

Reduce . . .
your WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 286, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State..........

☐ *Check here if you also want FREE FOLDER describing a Special* REDUCING BELT *for* MEN

Do you know the great denominator which unites in beauty such varied types as the late and beloved Marie Dressler, the glowing Dolores Del Rio, the adorable Shirley Temple? And do you know you, too, can profit by this secret?

Something MORE Than BEAUTY

By GLORIA MACK

HERE are three truly "beautiful" faces: Shirley Temple, Dolores del Rio and Marie Dressler!

But without a very real personality, Shirley Temple would be just another pretty child; without the exquisite spirit which warms Dolores del Rio's classic features, she would never have reached stardom; without personality—why Marie Dressler's beauty wasn't of the flesh at all! Physically, she was actually homely, and yet who can deny the beauty of that plain face, illumined from within by the beauty of her great kindly heart, which embraced all humanity with understanding, and love, and humor?

And I want you to take special note of the perfect grooming of these three people, for lack of grooming hinders the full expression of any kind of beauty. Order has a beauty of its own, wherever found.

You may not have a Shirley personality, nor a Dolores perfection of feature, nor have won as yet the radiance of soul that was Marie Dressler's, but you can learn to be perfectly groomed. And, every day of your life, you are molding your face either for, or against beauty, by the quality of your inner thoughts, and by the attention you give, or do not give to caring for your complexion.

I'd been planning an article on faces for one of our summer issues, but just recently a new idea in facial care has been developed, and I want you to have it right off *now*, instead of months later on. This beauty treatment has been slowly but realistically evolved, and tested, and it works. I'll admit the idea amused me at first, and you'll probably laugh, too, but, shades of Mrs. Grundy, it *is* a serious, definite means of molding and preserving the beauty of the face.

Just this morning, I heard from a girl who had written me such an unhappy letter during the winter. In part, this read:

"My mother says it is just too bad about my face, but that I can at least be clean and neat."

There was heartbreak in that letter, bitter *needless* heartbreak. When I answered, I said just what I have been saying here, and she was eager to take and use suggestions. The happy ending was told in the letter she wrote me later—her whole attitude toward life had been changed. So you see what *can* be done!

If others among my girls feel that their faces fall far short of the conventional mold of beauty, I want them, too, to realize how needless their discouragement may be. I want them to remember the lesson the three pictures on this page teach so graphically: That beauty is not entirely dependent on the shape of the features (which we can't control) but on other factors, too, which we *can* control.

Are you really working with the controllable factors of beauty? To make very clear what I mean, and to help jog your memory on things you may have known but forgotten, I've made out a test. Remember there isn't a question here which every single girl can't answer yes either immediately, or eventually, if she will take the necessary time and thought for it.

Just for fun, let's make it a real check-up. Give yourself five for each question to which you can answer yes right now. Add them up after you've finished, and compare your total with the perfect score of 75.

1. Do you know how to keep the tissues really clear of dust and grime to ward off blackheads and other troubles, and how to nourish and stimulate the facial tissues?
2. Do you apply this knowledge regularly?
3. If you had to say no to these questions, will you begin working on them *right away?*
4. If you have skin blemishes, are you finding out what to do about them, rather than letting them go and saying, "Oh, they'll clear up by themselves?" (Dangerous for you, if you have to say no to this one.)
5. Is your hair in a healthy condition, with the great natural beauty of all healthy hair? (If you don't believe this belongs in care of the face, look in your mirror!)
6. Are you wearing your hair in a way that *does* something for you?
7. Or just putting it up from habit every morning, without much thought?
8. Do you know how to care for your eyebrows, and do you?
9. Have you studied your coloring and experimented to find the shades of make-up becoming to you at different seasons and times?
10. Do you know that some manufacturers offer you cosmetics suited to your own type of skin, and that you should use the kind

(*Continued on page* 111)

WRITE NOW TO GLORIA MACK:

She has been able to procure a description of this new "penny-a-treatment" way to beauty, and will send it to you without charge. Have you beauty questions you need personal, confidential advice on? A new coiffure, a systematic way of keeping your skin free of blackheads, help on that reducing problem? Write her all about it, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, and sending your letter to:

Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood, Cal.

WANTED—VERY SHORT TRUE ROMANCES

$10,000.00

IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short" we mean stories of from 2500 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories falling within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, $10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $100 up to the magnificent grand prize of $1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to men and women who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? To the person who has never written, the thought of setting down a story of ten thousand or more words might seem a hopeless task. But to write a story from 2500 to 4500 words presents no such problem. Comparatively little time is required and if successful how else could you realize as substantial remuneration for the time and effort involved?

The chances are that, as you read this, a true story has recalled itself to you that might easily merit the big $1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the magic, the mystery, the romantic lure of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of some friend. If you know such a story, by all means set it down and send it in.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skillfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

In addition every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it. You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1500
Second Prize	1000
Third Prize, 2 at $500	1000
Fourth Prize, 4 at $250	1000
Fifth Prize, 10 at $200	2000
Sixth Prize, 35 at $100	3500
Total, 53 Prizes	$10,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 nor more than 4500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and LEGAL address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, June 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications SHORT ROMANCE Contest, Dept. 26C, P.O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

Gene Lockhart neatly steals the picture from June Travis and Warren William, in "Broadway Playboy."

"The Great Ziegfeld" is the musical of the month, with Luise Rainer, William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

The Singing Kid (First National)

You'll See: *Al Jolson, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Sybil Jason, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Claire Dodd.*

It's About: *A big hearted singer whose troubles with women and crooked lawyears are fixed by a baby.*

Al Jolson, again, and in right good voice, too. With a frothy romance, some swing tunes by Cab Calloway, a few crazy songs by those grand Yacht Club Boys and the antics of little Sybil Jason, the picture is good musical entertainment. Here is another chance for that newcomer, Beverly Roberts. We're wondering how you will like her.

Al Jolson, a top-flight musical entertainer in love with beautiful Claire Dodd, is being double-crossed romantically because Claire is really in love with his lawyer (Lyle Talbot) who finds it simple to take excellent financial care of her as long as Al's money holds out. When Claire and Lyle run out and leave Al holding the sack, he loses his voice, his position and his money and is sent away to the mountains for rest. There he meets newcomer Beverly Roberts who, aided by the clever handling of missy Jason, contrives to bring back not only Al's voice but his smile as well.

Of course there is plenty of song by Al and while the music isn't too good he seems to be singing better than ever. The Yacht Club Boys will make you cheer (as don't they always) and Cab Calloway swings it as it should be swung. Watch for the sequence where the boys try to show Jolson that his mammy songs are out-moded—it's a wow. All the performances are adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: Some will rave, but we applaud mildly.

✓✓ Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)

You'll See: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer, Frank Morgan, Virginia Bruce, Reginald Owen, others.*

It's About: *A man named Ziegfeld who came out of a honky tonk to glorify the American girl and who in the process made entertainment history in America.*

In these three breath taking hours of mingled biography, drama, music, and spectacle, Hollywood has reached a peak in entertainment magnificence in good taste, intelligent handling of a subject that could have been vulgar and too lavish. "The Great Z" is a must picture.

William Powell as the dynamic manager of a strongman act, who has an idea and who builds that idea into the famous Follies, gives one of his best performances. A fascinating anomaly of genius and eccentric whimsy, he flashes upward in a career that lives for and on beauty; his search for it carries him through romances with *Anna Held* (Luise Rainer) whom you'll rediscover, and into lasting happiness with *Billie Burke* (Myrna Loy). Woven into this story are musical numbers that will send shivers through you, yet so beautifully integrated with the actual plot that they do not stand out as interpolations.

Faced with the task of portraying people still fresh in the memories of 1936 audiences, each member of the cast gives a sincere, restrained portrait in which there is no sense of ludicrous mimicry. The whole production, scheduled for road show production, is superlative.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. It's worth every minute of your time and every penny of your admission price.

✓✓ The Moon's Our Home (Paramount)

You'll See: *Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan, Margaret Hamilton, Henrietta Crosman, Beulah Bondi, Charles Butterworth, others.*

It's About: *A spoiled girl movie star, a spoiled male author and what happens when, incognito, they meet in the woods.*

This is what is called "a woman's picture" meaning a story of love, romance, quarrels and laughter. If that combination charms you (and it does us) this production will enchant you.

Margaret Sullavan is a temperamental lass who longs to get away from

Hollywood, its glitter, its falseness. Henry Fonda is a handsome writer who hates adoring women, who longs for the primitive. He and Margaret meet by accident, fall in love at sight, don't recognize each other, exchange false names, appear at the same mountain resort, fall more in love, and don't dare reveal their true identities.

It's romance all the way, with much gay laughter and even a sad moment now and again. Everybody in it is grand.

Your Reviewer Says: For all lovers of love stories.

✓ Broadway Playboy (First National)

You'll See: *Warren William, June Travis, Barton MacLane, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, others.*

It's About: *A home-town pal who accepts his city friend's invitation to be best man, and then by his "Main Street" attitude nearly ruins everything.*

Nicely adapted from a well-known play by George M. Cohan, this human little comedy is definitely one for the family to see. Gene Lockhart, as the stubborn hayseed, is convincing and at times subtle; accompanied by Kathleen Lockhart, who portrays his wife in the story, he walks away with the show.

Warren William is the amazingly successful broker engaged to a better-type nightclub singer (June Travis). Lockhart, putting together a lot of imaginary two's in his effort to get four, decides the singer and her family are taking Warren for a ride. He insults everybody, succeeds in breaking the engagement and provides all the gay suspense. The whole is amusing and well-cast.

You cannot fail to meet yourself somewhere in this story—in the funny pathetic Lockhart, in the casual Warren William, or at least in the misunderstood singer's misunderstood family. It's not a great picture, but it's a good one.

Your Reviewer Says: See it if you're in a pleasant, undramatic mood.

✓✓ Mr. Deeds Goes To Town (Columbia)

You'll See: *Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglas Dumbrille, H. B. Warner, Ruth Donnelly, many others.*

It's About: *A very sane man who is tried for insanity, because he knows what to do with $20,000,000.*

This is a direct appeal to your intelligence, so engagingly refreshing that even the most sophisticated audience will titter with delight. It combines naive simplicity with clear, chiseled wisdom; it is a happy picture, poignant without being sloppy.

It begins with the crash that kills rich old *Mr. Semple*. You begin to smile when oily law shark *John Cedars*

It's a fear that every woman dreads—that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

STEP OUT AND PLAY WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and complete protection is yours!

Modess
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This is the New Modess its "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"—
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Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

If you're interested in love, you'll adore Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home."

"The Singing Kid" is Al Jolson's best musical, with Claire Dodd and tiny leading lady, Sybil Jason.

(Douglas Dumbrille), discovers that small-town *Longfellow Deeds* (Gary Cooper) is the heir to twenty million dollars and then, during the next hour, you follow brilliant dialogue and smooth action for all you're worth. *Longfellow* goes to New York and is surrounded by leeches, made fun of in the newspapers, gets fed up, tries to give his money to the farmers and finally is tried for insanity in one of the best courtroom sequences to reach the screen. The ending is very gay.

Gary Cooper, acting sincerely and well, proves conclusively that he can portray a subtle character subtly. He has never been better. You may catch reverberations of political significance in the more timely episodes, but the whole picture is presented in such a detached, logical fashion that no one could possibly object. Jean Arthur, Lionel Stander, in fact all the cast, collaborate beautifully.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a swell picture; if you ignore it, you ignore a real entertainment.

✓✓ Sutter's Gold (Universal)

You'll See: *Edward Arnold, Lee Tracy, Binnie Barnes, Katherine Alexander, John Miljan, Robert Warwick, Harry Carey.*

It's About: *The life story of John Sutter, a Swiss refugee, who was the first discoverer of gold in California.*

As a corporal in the Swiss Guard, playing away at his flute in the village inn, *John Sutter* (Edward Arnold) runs afoul of murder and flees the country, leaving behind his wife (Katherine Alexander) and their two children. In America, his many experiences, bitter and glorious in turn, begin with his first job driving a horse car in New York and end under the shadow of the capitol in Washington.

With him in his travels by covered

The finest musical of the month (or almost of the year for that matter), "The Great Ziegfeld" with girls, Bill Powell, more girls, Myrna Loy, music, Luise Rainer, and legs. The best historical picture, "Sutter's Gold," a thrilling epic of the California gold rush, with Edward Arnold starring, plus Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes. The best love story, "The Moon's Our Home." It's also a comedy and all very swell with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda (those ex-love birds) opposite one another. The slickest comedy bit of the month, Cary Grant flirting with himself in "Big Brown Eyes." The whole production is slick and presents Joan Bennett in a new type role. "Two in Revolt" is the poor title of an excellent and unusual animal picture. And finally you simply must see "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," made by Frank Capra, who made those swell comedies, "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill." "Mr. Deeds" stars Gary Cooper and it's elegant.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Queer Money. **Announced as the only authentic picture about counterfeiting and its connection with the U. S. Treasury. G-Men trace the offenders to the far corners of the earth. Chester Morris in the lead.**

M-G-M

Romeo and Juliet. **This is the biggest production Metro has ever made, with $4,000,000 already spent on it and more to come. Norma Shearer plays the wistful Juliet, Leslie Howard her balcony-climbing Romeo and John Barrymore is Mercutio. If time and effort and money are indications, it will be grand.**

PARAMOUNT

Florida Special. **This film promises speed and adventure aboard a crack Eastern train, which carries $11,000.000 of diamonds. Jack Oakie, Frances Drake and Sally Eilers are in the cast.**

RKO-RADIO

Dancing Pirate. **A musical comedy about the troubles of a Boston dancing teacher who is shanghaied by pirates and brought to California in 1820. Looks like an elaborate color offering.**

20th CENTURY-FOX

Road to Glory. **Fredric March, June Lang and Warner Baxter are in this screen version of the popular novel with a war background. Baxter goes blind, and there will be plenty of thrilling moments.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Hearts Divided. **Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a historical romance about Napoleon's brother and a Louisiana beauty. Plenty of songs by Dick.**

wagon to the Middle West goes Lee Tracy, his constant companion. They travel to Mexico, enduring hardships and heartaches, establishing finally a tiny kingdom north of Mexico which later becomes a part of California. The finding of gold and the wild feverish rush over the land of *John Sutter* brings about the final episodes in his colorful career.

Edward Arnold is splendid. Binnie Barnes as the woman he loved gives a strong characterization. Colorful and historical characters parade throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: For those who enjoy biographical pictures, this will be more than interesting entertainment.

✓✓ Big Brown Eyes (Paramount)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, Walter Pidgeon, Isabel Jewell, Lloyd Nolan, Douglas Fowley, others.*

It's About: *A manicurist who turns newspaper woman and helps her police sergeant boy friend win his captain's bars.*

A swell story that bubbles over with amusing situations and sparkling dialogue, with just enough fast action and heavy drama sandwiched in to make it well rounded entertainment.

Joan Bennett plays the pretty blonde manicurist who is now and then in love with Policeman Cary Grant. When he gets in a smart aleck mood, she quits him and when he finds himself in a jam she rushes back. Between moods, they use the well-known lovers'-spat technique. When a baby is murdered during a gangster bout and Grant is assigned to the case, Joan quits her job and takes a newspaper reporter's position so that she can help him over the hurdles. Gangsters, hoodlums, murders and a phony private detective serve to keep the chase lively and, at times, hilariously funny. One of the real laughs of the month comes when Cary tries to make up with Joan by impersonating a woman's voice—talking to Policeman Grant of love and such.

Joan Bennett is right cute as Miss Manicurist to the rescue. She has a flair for comedy and is even prettier than usual. Cary Grant gets a lot of real laughs out of his role and should rate your applause. Walter Pidgeon and Isabel Jewell handle the supporting parts in fine shape. And you are going to see some real, honest gangster types for a change.

Your Reviewer Says: Recommended for an evening of laughs and good fun.

✓✓ I Married A Doctor (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Louise Fazenda, Ray Mayer, Olin Howland, Robert Barrat, Margaret Irving.* (*Continued on page 86*)

Pond's—First to Give You "GLARE-PROOF" Powder

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The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

NOW Pond's softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin . . . flatters you—with new "Sunlight" powder shades. "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.

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HOW CLARK GABLE Changed My Life

A Boy Tramp's Amazing Story

By HEWLETT J. HENDERSON

The appeals for charity come to stars by hundreds of thousands in every mail. Necessarily they must turn most of them down. But here is an amazing story about one famous star's direct response when asked for help. The writer, a young boy, who, incidentally, had never written anything before, drifted into my office one day with this story. I thought it so different and heart-warming that I sent it to Clark Gable to be sure it wasn't just a young writer's pipe-dream. It wasn't. Clark said every word of it was true.

And incidentally doesn't it give you a new insight into Clark Gable, the handsome, the successful? He's a great deal more than a ladies' man, this man Gable.

For obvious reasons the name Hewlett J. Henderson and the nickname Shorty used in the story are fictitious.

R. W.

I HAD been on the bum in Hollywood about seven months. I had come out from Connecticut. Maybe for the fun of it and maybe I was looking for work but—outside of a job washing dishes for my room and board, and that job only lasted four days—fun and work are two things I seemed to have missed out on. So I'd been sleeping in auto-parks and jails, and every now and then I hit up a back door for something to eat. Oh, I got by, somehow.

Along in September I teamed up with a kid from New York. I don't know what his name was, but I called him "Shorty." He was a sawed-off little runt, hard as nails, and he said he'd been on the stage in the East. I learned from him that the movie people were nearly always good for a meal, and one Saturday when we were hungrier than usual we decided to hike out to Brentwood and hit up the stars' back doors.

Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Eric von Stroheim and Clark Gable all lived in the same district out there, Shorty said, and so we headed for their neighborhood. Well, the first house we came to was Clark Gable's. It was a white house, set quite a ways back up a winding driveway, and there were two big trees in front of it.

We went up the driveway to the front door, rang the bell, and stood there waiting. Pretty soon a colored girl in a white apron opened the door a little bit and peeked out at us. Shorty and I looked like a couple of tramps, which we were, but the colored girl didn't act like she was afraid of us much.

I asked her if Mr. Gable was home, and she said no, suh, he was out somewhere playing tennis, but he'd be back shortly. She asked us if we cared to wait, and we said no, thanks, we guessed we'd just look around awhile and come back later.

We moved on up the street and looked at Joan Crawford's house and saw where Barbara Stanwyck lived; and after that we went around the block and sat down on the curb by some bushes near the Gable driveway.

In about ten minutes we heard a car coming, and when it turned into the driveway we saw that Clark Gable was in it. We waved at him as he drove by, and he yelled "Hello, boys!" and waved cheerfully back at us.

We stuck around about fifteen minutes longer and then decided we'd hit up the maid for something to eat. We asked her if she had any work we could do for a handout, and she said she didn't have any work but she'd feed us anyway. She told us to go around to the side door and wait, so we did.

While we were standing there near the side door, Clark Gable came up to the house from the garage. He was wearing a pullover sweater and a brown hat and some tan-looking slacks. He had some riding boots and other stuff under his arm.

As he came up to us he grinned a big grin, just as friendly as you please, and hollered, "Hiya, there, guys!"

We said, "Hello, Mr. Gable!" From then on, I just stood there kind of embarrassed and let Shorty do most of the talking.

"You're from Cadiz, Ohio, ain't you, Mr. Gable?" Shorty asked.

Mr. Gable looked at him sort of funny.

"Yeah," he said, "are you from there, too?"

Shorty explained that he was from some little town near Cadiz. I think he was lying about it, but it didn't make any difference.

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Gable. "Come out here looking for work?"

We both said we did.

"It's tough," Mr. Gable said. He kind of sighed. "Have you kids had anything to eat lately?"

"Well, we hit up your maid," Shorty said, "and she told us to wait here and she'd find something for us to eat."

Mr. Gable chuckled a little, and said, "Yeah, she'll fix it up so you'll have some grub." Then he went on into the house, and the maid came out with some food in a paper bag.

There were two sandwiches, made of scrambled eggs and bacon, and two bananas and four oranges. We took the bag and went out in front and sat on the curb. First we ate the sandwiches, and they sure tasted good. Then we ate the bananas, and thought we'd better save the oranges for later.

We just sat there on the curb for awhile, talking about how we wished we were Clark Gable, and how friendly he had treated us; and pretty soon he backed out of the driveway in his convertible coupe. We hollered at him and asked him if he was going to town.

He said, "Yeah, get in, boys. I'll take you as far as Beverly Hills." He'd changed clothes, and he had on a white riding outfit and some sun glasses.

Shorty got in the seat first and I climbed in on the outside, and in a minute we were driving along like a couple of big shots. He kept the needle on the speedometer around thirty miles per hour, and I said, "Let's see how fast you can make this thing go, Mr. Gable." But he said no can do, on account of the curves, and kept on holding it at thirty.

Shorty said, "I heard you own a string of horses."

"Yeah, I did," Mr. Gable told him, "but I got rid of them. They cost me too much dough."

Shorty said he had been on the stage in New York, playing small parts, and what was the chances of getting a job in some local outfit? Mr. Gable told him it was tough to get in at the studios out here. Plenty tough.

"You ought to go back to New York and try again," he said. "The stage is your best chance. If you're good, a studio scout will spot you.

"The first time I came out here," he said, "I got a few jobs, but most of the time I nearly starved to death. Sometimes I didn't think I could even get a job in a sideshow, it was so tough. Finally, I hopped a freight train and went back East.

"I did that a couple of times, and when it seemed as if I wouldn't get to first base around here I'd hop the rattlers and go on the stage again."

Then he said, "How'd you guys get out here?"

"Freights," we told him.

"How're the roads?" he wanted to know. "Still hot?"

"Yeah, pretty hot," we said.

"Yeah, they were hot when I went over them, too. Did you make Lincoln Heights bastille when you blew into L. A.?"

We said we didn't.

Then I said, "But I made eleven days in a jail in Virginia on the way out here."

We were coming through Bellaire at the time, and Mr. Gable busted out laughing at my crack about the eleven days.

"Why is it that so many stars are stuck up?" Shorty asked him.

Mr. Gable laughed.

"Well, you know, I hit up one of them for a quarter in front of the Brown Derby," Shorty said, "and he turned me down."

Mr. Gable laughed some more.

Then Shorty said he had talked to Charles Laughton the day before, and Laughton had told him to hit up Harry Revel for a job.

"You did?" Mr. Gable seemed surprised. "Why, that's funny; Charles Laughton has been in England for two weeks!"

Shorty looked dumbfounded.

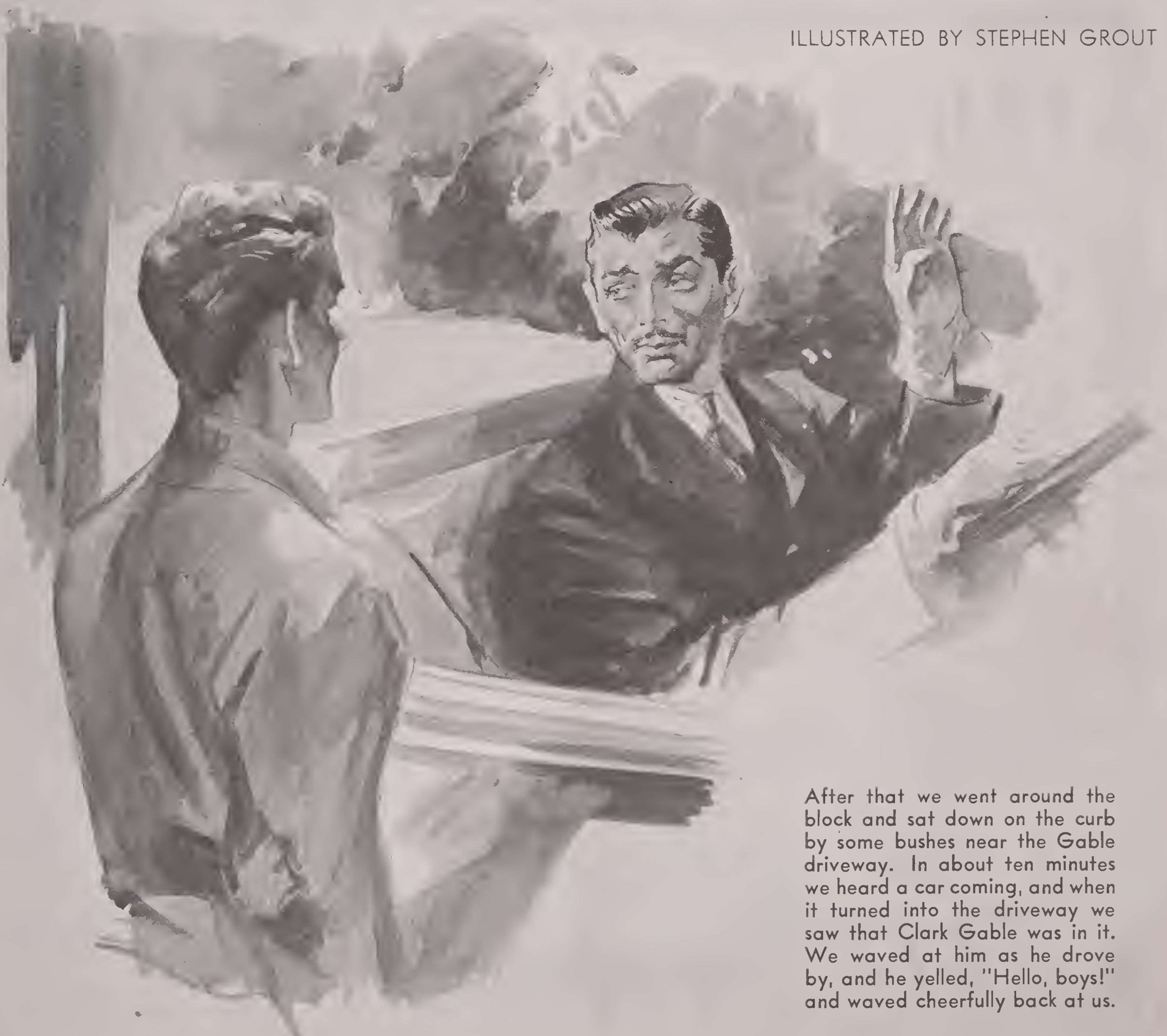
"But, who's this guy at the Plaza Hotel, then?" he argued. "There's a fellow there who looks like Charles Laughton and goes around signing autographs with that name!"

"Oh, he's just a phoney," Mr. Gable said.

Shorty yelled, "Well, can you feature that!" and Mr. Gable said, yeah, he could feature it, that there were a lot of phonies in Hollywood.

"I hit up quite a few of the stars, and they always act stuck-up," Shorty claimed. And (*Continued on page* 98)

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT



After that we went around the block and sat down on the curb by some bushes near the Gable driveway. In about ten minutes we heard a car coming, and when it turned into the driveway we saw that Clark Gable was in it. We waved at him as he drove by, and he yelled, "Hello, boys!" and waved cheerfully back at us.

Love
as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Onida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald
COLMAN
(Beau Geste)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR
McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND
RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

MOVIE MIRROR'S
PERSONALITY PARADE

After two years of planning for "Mutiny on the Bounty," Bob Montgomery had to take a long vacation for his health, thus giving Franchot Tone the opportunity of a lifetime. But now Bob's back, co-starring with Myrna Loy in "Petticoat Fever"—and it's Myrna's turn to take a rest, after making four films (two of them at once) in a few short months.

Her last starring picture for GB, "Secret Agent," with Peter Lorre as "the Hairless Mexican" and John Gielgud as Somerset Maugham's famous detective, Ashenden, will soon be released over here. She's going to try her luck in American films once more, too, this time for Walter Wanger.

MADELEINE
CARROLL

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

When 20th Century-Fox's new importation, Simone Simon, was too ill to finish "Under Two Flags," Claudette fell heir to the beloved role of Cigarette, played by Theda Bara and Priscilla Dean in silent days. After a New York vacation, she returns to Paramount, who has her under contract.

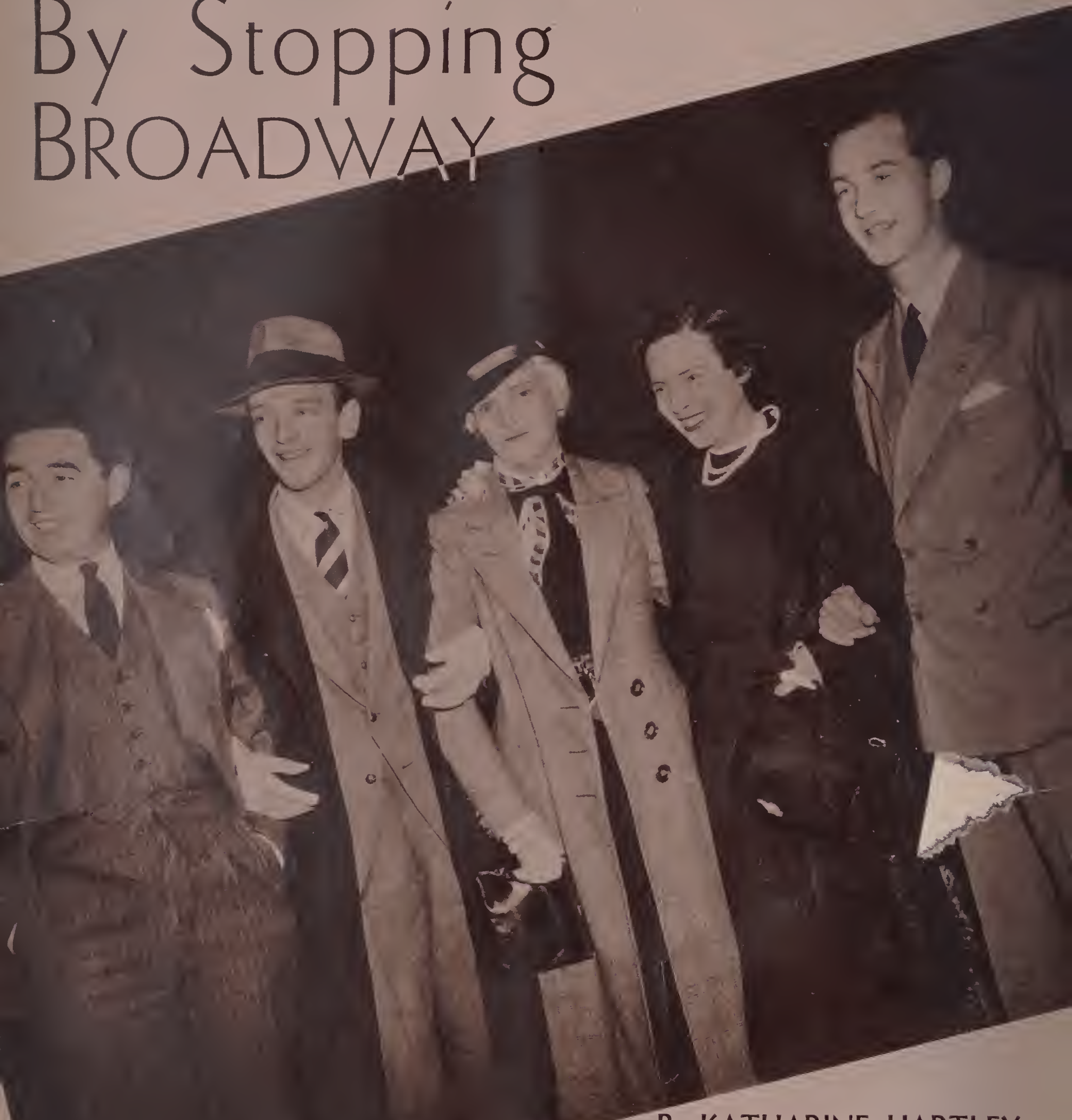
After many moons of playing menace roles with such suavity and undeniable appeal that he set all the little girls' hearts a-patter, Cesar is being groomed for romantic stardom by Universal, for whom he has just completed assignments in "Love Before Breakfast" and "Unconscious."

CESAR ROMERO

BETTE DAVIS

Agitation to include her work in "Of Human Bondage" in last year's Academy Award nominations started too late and she placed fourth, but she ranked tops this year for "Dangerous," while her role in "The Petrified Forest" proves she doesn't have to play hysterical, vicious women to score.

HE STARTED–By Stopping BROADWAY



By KATHARINE HARTLEY

At last! The story of Fred Astaire, the theatrical freshman of Broadway—before Hollywood's top hat, white tie and tails

IN one of the executive offices at RKO hangs a photograph of Fred Astaire on which he has scribbled: "To Dave Dreyer—in memory of those good old days at Room 18!" The story behind that inscription is a story about Fred Astaire which has never been told before.

But first, let me place Dave Dreyer for you, since it's Dave who tells us the story. Today Dave Dreyer is contact man for all the song writers doing business with—or *wanting* to do business with—RKO. Some years ago he was a song writer—"Me and My Shadow," "Rainbow Around My Shoulder," "Cecilia" and "Second Hand Rose"—just to mention a few of his hits. But before his song-writing days he was an actor, and it was as an actor that he first met and knew Fred Astaire.

Yes, and that was back in the good old days at Room 18.

Left, Dave Dreyer, Fred Astaire, his mother, and Adele Astaire with her husband, Lord Cavendish. Below, Fred and Adele in a scene from Broadway days—"The Passing Show of 1918."

Room 18, as all the theatrical world knows, was the star dressing room "on the first floor, just off the stage, on the left" at the famous Winter Garden Theater in New York. All the headliners of the past twenty or twenty-five years have hung their hats there at one time or another—Jolson, Cantor, Will Rogers, Joe Cook, and so on down the list. It was the largest and the best dressing room in the place, and no one ever questioned the star's right to claim it.

That is, no one ever did until the first "Passing Show" came along—and then it was not so much questioning the star's right that made the trouble as questioning who was the star! In that show were two fellows by the name of Willy and Eugene Howard who claimed the honor. There were two other fellows—Charlie Ruggles and Frank Fay—who also claimed the honor. And there were still two more fellows—Sam White and Lew Clayton—who claimed *they* should have the honor. In fact the only person around there who *didn't* claim the honor was the sixteen-year-old kid dancer, Freddy Astaire!

While the fight was going on inside Room 18, Freddy sat on his suitcase outside in the hall, waiting to see Stanley Sharpe. Sharpe was the manager, and he would tell Freddy where to put his things—if and when he ever came out of that fracas alive. There was a steady stream of trunks flying out the door, and occasionally something that looked like a human being would come flying out after the trunk, pick itself up, and go back for more. Freddy shook his head, and on his face was an expression very similar to that lovely blank one that Stan Laurel wears so well. In all his seven years in vaudeville Freddy had never seen or heard a hullaballoo like this.,

Presently it died down a little and Stanley Sharpe appeared, holding one hand over one eye. "Well, we settled it," he groaned. "Room 18 is *not* the star dressing room anymore. The men will *all* share it from now on."

"Me too?" asked Freddy timidly.

"Yes, you too!" he was told.

AND that's how it happened that Freddy Astaire, at sixteen, found himself sharing a dressing room with some of the toughest—yea, and the roughest—muggs on Broadway, the "bad boys" of show business! Oh I know that Charlie Ruggles looks sort of meek and mild to you now, but in those days he was quite the gay blade. Then there was Frank Fay who had a habit of using his fists when discretion would have been better. And the Howards, who were, to say the least, a little "loud."

In addition to those already mentioned, Dave Dreyer, actor, also dressed in that room. Dave, like Freddy, was also still in his teens, but even he seemed years older. The answer was simple enough. Dave, as they say, had "been around," but Freddy, as they also say on Broadway, was still "wet behind the ears."

"We used to kid him unmercifully," Dave told me recently. "You see, for one thing, Freddy neither drank nor smoked. He was too wrapped up in his dancing, and he knew that he had to take care of himself, if he was ever going to get to the top. We knew he was right, of course, but we weren't the types to say so. We found it much more fun to ride him (*Continued on page 101*)

LEARN *Beauty* from GAIL PATRICK

Gail was a beauty contest winner —and had to make herself over for the films! Here's how she did it

By KATHERINE ALBERT

There's beauty in the face of young Margaret Fitzpatrick of Alabama (below), who had big dreams of a legal career. But there's so much more (perhaps it's glamor) in the face of Gail Patrick of Hollywood and films!

WHEN she came to Hollywood Gail Patrick was blessed with nothing more glamorous than what friends called "a strong, handsome face." Girls in college who didn't like her said she was "nice but plain." Her family in Birmingham, Alabama, laughed when she decided to enter a beauty contest.

She says she won the contest only because it was dignified and no one wore a bathing suit. Besides, her sorority sisters pulled for her.

Hollywood looked at Gail and saw a tall girl—she's five feet seven—scholastically inclined, completely undramatic, dignified, gracious and with just about as much glamor as a filing cabinet.

Gail looked at Hollywood and was as bewildered as you would be. No one spoke her language. Their jokes were so personal, private and professional, that she did not know when to laugh. And if you can't laugh when others do you stand apart.

One night she was invited to an exciting Hollywood party. Deciding to be glamorous, she did herself up in grease paint, not knowing that make-up to be effective must be as subtle as a ZaSu Pitts gesture. She slumped in an effort to conceal her height. She tried to enter into the spirit of the most thrilling city in the world and failed. When she took off the dreadful make-up that night she discovered that because she was unaccustomed to it and did not know how to use it her face had broken out into a rash. She finally cried herself to sleep.

In Birmingham she had thought that she knew a great many things. In Hollywood she was the rankest outsider. But she realized that she would never be happy anywhere else. Her assurance was gone but her desire for film stardom was intact, and yet she realized that if she were to survive in that competitive Southern California mad house she must go through a thorough mental and physical remodeling. She determined, during that miserable night, to remodel herself. And what happened after that I want to pass on to you, because you can do what Gail Patrick has done. The most important lesson Gail learned was that attractiveness, glamor and allure are not gifts of the gods. They can be acquired.

In her discouragement, Gail had taken a cowardly mental attitude. She said to herself, "I guess I simply haven't got it. I guess the big stars are born with whatever it takes. I just wasn't—that's all."

Then Gail met Claudette Colbert—Claudette who looked at her with those straight, frank eyes and told her, in her direct, honest way, "You can *learn* anything you like. You can *learn* how to succeed in this business."

So Gail took stock of herself, (*Continued on page 77*)

ABOUT *Acting* from JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

There's no short cut to genius, but Jo can help you find the high-road to success—and stay on it

By JULIE LANG HUNT

This youngster dreamt only of being an actress and worked long, hard years to make the dream come true. Today, Josephine's a front-rank star (left). Below, in "Peter Pan" during her busy Civic Repertory days (1929).

If you are a girl not more than twenty-five years of age, with serious ambitions to become a screen star, read this story about Josephine Hutchinson.

Here are the reasons why.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON has never experienced a single so-called "lucky" break in her entire career.

She has never won a contest or prize for her beauty or personality.

She was never "discovered" by a talent scout or a powerful producer.

She started life some three thousand miles from Broadway and her father's income wouldn't permit lengthy seasons in eastern dramatic schools (the easiest way to land behind the footlights).

Even her most enthusiastic admirers today have never described her as startlingly beautiful or as possessing one of those currently popular galvanizing personalities.

When Josephine reached New York City at the age of seventeen, her chances for success were no more and no less than those of several million other girls with nice wholesome American faces, slender figures and torrents of ambition. She wanted to act. She wanted to go on the stage. But she seemed to have little but that pipe dream to offer.

Yet today Josephine has every big studio in Hollywood scrapping for a chance to train its cameras on her nice American face. She also possesses a Warner Brothers contract with such rare privileges as the right to okay her stories, the freedom to appear in a Broadway play whenever she fancies a footlight interlude, and the license to do pictures for other studios when the mood sways her.

And (I have this from a reliable source) there is an impressive clause tacked on to the Hutchinson contract that calls for a yearly increasing salary scale that would make the top cream of our established film favorites turn slightly sour with envy if they happened to discover the figures involved.

And so, if I were a member of that vast army of ambition-ridden youngsters with Hollywood as its Mecca, I would deliberately and cautiously follow each step, dip and curve in the success chart of this Hutchinson girl.

When Josephine's family finally managed to get her to New York she arrived with a dreadful list of handicaps. Her prettiness was not of the gripping, startling variety, but her self-confidence was. At seventeen Josephine was thoroughly convinced that she was a wow.

You see, long before her fifth birthday, Josephine was the acknowledged wonder child of Seattle. All the Hutchinson neighbors and all the Hutchinson school teachers formed an unbroken chain of (*Continued on page* 80)

Beginning-THE

By DOROTHY MANNERS

It was not at home that Joe learned the tragedy of a lonely, half-starved childhood—there was enough love, and to spare, in the large family of Browns. Left, a rare picture of little Joe with his father. Above, with his mother in Hollywood, where all their dreams came true. Opposite page—Joe greets an old friend from those bitter but exciting circus days, Billy Ash, head of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons" (shown at extreme right Joe is the serious little lad in front and Ash is the tallest one).

IF you were to come to Hollywood the chances are about even that you might, or might not, see Clark Gable, Robert Taylor or Errol Flynn in their private-life glamor. But one thing is definite and certain: You couldn't be in town twenty-four hours without being acutely conscious of the presence of Joe E. Brown!

Maybe it would be only a glimpse you'd get of the funniest face in America ("sometimes I don't believe it, myself," Joe says) as he sped along that star-studded stretch between Highland and Vine in the green Duesenberg he drives himself. But if you waved to him he would turn on the world's widest grin and wave right back at you.

If you went to the fights on Friday night at the American Legion you would see Lupe and Johnny, and Mae West and Bing Crosby and dozens of others, but it would be Joe E. who would scamper into the ring to shake hands with the boys and roll the crowd in the aisles with what he had to say.

There's never a banquet for a visiting Elk that doesn't find Joe at the speakers' table, and usually next to the guest of honor.

If it is the football season, it is Joe E. Brown who'll be up there firing the cheering section of his favorite university into a frenzy of support to the team.

When baseball comes on (and baseball is the love of his life, next to his family) it is Joe E. who tosses out the first

Revealing the true reason why Joe E. Brown's life is dedicated to laughter— because he wants to keep other kids from a childhood as unhappy as his own!

ball of the season and later gets it autographed from the stars of the game for his trophy room.

Joe E. Brown, on the screen, is the most financially profitable box-office bet on the Warner Brothers lot. But Joe E. Brown in Hollywood is more than a movie star. He is a civic presence!

Where most Hollywood stars belong to a glamorous industry, Joe belongs to a community. There's not even a parent-teachers' meeting that hasn't at one time or another heard Joe's droll, hilarious "Lil' Mousie" story. And Joe has a perfect right to attend, for either one of his own children, or one of his enormous family of proteges attends almost every school in town. There's a well quoted joke to the effect that the average Los Angeles and Hollywood boy goes to high school and college—and then to Joe E. Brown!

There is never a meal in the luxurious Brown home in Beverly Hills so important that it can't be interrupted by some kid in a sweater who wants to talk to Joe about what he can do about getting him with "the big league." And over Joe's favorite dessert of ice cream with hot chocolate syrup he promises to do something about it, and what's more, he *does!*

Men who have less of everything than Joe E. Brown, less of the great wealth he shares so generously, less of the warm personality he uses so prodigally, less humor and less laughter, look on his activities and the happy life he leads with envy and admiration. "What a life of laughter and fun that guy must have lived" they think indulgently, for no one is really meanly envious of Joe.

And that is really where this story begins.

For the laughter that is the keynote of Joe E. Brown's career and personality has been evolved from events so hurtful they might well constitute the most poignant life story ever to come out of Hollywood—except for one fact: *The man does not know the meaning of self-pity!*

Even now, looking back on his extraordinary life from the heights of his great success, he remembers the too-slender figure of that homely little boy-who-used-to-be as an adventurer—perhaps a lonely one, always a hungry one and often a cuffed and abused one, but always in the light of exciting exploits.

As for that boy himself, he knew fright and cold and hunger and poverty, but one thing he never learned was resentment. Which is the very thing that makes so much of his story so deeply touching.

Before Joe Evan Brown was ten years old he accepted meanness and the hunger that continually gnawed at him and back-breaking hard work as stoically as he accepted cuffs on the side of the head! He did not like these things and, the law of self-preservation being what it is, he became adept in avoiding as many of them as possible. But it never occurred to him to rebel, or to

(*Continued on page* 104)

TRAGIC LIFE STORY of a Happy Man

If little Frances of Florida hadn't been in love—and had her pride—she might never have got the chance that brought her fame on the radio and in movies

Love IS LANGFORD'S *"Lucky Star"*

BY VIRGINIA MAXWELL

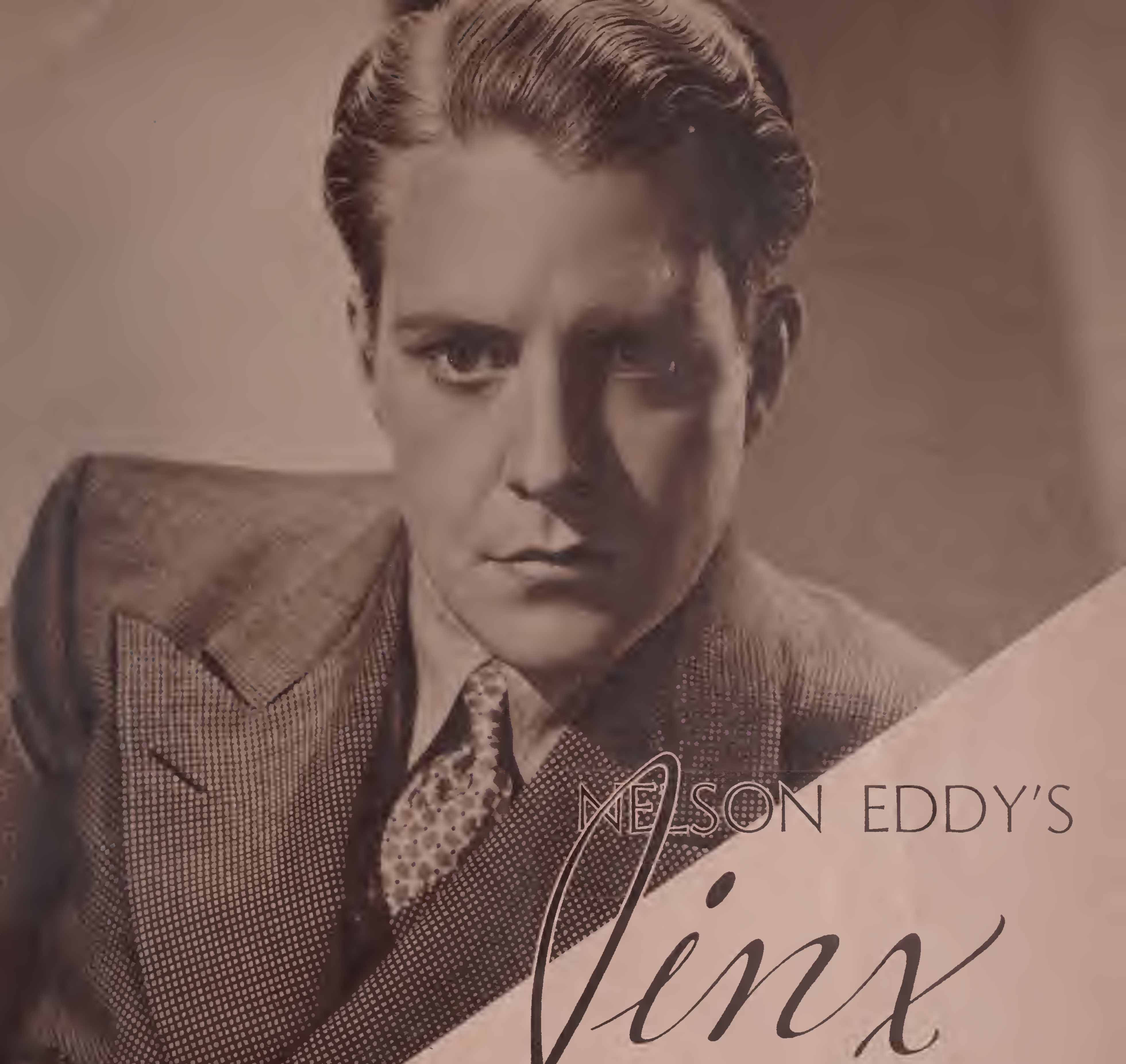
DOWN in the little town of Lakeland, Florida, a round-eyed girl sat looking up at the yellow disk of moon flooding a flower-scented countryside with its magic beauty.

It was early winter and the whir of motor cars from the North had just about begun its seasonal anthem on that lonely country road. Expensive limousines purred past. Crickets chirped merrily; now and then a rattling, tinny Ford would beat its tattoo against the roadway; yelling, gay, abandoned youth on an inexpensive rampage.

Frances sighed and turned her head toward the house. Inside, her brother Jimmy was fooling around with the radio dial, a noisy, spluttering static from their provincial little parlor. The broadcast cleared gradually and Frances heard the rhythmic strains of a throbbing love waltz coming over the still night air.

She sighed a little. After all, life could be so thrilling when you were in love. The beauty and ecstasy of being in love with just one boy who meant everything in the world to you.

(*Continued on page* 74)



NELSON EDDY'S *Jinx*

Why has Dame Misfortune dogged the footsteps of this idol of millions to the very door of world-wide fame?

By WALTER RAMSEY

EVER since the first release of "Naughty Marietta," and even more since "Rose Marie," Nelson Eddy has lead in fan-interest inquiries pouring into his studio, to newspapers and magazines.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company holding his contract, is frank to admit that Eddy is one of the most valuable male personalities on their large and impressive roster of stars.

Critics and commentators on movie matters are agreed that few personalities have forged into front-line prominence in such a short time and with so few pictures.

BUT . . .

Despite every manifestation of an almost overnight stardom and quick success, there is an intangible overtone of delays, interruptions, long absences from the screen and several almost accidental bad breaks marking the distance he has come thus far and consistently foreshadowing the long way he seems certain to go.

A review of his career to date asks a teasing question: How is it possible for a singing actor to be a Hollywood success and a jinxed performer at one and the same time? How can top box-office glory be so near at hand and yet be so puzzlingly withheld? And how is it that the man of the Hollywood hour can be spared from the studio following "Rose Marie" when he may not have another picture ready for release until the very end of 1936 and possibly not until the spring of 1937?

Let's stop for a moment and consider the strange case of the blond, genial and likeable Mr. Eddy who is now the central figure in one of the strangest stories Hollywood has yet witnessed.

One of the sensational screen discoveries of our time, Nelson Eddy is off on a concert tour at present, and no one knows what plans he has for films, following the triumphant "Rose Marie," with Jeanette MacDonald.

TWO years ago, a distinguished audience of motion picture famous, Blue Book entries and political bigwigs sat in the huge Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles awaiting the beginning of a concert to be sung by a noted star of the opera. Suddenly the house lights were dimmed. The curtain went up. But, in place of the gentleman from the Metropolitan there stepped upon the stage a young, blond giant, bronzed to the color of copper by the California sun. He stepped down to the edge of the platform and said:

"Due to the critical illness of ——— (naming the opera star), I have been asked to sing for you tonight. I know your keen disappointment. My greatest hope is that my songs will, in some small measure, repay you for your trip to this concert and the delay in raising the curtain."

As a matter of cold truth, he was quaking in his boots. Just thirty minutes before, he had stepped from the San Diego plane after the hectic emergency call from the manager of the Philharmonic and he had not had one minute's rehearsal with his accompanist. At first, there were rumbles and mutterings of "our money returned" by the dissatisfied concert patrons. Shadowy forms began twisting and turning into capes and coats. Then came the full notes of Nelson Eddy's first song and as its beauty vibrated across the footlights, the already-caped backs turned eagerly around and became faces once more. The audience sat in surprised wonder. Who was this Nelson Eddy?

The improvised concert was a brilliant success. He responded to twenty-two encores and curtain calls. The next day the music critics hailed him as "an important vocal discovery" and it stood to reason that it would not be long before the musical-minded movies began bidding for his services.

It was Louis B. Mayer who finally secured his name on a contract; a contract, incidentally, involving one of the largest salaries ever paid to an untried camera personality!

The rest of his story (that starts with such a Cinderella-Santa Claus debut) should properly read: " . . . and he was immediately cast in M-G-M's most important musical in which he scored a terrific hit only to live successfully and happily on the top of the heap forever."

Only it didn't happen that way.

As it did happen, the moment he signed the contract, perverse Hollywood swung away from musical pictures and started the cycle of G-Man stories with a vengeance. For six months, Nelson Eddy nursed his money-studded contract without so much as a screen test. Except for the fact that his name was correctly typed on a salary check handed him through a window every Tuesday, he might almost have believed the studio had forgotten him. Finally, he went to Mr. Mayer begging, not for a chance, but for the privilege of breaking his contract. But he had reckoned without the sagacity of that astute gentleman who had made the M-G-M trademark what it is today.

Mayer told him: "We haven't forgotten you. You have my word for that. Unfortunately, you are the victim of a change in film trend. But musicals are not dead. They can't be. They offer too much beauty and magic. I don't know when they will come back; but they will and that will be your opportunity!"

That same wise gentleman also advised him that while he was waiting for the wonderful chance to come, he should study and prepare himself. He recommended an excellent dramatic coach and before the day was over, Eddy had enrolled.

Three months later he thought his opportunity had surely come when he was summoned to the studio to do a song number for Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady." The director, the sound technician, Joan and even the studio heads were enthusiastic about the way he sang. But again, nothing happened. No real, follow up chance came his way. He was, seemingly, no better off than the lowliest bit-player on the lot. It was a disheartening case of: "Of course he's good—so what?"

Finally it was decided that their discouraged young singer should make a short concert tour. It would put him in a better frame of mind than the continued sitting around waiting for something to happen. The tour was most successful but, before the second week, it was interrupted by a frantic wire from the studio demanding that he return for a musical comedy, "The Student Tour." M-G-M had, it seems, decided to hasten the return of musical pictures by producing a gay, collegiate song fest that would start the ball rolling by its very novelty. It was to be a very important and costly production. And Nelson Eddy was to be cast in a fat role.

"The Student Tour" was three months in the making. Great care and attention were given to it and much was expected of the picture when it was finally released. But once again, the jinx cast its shadow across the movie fate of Nelson Eddy. Despite its huge cost and elaborate production, "The Student Tour" rolled over and laid a neat egg at the box office. The only thing salvaged was "the promise" that a few critics saw in Nelson Eddy who, they said, "had quite a voice." To Eddy, that wasn't enough. So far, Hollywood had done nothing but promise a future for him. Again he went to the head of the studio.

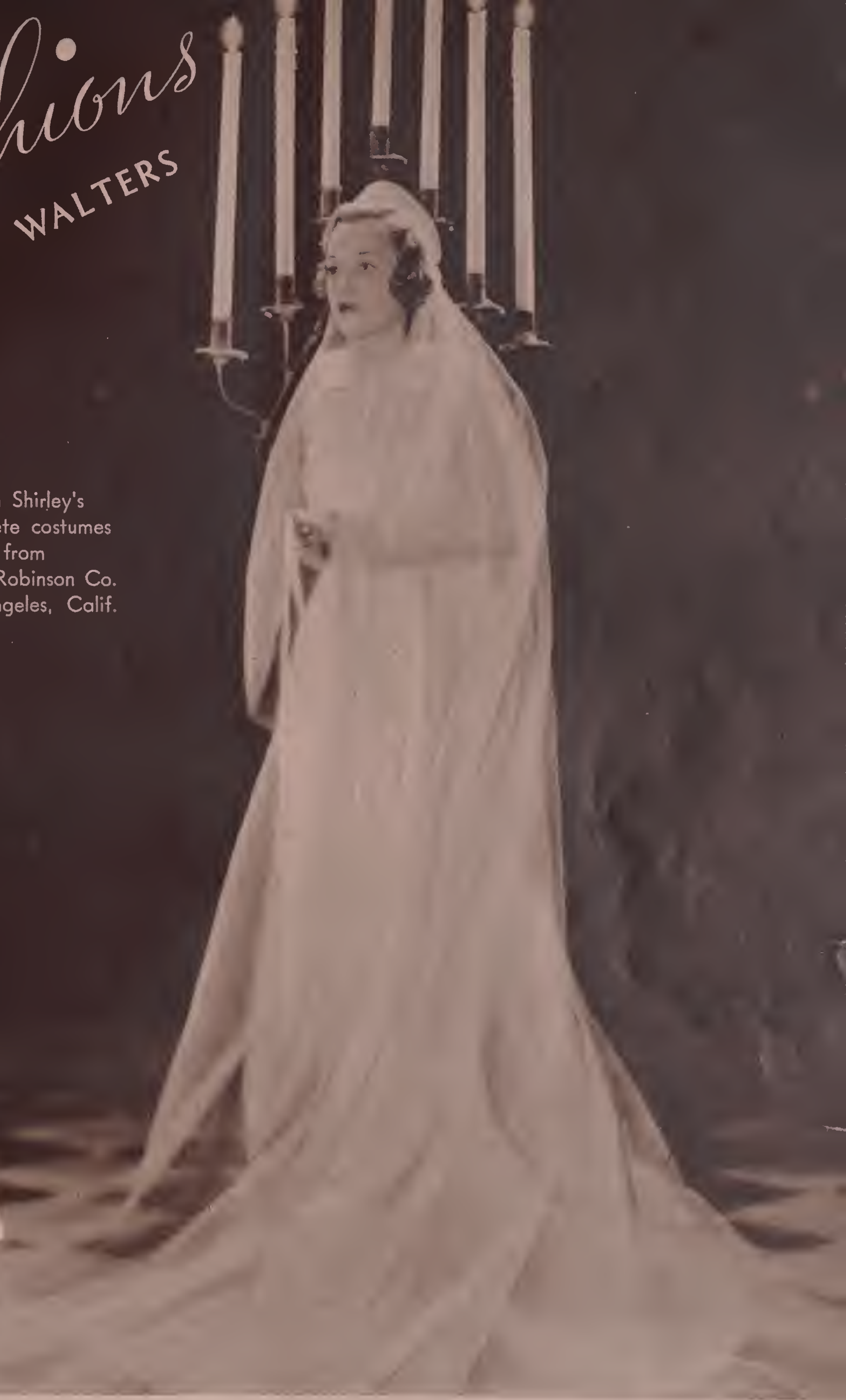
"I'm not wanted in this business," he said, "Please let me go."

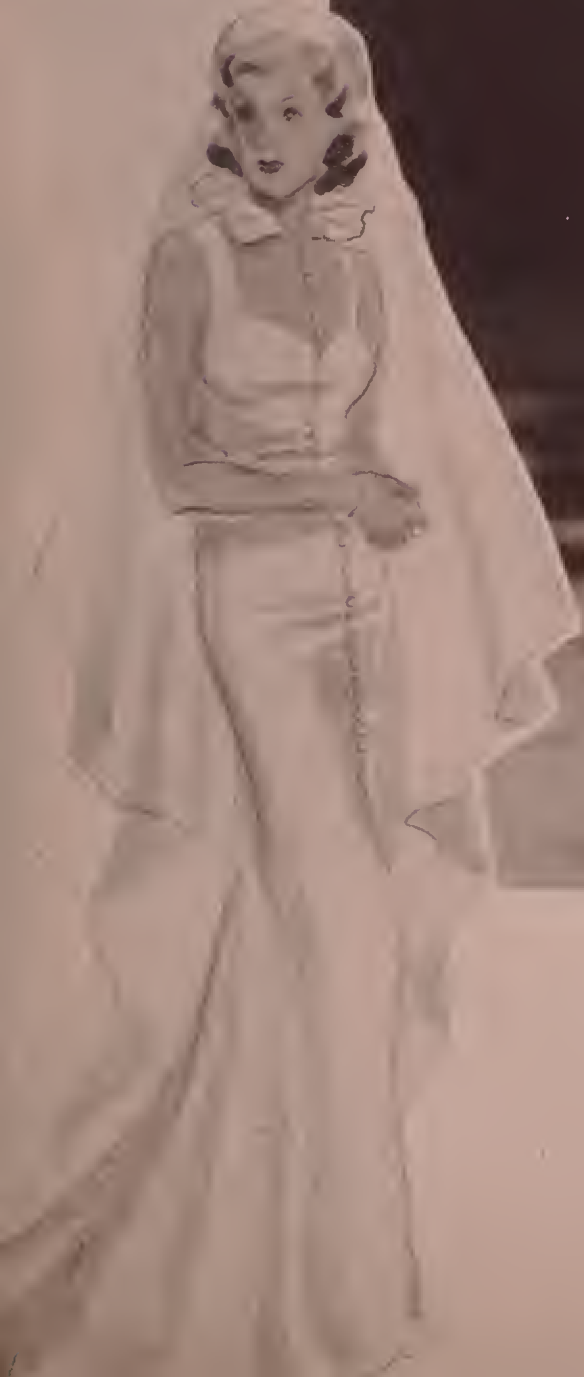
(*Continued on page* 112)

Star Fashions

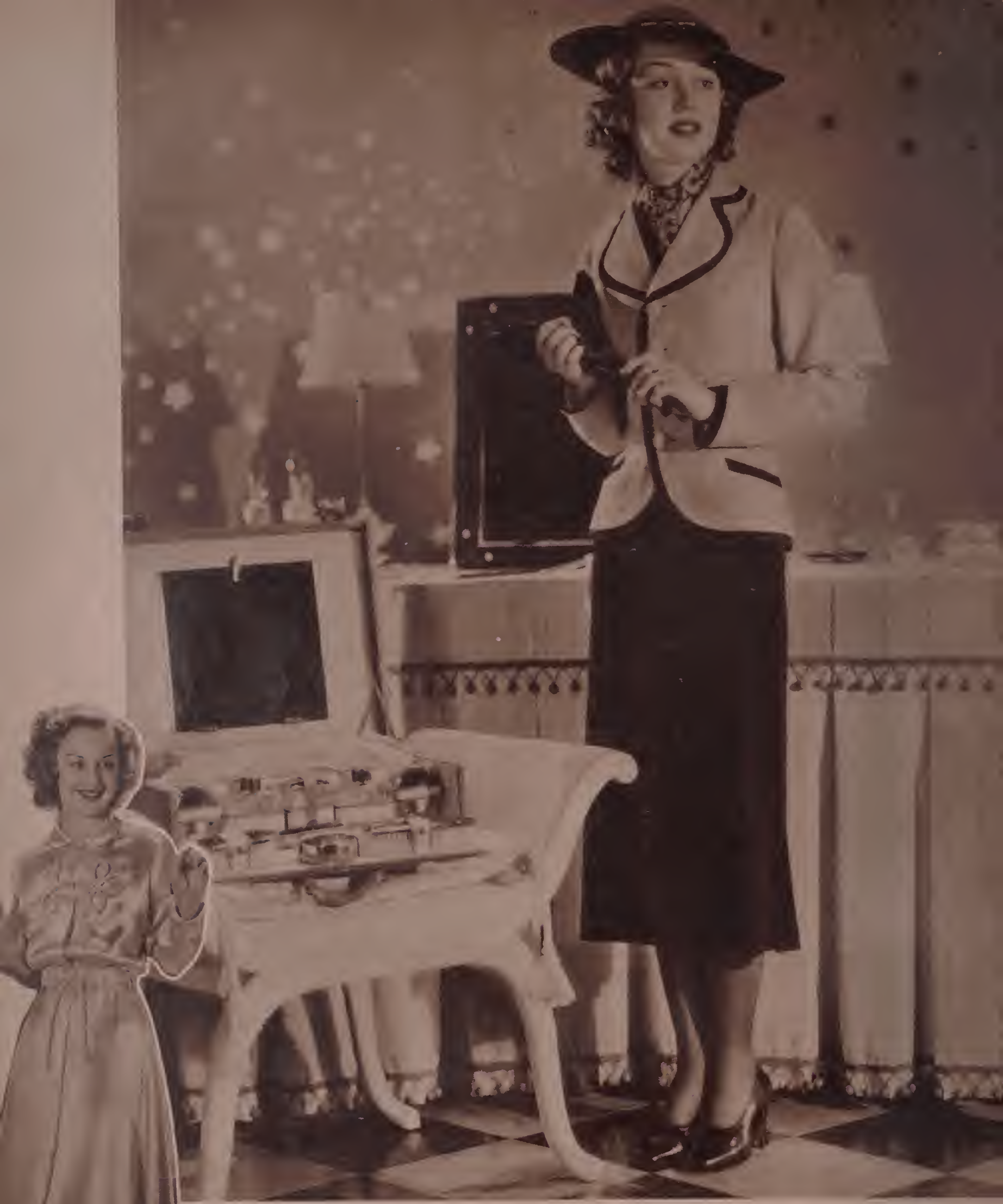
BY GWENN WALTERS

Ann Shirley's
complete costumes
from
J. W. Robinson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.

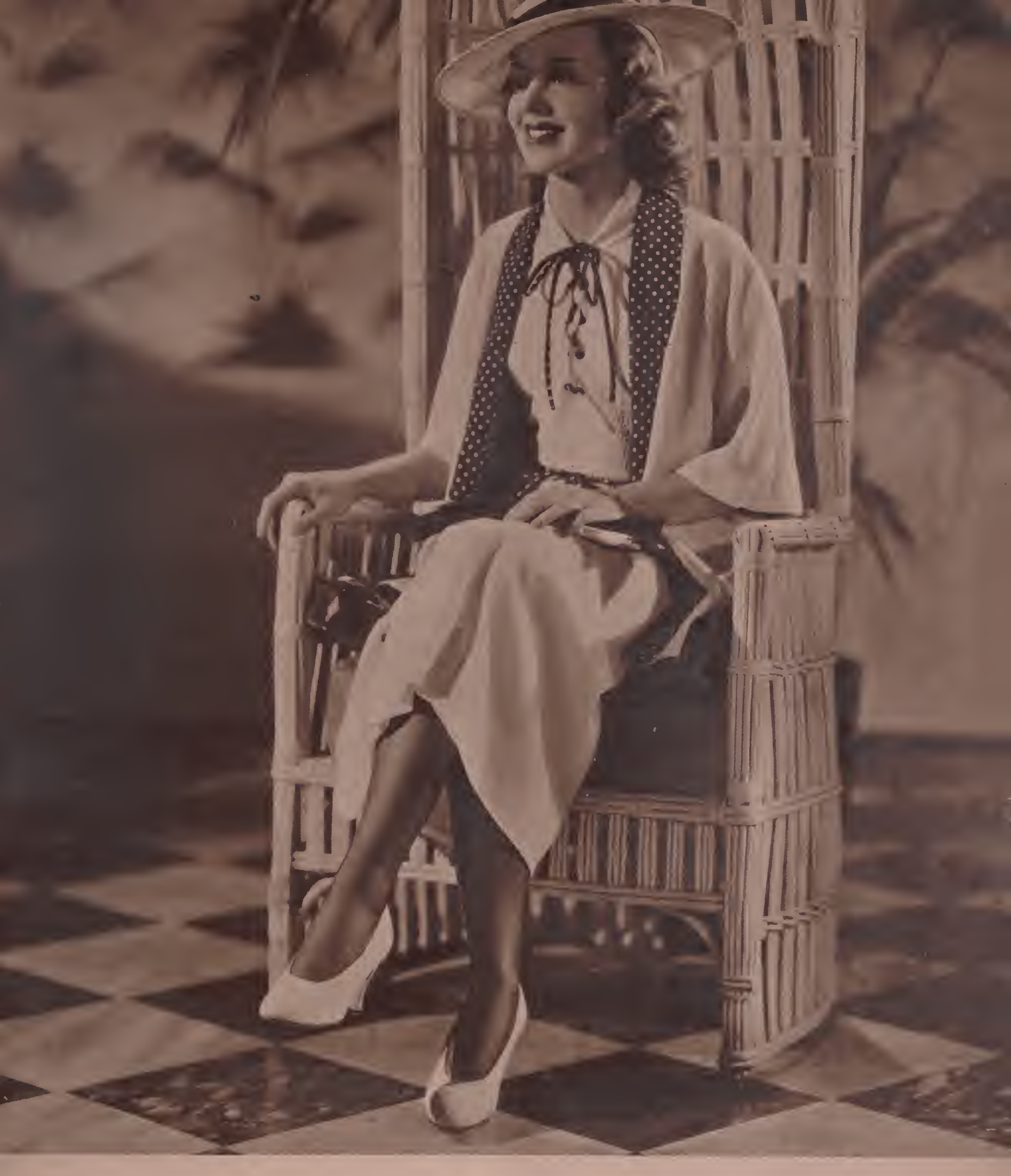




Will the wedding bells ring out for you this June? Or will you step up to claim a hard-earned diploma? Anne Shirley poses here in a silhouette gown of rare lace which can be adapted successfully to either occasion. Here Anne wears it as a bride, simply adding a halo cap and a graduated tulle veil. The sketch shows you the entrancing cut of the veil and the myriads of tiny buttons extending from the dainty outstanding collar to the edge of the hemline of the gown, which was created by Viola Dimmitt of Los Angeles.

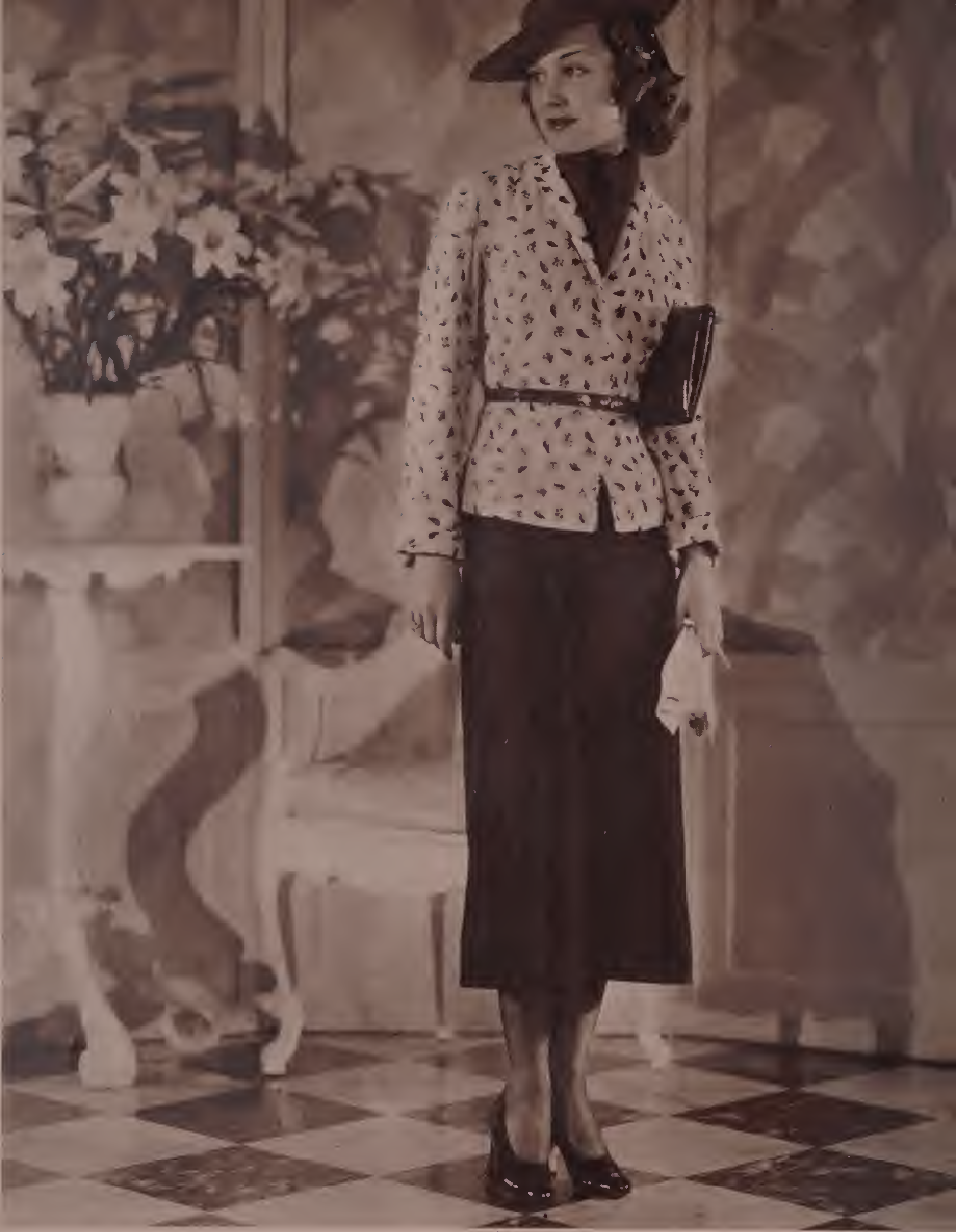


As a going-away ensemble for the June bride (or for smart general wear, if it's a graduation trousseau you're selecting), Anne suggests this two-piece suit of chamois and navy linen crash, worn with an interesting Batavian print ascot in beige, yellow, tan and brown. The navy skirt is topped by a single-breasted five-button jacket outlined with navy bindings; note the cut of the collar and revers. At left, these are the lovely pink satin tunic pajamas, belted by a shirred band, which were tucked away in the case above.

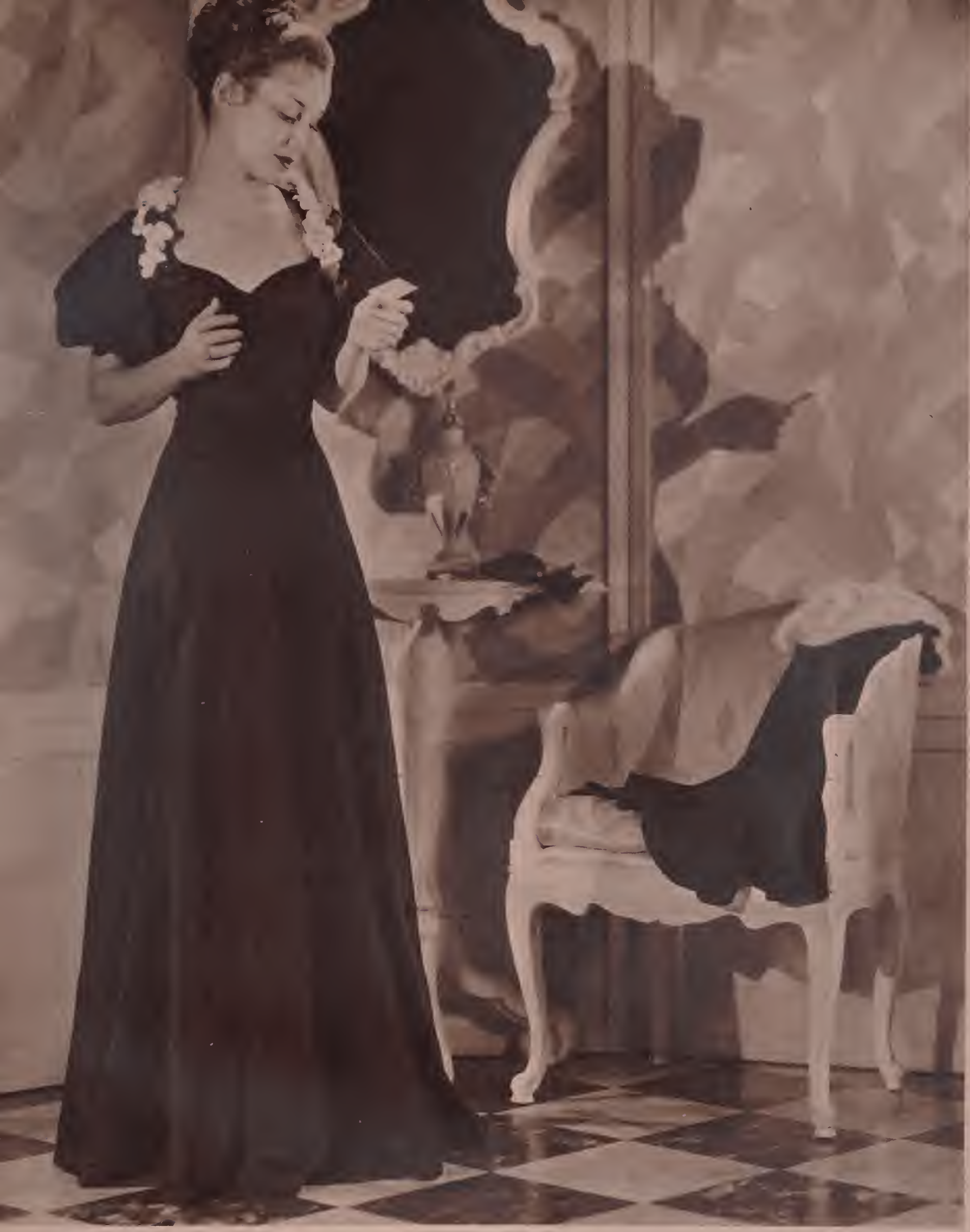


Anne says this white matelasse crepe costume, with its polka-dotted navy trimming for contrast, is perfect for those invitations to the country club or seashore. Spaghetti-cut fabric fashions the belt and laces the draped blouse, which has kimono sleeves. The skirt has an eight-inch front box panel, and the jacket is reversible.

If you would like personal help with your wardrobe, write Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Here's another frock which can go 'most any place, and Anne recommends it highly for a bridal or graduation trousseau. This suit has a black linen crash skirt and a jacket of the same fabric in white, hand-embroidered and quilted in a leaf and flower design. The tomato-red ascot and belt were the inspiration for Anne's hat of the same shade; a wide black grosgrain band runs beneath the pinched crown and reappears from under the upturned brim, looped through a crystal ring. Anne's shoes and bag are of patent leather.



Either the bride or the graduate may select a picturesque gown like Anne's for evening occasions. Crisp black taffeta is dramatically cut with a basque waist, puff sleeves and wide flaring skirt. Little self-covered buttons are placed close together to give the basque waist a semi-shirred effect. Fresh gardenias outline the front armholes, and Anne curls her hair high on her head, like a Southern belle, to give added charm to this quaint frock. Her wrap (on the chair) is of black velvet with a Buster Brown collar of ermine.

By THEIR PETS You

YOU may have wondered how to tell what the stars are really like. When they speak about themselves they naturally hold back some of the truth. Their friends gloss over their faults with glowing language. Their husbands could probably reveal the low-down about them, but if they told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, do you suppose their wives would ever forgive them?

But there's one way by which you can tell much about a star. That's in the way she treats her pets and in the way they treat her.

There is one star who came to Hollywood afraid of what Hollywood would do to her, defiant, outspoken. If she thought a girl's dress was ugly, she told her so. If she thought a man's tie was in bad taste, she said so. She asked directors the most embarrassing questions. Soon she was cordially disliked by many people in the community.

But there was one woman who stood out against the whole town, who said that Jean Muir was naturally a kind and not an unkind person. This woman had come to Hollywood with her daughter, a young radio star who was regarded as having movie possibilities.

What made her stand out against the whole town?

She told me about it recently. "I didn't know where to turn for advice," she said. "Certainly the last person I expected to turn to was Jean Muir. I had heard so many stories about her sharp, sarcastic tongue. Then one day while I was at the Warner Studio, I saw Jean playing with her Scotch terrier, Shandygaff. Wherever she went, Shandygaff went, too. And Jean was as kind to the dog as I have ever seen a human being act. She treated her dog with the affection she had hesitated to show to human beings, for fear she would be snubbed. Immediately I revised my opinions. I decided that any woman who could be so grand to a dog could not be unkind to a human being."

It turned out that way, too. Jean helped this woman's daughter with her make-up and discussed her problems with her. I wish I could tell you that the girl is a famous movie star today. She isn't yet, though I believe that some day she will be. Her name is Virginia Verrill, and she has been a singing double for many stars, including Jean Harlow in "Reckless." But the important point is that Jean Muir's attitude toward her pet revealed her real character.

SO far as pets go, it's mostly a dog's life in Hollywood. Dogs far outrank any other pets.

Bert Wheeler of the team of Wheeler and Woolsey could probably have blue-ribbon dogs if he wanted to, but he prefers Bridget, who is just a plain, ordinary mutt.

Left, the dachshund Johan disappeared during the accident which endangered Gertrude Michael's health and career, and Gertrude didn't start to get well until the day he was found and restored to her; now she's finished work on "Till We Meet Again," with Herbert Marshall. Above, the spaniel Concoll changed Freddie Bartholomew's mode of life.

Shall Know Them

You'll get a finer insight into the real characters of the film stars in these human little stories about their constant companions

By DORA ALBERT

Above, there are many tales of the heroism of dogs, but Joan Blondell's cat, Washy, saved her life—and that of her baby. At right, for a long while Jean Muir's pup, Shandygaff, was the only living being in Hollywood who understood her—but he himself changed all that.

All cowboys, of course, are proud of their spirited ponies, but Ken Maynard, star of Columbia's horse operas, owes his life to his famed partner, Tarzan.

Bridget proves to Bert that there is such a thing as gratitude in this world. Bert is just naturally one of the Good Samaritans of Hollywood. Often—you know how that is—people don't appreciate the helping hand he gives them. But Bert's chauffeur was different. When he had to go to a hospital for an emergency operation, Bert saw that all his chauffeur's bills were taken care of.

The chauffeur remembered. He kept wondering what he could do to show Bert his gratitude. Then one day he hit on a plan. When Bert came back from a trip to Panama, the chauffeur and Bridget met him. "She's yours," said the chauffeur. "She's not a thoroughbred, but—"

Bert understood, and was very much touched. That night at dinner Pat O'Brien christened the dog. She's been Bert's constant companion since.

Among the dog lovers of Hollywood there's Irene Dunne.

There's almost every type of pet in Hollywood. Cora Sue Collins, who probably plays more famous stars as children than any other child in films, has her pet dogs—but she also has her pet birds (above). Center, above, like Joan Blondell, Ann Dvorak has a fondness for kittens, and here she is on the family hearth with her silver Persian.

Joan Bennett's favorite, left, is the ever-popular Pekinese, the legendary dog of China who resembles the great Ming dragon and traces his descent from the monkey-goddess and lion-god. Little—but he'd put up a good fight with Buck, the Saint Bernard, if given half a chance. Above, Frank Albertson at home with his rough and ready pooch.

Evelyn Venable and her husband, Hal Mohr (who won the Academy Award for his "Midsummer Night's Dream" photography) have an outdoor aquarium, turtle and all (left). But it remained for Charlie Ruggles (at right, with Knight, his champion French poodle) to make a profession of his love for dogs—he runs a kennel and boarding-house for other stars' pets!

Irene has a police dog and a terrier. When the terrier first came into the house, the police dog made him keep his distance. But gradually the little terrier won him over. Now if the big dog has a bone he will give it to the little fellow. Which amuses me in view of what a famous woman artist who specializes in dog etchings, Diana Thorne, said to me once: "A dog will in time acquire the characteristics of his owner, just as brothers and sisters acquire each other's mannerisms." Like her terrier, Irene Dunne has a way of charming people into giving her what she wants.

The police dog guards Irene's home with the utmost loyalty and devotion. Once he might have saved her from being burglarized, but alas, she unintentionally cramped his style.

"Recently," she told me, "I was robbed of all my jewelry except what I'm wearing." The light gleamed down on her diamond bracelets, bringing out their beautiful facets. "I kept the police dog locked up in the back of the house," she said, "and one Sunday afternoon when I went out I forgot to untie him. When I came back, the house had been turned upside down, and many of my most cherished possessions had been stolen. Neighbors told me that they had heard the dog howling and whining all afternoon. The poor fellow was evidently trying to be a hero."

No wonder that when their pet dog or cat is lost, Hollywood stars grieve almost as much as at the loss of a human being. Do you remember reading recently that Gertrude Michael was seriously injured in an automobile accident?

Her pet dachshund Johannesburgh was with her when her car suddenly crashed. There was the sound of breaking glass, and Gertrude was thrown with a terrific impact to the sidewalk. Oblivion came mercifully.

When she woke up she was in a hospital, with a physician bending over her. Every bone in her body ached.

Almost always the first thing a woman patient demands is a mirror, for her mind is horrified by the thought that she may be scarred for life.

But this girl amazed the nurses. Struggling to consciousness, she muttered, "Where is my dog? Where is Johannesburgh?"

No one knew. In the excitement of the accident he had disappeared. Gertrude's physician announced that her recovery would be seriously retarded unless Johannesburgh was found.

(Continued on page 109)

This Is The REAL Mary Carlisle

By CLAIRE DU BREY

I'VE known Mary Carlisle—literally—since the day she was born. She was a good baby and she has grown up to be a good girl. She is one of the dizziest looking girls on the screen but she doesn't drink, smoke, neck or swear. That does not mean she's the professional good-goody you want to strangle at sight. She doesn't drink, smoke, neck or swear simply because she doesn't care to drink, smoke, neck or swear. But if you choose to drink, smoke, neck or swear that's your business as long as you don't annoy her.

If you do, she leaves you flat. You'd be surprised at the successful and rich young men she has walked out on. She doesn't tell about it, except to her mother, but her mother tells me and we sit around and marvel. Girls may have been prissier in our day but they also were more diplomatic in regard to their elegible beaux.

Mary doesn't know the meaning of diplomacy. Strangers consider her blunt instead of just extraordinarily honest. She doesn't know the meaning of fear, either, nor what it is to be shy or coy or expedient or guileful. If you ask her a question you get a straight answer, whether you are a big-shot producer who says, "Hello, Mary. I saw you at the preview last night. How did you like my picture?" or whether you are the spoiled young scion of wealth who wants to know why she won't go out with you. It speaks well for Hollywood, a so-called town of sycophants, that Mary is getting along regardless of yesses.

All this may give you an idea that I think Mary is pretty nearly all right. She could not be otherwise, considering how she was reared. I went to school with her mother and her aunt. We lived together then and we've lived together since and in all those years I've never known them to do anything that wasn't the kind (*Continued on page* 70)

An intimate friend of the family tells on Mary and her secret for happiness

Bluntly honest, but wise beyond her years—that's Mary (and that's orange juice she's drinking!).

Minna and her husband, Joseph Sefton, spend teatime quietly in their home, Sefton House (above, center) at Point Loma, San Diego.

The Surprising Minna

A San Diego society editor tells you what her community thought—and found

By EILEEN JACKSON

IT took San Diego citizenry twenty months to accept Minna Gombell, as a person and not as an actress, into it's charmed circle.

Geographically, San Diego is one hundred and thirty-four miles south of Hollywood, but socially and professionally it is thousands of miles from the scene where movies are made. It has the layman's interest in the film capitol, but the populace does not line the sidewalks when some movie star passes through toward Agua Caliente. In other words, it is complete within itself and resents outside encroachment. As long as Minna appeared occasionally upon our local screens, she was accepted as a most competent performer of hard-boiled roles and praised for such portrayals.

But when she suddenly made a personal appearance into the town on May 19, 1933, with the headline, "Local Banker Elopes with Actress," the village went into a turmoil.

The fact that Minna Gombell, who makes herself so believingly realistic in hard-boiled roles on the screen, had suddenly eloped with Joseph Sefton, one of the leading bankers in San Diego, sportsman and its most eligible widower, was almost too much.

In addition to leaving the town aghast, what would Mr. Sefton's mother, Mrs. Erskine J. Campbell, social arbiter there for thirty-five years, founder of the Charity Ball and lots of the town's social traditions, say? As society editor of its local paper, I was left in no doubt, for it was my job to find out just what she would say.

She was staying up at her country place, a charming retreat where she and Mr. Campbell grow the most famous tulips and hyacinths in Southern California—acres of them that are the glory of Eastertide—and had not seen the papers.

So it was up to me to break the news. There was quiet, reserved but hurt surprise in her voice after she had fully realized the message, and somehow I wished very much that I hadn't been the one to tell her.

I couldn't very well congratulate her, for, after all, Minna Gombell, as we knew her in the only way we had to know her—the movies—was a hard-as-nails creature, impossible to visualize as the gracious hostess of Joseph Sefton's handsome home on the many-acre wooded Point Loma estate. It was all the more shame, too, because the place had been begging for a hostess, a feminine, delightful person who could make a blessed ritual out of "how many lumps, please?" at tea hour, a charming dispenser of traditional Sefton hospitality.

"Don't print a word about it," Mrs. Campbell demanded naïvely, with the same tone she uses when she insists that her parties are not to be reported. I convinced her, however,

Minna plays wicked women so realistically—as in this scene from "The Thin Man" with Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Porter Hall—you can hardly blame society for wondering about her private life!

Gombell We Know

out—when a "hard boiled" movie star married their most eligible widower

that the story was not mine, that it was front-page news.

"It's my son's and his wife's own business," she insisted. "No one would be interested." No one interested? How little she knew! The town ate it up. And then the tongues started wagging. The ladies weren't the only ones who predicted and deplored the worst. Even the business men, bless you, were criticizing Mr. Sefton for his—well, to put it mildly—brainstorm.

It wasn't so much that she was an actress, for even the conservatives will accept an actress in the grand manner, but Minna—well, you know how and what she was as Edna in Sally Eilers' first big picture, "Bad Girl."

There was no one to defend her. She was no mystery. Everybody knew about her—everybody knew, of course, from the movies, what she looked like and knew, all too well, how she acted.

All the congratulations Mr. Sefton got from some of them was, "Oh, I see you've gone Hollywood, Joe." And Joe, so blissful in his happiness, didn't seem to care what they were saying.

He was meeting Minna every week-end in Laguna Beach, half-way between San Diego and Los Angeles. Minna had a house there for their extended honeymoon. All week long he worked at banking in San Diego and she at movies in Hollywood. That situation, also, was too novel for local appreciation. "A woman's place is in the home" may be an old-fashioned conviction, but there are lots of folks here as well as elsewhere who still swear by it.

The week-end meetings were disconcerting on another score. They meant that Minna was almost never in San Diego, and those who might have planned a cold reception for her found themselves without a target. The Laguna Beach arrangement was one reason it took us down here so long to discover Minna.

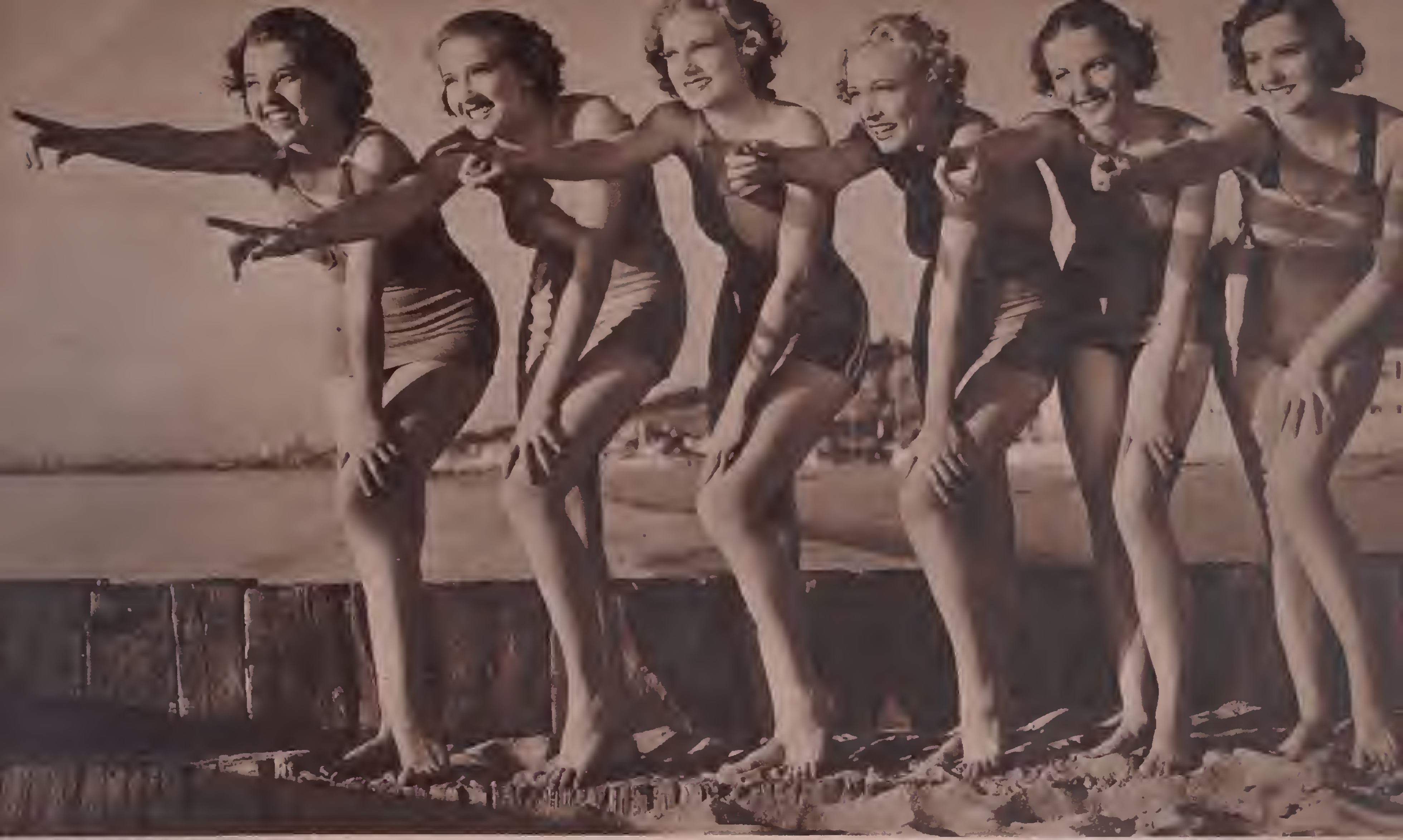
Mrs. Campbell spoke of giving a large reception to introduce her daughter-in-law, but no one suspected that she planned the affair because she really liked Minna. Such a gesture is always interpreted, in and out of the movies, as a brave effort on the part of the in-law mamma to disguise her feelings and for appearances' sake to assume an approving role. The reception fell through, however, and strangely enough not because Mrs. Campbell lost faith in the idea but because Minna herself threw cold water on it. She was too busy, that was all.

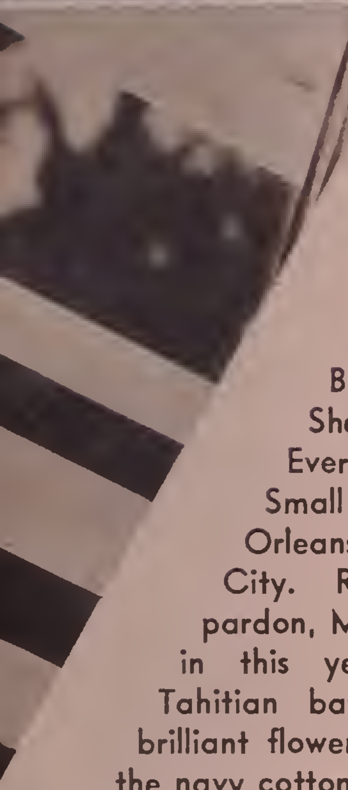
The first approving word I heard about Minna was from her mother-in-law, who spoke of her beauty. I had it figured out that Minna's make-up had fooled her. Mrs. Campbell, for all her travels, background and experience, doesn't know a platinum blonde from a born tow-head or a drug-store complexion from nature's bloom.

"She's lovely, and she's—what shall I say?—cute," Mrs. Campbell told me, and then, with (*Continued on page 99*)

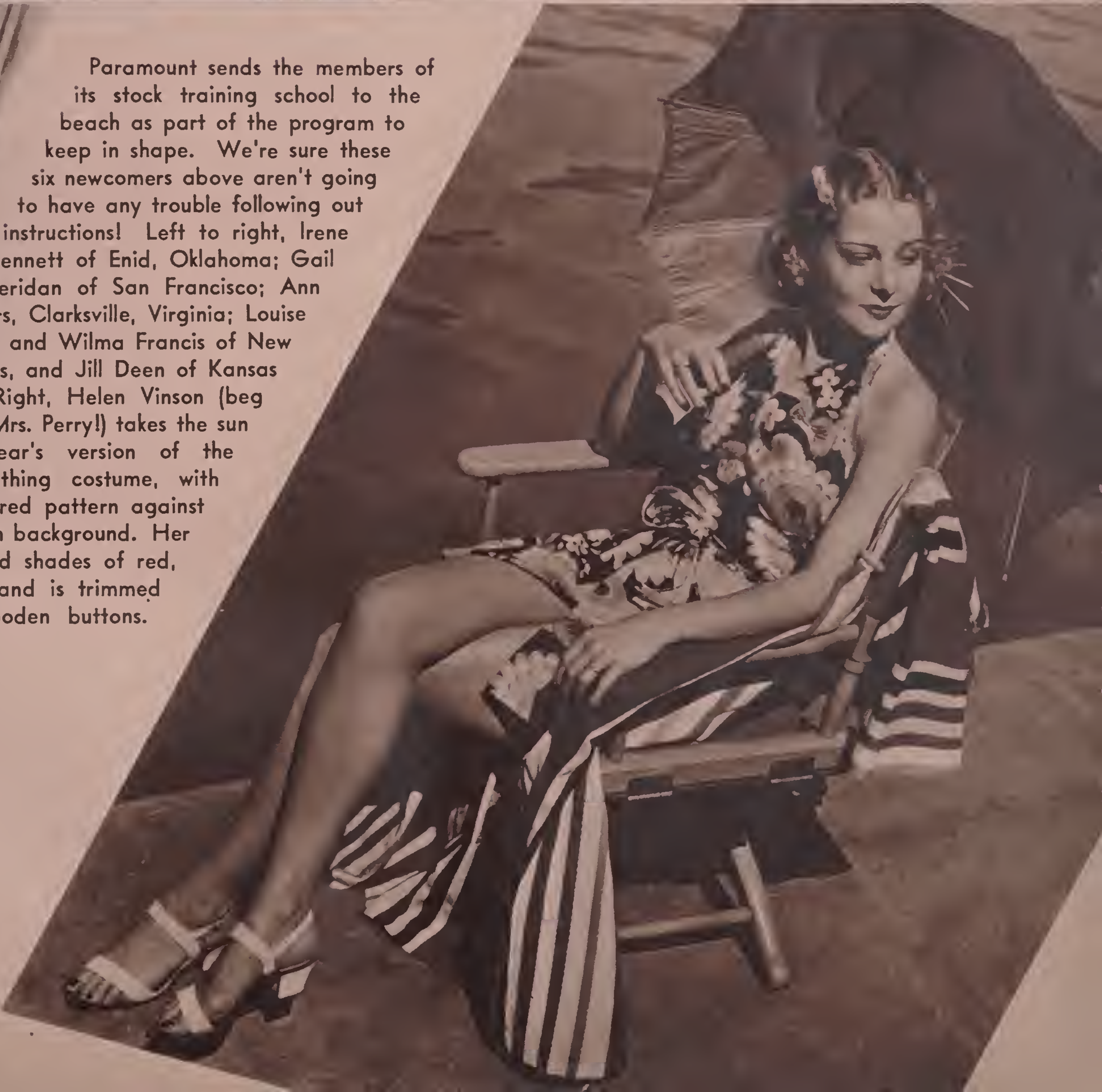
Beauty and the beach

Summer comes in all its glory to ever-sunny California and the famous bathing beaches are crowded with lovely, laughing girls. Not the least lovely, of course, are our own Hollywood maidens. Above, Betty Furness achieves that golden tan lying on the sands (exclusive portrait by Jerome Zerbe), and, at right, Ginger Rogers climbs a diving-tower for a refreshing plunge.





Paramount sends the members of its stock training school to the beach as part of the program to keep in shape. We're sure these six newcomers above aren't going to have any trouble following out instructions! Left to right, Irene Bennett of Enid, Oklahoma; Gail Sheridan of San Francisco; Ann Evers, Clarksville, Virginia; Louise Small and Wilma Francis of New Orleans, and Jill Deen of Kansas City. Right, Helen Vinson (beg pardon, Mrs. Perry!) takes the sun in this year's version of the Tahitian bathing costume, with brilliant flowered pattern against the navy cotton background. Her robe boasts vivid shades of red, blue and yellow and is trimmed with rope and wooden buttons.



Beauty and the Beach

At left, a merry hail of welcome from Gene Raymond as he dashes out to take a dip. Gene's an all-around athlete, you know. Below, Frances Farmer does her swimming in one of the luxurious Hollywood pools; you'll be seeing her in the lead of "Too Many Parents."

"Snowed Under" was the title of Pat Ellis's latest picture. Perhaps that's why she looks so happy to be out in the sunlight again, where the warm breezes blow. P. S.—Pat can really swim and loves to demonstrate it!

Eleanor Witney (at right) is one little tap-dancer who doesn't have to rely on her flickering feet alone for fame. But, aside from her loveliness, her two films so far have proved that she can act.

Above, "Tarzan" Weissmuller swims alone; Lupe is on a personal appearance tour, but Johnny takes a plane and meets her at the nearest city, on a rare day off.

Alice White Gets A SECOND CHANCE

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

George Givot and Alice were full of happy plans as they said goodbye when she sailed for England for GB's "Where There's a Will."

"Second chance at everything," she says, "love and happiness and a career!" Without regret for the tragic hours, she faces a future of hope

ALICE WHITE is starting all over again. And to the disillusioned old Granny Grunts who have the temerity to look into her young eyes and tell her that things never again can be as they used to be and that she'll do well to realize this, she answers, "You're right, they never can!" Then she adds to their complete stupefaction—since they never thought of this—"But they can be better!"

It would be understandable if today Alice's eyes were dull from tears and she stood despairing, her life in pieces about her. During the last year her marriage with Si Bartlett crashed, after lasting only a brief year and four months. And she had looked forward to and planned for and dreamed about this marriage during five years of courtship. Also it has been a fairly long time since she has had a picture as successful as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" or "The Naughty Flirt" to keep her that thing which is the breath of life to a star, good box-office. However, Alice's eyes aren't dull and she's the very opposite of despairing.

"I can take it," she says, laughing. "I'm used to taking it. All my life has been a series of ups and downs. As for being disillusioned about love and marriage, that's nonsense. I've had romance in my life and I've lived without it and so I know how much we need romance to make the rest worthwhile. What if it does go sour sometimes, what if this time it didn't last for me?

"I hope to marry again and I'll do it with high hopes, believing it's going to be fine, swell, the permanent thing I want it to be. And if it isn't, well, once again no doubt the first part will compensate for the second."

All of which is why I like to remember one night this winter when the *S. S. Aquitania* pulled out of her New York slip, Southampton bound. On the pier were all the people who had come down to bid Alice bon voyage and wish her every success in the comedy she is to make in England at GB. The band was playing. All was festive, gay. At the ship's rail stood Alice, tiny, blue-eyed, blonde. Not as tragic and disillusioned as youth can be, but as hopeful and brave. She raised her small gloved hand and waved. It was a Hail and Farewell. A decent, unembittered farewell to the life she was leaving behind her and an eager hail to the new life lying ahead. Fair enough for the Cunard officials to list the port for which their ship put out to sea that winter night as Southampton. Alice had another name for it. To her it was Second Chance.

"Second chance at everything," as she put it, her words spilling over each other, "love and happiness and a career! I'm even glad now that my clothes (*Continued on page* 96)

IT'S JANUARY IN JUNE IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

HENRY FONDA—MARGARET SULLAVAN

Ex-husband and ex-wife on location for "The Moon's Our Home," Walter Wanger's production of the Faith Baldwin novel about a tempestuous and very modern marriage!

Miss Rose Winslow,
of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport,

dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her *début* in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtimes."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A delightful way to aid DIGESTION

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., *Wilmington*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

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CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC . . . THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INC. Dept. W.G. 6

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

"Don't Be Yourself,"

says ANN SOTHERN

If this smart RKO star gets tired of her personality, she builds a new one—changes her name, the color of her hair, her viewpoint. And, boy, how it works!

If you'd like to have new popularity, greater success, follow the gal who knows all the rules—and breaks them!

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

BACK in the days when Clara Bow and the "It" girls were burning them up, the popular personality phrase of the hour was "Be Yourself!"

This was, supposedly, the ultimate in feminine appeal. If you were best expressed as a cuddly-cutie with a long bob dangling between your shoulder blades, a paste-white face with a circle of liprouge on every cigarette you flicked, and a vocabulary of Jimmy Durante exclamations, so much the better.

But the "It" girls are no longer the leading models of cinema allure. And with them have gone many of the charm ideas of their reign, because:

"To be natural is a charming thing, it is the most delightful quality in any woman's appearance and personality, *no matter how much artifice we have to use to achieve it!*"

The blonde speaker of this contradictory remark chuckled as she spoke, which is to say that Ann Sothern gave that typical throaty little laugh of hers. And when Ann makes a remark like that it is well worth listening to, because no girl on the screen, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, has evolved her appearance and personality through so many changes.

As the brunette Harriett Lake of five years ago, Ann stormed the studios without success. It was just a case of a local girl who didn't make good in Hollywood; for while she was born in Valley City, North Dakota, between concert engagements of her mother's, Ann had lived in California so long she considered herself, and was considered, a native daughter. The next transition was a loss of considerable weight and an entire redecoration scheme in coloring as she went violently blonde for two Broadway successes, "Smiles" and "America's Sweetheart." But it wasn't until a newly svelte and amber-blonde toured to the Coast in the Lois Moran role in "Of Thee I Sing" that the Hollywood producers, Mr. Harry Cohn of Columbia in particular, decided there was a potential star in the new streamlined personality of the girl Hollywood had ignored until she went to Broadway and showed them! The final alteration was made when Columbia retitled their new find *Ann Sothern* and the girl who was everything but herself was launched on her career!

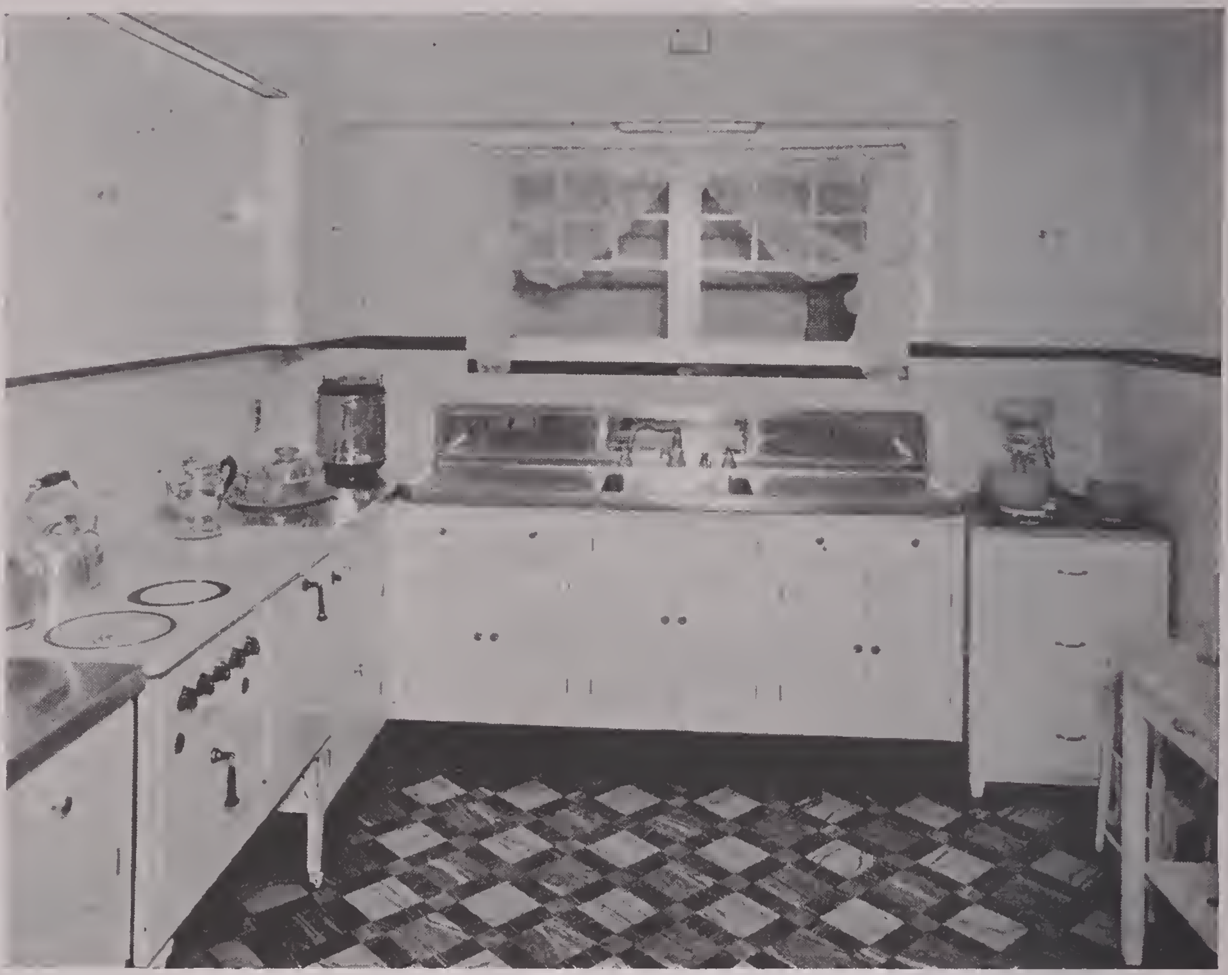
"Unfortunately, and where a great (*Continued on page* 94)

HOME-MAKING for MOVIE FANS

By HAROLD GRIEVE

The heart of the home, the kitchen, comes in for its share of this decorator's attention

Who wouldn't want to come into the kitchen shown at right? Spotless and shining, conveniently arranged and equipped with the newest electrical gadgets, it should delight any home lover.



Photograph by courtesy of the John Wanamaker Home Budget Service, New York

IN the progress of the fine art of living our kitchens have probably undergone greater changes than any other rooms in the house. And how fortunate! Yesterday's kitchen was the forgotten room, drab in appearance, where crude methods made cooking just another name for drudgery. Today cleanliness and practicability are the keynotes of this room.

Good kitchens do not just happen, though. They come only with careful planning. That is because kitchen equipment is still comparatively costly and in many cases the planning must start long before the expenditure. After that come the specific problems of working out carefully the arrangement of equipment with *work centers* carefully in mind.

But even that is not all. A kitchen has to be more than convenient to be just what it should be. It must be attractive and interesting. It should have gaiety and character all its own.

As usual, we start planning this room with the floor. Battleship or heavily inlaid linoleum still is the best kitchen floor covering. Painted linoleum, although it is less expensive than inlaid, is not advisable. The design soon wears off and the linoleum itself wears thin. As for painting worn linoleum, I should advise against it. Rather than repaint linoleum, if you feel you cannot afford new, pull up the old and paint the floor. Paint will adhere to wood longer than to linoleum itself. On a painted or hardwood floor add, in either case, two coats of spar varnish. A coat of wax put on when the varnish is thoroughly dried, and again later at intervals, will protect the varnish against the frequent scrubbings that are necessary in all kitchens.

Walls offer us greater variation in selection. Bakelite, which resembles white glass and comes in large sheets with few joints to catch grease and dirt, is one of the modern developments. Perhaps, though, the most perfect kitchen wall background is a new material called Formica which also comes in large sheets, will not burn or stain and may be had in many colors. And then, of course, there is the completely tiled kitchen which is still the choice of many. Because of the numerous joints it does require, though, more labor to keep it spotlessly clean than either of the above mentioned wall coverings.

Canvas walls, painted with paint which has enough gloss so that it is easy to wash, offer the next wall finish I should recommend.

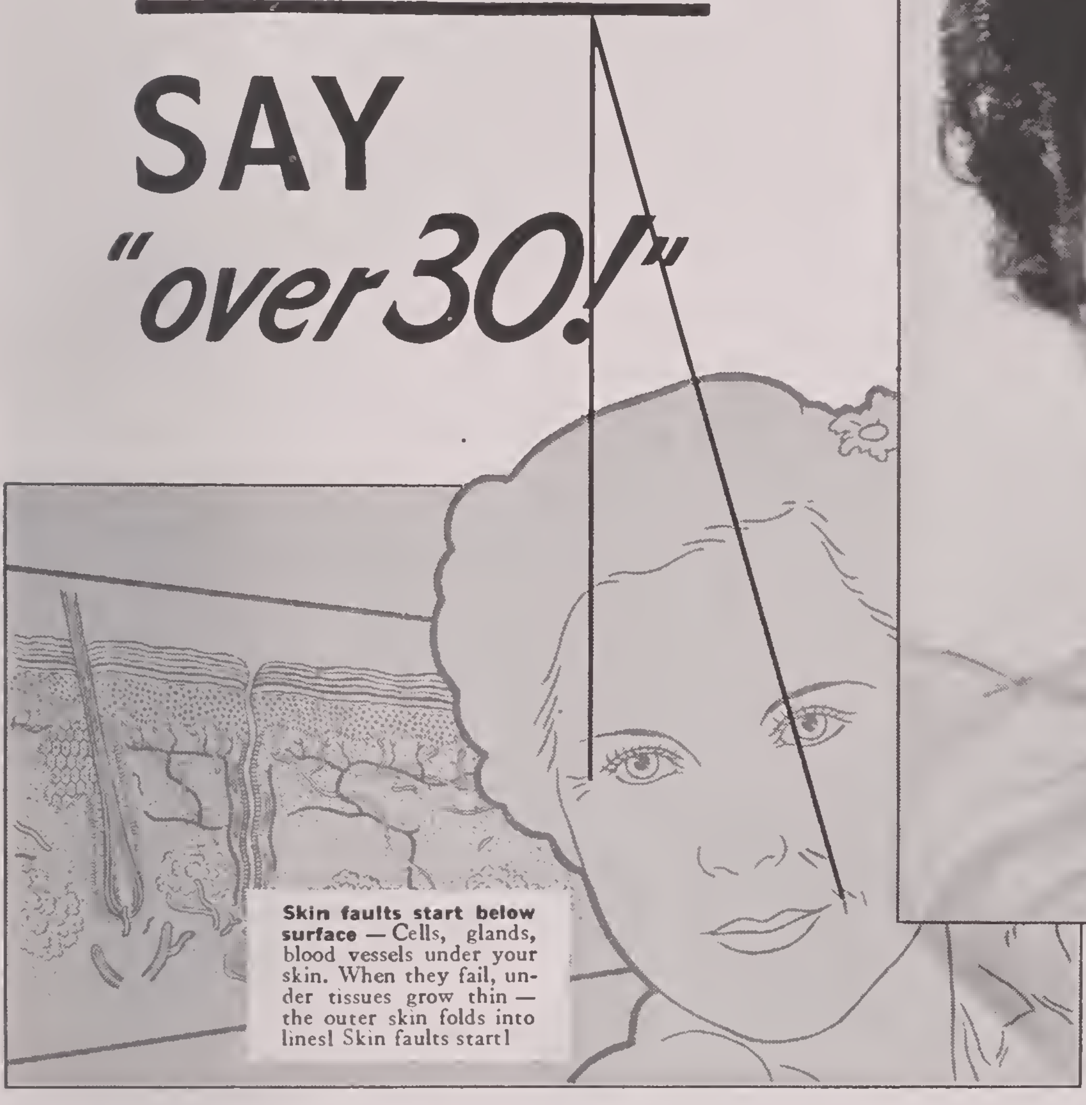
Washable wallpaper is nice for kitchens that do not get as much use, such as one in an apartment or a small house.

There are many new amusing designs in washable wallpaper of multi-colored plaids and designs of vegetables and fruit motifs. This wall treatment makes the gayest, most livable background I can suggest. It is especially adaptable to the small house with the dining alcove as it gives more of an appearance of a room than a laboratory for culinary arts.

If none of these wall arrangements is applicable to your problem, I should suggest merely painting the walls with a gloss paint.

Kitchen curtains should be made of washable materials. Sheer muslin or dotted Swiss always makes satisfactory curtains. If you have double-hung windows, curtains may be used, if desired, over only the lower sash. This allows more light in the room and yet gives (*Continued on page* 108)

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside,* where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again —for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. F131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State________

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This Is the Real Mary Carlisle

(*Continued from page* 55)

thing, the right thing, the generous thing to do. They have absolutely the best dispositions in the world. They are constantly cheerful. They have marvelous senses of humor. They laugh at everything, including themselves and Mary. Why, they even laugh at me, the so-and-sos!

Mary was brought up in this atmosphere. Her people are the salt of the earth. There is an English title in the background but they never mention it. They are as they are—why drag in ancestors? Names, money, position, mean nothing to them, nor to Mary.

She has met visiting royalty. She has dined with statesmen and multi-millionaires. She has been a house guest in mansions. Just as often she turns down a yachting trip to go on a hot-dog spree with some obscure friend. She gets as much kick out of the neighborhood movie as she does out of the Trocadero. She always will.

Twenty years have not been able to spoil her. When she was three, and her mother and I used to take her with us when we lunched at the Alexandria, it took us an hour to work our way through the lobby. Mary was an exquisite child. Guests blocked our path to coo at her. She was lifted up and exhibited and petted. She just smiled and smiled and trotted along at our heels when she finally was released.

At five she was dancing in public. She was the daintiest thing that ever stood on tip-toe. She was cheered from the audience and mobbed when she left the theater. At thirteen, fatherless, she gave dancing lessons, after school hours. Children adored her. They cried to be in her class. She never went through the awkward stage. She always was lovely.

Strangely enough, her mother and aunt do not think she is pretty. "No," they say honestly, right in front of her, "I don't see what people find in her looks. She's healthy and pleasing but she's not really pretty." Mary agrees with them but she doesn't worry about it.

OF course they are as crazy as my grandmother's quilts. Mary IS pretty. Her forehead is pure and smooth. Her eyes are set at a tantalizing slant. Her nose is piquant and delicate. Her pink little mouth is gemmed with white, even teeth. Her skin is flawless. Her body is as firm and rounded as a statue of Psyche. Her feet are so tiny you wonder how they manage to tote her about on a dead lope, but they do.

She always is rushing to go somewhere or to do something for some one. I respectfully call your attention to the last half of that sentence. Outside of her work that is how her time is divided. You read frequently of Mary Carlisle lunching here, dancing there. Quite right. She is young, she likes people, and she loves a good time. Mary is not the type that stays home with a book. She lives life. She doesn't read much about it.

Because she is pretty and gay, because she is popular and is seen at premieres and prominent ringside tables, outsiders put her down as a featherweight, a typical Hollywood blonde. "Not a brain to the bushel." I heard an older woman, gulping her fifth cocktail, dismiss Mary as the latter whizzed by. "They're all alike, those cuties, glittering gadabouts, giddy and ga-ga."

She should have some of the Carlisle good sense, that woman who made a superficial snap judgment. She should have some of Mary's sweet charity for others. Mary chatters a lot but she never makes unkind remarks and her head is as level as her candid gaze even if it *is* thatched with blonde curls. Her dainty feet twinkle only on the path that is straight and narrow. I'll tell you of one of the places they carry her when she's not on a party.

Until recently Mary lived in a bungalow neighborhood on the outskirts of Beverly Hills. She goes back there often. It is a new, pleasant district built up of modest homes occupied by retired farmers and their wives or small tradesmen's families. The people on the block are nice middle class folk, not very young. They do their own housework and washing and take care of their gardens. They pay their bills but their dollars do not run to beauty treatments. Well! You ought to see those old ladies' heads and hands! Beverly Hills proper cannot boast finer grooming. Mary is late to a tea because she has been shampooing and finger-waving. She barely makes her dinner engagement because she has been manicuring gnarled hands that used to have that dish-pan look. She arrives breathless but she doesn't say why, except possibly that she has been busy having fun. "Just a butterfly!" someone murmurs. Her old ladies know better.

You see, Mary did not play much as a child, what with dancing and teaching and studies. She worked her way through school. She went to a convent, and, a non-Catholic, she won first prize for being the prettiest, sweetest girl at a big Catholic Bazaar. At noon and during recess while the other kids were romping and shouting Mary stood behind the collation table and sold ice-cream and pop for the Sisters. That paid for her books and tuition. After school, her dancing class. After dinner, her study period and bed.

Now she is catching up on her fun, playing with gray haired "dolls" whose cheeks have lost their pristine color, much more satisfactory to Mary's generous nature than those bland with youth. If she had had time for dolls in her childhood she would have favored the Raggedy-Ann above the bisque or wax confection.

Mary does not dream she is playing doll and I'm afraid she will think it a silly expression. She always has had an old head on her shoulders for all her baby face and carefree ways. She does not feel that she is doing anything for anyone, either. On the contrary, she thinks her friends are sweet to stand for her fussing.

"They just let me because they know how I love it," she says. "She loves it"—and how they love her, those plain, faded neighbors! They are inarticulate, but I have seen them smile at the sight of her. Can you imagine the glamor, the sunshine, she brings into humdrum, sedate lives? She skips in like a good fairy, a sunbeam. Her magic consists of a warm heart and willing fingers. Eyes brighten, faces glow, tired heads and hands are rested and beautified under her gentle touch.

A GOOD fairy! A sunbeam! She will laugh the house down when she reads this. I'll take the words out of her mouth. "A sunbeam! Ha-ha! A pretty substantial one, if you ask me! I'm just a hair dresser at heart. Oh, well! If pictures ever go back on me I can get a job in a beauty parlor. . . . Let's see your nails. Um—um. Do you mind if I do them with a new shade of polish? Come on! I don't have to be at the Vendome until one-thirty and they'll look grand for your party tonight!"

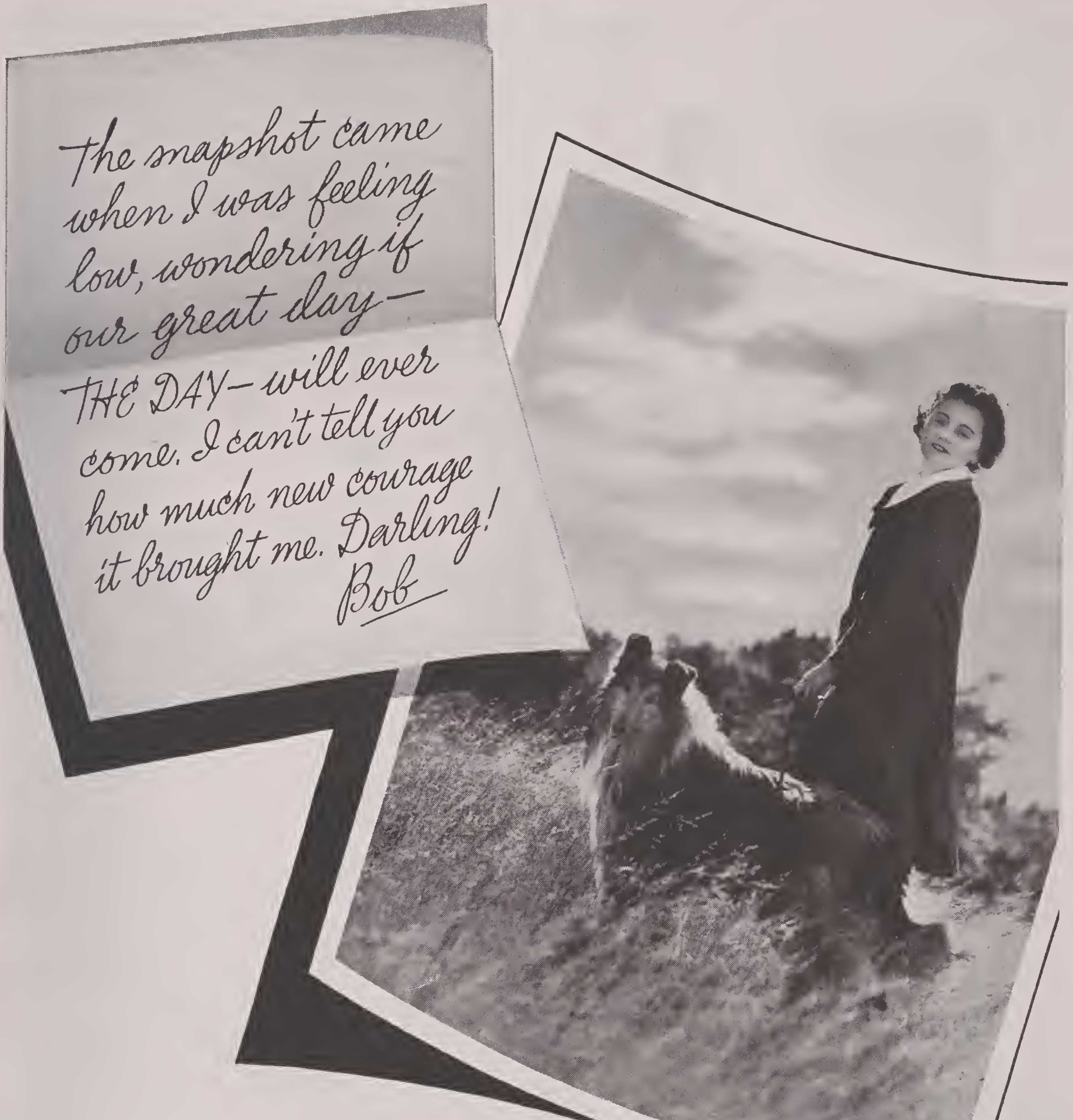
That's Mary. That's the little girl who stood out in a bit in "Grand Hotel," unswamped by Garbo and Crawford. That's the beauty who played the lead in "College Humor" and drew such raves she scarcely has had a day between pictures ever since. That's the coming star whose "It" shines through a halo of genuine innocence, an innocence that is innate, unstudied, that shows in her face and photographs in the camera. She is the first of a new type.

Lillian Gish was innocent but she had no "It." Many have "It" but no innocence, Mary has both and the combination is irresistible. Call me a doting aunt-by-courtesy if you wish but the box office proves that Mary has what the customers want. Your quarters and dimes like her. Producers hear the clink of coins in the till. Stars are made of silver, not star-dust. Perhaps that is why we speak of the silver screen.

But silver or no, Mary's heart will always be pure gold and as long as they make soap her old ladies can hold their heads up with anyone. Mary Carlisle may become the brightest star in electric lights but she will still be a sunbeam to them.

P. S. Mary files fashionable points on their nails. Don't go near them—or me—making cracks about typical Hollywood blondes if you value your hide.

Mary Carlisle returns from England, thrilled with the big role she had in "Love in Exile," with Clive Brook.



The snapshot came when I was feeling low, wondering if our great day—THE DAY—will ever come. I can't tell you how much new courage it brought me. Darling!
Bob

A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories . . . hopes . . . the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

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MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

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Style No. 1728—FOR SLIM YOUNG THINGS. Paris is tempting us all to be girlish once more. Feminine charm of the gay nineties is reflected in this basque bodice model. Shirring gives a slim hip effect to the bouffant skirt. The full sleeves are also shirred into the armholes, creating a broad shoulder-line. Fashion this easy-to-make dress of crisp embroidered organdie. Net or chiffon is also lovely. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 7 1/8 yards of 39-inch material with 2 3/4 yards of 1 1/4-inch ribbon for full-length dress. Pattern, price 15 cents.

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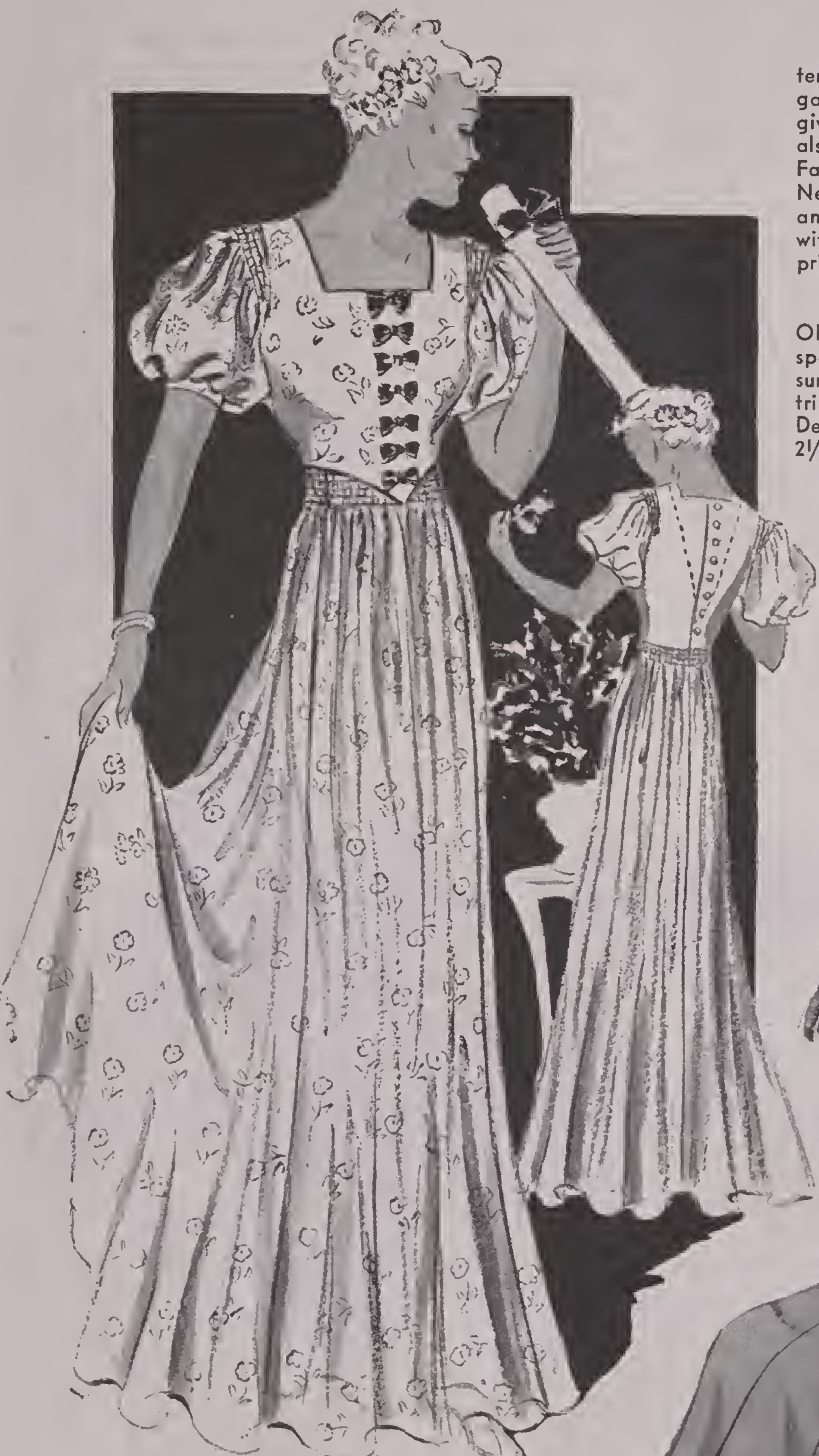
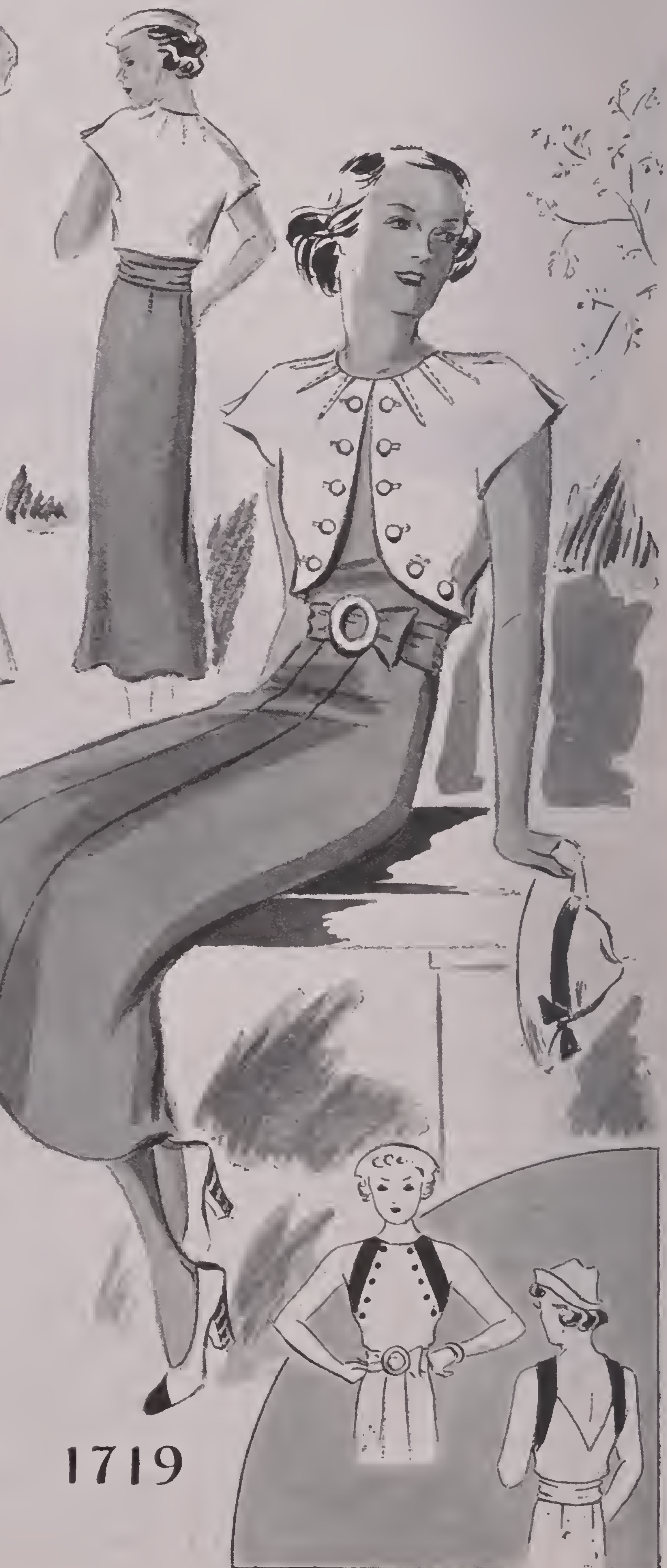


1728



1719

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please find enclosed..................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
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Name..

Address..

"You girls who want a lovely skin—*use my beauty care*"

says

GINGER ROGERS

Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"...

- It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

Love Is Langford's "Lucky Star"

(*Continued from page* 44)

But how it could hurt when a quarrel separated you. Suppose Johnnie would never come up that flower-strewn path again? Suppose she could never again hear his gay laughter or see that quick, eager expression in his face when their eyes met?

They had quarrelled. Only a few days ago. But it felt like years—centuries. He hadn't come around. He hadn't even been seen in town. Frances wondered if other girls felt as she did tonight.

And then she remembered that sirenish girl from New York who was visiting friends in Lakeland. Maybe—no, Johnnie wouldn't like that type. She knew him too well for that.

She got up from the porch steps at last and went quietly into the little parlor. The radio spluttered again. Then she heard the voice of the local American Legion leader announcing a Legion get-together party a week hence.

IT'S to be a 'Hollywood Party' folks, with everyone coming to represent a movie star. You can get your costumes from the local dressmaker, or you can make 'em yourselves. But come to the party if you want to have a good time . . ." coaxed the voice of the Legion leader.

"Want to go?" Jimmy said, sensing his kid sister's blue mood.

"Why not?" She tried to be cheerful about it. After all, a girl didn't let her brother know how terribly in love she was and certainly she didn't tell anybody that she was simply indigo these days.

"Say, you know what, Sis?" Jimmy suddenly suggested, "why not go dolled up like Garbo or something . . ."

Frances' fingers raced through the pages of old fashion magazines piled on the marble-topped parlor table. Suddenly her eye came across a girl who looked the image of that New York siren who had come down visiting—to worry the local beauties no end.

Like Myrna Loy. Slinky, beautiful, dark, glamorous! The words raced through Frances' mind. She had read them somewhere in the society column of their local newspaper.

That was an idea. She'd go as Myrna Loy. And show Johnnie, if he happened to be there that night, that she could look like a siren too if she wanted to.

So little Frances Langford, the girl who a few years later was to meet Myrna Loy in Hollywood on her own social strata of stardom; the girl who was to flash to fame almost overnight on the radio—and all because of an appealing, human throb in her voice which girls everywhere recognized as the lament of a heart too full of love—this little girl who thought her home town held all her future—and that mighty dark, to be sure—went to the Lakeland American Legion masquerade party as Myrna Loy.

"I guess," Frances laughed as she recounted this story to me in her beautiful Beverly Hills home, "I guess one never knows what's waiting just around the corner. Sometimes it pays to stop worrying and take a peek."

Quite unwittingly Frances was on the brink of a new and glamorous life. Vistas of which—fame and fortune and beauty and popularity of which every girl might dream without ever hoping to realize them—were stretching ahead of this dark-eyed Florida girl who, measured in terms of Hollywood beauty, was really no beauty at all.

Frances Langford strutted into that Legion club room that night with the confidence of a real Myrna Loy. But deep inside her, there were grave doubts that she really looked the part. Her frock was home made; whipped up by her mother and a neighbor who had stopped in their quiet domestic routines long enough to fit some old satin and lace to the lovely, budding figure of a seventeen year old daughter.

Now it was pretty well known around town that Francy could sing. That is, the high school bunch with whom she chummed had heard her in school chapel whenever they had met, and Francy Langford could put real feeling into her singing.

The Legion party began to lag after ice cream and cake had been served and some one suggested a little song by Frances. She didn't feel like singing tonight. Johnnie hadn't come to the party, after all. No one had seen him about anywhere. Frances' seventeen-year-old heart was filled with apprehension and despair. Only in the throes of agonized puppy love could one ever feel thus.

They fairly forced her to the orchestra platform and Frances did her best. That indigo mood seemed to give her voice an unusual cadence tonight. There was a throb, a pulsating appeal, as Frances moaned out the words of "Am I Blue?"

Not until it was all over and her home town friends were applauding for an encore did Frances learn she had been singing over the radio. A local station. Yet it was that which brought her to the beginning of one of the most dramatic adventures any girl might imagine.

RUDY VALLEE heard that broadcast. He was in Miami at the time and he had tuned in to wile away a few hours waiting for some friends at his hotel.

No. It didn't happen that way, much as our fiction writers might like it to. Rudy didn't send for Frances. He didn't even write her a letter.

But long after, it was Rudy himself who told Frances how he had first heard her voice on that Legion party broadcast.

When Eli Witt, the millionaire cigar manufacturer of the South, was in the local broadcasting studio one night listening to a rehearsal of his program, he heard Frances Langford sing for that same Legion orchestra leader.

It was Eli Witt who introduced Rudy Vallee to Frances Langford. Rudy was looking for a Florida guest star. Mr. Witt telephoned Rudy at his Miami hotel, made an appointment for Frances to have an audition and sent her speeding on her way to the Florida resort.

"Yes, you have a voice," Rudy Vallee told her kindly when she had finished her song that memorable day. "You have a quality in it which, for want of a stronger word, I might call human."

Frances was delighted. *But*—Rudy needed a big name as his guest star. The little Langford girl from Lakeland didn't mean anything to those millions of radio listeners all over the United States. So Rudy decided on Eddie Cantor who had just arrived in Miami and, Eddie willing, the deal was set.

But Rudy had a further tour to finish, a tour which took in vaudeville engagements in place of the national radio. And he offered Frances a chance to sing with his orchestra in New Orleans. Her mother joined her in Miami and together they went on their first adventure into the promised future.

It was as startling to little Frances Langford as it was to her friends to know that people liked her singing. They loved it; they applauded for more and more when she crooned the melancholy strains of "Moanin' Low" or put that well-known throb into "You're the One I Care For." It looked, in New Orleans, as if Frances' future were assured.

HER father wired that she and her mother must return to Lakeland at once so that Frances could finish high school. On that point he had always been determined. The termination of her tour came abruptly, as much to the disappointment of Rudy Vallee as to Frances and her mother.

Dutifully they returned home. Frances' father didn't want to be mean. But he knew his duty. So on the promise of a trip to New York as a graduation gift, Frances pitched into study and won her diploma.

"Mother and I took a small room in an obscure hotel that first day we arrived in New York," Frances related wistfully. "How frightened we were at the enormity of this opportunity I was being given. Rudy had promised to get me an audition at NBC. I was honestly scared pink when we got there, though I don't offer that as any excuse for not making good that day.

"I didn't know I hadn't made good. Rudy never told me. When I'd finished singing for my audition, the officials merely said they would let me know. Days passed. I never heard a word from them. Rudy was so kind he didn't want to hurt my feelings.

"Eventually, of course, I learned the truth. They just did not like my singing.

"I stayed around until our money had about given out. Then mother appealed to Rudy Vallee; told him how things stood financially. And Rudy was kind enough to speak for me on a smaller station. I did sustaining programs on WOR. Later came my big national program."

"What about Johnnie?" I asked her suddenly, believing she had forgotten this puppy love affair long ago.

"I was really *not* mistaken about Johnnie," she said, in quick defense. "He had gone on a fishing trip with some friends after our quarrel. And that was why I had not heard from him. When he got back to Lakeland he learned of all the wonderful things that had happened to me. I told him about my singing at the Legion party and my trip to New Orleans. You see, it had not been the siren from Park Avenue at all. And *was* I happy!"

"So Johnnie stayed in Lakeland while you went on up the ladder of fame?" I prompted.

"Well, er, not exactly," Frances demurred. "You see, Johnnie goes to college now. He's a football player at a university in the South."

"Oh, that's why you took that quick flight back there recently?"

Frances nodded. "Yes, we still like each other a lot. Not really engaged, since Johnnie's still at school."

She walked over to the grand piano in the corner of the luxurious room and brought back Johnnie's photograph in an old silver frame.

"Rather nice . . ."

"Oh, yes—he's six feet two and is very athletic, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds and has light brown hair and—but why am I telling all this, anyway?" Frances suddenly blushed as she stopped herself.

I guess the answer was because Frances Langford was just like any other girl in love; she wanted to talk about her boy friend—oh, so much.

WE got back to Frances' chance in pictures by sheer force of will power. You can believe me when I tell you that what you hear in the little Langford's voice when she croons so entreatingly "I'm in the Mood for Love," as she did in "Every Night at Eight" with George Raft, and in her later hit, "Broadway Melody of 1936," when she gave us her famous "You Are My Lucky Star"—well, it does come right from her own little lovesick heart.

Only a fraction more than a year ago Frances was singing in a New York night club after she had made such a hit on her National Broadcasting program, when a talent scout from Hollywood heard her.

Walter Wanger was in the East to look over the field. What his eye overlooked his ear did not. And Frances found herself invited to sing at Cole Porter's birthday party at a Park Avenue penthouse.

Now at this party were George Jean Nathan, Victor Moore, Ethel Merman, Gladys Swarthout and other Broadway celebrities.

Here, at last, among these severest of critics, would she learn whether she had something to offer or not. Perhaps Walter Wanger, who has a positive genius for picking winners, felt that he too would not be making a mistake.

"I was a little nervous, of course," Frances told me. "Who wouldn't be with an audience of experts like that? Well, Mother kept reminding me that we had spent our good, hard-earned money to come to New York for an opportunity. And here it was. Mother's words buoyed me up. And I put everything I had into singing 'Night and Day.'

"When I was through I had my eyes closed. I was almost afraid to open them. When I heard some one shout 'Bravo, my

SEE THAT MAN, MOLLIE—I BET HE'S KNOWN AS THE LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.
TOMMY BAKER, YOU'RE AWFUL. THAT'S MY FATHER—AND DON'T EVER TALK TO ME AGAIN.

"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"
"My mother does—and goodbye!"

"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"
"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"

"Pshaw, we'll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray—and it wasn't my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That *golden soap* is so *full of naptha* that every bit of dirt goes."

FEW WEEKS LATER—

"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."
"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

● *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well...Let's get the Johnson's Baby Powder and give ourselves a sprinkle. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

dear, bravo.' I laughed right out and that broke the tension.

"Cole Porter came over to me and told me I sang divinely.

"That was enough for Mr. Wanger. When a connoisseur like Cole Porter said I was all right, Hollywood might listen.

"And that was how I found myself with a seven-year contract and on my way out here, a little over a year ago."

Frances' pet gray Angora cat, Tuffy, strolled leisurely into the room while we chatted and jumped comfortably in her lap. Then Blackie, another cat, came in.

It was a little touch of home, of that small-town aura which hovers over Frances Langford and accounts for much of her appealing charm. From the kitchen came the warm spicy goodness of old-fashioned home-made cookies. Frances' mother even looked for her baby pictures so I might see what a cute little youngster she was.

"Want to know something funny?" Frances grinned, when we talked of Hollywood people and things.

"I was absolutely scared pink about coming to Hollywood. I had read stories about it during those long vacation hours back home. Jimmy and I would swing our canoe across the lake on a lazy summer afternoon while I read him thrilling things about Hollywood stars from the movie magazines.

"HOLLYWOOD was a place you dreamed about but never really went near. It was, to my imagination, everything naughty, tempting, thrilling and forbidden. A sort of movie set where people made love twenty-four hours of every day."

We laughed at that and Frances went on. "Goodness knows it's a place where people work. Oh, they play, too. And dress beautifully and dine out and have romances and all that. But it isn't really wicked. Not the way I thought it might be."

But what struck me as the most interesting part of Frances Langford's story was the way she had turned a disappointment into an advantage.

How many girls are sitting alone at home this very evening, wondering why the boy friend doesn't call up? Wondering and waiting. Thousands of pretty girls and girls not so pretty, who don't know yet that life can be only the glamorous adventure one can make of it.

Only a few years ago little Frances Langford was one of these thousands of obscure girls. A broken date. And in place of the usual tears and recriminations, little Langford was spunky enough to make this despair her opportunity. Quite unwittingly, to be sure. Yet if she had sat mooning at home, that memorable masquerade party might have been passed up. And if that had been passed up, the radio opportunity would never have come about.

No, you never know your luck. But then again you might never find even a clue to it if you don't get out and do things. Whether it's dressmaking or candy-making or decorating or typing, any work may lead you straight down the street to that waiting corner.

And this, I think, is what Frances Langford's story means most.

Learn About Beauty from Gail Patrick

(*Continued from page* 40)

learned what was wrong and how to evaluate what she had and didn't have. Here's what was wrong with her four years ago.

1. She had no assurance.
2. Nerves and the wrong use of grease paint had ruined her complexion.
3. She was too tall.
4. Her Southern accent was all wrong for pictures.
5. She did not know how to put on a proper make-up.
6. Her hair was long and unruly.
7. She needed to put on weight, although her shoulders were too narrow and her hips too broad.
8. She had no idea how to wear clothes.
9. She had no "allure" for men.

That, you will admit, is a staggering list of handicaps. But the fact that Gail Patrick, today, is a beautiful, stunning, exciting · girl proves Claudette's contention that you can *learn* anything you want to learn.

MANY famous people were to play a part in the glorification of Gail Patrick—Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and others—but the first step was made when she evolved a little philosophy all her own. "Improve as much as possible, but change as little as possible." And that's worthy of jotting down in the note book. When Gail went back to Birmingham recently her college chums were pleased to discover that although she was beautiful, well dressed and poised she was, in personal integrity and viewpoint, the same girl who had gone away to Hollywood. That's improving as much as possible but changing as little as possible.

But before that she had to gain assurance. Claudette Colbert stepped into her life again by saying one day, "By the way, the Pasadena Workshop Theater has offered me a part in a play. But I think you're much more the type for it than I, so I suggested they get in touch with you."

Gail realized that Claudette was too busy to take the role, but the· fact that she had suggested Gail gave the younger girl the confidence Claudette knew she needed. Gail was given the role.

Opening night she stood in the wings trembling with fear, rubbing her hot hands, mopping the cold perspiration from her forehead. Gordon Westcott, the handsome young actor who died not long ago, looked at her and said, "What have you done that you're ashamed of?"

Gail turned to him angrily, "Why, nothing, of course."

"Then don't act as if you're ashamed."

She walked on the stage in a fury, her head held high, her terror gone. Westcott's words had given her what she needed, as he knew they would.

Carole Lombard completed the job of building her assurance—the job that Claudette and Gordon had begun. On a set one day Gail told Carole how she envied her brittle poise, her ability to electrify a small drawing room or an enormous studio.

Off to a fine start...

THIS CLAPP-FED BABY

GREGORY HOVENDON
WESTFIELD, N. J.

Gregory—aged 4 months

He's just been introduced to his first solid food—Clapp's Strained Wheatheart Cereal. At 5 months he'll be given Clapp's strained vegetables—the vegetables that are just right for beginners—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.

Gregory—aged 8 months

Notice his good-dinner smile. At 6 months Clapp's strained fruits and Clapp's Beef Broth were added to his diet. Mealtimes are a feast of growth-building Clapp foods, from the world's largest baby menu.

Gregory—aged 12 months

"Hi" says Gregory . . . and "Hi, Gregory," say we. Those Clapp's foods have certainly done a good job! Here's how Gregory's mother sums up his health history: "A steady gain in weight and height all through this period."

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M6-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES

SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.
FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.
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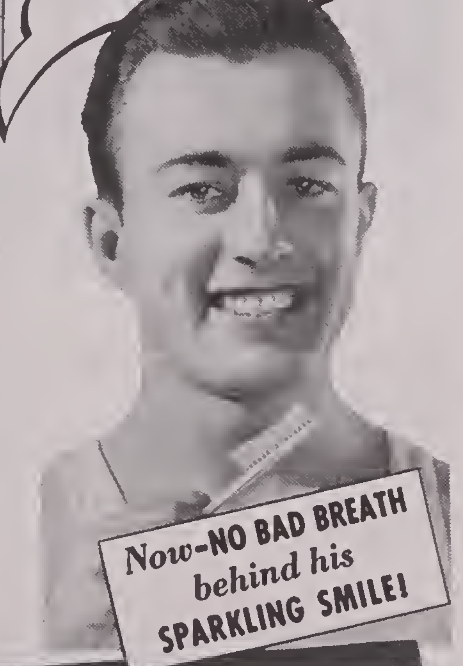
Clapp's SPINACH

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

THEN SHE FREEZES UP—AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!
HERE I WAS THINKING I'D FOUND THE ONE AND ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SUDDEN COLD SHOULDER?
WELL, LET'S GET ON AGAIN,-SAY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FRED...
RESTAURANT
...SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH—SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST!
IS MY FACE RED! ME FOR A DENTIST AT THE CHICAGO STOP!
SO THAT EVENING...
WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH? IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
MANY THANKS, DOC ...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY!
1,000 MILES LATER
YOU HAVE MY ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT YOU ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT!
YOU BET! WITH BELLS ON!
THAT DENTIST IN CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS STUFF WHEN HE RECOMMENDED COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!


Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Carole grew confidential, "Listen," she said, "This person you see around the studio isn't the real me at all. I *made* myself assured. I put on this armor to fool myself. I play the role of a mad cap to make people notice me, to project the personality that I made myself and to bolster up the ego I lack."

So much for confidence. Gail's physical appearance was to be considered, too.

A specialist gave her two good tips. First, he told her she could not do the nerve wracking work she had chosen and eat hot breads, rich pastries, heavy meats. Salads, fruits and green vegetables must be substituted. Second, until her complexion cleared up she must use nothing on her face but good soap and water and pure olive oil, rubbed into her skin before she took her bath in the morning and again before she went to bed at night.

She had to put on weight. Rest and correct diet did that. But her hips were still too broad. She knew that correct lines in clothes and perfect posture would conceal that, so she began to study the stars most like her in type—Claudette and Kay Francis. She analyzed their still pictures. She bought a cheap camera and she and a girl friend used up dozens of rolls of film on each other. When they were developed Gail checked every posture and clothes mistake she had made. And that is something that every girl in the world who wants to improve herself can do.

JOAN CRAWFORD heard of this ambitious girl and asked her to come to the studio one day when she was posing for portraits, knowing that what she, herself, had learned she could pass on to Gail.

"If you don't mind," Gail said, "I'd like to get a girdle like yours."

"I'm sorry," Joan answered, "but I can't remember where I got this. Tonight I'll see if the manufacturer's label is still on it."

Well, Gail checked that up to profit and loss. Obviously Joan wasn't passing out professional girdle secrets.

But the next morning Gail was at Joan's studio having a test when suddenly she heard her name being called along dressing room row and a second later Joan burst in and shoved a package into her hands, "Haven't a minute," she said. "Due on the set. Couldn't find that label but I washed this girdle out—I've only worn it a couple of times—and I'd love for you to have it if you'll take it."

Later Gail learned the truth. Not only had Joan washed the girdle but she had cut the label out because the girdle had cost twenty-five dollars, an amount Joan knew Gail couldn't afford then. That's the sort of girl Joan is. Because don't forget that she, like Gail, revaluated and remodeled herself.

By study, Gail learned that most valuable of all garment lessons—it is better to have a very few good, expensive things well cut and well designed than dozens of cheap frocks. If you stand and walk well in a well tailored suit the world holds no fears for you.

Her hair was the next problem. Her father, back in Birmingham, had loved her long hair so much, but once Gail had started this self glorification she knew she must cut loose from sentiment, so the hair was bobbed, brushed back simply and waved correctly. And she learned to accent her face with make-up, but use it only as an accent. Just the faintest shadow over her eyes, the merest dash of rouge, but bright lipstick to conform to the contours of her mouth.

Yes, she was immensely improved, but she felt that her Southern accent would limit her selection of roles. She read aloud for hours, listening to every word she spoke, correcting herself every time she slipped back into the drawl. She spent her evenings at the neighborhood movies hearing, for the first time analytically, the cultured voices of the best actors.

Gail's inferiority about her height still made her unhappy. She had slumped that first night at the Hollywood party and she knew that was wrong. But when she carried herself well she seemed to tower above everyone. Flat heeled shoes threw her off balance and ruined the sweep of her frocks. Suddenly she said to herself, "Those low heels don't fool anybody. People look at me and realize I'm tall. Then look at the low heels and get the idea I'm sensitive about it. So I'm just kidding myself."

No chance then to combat this physically. She used her mind instead and when people said to her, "My, you're a tall girl, aren't you?" she answered, "Why no, I'm not tall. You're just short," thereby tossing the inferiority right back. And to herself she said, "Garbo is as tall as I am. So is Kay Francis. They've done very well for themselves."

SHE did not have to worry about handicap number nine for long. Having allure for men was easy as her new personality unfolded. So perfectly groomed, so subtly made-up, so well poised—why, everywhere she went men crowded around her. However, Mitchell Liesen, the director, gave her a final bit of advice that turned the trick and assured allure.

He said, "When you walk into a room have this attitude: 'I can have any man here if I want him.' That attitude is a vital part of that elusive quality we call glamor."

Today Gail Patrick, slim, alluring, glamorous, popular, beautiful, is one of Hollywood's rising stars. She *learned* how to accomplish all that.

One day on the set she saw amongst the extras three beauty contest winners. They were extras. Gail was a leading player. They were just as they had been when they won the contest. Gail was "improved as much as possible, but changed as little as possible." Gail was going places. They were standing still.

So if one girl has learned these things, if one girl has been willing to put the time and energy into glorification that it takes, any girl in the world can do it.

STAR FASHIONS AS WORN BY GINGER ROGERS

Next month, MOVIE MIRROR brings you five complete pages of the loveliest clothes Ginger has ever worn. See these up-to-the-minute fashions before you choose your own summer wardrobe and you just can't go wrong!

MOVIE MIRROR for July,
Out May 22nd

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...

KAY
VIVIAN
FRANCES

She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate

BATHE WITH
Cashmere Bouquet
THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Mother, think twice
before you "force"

Is it fair to the child to make him take a laxative that nauseates him?

Doctors say it can be dangerous. For the revulsion a child feels when taking a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire system.

The sensible thing today is to give a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he takes without fighting back—a laxative that millions of mothers the world over depend upon faithfully—Fletcher's Castoria.

Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is a *child's* laxative *only*. It's made especially for babies and children. There isn't a harmful thing in it—no purging ingredients as you'll find in some adult laxatives. It will never cause cramping, griping pains. And it won't form a habit. Fletcher's Castoria clears the system *naturally* and thoroughly. It gives the body a chance to take up its normal functions again.

Keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Your druggist sells it. Get the Family-Size bottle tonight. It saves you money.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

Learn About Acting from Josephine Hutchinson

(*Continued from page* 41)

hosannas throughout the years of her childhood and adolescence.

When she was eight, or thereabouts, her mother took her to Hollywood for a summer visit and by some strange coincidence she was used for a child's part in Mary Pickford's picture, "The Little Princess." When she returned to her home town, Josephine was thereafter accorded all the respect due a prima donna.

The leading role in every class play went without argument to the little Hutchinson girl. Whenever a recitation or dramatic interlude was required for school or church gatherings the little Hutchinson girl was asked first.

When she was a high school senior she won a coveted scholarship to the famous Maurice Brown's newly founded Little Theater of Seattle. Almost a thousand students entered the contest plays, but Josephine's rooters weren't worried about her chances.

And so through the formative years, long before she was ready for it, Josephine was becoming too accustomed to success and admiration and applause.

Thus when Mr. Brown (Josephine studied one entire summer in his little theater on the scholarship) decided to open the Provincetown Playhouse somewhere in the vicinity of the Great White Way, Josephine felt she, too, simply must go along.

AND let it go down to Mr. Brown's eternal credit that he did not promise the Hutchinson girl so much as a spear holding job if she followed him East. Josephine recalls that he made some vague observations about New York being quite a town in which to try out untried talent. But that didn't bother her. After all wasn't she the sensation of the high school dramatic club with a bookful of newspaper clippings to prove it? And hadn't Mary Pickford once patted her eight-year-old head and declared that she had "unusual" talent?

And so we come to the Hutchinson chapter titled, "First Months on Broadway," and it's the same old monotonous story of cheap rooms, cheaper food and super-luxuriant dreams.

Maurice Brown found a place for "the nice little girl from Seattle" almost immediately in his production of Eugene O'Neill's then new play "The Hairy Ape." Josephine was elated until the first rehearsal when she discovered that her part required three and a half minutes on the stage and her lines comprised four words. Nightly audiences heard her murmur, "Is it a man?" in one swift, breathless moment.

But even this did not bring Josephine out of her Seattle-brewed assurance. She continued to believe that she would be spotted by some canny producer, that stardom, contracts, fame and money were just a matter of a few weeks.

It required six months of rehearsals and work in the company of such an artist as Louis Wolheim to jar Josephine into the painful awareness that she was just another high school dramatic success with delusions of grandeur, that she was a rank amateur, fantastically unskilled in all the mechanics of acting and its tricky by-products, technique, voice, posture and assurance.

Up to this point Josephine's story duplicates that of the thousands of stage struck girls who tramp the pavements of Manhattan and Hollywood with their home town victories making them hopeful.

Josephine, however, after her sideswipe from Broadway, didn't duck into any of the usual escapes, such as a night club chorus, a job behind a ribbon counter or the final heartbreak of a return to the home town.

Instead she went to Maurice Brown and demanded that he tell her frankly and brutally just what the chances were in the theater for an unskilled, average pretty girl, with an undramatic, but sturdy Western background.

Mr. Brown, it seems, let her have it both frankly and brutally.

If there was abundant talent to start with, he observed, from eight to ten years of preliminary experience was required. And the only place where such knowledge and experience could be soaked up was in the grinding work of the touring company, and later, if she survived, in the small city stock company. And all this, he warned her, required strength, superb health, greater patience than Job and cast iron nerves.

TWO weeks later Josephine was touring with a company offering "Turn to the Right" to every hamlet, inlet and outlet in North America. Only the sturdy presence of her mother made that first year of barnstorming endurable. Mrs. Hutchinson had been an actress before her marriage and she knew the drab formula of days in airless train coaches and nights in dank ancient opera houses and sordid hotel rooms. She knew the formula and accepted it again cheerfully for her child's sake.

There were money troubles, too. When they found it impossible to live healthfully on Josephine's meager earnings, Mrs. Hutchinson badgered the company manager into giving her a small paying part.

After the first six months, two consecutive nights' sleep in the same bed (lumps or no lumps) became a delight to Josephine, and a smoothly ironed nightgown and handkerchief became Christmas.

There were two years of this, then the drudgery of apprenticeship was over and Josephine found herself in an obscure place with a Washington, D. C., stock company. To her utter astonishment she discovered that the lusty labor of the touring show was merely practice compared to the toil of the stock company.

Along with her usual nightly performance she learned to rehearse and memorize lines for three new plays each week. She could never manage more than six or seven hours sleep between the evening performance and the morning rehearsal call, and every Sunday was devoted to brush up work on the current play. She lost weight and much of her natural pep, and her nerves started to do tricks, but she was ecstatic. For she was on the second lap, and if she worked hard for another seven or eight years, maybe—

I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP FOOD BILLS DOWN YET SERVE MEALS WE ENJOY
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
À LA MILANAISE

Let me tell you about this
"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
—that costs just 3¢ a portion

"WE haven't a millionaire's income—anything but! But if we had, I don't know anything we could buy that would taste better than Franco-American Spaghetti. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce is the most delicious you ever tasted. Yet this marvelous dish costs almost next-to-nothing. You save money when you serve it and it's a treat every time!"

The thrifty woman's standby

Franco-American's zestful flavor "dresses up" the simplest meal. Inexpensive meat dishes take on new luxury. Left-overs acquire a lordly air. And you never miss meat at lunch or supper when there's a piping-hot dish of Franco-American on the table.

For Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It's the kind with the *extra* good sauce. A sauce made with eleven different ingredients—a masterpiece of flavor!

Yet a can of Franco-American, all ready to heat and serve, is usually no more than ten cents, less than 3c a portion. It would cost you more to prepare spaghetti at home, buy all your ingredients and cook them. Think of the work you're saved, too. Get Franco-American today.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...*immediately*...and enjoy a beauty bath *sensation*...try the Linit Beauty Bath.

As Alluring

...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...*soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT FOR THE BATH

Then she secured her first Broadway job, a really good part in "A Man's Man." And although critics and audiences called her a skilled actress, even attached the word "success" to her name, Josephine realized before the first month's run that she was far from finished with the "soaking up experience" process. She knew that she had mastered enough footlight tricks to get by big for a season or two. But a season or two wouldn't do for Josephine. She demanded a life sentence.

When the play finished its run she courageously turned down two offers of leading parts in new plays and looked around for another likely place where she could proceed with the interrupted business of sponging up theater knowledge. She found the place in Eva LeGallienne's Repertoire Theater.

Now the next Hutchinson chapter covers seven years. To me they are unbelievable years.

The first morning she reported for work at the famous Fourteenth Street show house, she locked the doors of life and living behind her. If she had donned the white veil of a novice, her days could not have been more rigid and unworldly.

She moved from a smart hotel to a small apartment on Thirteenth Street, just one block from the theater, and for seven years that single strip of city asphalt encompassed her world.

FOR months at a stretch she did not set foot on Fifth Avenue, see the glitter of a shop window or enter a gay restaurant. Weeks passed when she saw and spoke to no one beyond the group of players connected with the Repertoire Theater, with the exception, of course, of her mother.

And listen to this, all you girls who firmly believe that the path to stardom is strewn with ermine coats and champagne dates, Josephine Hutchinson went for two and one half years without buying a single new frock because she never had time to shop. And during her seven years on Fourteenth Street she didn't have one after the show supper date.

And just in case all this sounds unconvincing and smacks of exaggeration, glance over a brief summary of a typical Hutchinson day during the Repertoire period (seven years of it, don't forget that).

She was up at eight o'clock every morning. There was a rush to the theater for a fencing lesson (to keep fit and for graceful posture) followed by a quick shower and breakfast at the counter of the corner drug store. Then back to the theater for rehearsals at nine-thirty. Rehearsals every forenoon were devoted to the next week's play. At twelve there were ten minutes for a reviving cup of tea. Then rehearsals all afternoon on the week after next week's play. Costume fitting for next week's play followed, and sometime after six o'clock she was free to go home for a sandwich and a cat nap. At seven-fifteen she was hurrying over the familiar pavement of Thirteenth Street for the evening performance. At midnight there was a snack at the corner drug store and, if things were not going too well with the current week's play, back she went to the drafty stage for brush up work until dawn.

During a single season with the Repertoire group, Josephine mastered thirty-two plays. Think of it, the lines, gestures, cues and technique for the leading roles of thirty-two full length, four act plays.

And then during July and August she went up to Maine and mastered another eight or nine for the little summer theater groups.

She didn't have a night off, a leisurely shampoo, a facial or an unhurried meal in seven years.

And right here is as good a time as any to pause and wonder just how many of America's million or more screen-struck girls could stand up under this baptism of sacrifice and toil.

Well, exactly ten years after "the nice little girl from Seattle" arrived confidently on Broadway, she won her spurs. This time she knew she was ready to wear them. It all came about during the only tour made by the Repertoire group in the winter of 1934. In Los Angeles, Josephine's flawless performance in the difficult leading role of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" resulted in the now famous Warner contract.

JOSEPHINE has been in Hollywood nearly two years now. Her first impact with leisure between pictures left her desolate. Then she discovered horseback riding, swimming, tennis, golf, gardening and a handsome young agent by the name of James Townsend.

She became proficient in outdoor sports in no time at all.

She became Mrs. James Townsend in six months.

And there it is, the success formula of Josephine Hutchinson, who, only a scant decade ago, was just one of a million or so nice American girls, with wholesome, healthy faces, slender figures and torrents of ambition.

APOLOGY

In our March issue we published a story called "The Truth About Alice Faye's Tragedy" in which the author, Richard English, referred to the Bronx as "that poorer section of New York." On behalf of our author and ourselves we want to apologize for this unintentional reflection on this community which in the words of George F. Mand, President of the Bronx Chamber of Commerce, has its "share of wealth, good fortune, outstanding and substantial citizens, together of course with some misery, some poverty and all that goes on the score of misfortune."

There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...

When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...

There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...

So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*

Beech-Nut
CANDY COATED
5¢
PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
5¢
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

She knows her MEN!

THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid—with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 6)

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Honors from England

Though I believe that film production as a whole has improved immensely during the past year, I think, however, that some people deserve particular praise now that we are able to sit back and review what was achieved in 1935.

I therefore take my off hat to: Garbo and her director for producing between them the unforgettable suicide scene in "Anna Karenina;" everyone concerned with the casting and production of "David Copperfield"—especially Roland Young for an incomparable Uriah Heep; Peter Lorre in "The Hands of Orlac" ("Mad Love") for making villainy not only convincing and repulsive, but also overpoweringly pathetic; Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers for breaking screen tradition by improving on former successes with every new film they make; M-G-M for producing "Naughty Marietta," a musical idyl unsurpassed in screen history, which introduced Nelson Eddy, the most unusual combination of charming personality, fine acting ability and superb voice it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. And, lastly, to William Powell, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert for giving consistently fine performances throughout the year.

Freda Wakeling,
London, Eng.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Sermons in Settings

What a pleasure it would be to see a picture that did not have such elaborate settings! Like millions of others I am one of the "middle class"—proud to own our home and lucky to have a few decent clothes. When I came home after seeing "Wife versus Secretary," with Clark's modernistic office and Myrna's four or five servants and oodles of clothes, I felt rather let-down and shabby. Of course, we enjoyed the poor trash in Jean Harlow's "Riff Raff," but that was the other extreme.

There must be some good stories where it isn't absolutely necessary for all this superfluity of lavishness. I like to have the same feeling that I do when I go to church and hear a sermon that I can carry home and apply to my everyday life. Not to come home and feel that the flowery oration was way over my head.

Mrs. Charles E. Paules,
York, Penna.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

—and in Clothes!

I can't understand why there is always so much attention given to women's wardrobes and so very little to men's. Most people admire a well-dressed man, and concede that he has the advantage in both social and business relationship over one who is not. I do believe, however, that the average person realizes only vaguely that male clothing expresses personality the same as women's. Clark Gable and George Raft are, of course, the obvious examples. Both adapt their clothing to suit their irregular features and rugged type. In adopting the turtle neck sweater or dark shirt with light tie, for instance, many men use no discrimination. The tailor for Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession" realized how much men's suits reflect their personality and utilized this knowledge to good advantage. In this story, the leading man had to appear first as a young playboy and then as a mature, distinguished, serious doctor. The good acting which made this transformation convincing was aided by the change from a sporty style suit with bi-swing back to a conservative professional-looking tweed.

Ruth Brown,
Cincinnati, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Another Hollywood

They say that Hollywood is cruel to the beginner—but that's a lie! It offers a chance to everyone—in fact, it lends a helping hand to the novice. I offer an example as proof of my statement.

Scene: Hollywood High School, free night school for adults.

Time: A Thursday evening at 8 p. m.

Action: The regular night school teacher in the course of Feature Writing presents to her class Miss Ruth Waterbury, the busy young editor of two leading fan magazines. Out of a routine packed with interviews, conferences, writing time and necessary social engagements, comes this energetic young lady to tell a schoolroom full of adults anything they might want to know to help them with their writing problems. There is no compensation in this engagement . . . no reward . . . no advertising . . . no pay. It is merely a typical, helpful Hollywood gesture. For a whole hour Miss Waterbury talks to her eager audience. She tells them of some of her experiences in breaking into the writing game. She tells of some of her mistakes whereby other may profit. Then she offers to answer any questions that might be asked. And there are questions, scores of them. Some are smart, some are stupid. But the gallant lady takes them all in her stride with enthusiasm and graciousness.

Now I ask: Could anyone fail to recognize the kindness of such an act in Hollywood?

Ann Baker,
Los Angeles, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Magnificent Obsession" is the only picture I have ever seen that makes use of *silence* on the sound tract, and let me say that those moments were much more poignant than had John M. Stahl felt the need of a background of soft, sad music, which has been the accepted formula for so long—Mrs. E. K. Whitesitt, Chanute, Kan.

Where have all the younger actors in Hollywood disappeared to? We're continually seeing the younger girls, but not the fellas—Miss B. Jones, North Biernaby, British Columbia.

May I inquire as to why no producer,

"Dentyne Takes Double Prize
—For Aid to Mouth Health—
For Fine Flavor!"

DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by *natural* means—by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we *need* Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the *natural* way to keep your mouth healthy—your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature)—just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

*Keeps teeth white—
mouth healthy*

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Comfort–Safety–
Peace of mind

BECAUSE KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE . . .
CAN'T FAIL . . . CAN'T SHOW

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

either here or abroad, has yet had the intelligence to adapt the delightful comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan to the talking (and singing) screen?—Ben Norgress, Baton Rouge, La.

How is it that the Waverly novels have never been considered for the movies? It seems amazing to me, because isn't there supposed to be a dearth of stories that are good movie material?—Mrs. Mary Johnson Campbell, Media, Pa.

Hollywood to me is just like a world by itself; one great star may come and one may go, but Hollywood goes on forever—Erwin Chan, Bangkok, Siam.

In filming English pictures, the directors are very careful to choose actors with true English accents, so why not adopt the same plan in making Southern pictures?—S. F. Currie, Merry Point, Va.

Leave it to Walter Wanger, the wonder man! "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" has my vote for the most remarkable, most worthwhile picture to date—Dorothy Glazer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Won't Mr. Mamoulian give us "The Desert Song" again, with John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald, as everybody in South Africa (and, I am sure, everywhere) would like to see that popular musical comedy in colors and those two stars teamed—Carol Vincent, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Although I think Jeanette MacDonald was very beautiful to look at and sang beautifully in "Rose Marie," I would like to see Nelson Eddy co-starred with Irene Dunne—Rose Mary Harron, Stamford, Conn.

Now, more than ever, a gloomy, miserable world needs Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together, for together they, as the screen's sweetest combination, are honestly a great consolation—Mrs. Rosa Green, Trenton, N. J.

Isn't Cora Sue Collins as cute and intelligent as any of the child stars? It's always been Shirley Temple as the front page woman to the last page, while Cora Sue's picture occupies only an inch in a little corner of some magazines, when she herself is as talented and beautiful as any—Miss Asuncion C. Castro, Manilia, P. I.

Why not team Ginger Rogers with Dick Powell or Robert Taylor?—Eleanor A. Kernic, Hartford, Conn.

Orchids to Mona Barrie—and at the same time a prayer to producers to give her what you in America call "a break"—Mrs. J. Battershill, Auckland, New Zealand.

When intellect and beauty were being dished out, Jean Harlow got more than her share; the girls will never quite forgive her for that, but we men will always suspect that she simply outsmarted the other girls—F. H. Webster, Mishawaka, Ind.

"A Tale of Two Cities" is a far, far better thing than M-G-M has ever done before—Rudy Ostrowski, Holley, N. Y.

Alice Faye is human, gracious, and shows she appreciates her fans; a grand girl!—Myrtle Larbour, Marlboro, Mass.

For many moons, I shall never forget Isabel Jewell in "Ceiling Zero," for her acting was so realistically superb—Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, Bloomfield, N. J.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 29*)

It's About: *The struggle a high-minded city girl experiences in trying to fit into the life of a small town to which she comes as the bride of its favorite son.*

Director Archie Mayo has given this later version of "Main Street" a quiet and moving sincerity that leaves you with the definite feeling of knowing the people in the picture. It is both excellent and wholesome movie fare.

Carol (Josephine Hutchinson), a city girl, marries *Dr. Will Kennicott* (Pat O'Brien), a serious and gentle young physician in the smug town of Williamsburg and endeavors to fit into the pattern of small town life. Instead of the friendliness she expects she meets resentment on all sides. Each of the helpful things she tries to do, including the encouragement of a farm boy artist to pursue an architect's career, is deliberately misinterpreted by narrow minded, petty townspeople. She finally becomes ensnared in a dramatic situation that changes the entire course of her life.

Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson give charming performances as the young *Kennicotts*, realizing to the fullest the power of the plot possibilities. Ray Mayer in the minor role of a Swedish individual who will not conform to pattern is magnificent. Although their roles occupy little footage, Guy Kibbee, Louise Fazenda, Robert Barrat, and Olin Howard give them integral importance. Ross Alexander is less convincing as the young artist.

Your Reviewer Says: Here is thoroughly satisfying entertainment.

✓Two in Revolt (Radio)

You'll See: *John Arledge, Louise Latimer, Moroni Olsen, Harry Jans, Willie Best, "Lightning" (a dog), "Warrior" (a horse), others.*

It's About: *A thoroughbred colt who made friends with a puppy.*

A fairly good program picture in which a remarkable dog, "Lightning" (grandson of the famous "Strongheart") steals acting honors, the show and your heart. You need have no qualms about letting your children see it.

The somewhat troubled, unexceptional story is based on the strange-friendships-between-animals theme. In it the dog goes native and joins a pack of wolves, and his erstwhile pal, "Warrior," is stolen but escapes to join a band of wild Pintoes. There's a love story mixed up in this, too.

Despite the stock plot, you'll enjoy this.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch carefully to make sure Junior doesn't bite his nails.

✓✓Too Many Parents (Paramount)

You'll See: *Frances Farmer, Lester Matthews, Porter Hall, Henry Travers, Billy Lee, George Ernest, Sherwood Bailey.*

It's About: *Three lonely kids, whose parents are too busy or indifferent to give them love or attention, who find the solution to their troubles in a military school.*

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture __once__ collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet *9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only* will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once*, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your *dress!* They think it is *you!*

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

ODO-RO-NO
Regular
ODO-RO-NO
Instant

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept.6B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City State

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
TO BE BEAUTIFUL
be sure to go to
your BEAUTY SHOP
weekly. Also, daily
help keep your face-
muscles young with
DOUBLE MINT gum.
Q-125

Better take along a supply of over-sized handkerchiefs when you go see this poignant little drama of little-boy loneliness and despair. You will find that your tears are brought, not by mawkish or sloppy sentimentality, but by very real and very human sentiment that tears at your heart strings.

The names probably will be new to you but you won't soon forget them or the people they belong to. As, for instance, Frances Farmer, as the understanding school secretary and confidante of all the boys. Or George Ernest as the boy who is severely disciplined because he wrote to himself the letters his father was too busy to write. Or Sherwood Bailey as the brat heir to millions who finds something more valuable than money. Or little Billy Lee, unwanted child of a vaudeville team.

There are laughs aplenty, boyish scrapes and adventures, and an exciting finish when George tries to commit suicide and is saved by his father.

Your Reviewer Says: This is one of the unexpected and un-ballyhooed treats of the movie season. Don't miss it.

The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Lewis Stone, Roland Young, and others.*

It's About: *A British barrister, busy convicting a man on circumstantial evidence, and the tangled developments when he gets himself caught in his own mesh.*

This is an altogether surprising story which turns your attitudes upside down every ten minutes or so. Each time you begin to yawn something happens and you are immediately forced to reconstruct everything. A fatiguing job for any audience.

Franchot Tone is excellent in the role of an English K. C. slated for a high government post. The story, a desperate affair about blackmail and murder, concerns some letters a barrister wrote when he was a careless blade. Loretta Young, as his wife, ruins everything for him and then fixes it with the aid of Roland Young, who turns in a typically fine performance. There are so many themes dealt with that the effect is rather tiring.

The cast gives admirable performances. You will come away confused, but definitely satisfied with the ending and you will want to tell your grandchildren what Franchot Tone looked like in a fancy jurist's wig.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't see this after a hard day's work, but stay if it's on a double bill.

✓✓13 Hours By Air (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, Zasu Pitts, Alan Baxter, Brian Donlevy, Fred Keating, John Howard and Adrienne Marden.*

It's About: *A desperate criminal's attempt to escape capture aboard a regular transcontinental transport plane.*

In a way this is a "Grand Hotel" up in the air; terrifically exciting things happen to the passengers and crew of the plane as it flies its course in thirteen hours from coast to coast. Chief suspense centers around Alan Baxter and Brian Donlevy and when the plane is forced down and snow-bound in a lonely spot, the action will thrill you to the marrow of your bones.

Counter-plots include the mystery of heiress Joan Bennett's frantic determination to reach San Francisco by a certain hour and Fred Keating's equal determination to prevent her; the amusing romance of Joan and Pilot Fred MacMurray; and the tender love story of Co-pilot John Howard and Stewardess Adrienne Marden. Comic interlude is provided by Zasu Pitts, a governess, and her young brat charge, Bennie Bartlett.

Your Reviewer Says: This one can't be beat for modern melodrama. Enthusiastically recommended.

Murder by An Aristocrat (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Lyle Talbot, Marguerite Churchill, Claire Dodd, Virginia Brissac, William Davidson, John Eldredge.*

It's About: *A potpourri of murders in one family with a clever nurse finally solving them.*

Have you ever played the murder game? It is a lot more exciting and just about as convincing as this miscellaneous collection of murders occurring under the roof of the Thatcher family mansion.

To make matters a little more confusing the story pattern also includes guilty love, drug addiction, blind family pride, and a spot of blackmail. As a result it is not to be wondered at that the players themselves seem about as uncertain of what it is all about as the audience.

Marguerite Churchill gives the most clearly defined portrayal as the nurse called in by the distrait family to administer to the first murder victim. Clues of all kinds are her meat and she sets about in a forthright way to straighten out the whole affair. Unfortunately for the family of aristocrats two more murders occur before she and the district attorney, John Eldridge, accomplish their joint task. Lyle Talbot is the attending physician, but does not have must to do except pronounce victims dead. Virginia Brissac is an impressive matriarch.

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you are a rabid murder mystery fan, do not bother too much about this one.

Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Chester Morris, Madge Evans, Leo Carrillo, Frank McHugh, H. B. Warner, Benita Hume, Grant Mitchell, Katherine Alexander, J. Carrol Naish.*

It's About: *An opera star who is murdered at the Hollywood Bowl, and the ensuing search for a killer or killers.*

Hollywood has gone a little too artistic for murder mysteries in this cluttered story. The enigma is fun, but you need a pad of paper and three pencils to keep up with it.

There's a very good feeling of unreality in the Edgar Allan Poe manner, however, which is a help to the chill-seekers. Violence takes place in the eerie Bowl at night, during a performance of *Il Trovatore*, and the tenor (Leo Carrillo) is the first to die. You are carefully misguided by J. Carrol Naish as the madman, so obviously guilty that you discard him at once. Chester Morris, a detective, and Madge Evans, a scientist, discover the answer.

Frank McHugh handles the comedy simply but well, H. B. Warner and Grant Mitchell are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Be prepared for a headache, but see it if you are interested in fastidious murder.

O'Malley of the Mounted (Principal Productions)

You'll See: *George O'Brien, Irene Ware, Stanley Fields, James Bush, Victor Potel.*

It's About: *A two-fisted mountie who cleans up a gang by pretending to be one of them.*

A decidedly new and improved handling of the old the-mountie-gets-his-man western. Even if you are not a western fan, we think you and all the family will get a full evening's kick out of this one. It has plenty of action but fist fights and gunplays are reduced in footage in favor of battles of wit.

George O'Brien is the mountie and a more likeable one you'll seldom come across in life or on the screen. He poses as a crook, pulling a couple of fake jobs to make it convincing, and then puts his fellow gangsters on the spot.

Irene Ware as the girl gives a spirited and convincing performance and works up a chill or two for you when she gets entangled in the den of the crooks to save her kid brother. For smoothie villains Stanley Fields is grand. There's plenty of comedy, too, delivered chiefly by the camp cook, Victor Potel.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than most of its kind.

✓✓Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Betty Jean Hainey, Jane Darwell, Ralph Morgan, Sara Haden, Harry Carey.*

It's About: *A big-hearted orphan who gives up her own chance at happiness to save her best friend.*

No one can justifiably complain that this time engaging little Jane Withers, who manages to be just as appealing and perhaps a bit more so than her more beautiful sister child actresses, does not have sufficient plot in her pictures. There is fast-moving action from beginning to end here plus one of her comedy song numbers—"Then Came the Indians."

Jane is an orphan in one of the nicest orphans' homes we've seen in a long time with nary a mean matron or underling. The villain of the piece is a testy old store-keeper, mean enough to try to deprive the kids of their Thanksgiving turkey.

Ralph Morgan traces the identity of his lost child to the orphanage. He is kind and wealthy but when Jane sees her best friend, Betty Jean Hainey, about to be adopted by a shallow society woman and her brat son, she changes identification clues and lets Betty Jean go off with her, Jane's, own father. This gets her into much trouble but everything gets straightened out of course in an exciting finish.

Your Reviewer Says: A lot of fun for the whole family.

"YOU SAIL HIGH WHEN YOU START THE DAY WITH SHREDDED WHEAT!"

"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."

PACKED WITH VITAL NOURISHMENT

Crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat gives you vital food essentials because it's 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. Eat it every day for a rich supply of carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts and proteins.

SHREDDED WHEAT

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Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Seal

A Product of
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FEEL THE EDGE

...to feel the QUALITY of this 5c shelving!

WHAT'S smart and new for shelves? . . . any 5-and-10c store will tell you . . . *Royledge!* Thrifty, too, at a nickel for 9 full feet. (Dept. stores and neighborhood shops have 10c sizes, too.) The *edge* of Royledge is double-thick, strong, non-curling and dustless; smartly decorated with gay patterns. It's only a minute's job to lay Royledge flat on the shelf, fold down the edge . . . no tacking . . . no tearing down for laundering. It lasts for months.

Look at your shelves now . . . kitchen, pantry, bath cabinet, cupboards and closets. Dress them up! There's a Royledge design for every room and every need. Just look on the counters for the big Royledge package with the sticker that invites you to *"Feel the Edge!"* Made by Roylace, 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"Feel the Edge"

SOILED WINDOW SHADES? NEVER AGAIN..
GUARANTEED As Advertised in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

"I Keep My Windows Spic and Span with 15c CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLEVER ME! I've found that 15c CLOPAYS look every bit as rich and lovely as costly shades. And they're so inexpensive I simply rip them off the rollers when they're soiled and attach fresh new ones in a jiffy with that patented gummed strip." Try it yourself! Millions now use 15c CLOPAYS! They wear amazingly—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Variety of smart patterns and rich, plain colors. Also see the new 15c *CLOPAY LINTONE that *"looks like costly linen."* See them in leading 5 & 10 and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE COLOR SAMPLES to CLOPAY CORP., 1599 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: **"You are getting old!"** To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 446, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

✓Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Irvin S. Cobb, Rochelle Hudson, Johnny Downs, Norman Foster, Alan Dinehart, Sara Haden, Donald Meek, Warren Hymer.*

It's About: *An aging manufacturer who finds renewed interest in life in trying to save the fortune of the children of his competitor.*

The picture itself is no great shakes as far as story is concerned. But so skillfully is it enacted by the players, so natural is the dialogue, so perfectly timed is the direction that it emerges with definite charm, appeal and entertainment value.

Portly (to put it mildly) Irvin S. Cobb makes his starring debut in the role of the manufacturer who has a grand time bending the lives of a couple of harum-scarum kids into something worth while and teaching his cocksure young nephew a business trick or two at the same time. An eminently successful debut it is, too.

Johnny Downs and Rochelle Hudson as the scatter-brained kids are the real surprise and give the finest performances of their young lives. Norman Foster does well by his difficult role of the priggish and conceited nephew. Everyone, in fact, including Villain Alan Dinehart, may take a bow on performances, and Director James Flood two bows on his megaphoning.

Your Reviewer Says: An enjoyable show with a lot of laughs.

Snowed Under (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell, Patricia Ellis, Frank McHugh, John Eldredge, Porter Hall, Helen Lowell.*

It's About: *A playwright trying to finish a play who gets snowbound in the country and cornered by two ex-wives and a love-struck deb.*

Here is a farce you may or may not like. It is well seasoned with spicy lines and replete with typical farce situations—the wrong people in the right bedrooms or the right people in the wrong bedrooms *ad infinitum.* If you like this plot this is a funny version of it.

George Brent has the job of doing little more than playing stooge for the man-chasing women, who include Glenda Farrell as his predatory ex-wife No. 2, Genevieve Tobin as his fluttery ex-wife No. 1 and Patricia Ellis as the dauntless get-her-man young debutante. Frank McHugh is a country constable who tries to straighten things out.

Your Reviewer Says: It all depends on your personal taste.

✓Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Reginald Owen, Otto Yamaoka, George Hassell, Forrester Harvey, Irving Bacon.*

It's About: *A wireless operator in Labrador who plays host to Myrna Loy and her fiance, Reginald Owen, and steals away Myrna's heart.*

If you are yearning for a laugh and a chuckle you'll find it in the natural and spontaneous performance of Robert Montgomery who plays an exiled Englishman killing time in a wireless station in Labrador in midwinter.

Through a forced landing of their plane, Myrna Loy and her erratic fiance, Reginald Owen, seek shelter in Montgomery's lonely shack and then the fun begins. Montgomery is so overcome at the sight of the beauteous Myrna that Owen is convinced he's a madman and seeks some means of escape. He finally achieves his purpose only to discover he's run off with an Eskimo charmer while Myrna and Bob, left behind, pledge their love.

At this auspicious moment, in walks Montgomery's former fiance and in his escapes over icebergs with Eskimo huskies braying at his heels, Montgomery provides fun for all. Even the Eskimos catch the slightly mad spirit that prevails throughout.

It's gay, amusing and sparkling all the way through.

Your Reviewer Says: A sure tonic for that let-down feeling.

Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Keye Luke, George and Olive Brasno, Francis Ford, Maxine Reiner, John McGuire, J. Carrol Naish.*

It's About: *Charlie Chan visits the circus, runs into a murder and solves it with his usual cleverness.*

With his wife and innumerable children, Charlie Chan visits the circus. The circus manager approaches Charlie and asks to consult the famous detective concerning threatening letters. At the appointed time Charlie leaves the performance to meet the manager and finds him dead in the ticket wagon with the door locked within.

With the aid of his son, Keye Luke, and the local police, Charlie takes over the problem of solving the crime; boarding the circus train and traveling with the performers. The crime is finally unfolded in an interesting and stirring climax.

Warner Oland turns in his usual smooth performance as the Oriental, *Chan*. Two midgets, George and Olive Brasno, are splendid. If you're a Chan fan, you'll love this one.

Your Reviewer Says: The circus angle makes this one of the best Chan stories to date.

Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Ann Loring, Bruce Cabot, Eric Linden, Margo, J. Carrol Naish, Edgar Kennedy, others.*

It's About: *A Mexican peon in early California who watched his family murdered by invading Americans, went out to get justice, and became the famous Juaquin Murietta.*

After months of re-making by the studio, this exciting, rip-roaring lantern-slide of California in its worst period is at last ready for the public. Warner Baxter does one of his best characterizations as the simple Mexican farmer boy who is forced into banditry by the greed of the Gringoes. *Juaquin's* wife is killed and his mother injured by four unsavory Americans—so

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (23) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

he shoots them. With a price on his head he hides at his brother's farm, only to see the brother unjustly lynched; and then the bitter retribution starts. *Murietta's* reign of terror is West Coast history. In he end he is about to leave for Mexico because his band accidentally murders the sweetheart of his American friend (Eric Linden) when a posse discovers the robber-camp. And you never saw such slaughter.

Aside from the fact that practically everybody in the picture dies, this production is beautifully photographed and directed. The cast is magnificent. Basic premise is that all American Californians were villains, all the Mexican settlers down-trodden martyrs.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodrama of the old school, and filled with sentimentality, but nevertheless fine entertainment.

Things to Come (Alexander Korda-United Artists)

You'll See: *Raymond Massey, Ralph Richardson, Maurice Braddell, Edward Chapman, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Patricia Hilliard, Margaretta Scott, Derrick de Marney, Alan Jeayes.*

It's About: *The collapse of civilization and what it may be like one hundred years from now.*

Superbly directed by Wm. Cameron Menzies, the terrifying war scenes, the astounding realism of Mr. H. G. Wells' idea of the "Everytown" of the future, the breathtaking photography allowing no line between trick effects, miniature models and reality, make this the most important English film yet.

When men live in cities lighted by perpetual sunshine, television is an everyday fact, disease is abolished, leisure is general, they are still unhappy. When scientists insist on exploring the planets in a Space Gun, the people revolt, and the film ends questioning the theory that if the human race does not go forward, it will go backward.

The cast is excellent, though the individual actors are merely a background for the idea. Raymond Massey, as aviator and world president; Ralph Richardson as the savage dictator; Margaretta Scott as his mistress, have the principal parts.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture well worth seeing.

✓✓ Small Town Girl (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Robert Taylor, James Stewart, Binnie Barnes, Andy Devine, Isabel Jewell, Lewis Stone.*

It's About: *A small town girl's fight for happiness when she finds herself married to a sophisticated city youth who does not love her.*

Janet Gaynor's fans have been loyal through the many wish-washy roles that have been her lot of late, but that loyalty is at last justified by Janet's proving in this picture what magnificent work she can do when given a decent opportunity. So outstanding is her performance, in fact, that she almost overshadows the dominant personality of her co-star, Robert Taylor.

Briefly, the story concerns *Kay*, a small town girl, fed up with country life, who accepts a lift one night from young *Dr.*

SOLD... by her own broadcast!

A TRUE STORY BY
Jean Colbert
ACTRESS OF THE AIR

IT didn't mean much to me a few nights ago when my job was to tell listeners about a new kind of makeup ... "Keyed to the color of your eyes."

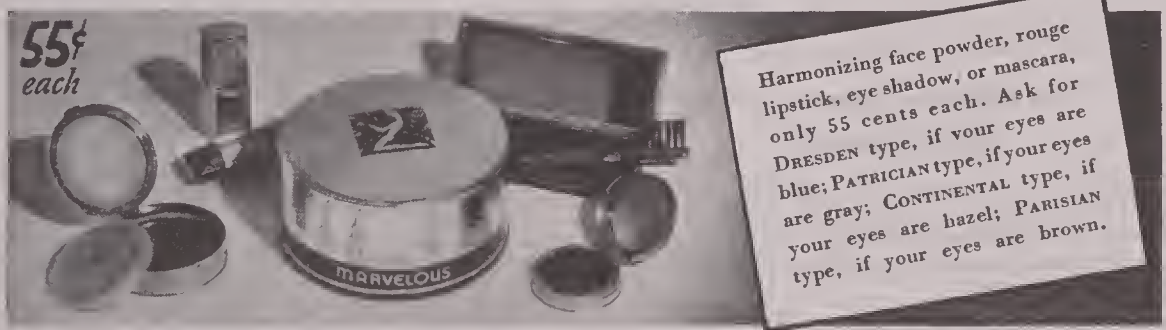
I stepped to the "Mike" and said: "Here at last is a way to end misfit makeup ... with harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara ... all keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes."

That sounded like good common sense.

I continued broadcasting: "Eight out of ten girls who use this new makeup are immediately lovelier, more glamorous. You can get full-size packages of Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup ... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara ... now at your favorite drug or department store, only 55¢ each."

By this time, I was more than interested. I had sold *myself* ... on my own broadcast!

So I tried Marvelous. My friends admired my new makeup ... bought it themselves. Why don't *you* try it ... and see how much lovelier you can be ... when your makeup really matches and is scientifically keyed to the color of your eyes?



Harmonizing face powder, rouge lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55 cents each. Ask for DRESDEN type, if your eyes are blue; PATRICIAN type, if your eyes are gray; CONTINENTAL type, if your eyes are hazel; PARISIAN type, if your eyes are brown.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

Dakin, a tipsy youth passing through the town en route home from a football game. The ride ends in their surprise marriage. Next morning they frankly face the fact that their marriage is a loveless one but decide, for appearances' sake, to remain married for six months. *Kay* deserts him before their "sentence" is up, unable to conceal her genuine love for him, but the ending affords surprising pleasantness.

Excellent support is given throughout by a large cast chief among which is Binnie Barnes as *Dakins'* jilted fiancee, James Stewart as the home town sweetheart, and Andy Devine as the grocer.

Your Reviewer Says: Put this entertainment on your don't miss list.

✓ Till We Meet Again (Paramount)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael, Lionel Atwill, Rod La Rocque, Guy Bates Post, Spencer Charters.*

It's About: *Two sweethearts who are separated by the World War and become involved in an enemy spy ring.*

Somewhat slow in starting, this romantic drama of rival intelligence services in the World War builds to a thrilling and entirely unexpected climax.

On the eve of the marriage of *Elsa Daranyi* (Gertrude Michael), a Viennese actress, to *Alan Barclow* (Herbert Marshall), an English actor. England declares war on Germany. *Elsa,* a Teuton spy, is forced to leave *Alan* without an explanation. *Alan* thereupon joins the English secret service and is sent to Germany. The climax is reached when the two lovers meet.

Herbert Marshall, in one of his best roles in recent months, gives a fine, sincere performance. Gertrude Michael is less effective in her romantic scenes than in later sequences. Lionel Atwill's restraint in an unsympathetic role adds realism and Rod La Rocque is splendid in a brief but distinctive part.

Your Reviewer Says: Commendable thriller movie.

The Witness Chair (RKO)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Walter Abel, Douglass Dumbrille, Frances Sage, Moroni Olsen, Margaret Hamilton, William Benedict, others.*

It's About: *A man who was found murdered, $75,000 that was found embezzled, and a woman who found she was in love.*

With the exception of excellent casting and Ann Harding, this is an average sort of courtroom picture. It holds interest throughout because direction, technical work and acting are superb, but the story under no circumstances could be called original or unique.

Based on a screen play which has inspired innumerable dramas of judge and jury, the plot worries about a business man (Douglass Dumbrille) who embezzled $75,000, stole his associate's daughter and was murdered. Most of the action takes place in a courtroom.

Ann Harding fans will not be disappointed, despite the unhappy role she has to play. Her performance is restrained, in good taste.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect anything surprising, but it's fairly good.

10 to 25 LBS. GAINED WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

1 Rich, red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this marvelous new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste and thereby promote health and growth requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

SKINNY? NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS NORMAL CURVES—*in a few weeks!*

AT LAST thousands of skinny, rundown people have a new triple-acting treatment that goes straight to the real cause of their condition, and "makes them over" in no time. Not only has it given countless "scarecrows" and "beanpoles" pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new health and pep that lead to popularity and success.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight and strength is that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—the women, normally attractive curves—*in a very short time.*

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times — *made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty — you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package — *or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

Rosita Moreno in "House of a Thousand Candles," a Republic Picture

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

CAKE
CREAMY
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

"Don't Be Yourself," Says Ann Sothern

(*Continued from page 67*)

many girls make their original mistake, 'being natural' does not necessarily mean, 'being yourself.' Feminine naturalness can and does change almost as definitely as skirt lengths or shoulder treatments. For instance, it might be quite natural for a certain girl to talk at the top of her lungs, and kick her heels around, but such conduct would seem unnatural and like an exaggerated act today because that kind of naturalness is not in style! So, the girl who is naturally boisterous must assume artifice and artificial manners and modes to achieve our present definition of what is 'natural' conduct in a charming person!"

We were lunching in the patio of Ann's vivid Beverly Hills home. Through the screen door could be glimpsed the colorful red living room, a startling background for a blonde at any time. Outside, the deep blue napkins and doilies set gaily against the yellow umbrella table. Everywhere there was color, vivid, definite color, creating a startlingly unexpected effect.

BUT it isn't necessary to know her long to realize that Ann is a totally unexpected person. Or if her background, her present personality, her entire aura are not unexpected, it is the most cleverly planned attack I've yet encountered. She just doesn't conform.

Consider the colors of our present setting. Unsubdued red in the background; the true, and not pastel, versions of the yellow and blue luncheon service. Here are colors that experts have assured us for years belong only to brunettes. Yet there sat Ann, in greenish-blue pajamas, a satin bow in her blonde hair, as perfectly fitted in this color scheme as though a Spanish artist had painted her into it.

Her appearance is equally disconcerting. She is pretty in a puzzling way that keeps your eyes wandering back to her face repeatedly to see which of several effects is the true one. The first impression is that she is beautiful in an exaggerated magazine cover style. When you look again, you aren't so sure. Is it beauty, or coloring, or expression? There are moments when she is not beautiful at all, but these are the moments when her face is the most interesting. In the short span of five seconds as many moods seem to play on her face, even to the extent of casting character shadows on its childish roundness.

In personality, the first impression is of a charming girl with a youthfully modulated voice, almost an ingenue in effect. The tone and pitch of her voice have as many plays as the expressions on her face. And they seem to match. She has the most beautiful enunciation I have heard off the screen, even from some of our best English performers.

No wonder a certain magazine editor recently threw up her hands over Ann's latest photographic sitting and exclaimed: "But I can't catalogue this girl! Last month she was captioned as a delightful ingenue, and she looked like one in her fluffy dress. The only face in our gallery more childishly round than Ann's last month was Shirley Temple's. But look at *these!*"

And these turned out to be the most contradictory set of photographic likenesses possible. There were Ann, the childish; Ann, the drawing room sophisticate; Ann, the dreamy-eyed; Ann, the darling and exaggerated.

"Which is she, anyway?" puzzled the editor, "and what does she do to herself?"

When I repeated that query to Ann over our luncheon of cheese soufflé and tender green beans she didn't seem in the least surprised because she, apparently, is conscious of this chameleon quality in herself as a perfectly natural thing.

"It is hard to say what I do to myself because I am continually experimenting in not only my appearance, but in my mental viewpoint and my personality as well.

"Let us say that we are all born with a spark of 'differentness,' some with more than others, but our ability to escape from the mob, or the group, or even the chorus is measured by just how much we develop and accentuate this differentness into true individuality!

"And believe me, it sometimes takes a great deal of experimenting from the skin *in!*

"Many women go to no end of trouble, and often pain, making physical experiments in themselves. And in spite of what we may have heard to the contrary it is sometimes right to make these changes even though it necessitates changing our very color types. And by the way, speaking of what we hear and read, it is too bad so many women take certain cosmetic and stylists hints as gospel when they are merely intended as generalizations." Ann waved a slender hand in the direction of her living room. "For instance, red is not supposed to be the most flattering background for a blonde. Yet because I love the color I realized I must be harmonious in it, and to it. I couldn't like it so well if it didn't blend with me in some way. So I experimented until I found my color of red, and there it is!

OF course, it can be argued that my affinity toward brunette colors is because I am naturally a brunette, and the same point might be carried further in explaining why the so-called 'true' colors, usually associated with darker types, are more becoming to me than the proverbial blonde pastels. But strange as it may seem, while I am not naturally a blonde, I am more natural as a blonde!

"I realized that a long time ago when I was first starting to get a foothold on the stage and in pictures. As a medium brunette I was not naturally a mousey little person with an inferiority complex. Yet I looked mousey and looked as though I might have an inferiority complex. So everyone, including several stage directors, fastened one onto me.

"I had it brought home to me through the strides—or lack of them—I was making in my career, that something was going to have to be done about my exterior, and like the average girl I started with my hair!

"Far from being an overnight success, I appeared to be worse off as a violent blonde than I had been as a titian-brunette. For again, like the average girl in her first experiments on herself, I went too far the other way. I was so blonde I looked brassy! Where I had appeared timid before, I suddenly acquired a look of boldness that was no more a true part of my personality than the artificial shyness had been!

IT wasn't until I had gone through an almost grotesque series of experiments on arching and straightening my eyebrows, enlarging my mouth line, changing my hair from yellow-blonde to reddish-blonde to almost dark again that I realized the happy medium, "honey blonde," was the correct color and line for me!

"And yet the amusing part of it is, I do not believe I would ever have achieved a completely natural effect without this system of trial and error, because, as I remarked before, I am not at my most natural with the face I was born with!

"I believe that all professional personalities are synthetic to a certain extent. I don't think there is a single outstanding personality on the screen who could have walked into a studio as she was ten years ago and have interested anyone in giving her even background work. I might go so far as to say that all mature personalities are synthetic to a degree. It has to be that way. We *grow* into character and we learn from experience, and these things cannot be reflected in our make-up until they have actually happened.

"That is why physical changes, as important as they can be, are really of secondary importance in the scheme of remodeling ourselves. We may bleach or darken our hair overnight, but only time and experience will give us a broader, more tolerant outlook on life.

"Changing my type didn't really make me a different person. But the disappointments and heartaches and joys that I have experienced in the last five years, did! So few women realize the value of their thoughts and beliefs as beauty and character markings in their faces. The narrow-minded woman is often a narrow lipped woman. Envy, jealousy, worry narrow the eyes, unflatteringly. So it is effort totally wasted and the sheerest folly to attempt to change ourselves outwardly without developing and growing inwardly, as well. Women who don't *don't match!* The effect is artificial and theatrical.

"Another point, so often neglected but so very important in experimenting toward ultimate complete expression of self, is the voice. Everything about it—the tone, quality, diction. Yet I have known women who go to no end of pains to improve themselves physically and mentally to carry through life the grating, slovenly or little-girl enunciation they began with.

"In the studios we have a term 'Okay for sound' which is called after every scene signifying that the voices came over the sound tract with the same perfection as the action was recorded in the camera. And if the scene isn't 'Okay for sound' it has to be done and re-done until it is. That's how important voices are in creating the perfect illusion in pictures. And that is how important voices are, off the screen, in creating the perfect illusion of the impression you want people to have of your own personality! Your dress and your mind may say; 'See, I am this sort of person,' but if your voice isn't in tune with the idea, you'll have an awful time making anyone believe it!

"I really believe that experiment in type and mood is a very good thing for women. Because, somehow in some way we bring along the best of each transition with us. And that is a good thing because it makes for variety and mood in developing personality. Variety of mood is an essential thing to an actress. And all women should wear different moods becomingly just as they wear different colors and clothes."

ANN tucked a sandaled foot under her and lighted her after-luncheon cigarette.

"After all, the great artist does not exhibit his masterpiece with the first paints and oils he mixed to achieve it, and I doubt if any great writer has ever given to the world his first draft of a story. We can't all be geniuses but we can all strive to develop and grow and bring out the best and most colorful sides of our true individuality."

And if this is the answer to what Ann Sothern has done to herself, all I can add is that the result more than justifies the means.

Soft, Young Skin FOR YOU

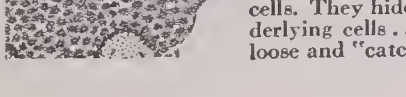
OUT ALL DAY
CAN'T GO DANCING WITH THIS ROUGH SKIN!
1 SECOND LATER
GRAND! POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXES THAT
BEDTIME
OVERNIGHT TOO-FOR EXTRA SOFTNESS

When you Melt away dead skin cells

YOU really have the softest skin imaginable. If you'd only bring it out! Its true softness is hidden by dull, dead cells—which you yourself can *melt away.*

Day after day, your skin is drying out. Little cells are forever shriveling into dry, flaky bits—mean "powder catchers"! But you can smooth your skin *instantly*—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A distinguished dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches the skin, an instant softening takes place. Dried-out surface cells melt away. Young underlying cells come into view. The skin quickly acquires smoothness and fine texture."



Outer Skin (Magnified) Right on top, you see the dead surface cells. They hide the young underlying cells . . . In time, flake loose and "catch" powder.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream with the coupon below. See how it puts an end to roughness, an end to powder trouble. Starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin! Apply it twice a day . . .

For a smooth make-up—Always before you put on make-up, film your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. More than a powder base, it melts away flaky bits . . . leaves your skin smooth. Make-up goes on evenly with a "beauty-salon" finish!

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after your regular cleansing, spread Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy, won't show.

Miss Wendy Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., New York: "I smooth my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Make-up looks smart!"

Just goes on invisibly . . . melting away every last roughness, softening your skin the whole night through!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. F135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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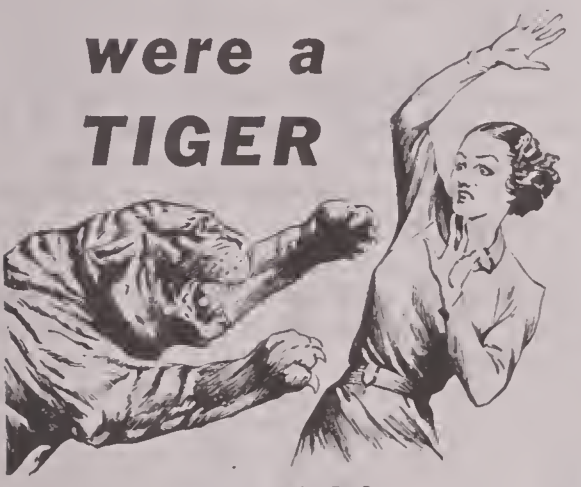
IF Perspiration were a TIGER



—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Alice White Gets a Second Chance

(*Continued from page 63*)

were stolen since it allowed me to start out with an entirely new wardrobe and that makes it complete."

I talked with Alice in her suite in a New York hotel the evening before she sailed. She admitted that she hoped to get her divorce from Si Bartlett in Paris, that she thought it likely she and George Givot would marry, and that in this comedy she will make in England she hoped to establish a claim to even greater success than she yet has known on the screen. She talked frankly about the failure of her marriage with Si Bartlett and she put her own shoulders under half of the burden of responsibility.

"It was no one thing," she explained. "I don't suppose it ever is. Si and I remain friends. If we don't see each other right now it's because there's no sense spilling gasoline in front of a torch. We managed to get pretty well on each other's nerves and there's a lot we both need time to forget.

"I left Si because I no longer was happy with him. I've given up friends for exactly the same reason. When you aren't happy with people and when they begin to bring out facts in yourself which you don't like there's only one sensible thing to do, call quits."

It seemed odd she and Si hadn't been able to make a go of things. During the five years they had gone together, been as close as married people are, things had been pretty grand. I said something of this and Alice shook her head.

"I waited that long time," she said "because I wanted to be sure that aside from the attraction Si and I had for each other we were congenial. Some people get married feeling that if it doesn't work there will be no harm done. Perhaps after all that's the better way. When you marry in haste at least you have the excitement of romance to see you through your adjustment period. Si and I were used to each other and so when we didn't have children and establish a different kind of life in our marriage it proved an anticlimax.

"We built up to a great let-down."

USUALLY girls who look like Alice, who wear black dresses that fit well around their curves, who have bright blonde hair, and baby blue eyes don't make as much sense when they talk.

A sauce dish of meat and vegetables—dinner for Elmer, a *cafe au lait* Pekinese almost full grown and Stuff, a three months old speck of a Peke—came up from the hotel kitchen. Alice, however, must dice the meat into much smaller pieces with her scissors.

"Another thing," she said, "after Si and I were married he tried to change me. I talk about this now not with any desire to air my troubles but in a sincere hope that to some others it may act as a warning. Si's story and mine might have been very different had I been warned. But I wasn't and so when Si began to criticize me for this and suggest I do that another way I tried to please him. I know now it was a great mistake.

"Never," she said vehemently, shaking her scissors, "let anyone change you. If you do you'll be lost for you'll cease to be the person who attracted in the first place!"

We talked of how difficult it always must be for any woman to make a break and dissolve the home and the home-life she has shared with a man.

"It's easier, however, to do it than not to do it sometimes," Alice admitted sadly. "It was when I went off on a personal appearance tour that we accepted the fact that the break had come.

"That tour was difficult. I had to make my own decisions, look after my own business affairs and somehow that made me lonelier than ever. Si, you see, always had done a great deal for me.

NOT once though did I permit myself to lie down on the bed and cry. It was before I was married that I learned the futility of doing that; the time Si and I had a quarrel which lasted three months and I went nowhere and saw no one. The last two days of that time I spent in bed, miserable, crying, smoking and reading, and drenched in self-pity. Then I got up and looked in my mirror. My reflection wasn't a pretty thing to see and it suddenly occurred to me that if I kept on the way I was going neither Si nor any one else would want me around. I remembered something my grandmother once had said to me 'You cry alone!'

"As a matter of fact," she told me, "unhappy as that time was I'm grateful for it now for it taught me many things about myself. I haven't really done any serious worrying since then. Whatever happens I do the best I can and let it go at that. If worry solved anything it would be worth while. But it merely clouds your mind."

George Givot arrived to take Alice to dinner. You've seen George on the vaudeville stage and you've heard him on the radio as the Greek Ambassador. Or perhaps you've seen him on the screen; recently in "Riff Raff." He's what Mae West calls something tall, dark, and handsome.

"I thought, Baby," he said, rubbing the back of his head, "that you might find the time to trim my hair."

"Okay, Stuff, fine," she agreed. He's Stuff just as the puppy, in which he owns a half share, is Stuff. But neither of them seemed to be confused about this so I tried not to be either.

George—Stuff, rather—settled himself in a straight chair and Alice wrapped a towel about his shoulders and with scissors and comb went to work.

I was thinking what a casual, unsentimental, modern pair they were when George, allowed to raise his head for a minute, boasted.

"People don't know this girl. She's really domestic. Believe me, no barber would do my hair more expertly. And you should see her cook and sew!"

Whereupon I decided that men always

have and always will be the same about the girls they love just as girls always have and always will be the same about the men they love and that there's no such thing as a modern pair, that it's been the same since Adam and Eve.

We talked of marriage again. Alice announced if any outside influence had been to blame for the failure of her marriage with Si Bartlett that it had been men, men generally.

"I think," she made a quick grab for Elmer who had finished his own dinner and was about to eat Stuff's, "I think men generally are responsible for many marriages landing on the rocks. I do really. Men, for some ridiculous reason, always are afraid to show they are in love with their wives. Therefore when a man is out with other men and he starts to go home and the rest of the crowd yell 'Why go home, that's the last place to go!' he takes off his hat, stays an hour or two longer, drinks a few more drinks—and no good comes of it.

THAT'S not," she ended soberly, "the way it should be at all."

George rattled his evening paper. He cleared his throat. "Men don't mean all they say, Baby," he protested. "Gee, most of the time they're only playing at being big guys. Honest. We act a darn sight stronger and more independent than we feel. That's why men need mothering. That's why when a woman stops mothering a man it's all over."

While Alice is busy in the English studios George will make a vaudeville tour and between engagements it is possible he will fly to Hollywood to appear in another picture.

"I'm glad we're going to be separated," Alice said. "I want to circulate a little before I marry again, meet different people. I've never done this. I met Si, fell head over heels in love with him, and never went out with anybody else. If it's the real thing between George and me, being separated and going out with other people won't change it. And if it isn't the real thing now is the time for us to find it out.

"However," she added for George's benefit, as anyone with half an eye or half an ear could tell, "George'd better not go off on too many tours. He'd better join me pretty soon for you never can tell about those Englishmen and their beautiful manners. They can be very attractive!"

George put down his paper. He grinned. It developed he hadn't been reading the sport pages at all but that he had been studying the sailing list of the Aquitania.

"Too bad, Baby," he said, "but as far as I can tell the ship isn't going to be overrun with rich and handsome young men." But he didn't sound as if he thought it was too bad at all.

The day before Alice and George had gone to visit her grandmother who lives in New Jersey. And Alice was delighted because her grandmother had whistled while they were there.

"It's the first time she's whistled in over a year," she explained, "since my grandfather died. Not that she's gone around feeling sorry for herself. She never did. In fact she's always told all of us not to feel too sorry for her now, even if she is lonely, since she's been one of the most fortunate of women. Because of all the years she and my grandfather had together, you know, and because of the fullness of the life they shared, first with their own children and later on with their grandchildren, too."

NOBODY ever gets anything better than that, after all, Baby," George said.

"I know, Stuff," Alice answered him, "I know!"

Alice—one of Hollywood's cutest Cuties, round-hipped, bright-haired, baby-eyed. That, however, is only the half of her, and the surface half at that. Underneath she's other things. She's the granddaughter of that staunch little Italian woman who is her grandmother. She's the sound fruit of her family tree. Which is why she doesn't stand today with her eyes dull from tears, despairing, her life in pieces about her. Which is why she has been able, as she herself puts it, to take it. To take it without growing bitter and without losing courage and faith and hope. Which is why she'll do something, something worth doing, with this second chance.

New
SHINOLA
WHITE CLEANER
"LOOK...IT WON'T RUB OFF!"

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF!

New SHINOLA
WHITE SHOE CLEANER
cleans and whitens instantly

READ THIS SENSATIONAL DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly . . . then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

Bottles and Tubes (TWO SIZES) 25¢ and 10¢

How Clark Gable Changed My Life

(*Continued from page* 31)

then I chimed in, "And you're one of the biggest, and yet you don't act stuck-up at all!"

Well, Mr. Gable blushed, I'll swear he did.

Then he said, "Yeah, but I guess all of us bozoes think we're pretty important, all right, if it comes right down to it."

By this time we were in Beverly Hills, and Mr. Gable stopped the car at Santa Monica Boulevard and Canon Drive so we could get out. As he started to drive away, I hollored at him.

"Say, Mr. Gable! You got any clothes you don't want, that you'll give me?"

I WAS even raggeder than I am now, and my clothes looked *terrible*. He looked me over, and said, "Pal, you certainly need some clothes, all right, but you know my clothes won't fit you. I'm twice as big as you are!"

"Oh, that don't matter to me," I said. "If you'll let me have 'em, I'll make 'em do."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "I haven't got any extra clothes at the house right now, but if you'll come up to the Metro studios next week I'll see what I can do for you. Go to the front office and have the girl ring me up on the set, and I'll have some clothes ready."

I went out there the following Wednesday morning and he wasn't at the studio, so I stuck around. About 12:30 he drove up and stopped in front of the gate, and saw me standing there.

Right away he commenced grinning, and said, "Hello, there!" And I said, "Hello, Mr. Gable!"

The studio cop wanted to know if he had an appointment with me, and Mr. Gable told him he sure did. He motioned at me, so I went over to his car.

"Listen," he said, "I'll go inside and look around, and see what I can find for you in the way of clothes. You wait right here, will you?"

"O. K., Mr. Gable," I told him, so I waited.

It wasn't very long until a colored fellow came out of the studio with a jacket hung over his arm and a ten-dollar bill in his hand. He said he was Clark Gable's valet, and he was told to give me the jacket.

Then the valet said Mr. Gable had given him some money to go with me and buy me some pants, so we walked up the street to a clothing store. I picked out the heaviest pair I could find, made of whipcord. They didn't cost but a dollar six bits, but they were good and strong, and that's why I picked them.

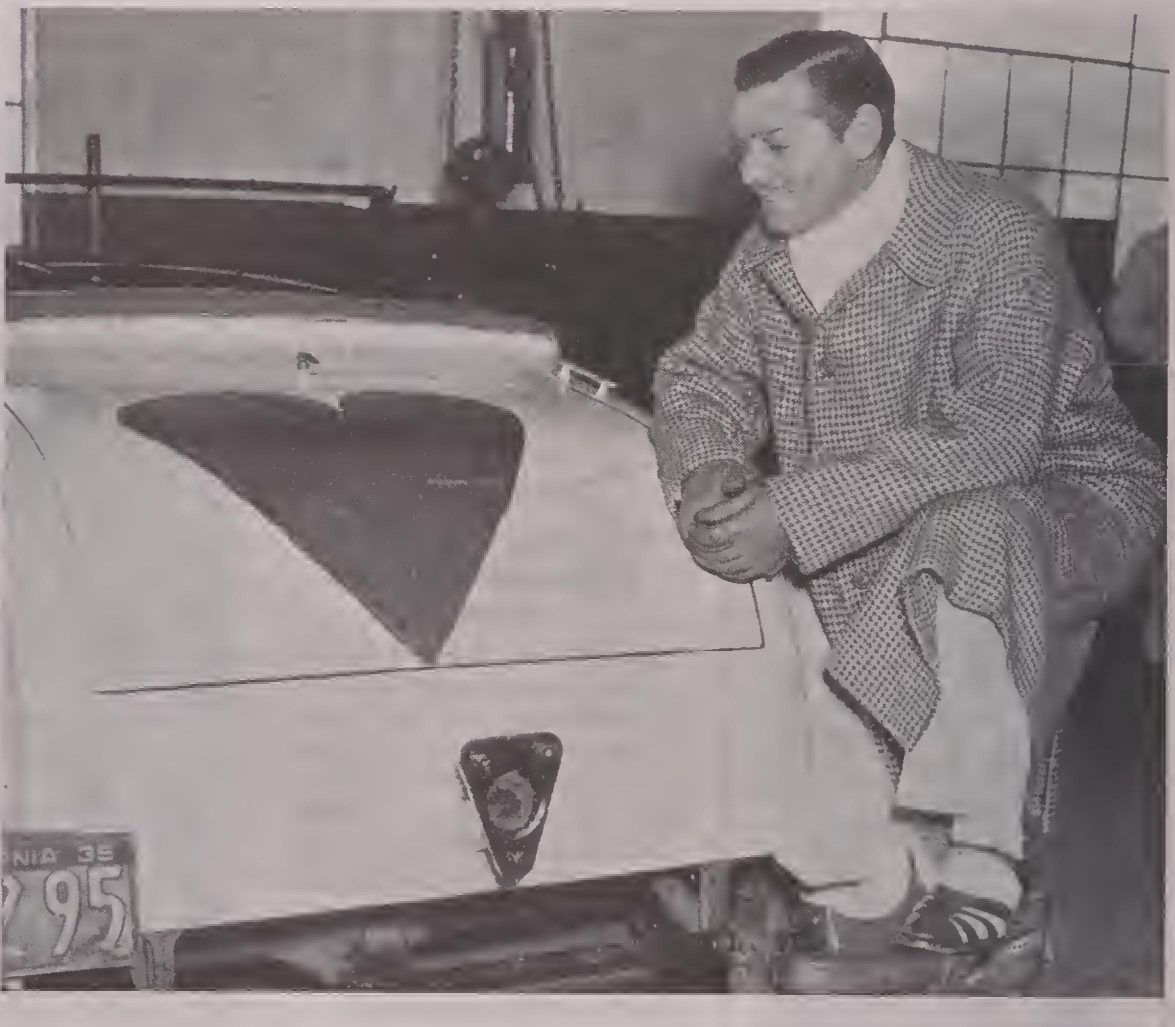
Well, I went around in back of the store and changed pants real quick, and then came up in front again, and thanked the valet. Then I got another surprise.

As I started to go out of the door, the valet hollered at me to wait a minute, he had something for me. He gave me the rest of the money that was left out of that ten-dollar bill.

MR. GABLE said you could have it," the valet said. "He thought you might need it more than he did."

Well, I've worn out the pants, and spent the money to eat on, but I've still got the jacket. And I hope I can manage, somehow, to keep it so that I'll always remember Clark Gable.

He is an O. K. guy. He's hopped freight trains and he's been around long enough to know how the other half lives. But what's more important is that with success, he hasn't forgotten, either.



On Valentine's day, Clark Gable found this junky old car parked in his garage, all done up in fresh white paint and romantically decorated with big red hearts—a Valentine from that mischief-maker, Carole Lombard!

GLAZO

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A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
20¢

The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre . . . so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized ...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

The Surprising Minna Gombell We Know

(Continued from page 57)

the deepest respect, she added; "And she's a worker. I'm amazed at what they demand of actresses up there in Hollywood. The most strenuous program of any of my friends would be recess for her. And she likes it." Once, a little belligerently, as if reading my thoughts, Mrs. Campbell added, "I'm glad she does it."

She seemed rather convincing in her estimate of Minna but then "The Thin Man" came to town and that ruined everything.

"That impossible woman who plays the part of the incredible wife of 'The Thin Man' is Joe's wife," we were informed by the gossips, and Mother Campbell's good work was undone.

"Why did he ever marry a woman like that?" was the purely rhetorical question that always followed.

"I suppose she'll try to jazz up the place with a lot of fool Hollywood ideas," worried one of the neighbors on Point Loma who visualized green tile swimming pools and wild parties and ultra modern Hollywoodish appointments.

Someone else observed, "Well, anyway, we always rush to pay our half dollar to see every picture she's in." And that became the truth. The town became so interested to see its siren that the theater managers noticed an increased sale on Gombell pictures.

MINNA began to belong to us, however, only in the last few months. Apparently she'd begun to like Sefton House, for she abandoned the Laguna Beach cottage. And how could she help loving Joe's beautiful estate? Sefton House is a smart home of perhaps twenty rooms, handsomely if a little heavily and masculinely furnished, situated in its own glorious park. From the two sun parlors and library one looks over formal terraced lawns, centered by fountains and bordered by graceful eucalyptus trees, past the walls of the estate to the sea and the quieter bay embraced by a fairyland city.

It is surrounded by a large wooded acreage through which their private graveled drives are laid. In the lower garden is a Japanese house and miniature garden where sometimes Minna serves tea—yes, tea. Only because she closed the beach cottage did we ever learn to know her.

Her entrance on the local social stage was dramatic. The stage had been set, quite by accident, in true movie fashion. Though all of us had preconceived ideas of what "hard-boiled" Minna was like, we were eager to see her, ready to lift the old eyebrow in disapproval. The audience waited now only for the bridegroom to bring her forth in a "behold my wife" fashion. It was to be a special preview for the chitter-chatterers.

And then Minna came on the set. And just as fiction would have it, the unsympathetic and difficult advance guard (old Sefton family friends) gasped for breath. Why she was lovely! Casual, yes, but with the priceless poise that makes a lady. This was no Edna of "Bad Girl," no superficial wife of "The Thin Man." This was, indeed, a soft voiced, utterly charming girl

ZiP

The New ODORLESS CREAM-LIKE FACIAL TOILETRIE

Millions of women have longed for a depilatory which contains no sulphides, no offensive odors; a depilatory that can be used as freely on the face as on the legs... *Here it is,* the new ODORLESS ZiP

HAIR REMOVER

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Odorless!
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What a boon to women! Simply spread the new ODORLESS ZiP on the face, arms, legs or body, remove it, and instantly get rid of every trace of hair.

These Superfluous Hair Remedies Now Available at All Good Stores

ZiP Facial Hair Remover (Odorless)
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Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon. Write for booklet.

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Switch to ZiP CREAM DEODORANT for overcoming BODY ODORS

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD

Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write

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EASY NOW TO GET TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS WHITE!

New!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT *. . . adds charm to any smile!*

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT *...safe even for children's teeth!*

3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY *. . . foams between teeth*

4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER *...far more economical to use!*

Large Can 25c

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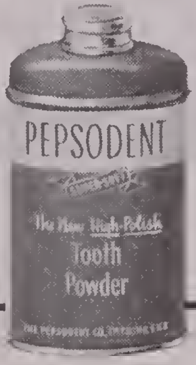
Holds over twice as much

The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use



with great wide eyes and dimples that flashed with the slightest smile.

Wholesome and refreshing as a sub-deb she was, but with a smart sophistication that forestalled the slightest criticism from the local fashionables. Mrs. Campbell had been right—she was really lovely.

"She's a great actress," the wife of one of San Diego's most prominent attorneys said to me. I was amazed at her comment, knowing how critical she had been of Minna. When "Cheating Cheaters" had come to town her disapproval had been very emphatic.

"She's a great actress," she repeated, answering my look of surprise at her new estimate of Minna by continuing, "any woman who could be such a convincing gum-chewing toughie one moment in pictures and such an enchanting, gracious creature the next in her own home must either be a great actress or a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."

SO Minna was a lady—a perfect lady. The sticklers for background learned for the first time that she was of the Baltimore Blue Book Gombells, the only child of Dr. William Gombell, Maryland physician; it wasn't their fault, they pleaded with Mr. Sefton, for not guessing it all from the first.

"You know yourself, Joe," some of them explained in defense, "how she behaves in pictures." Joe loved it.

He loves to show her off, and because he has that kind of sense of humor he likes to show her off particularly to the ones who have said the most derogatory things about her. He likes to see the haughty ones soften under her charm. With almost satanical pleasure he watches their armour of reserve melt before his Minna. Both he and Minna find it easy to forgive those who were skeptical because they know there are two Minnas, real and reel.

Minna isn't socially ambitious; she is honestly indifferent to the superficial social life though she can beat the fashionables at their own games—every game, that is, but bridge.

"And bridge," she confessed to me one day as she sat domestically by the fireside and knitted a yellow sweater for Joe, "I loathe."

We have been completely charmed by her graciousness as a hostess, and we love the way she presides, not officiously as if to prove to us that she is the lady of the house, but simply, unaffectedly. Mr. Sefton has been receiving in the great house for so many years without a hostess that he tends to assume the burden of entertaining—and she is smart enough to let him do it. Since she comes only on week-ends, she is more like a guest in the house, and he makes her sojourn carefree by assuming head of the house duties such as ordering dinners, inviting guests, etc.

Too much social life bores Minna. She asks only to work seriously in Hollywood (she's been in forty-seven pictures in the last four and a half years) five days of the week and to join Joe (they're desperately in love after nearly two years of married life) for little quiet week-ends on Point Loma. When she is here, except for occasions like Christmas, she usually asks a few close friends in to dine—old friends of Joe's, socialites sometimes, but most often writers, artists, actors and actresses, people who are doing things. Max Miller, author of "I Cover the Waterfront," and Mrs. Miller are frequent guests.

Minna loves to ride—and she's an able equestrienne—not on fancy tanbarks but on the bridle trails over Mr. Sefton's beautiful country place at Jamacha near San Diego. She's an expert fisherman and aquaplaner, too.

Her hobby this year is raising gourds and she's turned the sun parlor in the front of the left wing of the house over to them. There she sorts and curves and varnishes them. They are stunning in their brilliant oranges and yellows, capricious fellows that take on sundry bulbous shapes.

And so Minna came, saw and conquered. As a social editor whose business it is to snoop discreetly but effectively into other people's business, I've watched Minna convince all of us that she is no Hollywood hellion but rather a gracious, charming person worthy of presiding over Sefton House.

Two world-famous prima donnas meet—Lotte Lehmann, noted German lieder singer and soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, visiting the Pacific Coast on a concert tour, stopped in at the Universal studios to see lovely Irene Dunne (in white wig for the last scenes of her new film, "Show Boat").

FEMININE HYGIENE
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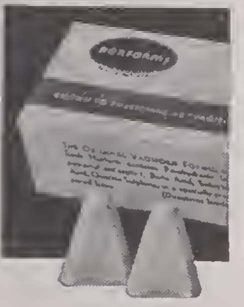

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Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS
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He Started by Stopping Broadway

(*Continued from page 39*)

about it. Another thing, Freddy never went out with girls, didn't even look sideways at any of the girls in the chorus, and that brought on the most ribbing of all. We were always telling him that some day when he did fall he'd fall with a thud. One of the pet gags around there was, 'Be on your guard, Handsome! One of those line girls will get you if you don't watch out!' (Line girl is just another name for chorus girl, you know.) How did Freddy take it? Swell! Of course he didn't like to be called Handsome, but he never seemed to even listen to what we said about the girls. He just didn't seem to want to bother about them in those days. That lightning mind of his was on dancing, song writing and success. Song writing's an angle on Freddy that's never been touched on before—but I'll get around to it a little later.

"I'll never forget my first impression of him. Freddy came into Room 18, stood in the doorway a moment, and looked around. A friendly poker game—the calm after the storm—was already under way, and everybody was smoking cigars and drinking out of the same whiskey bottle.

COME on, young fellow!' somebody shouted. 'Come on and join the game!'

"'Thank you very much,' said Freddy. 'Thank you just the same, but I can't. I've got to work—' and giving us the cold shoulder he turned and marched over to a far corner where there was a tiny dressing table and mirror. There he began unpacking. We looked at each other, grinned and shrugged and went on with the game. But a minute or two later, from that corner, came the insistent, annoying sound of a tap dancer rehearsing his taps. 'So that's it!' said Fay. 'So that's what we have to put up with! Why I'd rather have to dress with six tumbling Manchurians than one tap dancer any day! The noisy things!'

"But apparently Freddy wasn't listening, for right on top of that he called out to see if any of us had a piece of chalk he could have.

"'What for?' Fay wanted to know.

"'So I can make a mark on the wall every time we stop the show,' Freddy answered quickly, and sincerely.

"Well that got us. That slayed us. That panicked us. Some punk kid and his sister—a team we'd never heard of—were going to stop the show! That *was* a laugh!

"Of course, as you've probably gathered, it was a laugh out of the other side of the mouth on the opening night, when that's exactly what did happen: the Astaires, Adele and Fred, stopped the show! Not once, but three times! It was an awful blow.

"Of course in those days, Adele was the main attraction, and I'm not giving away any secrets in saying so, because Freddy admits it himself. But that was natural. She was more developed, and therefore more sure of herself. Then too, she was 'Boss,' being the older, and, as boss, she always took the initiative, both

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And what *warm color* the "Sub-Deb" gives your lips! Color that's ardent and indelible.

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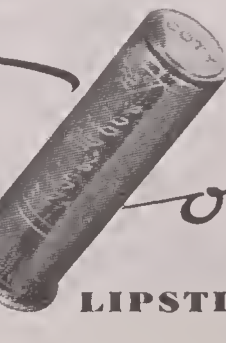


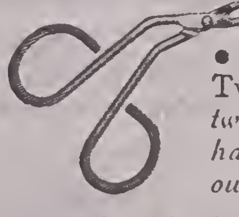
Coty
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

BRIGHT EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath

Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MG-6.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

in their dances and in their comedy acts. But I think the very fact that Freddy was the weaker of the two in those days is, to a great extent, responsible for his tremendous success today. Freddy fought desperately to keep up with Adele. He fought desperately to prevent people's saying that she was just carrying him along. And in that fight, the hour after hour rehearsing, the monk-like life, Freddy found himself not only catching up with Adele, but threatening to leave her far behind. Starting out at a disadvantage is probably the best thing that ever happened to Freddy.

"He and Adele were always as different as night and day. Adele was always at ease, always master of every situation. Freddy was always shy and always uncomfortable in the presence of others. Adele always looked forward to the day when she could get out of the show business. Freddy always looked forward to the day when he would be tops. Adele was always temperamental and easily upset, but nothing ever really angered Freddy. Adele could always attract friends by the dozens, while Freddy never made any effort to attract any friends at all. And so on and on. In every way, really, they were exact opposites. Yet, just the same, they were terribly devoted to each other, almost as much as they were to their mother, and that would be going some! No two kids ever had a grander mother. No mother ever had two more adoring children. Mrs. Astaire always traveled with them, you know, and to her they owe the greatest part of their success.

"During that first 'Passing Show' she kept house for them in a tiny little New York apartment, managed all their business, and came to the theater with them for every performance. And I'm sure she must have often shuddered to think of the wild company her son was keeping in that madhouse we called Room 18. Yet, if she did, she never said anything about it. She never once scolded us, or interfered on Freddy's behalf—no, not even the time that we sewed the legs of his trousers together." Dave Dreyer paused a moment to laugh in remembrance.

REMEMBER Freddy wasn't the only one who had tricks played on him—we all came in for it at one time or another—but I only tell you about him because I know he's the one you're interested in. Well, anyway, that day, a couple of us happened to get to the theater before Freddy did, and that in itself was so unusual that it gave us an idea. We knew that Freddy had a quick change in the middle of the second act. Now if we could find his trousers, and if we could . . .

"Well, came the time for Freddy's change. A couple of tap-tappety-taps and he had shed one pair of trousers. A couple more tap-tappety-taps and he had made a flying leap into the second pair, only to find that the legs, like good friends, were practically inseparable! Fay and I were the only ones who weren't on the stage at the time, and we were hidden behind the screen. But we almost burst a blood vessel trying to keep still. If you could have seen Freddy hop-scotching it around, looking for a pair of scissors, you'd have laughed too! Finally, however, he found them—but he was two minutes late for his entrance. Afterwards Adele gave him the devil—but Freddy was a good sport. He took it on the chin and didn't give us away.

"Several weeks later we tried to sew up Freddy's dress-coat pockets—he had a lot of steps he did with his hands in his pockets; still has—but this time he caught us. For now he was paying more attention to the condition of his clothes than ever before—and Freddy had always been pretty persnickity about such things, too. Like the words of the song he recently made so famous he was always 'shining up his shoes, brushing off his top hat, putting on his tails.' The clothes in his personal wardrobe were always simple, ordinary clothes, as they are today, but his stage clothes were the swankiest Freddy could buy. That was his one extravagance, good clothes for his act. As a matter of fact, I bought some of Freddy's stage clothes after he finished with them, and one Tuxedo was so ahead of its time that I wore it for five years after Freddy sold it to me! That'll give you an idea.

AND now I'm getting to the song writing angle. One day I happened to tell Freddy that as soon as the show folded I was going to quit being an actor and become a song writer instead. Irving Berlin had already promised me a job to start at $15 a week, in his office. Well, you might have thought that I had said fifteen thousand dollars a week, judging from the look of envy in Freddy 's eyes. He said that that's what he'd like to be—song-writer! Oh, of course he liked dancing too. But what he'd like best in all the world would be *to write the songs he danced to*. And from then on till the end of the show I couldn't shake Freddy—not even if I had wanted to.

"He wanted to talk songs with me all the time. He wanted me to tell him what I thought of this song idea and that one that he had in mind. He was always bringing me lyrics and music written on the backs of envelopes, magazines, anything. And the funny thing is—" Dave Dreyer leaned across his desk and dropped a torn piece of cardboard in my lap—"the funny thing is, Freddy's still doing that today."

I looked at the cardboard. On it, in Freddy's handwriting, were four variations of one idea for a song title.

"One day not long ago Fred came into my office on the RKO lot and said, 'Dave, here I am again—how's this?' He then played me his latest song. I said, 'That's it, Freddy!' He said, 'That's what?' 'Why the song hit you've been waiting for these past twenty years!'

"That song, 'I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown,' now ranks second among all the present-day popular songs and it looks as if it might be first. In other words, it's a real hit—and is Fred happy! Now I'm supposed to phone him back and let him know which of these new ideas I like best. Then he'll go ahead with it. After the success of 'I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown,' he's naturally anxious to follow it up with something else. Few people know that about Freddy—that he's bitten so badly with that song-writing bug. But he is, and it's been biting him for years.

"Why he used to write me long letters

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS..!

Feed Them "Strength Building Iodine" for Blood and Glands!

Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh —Make You Strong and Rugged—Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more Iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of "stay-there" flesh, feel stronger, eat better and sleep better, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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about it from England, where he went shortly after the first 'Passing Show' closed. He was over there, off and on, for the next seven or eight years, and I guess I was the only one of the old gang who ever heard from him—and that was just because I was at Berlin's. Freddy used to write to find out which songs were most popular, and which were flops, and what was my opinion on the why and wherefore of each? He never wrote me about the great success he and Adele were having over there! Imagine! He wrote to find out how certain songs were doing over here.

"When Freddy did finally settle down in New York for a winter or two, you wouldn't have known him, he had changed so. Like the smart fellow he is, he had not only picked up several thousand pounds in England, but he had picked up all the polish and the smartness and the chic that there was to be had. Freddy himself hadn't changed any, understand—he was still the same shy, sweet, swell fellow underneath—but he had changed externally. He didn't hang around Broadway any more. New York's smart east side claimed him after that.

"Still I saw Freddy now and then. He'd come up to the Berlin office to congratulate me on some new song maybe, and we'd sit around for an hour or so and chat. Sometimes about songs, but most often Freddy would say, 'Say, remember those good old days at Room 18?' and then we'd be off!"

Last Minute News

Genevieve Tobin is back from New York.

Jeanette MacDonald's mysterious eastern admirer turns out to be Dr. Scroggs Singleton, here to practice. He's escorting her around; maybe it's romance.

Weldon Heyburn, actor of "Mob Rule," has a sweetheart here to meet him; he won't reveal her name.

Virginia Bruce is going to Hawaii immediately after the "Great Ziegfeld" opening.

Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer are teamed, after all, in "Garden of Allah"; with Merle Oberon going into another production.

Claire Dodd will go to the British Isles with husband, J. Milton Strauss, but not for work.

Rex Ingram, who plays "De Lawd" in "Green Pastures" is leaving on a tour of the South to write an original story for the screen. He is traveling in a trailer.

Fred Stone has sold his New York property and has bought a large ranch in Van Nuys Valley in California; will build on it for his daughters and himself.

The Yacht Club Boys were given another contract to appear in "Stage Struck."

Mary Brian, Hollywood's bachelor girl, is expected to announce her engagement at any moment to Cary Grant; in fact, Cary admits it.

"Phantom of the Opera" definitely comes back to Universal. This time Martha Eggerth sings and Karloff phantoms.

Victor McLaglen goes vocal in his new picture, "Everybody Sings."

For the new picture, "My Man Godfrey," Carole Lombard and William Powell have a clause in their contract never to be referred to as "ex."

Joan Bennett is the envy of all Hollywood. Her new bedroom is done in soft shades of beige and pink.

Margaret Sullavan has given in and bought herself a house at Toluco Lake, where she sits and looks at Universal Studio across the way.

DON'T TOLERATE Conspicuous SHINY NOSE

Luxor, the truly moisture-proof face powder, is guaranteed not to mix with skin moisture and cause shiny nose, clogged pores, floury streaks! Coupon brings 10-day box, FREE!

● Take advantage of this wonderful offer to try Luxor moisture-proof powder. Give it the severest test a face powder can stand. See for yourself that it will not mix with skin-moisture around the nose. See how marvelously Luxor combats conspicuous nose shine, clogged pores, floury streaks!

This you can prove by putting a little Luxor powder into a glass of water. Note how completely it refuses to mix with water, and therefore won't mix with similar moisture on your skin to cause shine.

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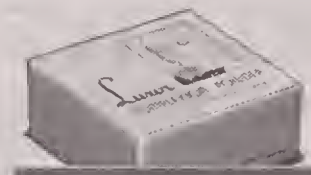
Just paste the coupon below on a penny postcard. Fill in your name and address and indicate which one of the flattering Luxor shades is best suited to your type. We will send you FREE and postpaid, a generous 10-day supply of Luxor.

Moreover, we back all claims for Luxor with a rigid money-back guarantee. At drug and department stores, 55c. 10c sizes in 10c stores.



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Please send me free and postpaid a 10-day supply of Luxor Moisture-Proof Face Powder. I am checking the shade I prefer. Offer not good in Canada.

Complexion
☐ Blonde, Light
☐ Blonde, Medium
☐ Blonde, Dark
☐ Brunette, Light
☐ Brunette, Medium
☐ Brunette, Dark
☐ Gray Hair
☐ Auburn, Light
☐ Auburn, Ruddy

Powder Shade
☐ Flesh
☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel
☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2
☐ Flesh
☐ Rose Rachel
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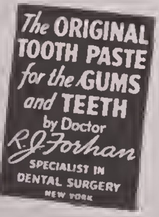
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VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 50H-9, St. Louis, Mo.

Beginning the Tragic Life Story of a Happy Man

(*Continued from page 43*)

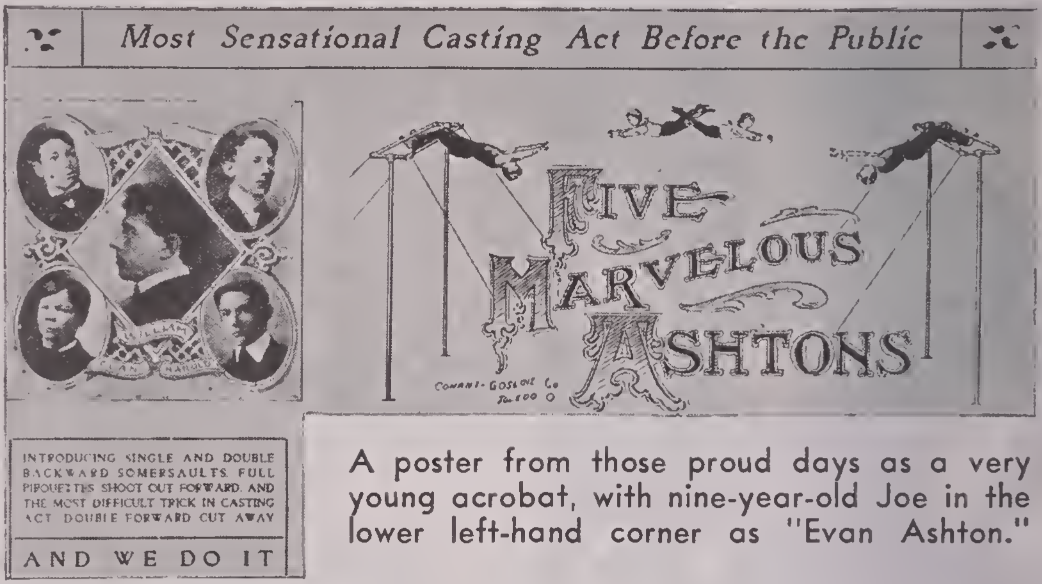
imagine his fate was different from other boys'.

It was not from his family that Joe knew unkindness or cruelty. To the contrary, for the short time he was under parental influence he knew the warm devotion with which large families envelop their clan, even in the face of direst poverty. Joe came from a line of hard working Welsh, German and Irish folk. There were ten of the immediate Browns, eight assorted children, though Joe was not the lucky seventh child. He was "in the middle somewhere."

He was born in Holgate, Ohio, on July 28th, 1892, but before he was three years old his family had moved several times, first to North Baltimore, Ohio, and then to Toledo, which he remembers as the town of his early childhood. In spite of his father's yen for moving, Joe does not recall that any of it greatly benefitted their finances. The elder Brown's "income" seemed to remain stationary at about $1.50 per day for odd jobs!

Yet they were not an unhappy group. Poverty on such a scale as the Browns' seldom allows for the routine monotony of the great middle class. Something is always happening—a rent eviction—or another baby.

If he began life as an under-nourished baby who grew into a gaunt, too-thin little boy, it was a fact that disturbed him not in the slightest. Most of the other kids in his family and neighborhood were equally thin, so Joe was never forced into embarrassing comparisons between his station, appearance and appetite and that of other boys.


Most Sensational Casting Act Before the Public
FIVE MARVELOUS ASHTONS
INTRODUCING SINGLE AND DOUBLE BACKWARD SOMERSAULTS. FULL PIROUETTES SHOOT OUT FORWARD. AND THE MOST DIFFICULT TRICK IN CASTING ACT DOUBLE FORWARD CUT AWAY
AND WE DO IT

A poster from those proud days as a very young acrobat, with nine-year-old Joe in the lower left-hand corner as "Evan Ashton."

The district where the Browns eventually settled in Toledo was known as "The Hill" and it was a world within itself. Enormous family washes blew in red flannel frankness on the clothes lines. The streets were never still from the shrill voices of too many children in too crowded spaces. Street corners were the playgrounds.

Against this background, Joe, at four, was something of a philosopher. He used to sit on the half-collapsing back stoop, mulling on the activities of his small world and chewing chicory. No one ever thought to question the health-building values or lack of them in chicory for juvenile "chewins." That's one tremendous advantage in being a member of a large, very poor family. One is, in fact, an individualist from the cradle!

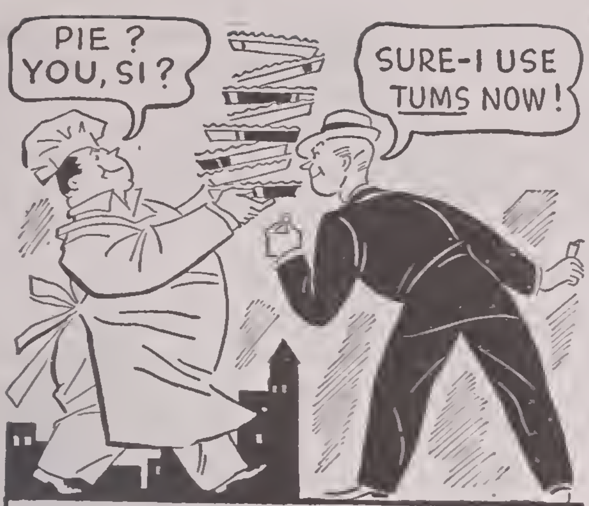
As far back as he can remember Joe was occupied with two major problems. First was how to get enough to eat. Second was how to get a job that would help out at home. He also had two paramount dreams—shows and baseball. Once, Joe and four other kids climbed a telegraph pole and saw the first act of a show through the cracks in a theater roof. He never forgot it. As for baseball—that was all there was; there wasn't any more! He was the proudest kid in town because one of his uncles was a baseball player with one of the bush leagues.

The other half of the house where the Browns lived was occupied by a clan almost as large and quite as noisy and their name was Jones. George Jones was two years older than Joe, but he was his best friend, and eventually, as events bore out, the definite turning point in his life.

For a long time (at least all through the first and second grades) George had been talking wildly, but interestingly, about joining a circus. He knew a man, a Mr. Ash, whom he had met at the old Valentine Athletic Club in Toledo, who was planning to form an acrobatic troupe for circus work and George believed he might be able to get a place on it.

He confided as much to Joe who, up to that time, at least, had shown no special aptitude for tumbling or acrobatics—but only up to that time! From the moment of the inception of the idea Joe went mad with athletics!

He rolled . . . he tumbled . . . he flipped . . . he flopped. By dragging the old leather couch onto the side porch, he made a creaking and groaning spring-board of a sort where he could practice "flip flops" to his heart's content. If he was sent to the store for one of the Browns' meager purchases he went via handsprings. Neighbors who had been amused, began to be worried that the "awful" falls he took would make the boy "tetched." Once, he collected the entire school gang, including his favorite teacher, about him at recess to see him do a back flip. He took a great


PIE ? YOU, SI ?
SURE-I USE TUMS NOW !

SIMPLE SIMON
MET A PIEMAN
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;
HE NOW EATS TUMS
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES . . .
DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS!

IT isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10c at all drug stores.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTRI
10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept.25H-50, St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN TO DANCE 50¢

Why be a lonely, unpopular wall-flower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to the old favorites—at home, in private without teachers, music or partner? Complete course of old favorites, including Tango, Waltz, etc., only 50c; so simple even a child can learn quickly. Send stamps, cash or M. O. Large course 60 illustrations, includes Tap Dancing, Tango, etc., $1.98 (C.O.D.25c extra.) FREE a rare Lucky Chinese Coin.
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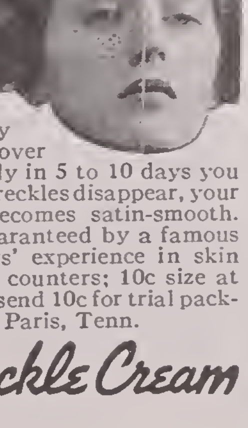
New York, N. Y. : : : Dept. 176

IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 25, LOWELL, MASS.

WIPE AWAY FRECKLES



Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles *while you sleep.* Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send 10c for trial package to Box 142, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

breath, leaped high in the air and came down head first in the cinders. For a moment everyone, but Joe, thought he'd broken his neck. He thought he had killed himself!

One night George Jones came home with amazing news! Whether Joe believed it or not, nobody else but the great Mr. Ash had seen him (Joe) twirling and hurling himself through the streets, and Mr. Ash admired his perseverance (right in the teeth of disaster, so to speak) so much he thought he might be able to use him in the act he was getting up. The act was to be known as "The Five Marvelous Ashtons" and they were going to tour all summer with a circus!

Joe was not yet nine years old when his bewildered parents put their names to a contract permitting their joy-crazed son to be a unit in Mr. Ash's "family act." The "Ashtons" were George Jones, Joe's pal; Grover McCabe, a cross-eyed youth Joe's age; Otto, (no one ever seemed to discover his last name); Ash, and Joe. When they stood together to have their pictures made in tights, they ranged in height like steps from the florid Ash to Master Joe, who weighed considerably less than sixty pounds. No one ever knew exactly what Ash got for the act. But Joe and the other boys got $1.50 weekly which was diligently sent home to their parents by Ash.

ASH, the manager, guardian and professional "father" of the troupe, was an amazing character. Athletic and muscular in build, florid of complexion, a rather dashing beau with the ladies he was, according to Joe, "the darndest liar in the world. He frequently lied when the truth would have served his purposes better." His taste in clothes ran to checks and plaids and though he always seemed to be smoking expensive cigars, the truth of the matter was that he purchased one good cigar a month, saved the band and inserted it onto stubs cast away in hotel lobbies and on street corners!

Ash did not consider himself, nor was he considered by his charges, a particularly mean man. In the early part of the twentieth century the creed of sparing the rod and spoiling the child was not only believed but practiced by even indulgent parents. To this day Joe cannot recall Ash's large, muscular hand without feeling it on his ear.

The first time he was to feel that hand was the day after the bewildered and amateurish little troupe had caught up with the Sells and Downs Circus, an organization that had been "fast talked" by the talented Mr. Ash into engaging them. Ash was not in a good humor to begin with. He had missed the circus at the Topeka engagement and had been forced to pay railroad fare out of his own pocket to catch up with it in Chanute, Kansas. But finally they were there, and no heart beat faster or happier at being under the Big Top than skinny little Joe's.

Ash had called a morning rehearsal for the purpose of polishing up the act and the boys were in the dressing room tent slipping into their tights when someone came through yelling, "Is there a Mr. Brown here?" He did not mean *Joe E.* But the kid forgot he was an "Ashton" for a minute and replied "Here I am."

"HERE'S MY SECRET OF A LOVELY SKIN"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.
NOTARY PUBLIC

"My face and back were simply covered with pimples, and no medicine seemed to help."

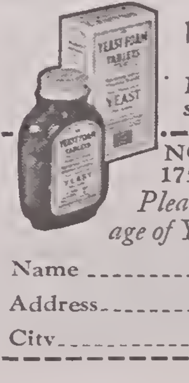
"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them and soon began to see results."

"I felt better; pimples vanished. When friends envy my skin, I advise Yeast Foam Tablets."

IF YOU are one of the thousands of unhappy girls who are looking for the TRUTH about ugly skin blemishes, eruptions, and pimples—who want to be relieved of embarrassment—let the above true experience encourage you. It is typical of countless letters of gratitude from women who have disposed of skin trouble and won back their charm with the help of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you, too, are embarrassed by a skin marred with ugly blemishes—let Yeast Foam Tablets show you the way to regain your beauty. By supplying vital corrective elements, they rid the body of the poisons which cause such trouble—quickly, naturally, without discomfort. Get Yeast Foam Tablets today, and regain the beauty of a lovely, clear skin.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.



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I DO!
I DO!
ACID INDIGESTION
NO-BOD-DEE KNOWS HOW GOOD WE FEEL WE AL-KAL-IZED AF-TER THAT MEAL
HEADACHE
ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE
BUT IF I DO, I'M WISE ENOUGH TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
Be Wise — Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢
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Keep Skin Young with Mercolized Wax

● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear. Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" hair remover. Takes off superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless. Thoroughly reliable.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

The next thing he knew he went sprawling on his face under the dressing table. For a minute the little boy couldn't catch his breath. It was the first time anyone had ever put a hand on Joe. Then he remembered he was supposed to be an "Ashton."

He had an awful feeling he was going to cry! The violent fall had hurt him and knocked the wind out of his slender form. And he was very hungry. They hadn't eaten much, the "Ashtons," since leaving home. That extra railroad fare had cut into their rations considerably. But then he remembered he was a performer in a fine circus act, and he was making a dollar and a half a week that was being sent home to his folks, and he was in the most exciting atmosphere in the world. So he choked his tears and hunger and humiliation back inside him where it really had no room along with the bursting pride he felt in his new work, and climbed out to follow the act to rehearsal.

JOE learned values from the world of the circus that were to remain with him all his life. He learned that in spite of the acres of sawdust and the close proximity of the animals that circus people were the most scrupulously tidy in the world. And no place in the show world are the conventions more strictly adhered to. The Big Top has two dressing rooms, one for the men and one for the women. No one is ever allowed to be completely undressed in either tent! Once when Joe was still new to the show a man with a new trapeze act violated the code and stripped nude. The other men in the tent threw shoes at him, and without knowing exactly why, Joe joined in and threw shoes at the offender, too.

If he was often lonely and afraid and hungry when the lights went out in the cheap little hotel rooms he shared with Ash, he never permitted his family to know it. Nor did he hint to them that his ankles seemed to be permanently sprained and sore because his dauntless spirit led him into leaps and jumps he was not thoroughly prepared for. It was seldom that Joe was free of that slow burning pain in his ankles. And he was, of course, always hungry. Mr. Ash allotted the boys ten cents apiece for their meals, and it was up to them to find the places where the gravy was thickest and the bread the "chunkiest" for dunking. Joe did not mind that he had only ten cents for his meals, but what he did mind was that he had to share his sparse repast with Ash's little French poodle. He was afraid not to feed the animal almost as much as he ate because if Ash found out he was "neglecting" the dog he would give Joe a licking.

But these were secrets and pains and hungers he nursed to himself. The letters he wrote home were almost as glowing and happy in tone as those Ash wrote to the parents of the children. Far greater than Joe's fear of Ash was his dread that his family might learn that his life was not the bed of roses he painted it, and they would order him home.

The boy was very happy every moment he spent actually under the Big Top. Everybody liked the kid who was game for anything, even if he did get swollen ankles as the result. And Joe liked everybody in return.

There was genial Pop Erwin and his wife and daughter who did the balancing act. There was the clown, One-Eyed Murphy, who used to sit in front of three mirrors to get his hair parted perfectly crookedly. One-Eye was Joe's particular pal. He used to tell him stories about a fabulous character named Popcorn George. And every time he told Joe about Popcorn George that amazing gentleman had turned into quite another character. One time he would be a little squat man with coal black hair. The next time he was a daring athlete with red hair and a long red beard that eventually was his undoing when it got caught in the trapeze one night. It was Murphy who taught Joe the secret of pantomime. "Son," he said, "if you want people to believe what you're doing, always believe it yourself."

These people of the circus were glamorous and exciting and interesting to Joe always, either in the acts or in the lunchrooms they frequented after performances. To him they were the most daring and courageous figures in the world. He learned what real courage was when that "zero hour" would happen and something would go wrong with an act. Someone would miss and a figure would go hurtling through the air. Sometimes the accidents would be very bad and the big tent would be in an uproar. But there were times when only the performers knew that one of their clan had been injured, and that gallant soul, in deep pain, would get up and go through the stunt he had just missed again, "before his nerve left him." That is the code of the circus. Unless you are actually unconscious, you get up and repeat the daring feat before you have time to think about it and lose forever that steel nerve that makes the stunts possible.

THE Five Marvelous Ashtons" were with Sells and Downs five weeks when they were fired. Of course, Ash told the boys they were "quitting the cheap outfit," but no one was fooled very much. Ash had promised a great deal from their act they were not trained to deliver: and then McCabe, the cross-eyed boy, gave the superstitious circus people the jitters. He was blamed for anything and everything that went wrong from a lost wagon wheel to an elephant on a rampage.

There were still six weeks before Ash had to bring his charges back home and to school. They landed a short carnival engagement in Allison, Iowa, before Ash managed to get them with another small circus, the Busby Circus.

If Ash had promised Sells and Downs the improbable from his troupe, he promised the impossible to the Busby people. He had stated with great emphasis that every member of his troupe could do "leaps," an old fashioned circus stunt in which acrobats run down a chute in rapid succession, leap from a springboard at the end and do "rolls" or somersaults in the air. Joe, being the smallest, was put at the head of the line for the first "leap"—and Joe had never done a leap in his life! "Just remember," whispered Ash, who was dripping with nervous perspiration himself, "not to land on the spring with both feet! One foot at a time or you'll lose your balance in the air and land on your neck."

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Joe's heart pounded like a hammer as he began that run. The chute was eighteen inches wide but it looked like a ribbon to the scared kid. He must remember to hit the springboard one foot at a time. Suddenly there was the spring. Joe jumped. Both feet came down and his body, unbalanced, went hurtling into the air.

"I knew I was going to be killed or terribly hurt," says Joe. "I knew all those people would pile down on me as I lay there bruised and broken. I knew I would be sent home to die, or already dead. I thought about all this as I pawed through the air toward the landing canvas.

A FEW performers always stand at the foot of the runway to help out acrobats who overshoot the landing mark, or who need extra impetus on a 'roll.' One of these big fellows plucked me out of the air like an apple, set me down on my feet, spanked me gently and turned away as though nothing had happened. Instead of being the center of all eyes as a dying hero, I realized no one was paying the slightest attention to me. I was furious. But I was never quite so frightened again."

Later, Ash gave him a beating for his "carelessness."

The boy was so blue, so heartsick and body bruised that he wrote his mother a letter that evening asking her to send for him. He tucked it in the pocket of his suit intending to mail it the first moment he was free of Ash's watchful eye. But he never got the chance.

That night, while they were doing their net act, Ash accidentally missed his "swing" and timing. Joe's small hands clutched for the man's—too late!

When they picked up Joe's inert, skinny little form in the tangle of the net a minute later, *his jaw was broken*! Pain like hot coals was shooting through his head. He was blind with it, and yet all around he could hear the husky whispers of the circus people: "Can you get up, can you get up?" He must get up! He must get up and do it again. If he didn't he might never be able to do a circus stunt again. Not to be with the circus? He might as well be dead. Somehow, someway—he does not know how it was possible—he was on his feet. Eager hands were helping him to the ladder. He climbed—it seemed a million feet in the air. Faces blurred before him. But one face seemed clear, and what was amazing to Joe, worried and almost tearful. It was Ash's!

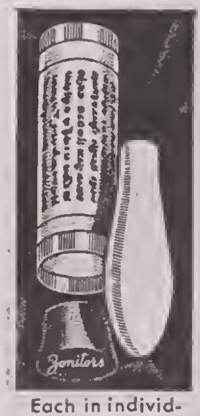
Then and there Joe forgave Ash for everything that had gone before and many things that were to come in the future! It was that one kindly expression of remorse and pity that later caused Joe E. Brown, the wealthy Hollywood movie star, to bring Ash to Hollywood when the old gentleman, now over seventy, wanted to come out and see him.

Joe leaped and Ash caught him.

Before he fainted he knew he had qualified as a real circus performer and he was proud.

THE second installment of the life story of Joe E. Brown tells you more of his circus experiences, his jobs in honky-tonks along the Gold Coast, his own vivid impressions of the San Francisco earthquake and fire and the start of the one big love story in Joe's life!

Now there is a dainty GREASELESS way to Feminine Antisepsis



Each in individual glass vial

ZONITORS, snowy-white antiseptic, *greaseless*, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are *completely removable with* water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, *greasy* suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for *deodorizing*. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle, favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Complete instructions in package. All druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

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FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless

Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* "A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene"
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Simply apply — wash off.
Giant Size Tube or Powder never costs more than . . 50¢ Smaller Tube 10¢

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TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Tattooed lips can't chap!
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Now . . . for lips . . . TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof . . . actually makes lips smoother . . . younger . . . much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays . . . and it really stays . . . regardless. Test all five of TATTOO'S thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then . . . tattoo your lips! TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

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Instant
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DEW SOMETHING ABOUT IT

● The impression you give others concerns you! That's why Dew concerns you too . . . You can't possibly be your most attractive self unless you keep your underarms dry and dainty—absolutely odorless. Dew is sure protection. Dew's action is gentle, instant and lasting. When you use Dew, you know your underarms are sweet and dainty, your dresses and coat-linings are free from stains, odors and wrinkles. Using Dew is really economical—one small bottle lasts for months . . . At any department, drug or chain store.

Homemaking for Movie Fans

(*Continued from page* 68)

some protection from the close proximity of next door neighbors. In the kitchen with Sanitas covered or plain painted walls, plaid gingham curtains.

Paint the walls and woodwork of your kitchen in light colors. Norma Shearer's kitchen is painted all white with a dark blue battleship linoleum on the floor. The long bank of windows over the sink has curtains of blue and white gingham.

In the new Ernst Lubitsch house which is Spanish, I felt it was wise to have colorful walls, so I made them of lemon-yellow tile straight to the ceiling, trimmed in orange tile. The woodwork I matched to the color of the lemon tile.

Colleen Moore's kitchen walls are ivory tile to the ceiling with woodwork the same color, and curtains of green checked gingham.

IN the case of each kitchen mentioned, the pleasant, cheerful aspect has depended upon harmonious colors, linked with the ever important requisite of spotless cleanliness. Unnecessary additions of decorations are unwise as they are dust and grease collectors. That does not mean, however, that necessary accessories should not be thought out with an eye to furthering the decorative scheme of the room. Always there are spice boxes, salt containers and cake boxes to give added interest to colorful decorations. For instance, in the kitchen of Howard Greer the spice boxes are red enamel bordered with a red and white check design, with the spice names written in French. The curtains are red and white checked gingham.

In one early American home I used Pennsylvania Dutch spice boxes, brown jugs, pottery crocks and a wooden cheese box. These articles were the old ones, typical of the Pennsylvania Dutch, with a small blue pattern.

Every kitchen should, too, have a mirror. The cook and maid like to have one fleeting glance to see that their noses aren't shiny, and for the woman who does her own work a mirror is imperative.

If window sills are wide enough, pots of parsley, chives, onions or sweet potatoes, grown in water, make nice decorations and are practical as well.

Next, is the practical subject of equipment. One of the first considerations is whether you are going to have an electric or gas range. An electric one is, of course, the cleaner of the two but is still the more expensive investment. As far as the appearance of the two stoves is concerned there is little difference. The new electric ranges resemble a flat top table. And that is exactly what they are. On one side are the heating elements and on the other is the work table space.

The new gas stoves are also table topped. A lid turns down over the burner side when the stove is not in use, level with the opposite side which again is the work table.

Both stoves, of course, have ovens and broilers below with two service drawers for pans. Both are porcelain enamel inside and out. The gas stove even has enamel burners and burner trays which are removable and may be kept as immaculately clean as a saucepan.

The kitchen range is only one small part of the new smart kitchen equipment. For instance, there are whole metal units which consist of sink, electric dish washer, drainboards and work tables. These are all flat surfaced and may be added to at any time that you need more table or drawer space. The tops of these units are covered with Monel Metal which is stainless and easy to keep clean. Along other walls other metal units may be added as fast as you feel you can afford them. These may be as extensive as you wish. There is the compartment for the broom and vacuum, with racks for dust cloths and cleaning brushes, the cupboard unit for supplies or a cooler unit with revolving tray shelves for fruit and vegetables. Between these may be a small first-aid wall cupboard with a convenient kitchen desk below accompanied by its modern steel-runged chair which pushes under the desk when not in use. You may add as many or as few of these modern metal units as you have room for. Each one fits closely into the next and tightly against the wall.

If, however, because of the expense of metal units, you do continue with built-in wood units, Monel Metal or rubber tile is a good surface top for your work tables. The rubber tile is a Goodyear product which is pliable enough to cause less dish cracking than an enamel or tile top and it comes in any number of colors.

Perhaps the most convenient and efficient kitchen arrangement is a U-shaped work center with either the sink or the range at the base of the U and the electric refrigerator next to the cooking center.

ADDED to this bit of practical advice is one last admonition. In building a house, no matter how small, always have a pantry. Not only is this advisable to facilitate serving, but also to keep odors from the kitchen escaping into the living quarters.

What we must remember always in planning a kitchen is that someone spends a lot of time in this room. Big factories have discovered they get better results from workmen who have cheerful, bright surroundings. The housekeeper may well profit by this observation and make her kitchen and pantry as attractive as possible. Who knows, maybe a gloomy kitchen is what's making the soufflé fall! Perhaps the cook didn't have quite the right mental attitude when she attacked her problem.

WATCH FOR THIS STORY NEXT MONTH!

The July Issue of MOVIE MIRROR (out May 22nd) will bring you an unusual feature you can't afford to miss—the amazing contrast between the points of view of a young actress on the threshhold of her life and career and of one of the oldest and most beloved feminine stars! Be sure to read Gladys Hall's interview with Rochelle Hudson on "What I Think Life Is" and May Robson's answer in "What I Know Life Is."

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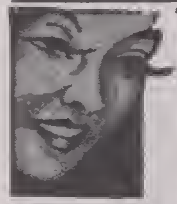

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By Their Pets You Shall Know Them

(Continued from page 54)

After several days during which nothing but false clues poured in, Johan was finally picked up by a farmer and returned to Miss Michael. As soon as Johan came back, Gertrude began to improve.

Few dogs can be credited with raising their master's standard of living, but that's just what Freddie Bartholomew's dog accomplished. Concoll is a spaniel, and was presented to Master Freddie by Constance Collier. His name was coined by Freddie, using the first syllables of Miss Collier's first and last names.

There was no room for Concoll to play in Freddie's apartment. Realizing how attached Freddie was to the dog, his aunt, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, decided to take a small house. Still the entire problem was not solved. For while Freddie was at the studio the dog had to be fed. After several family conferences, it was decreed that they get a maid. With this decision made, the Bartholomews settled down with a sigh of content.

But it didn't last long. Freddie saw other players on the sets with their dogs, and he couldn't see why Concoll shouldn't be there too. Street cars and busses simply would not allow the dog to ride with the passengers.

Well, thought Freddie, why not have his own transportation? He decided to get an automobile and was on the point of persuading his aunt to buy one, when Louis B. Mayer, who for a long time had been trying to decide what to give Freddie, presented him with a car.

JOHN HOWARD, whom you'll see in "13 Hours by Air" and who made a hit as Tom Brown's older brother in "Annapolis Farewell," is cat crazy. For twelve years John has had a pet cat with five different unpronounceable names. But he's called Tiny, for short. John found the cat in New York when it was only two days old.

"You know, John," a friend told him, "there's a litter of kittens in a stable near your house. If someone doesn't take those kittens away, they'll probably be killed by the horses in the stable."

John rushed down to the stable, where he saw Tiny and his brothers and sisters in a corner. "Trying to save the kittens," he told me laughing, "I was almost killed by the horses myself."

John gave away the other kittens, but he kept Tiny with him, and trained him to come whenever he whistled for him. For years, wherever you saw John, you saw Tiny, too.

When he first went out to Hollywood, he left the cat with his folks in Cleveland, fully expecting that he would not last long in Hollywood. When, to his amazement, Paramount decided to keep him under contract, he made up his mind that he wouldn't be parted from his cat any longer, so he sent for it.

Perhaps the best-loved kitten in all of Hollywood is Washy, Joan Blondell's favorite pet. For Washy saved not only

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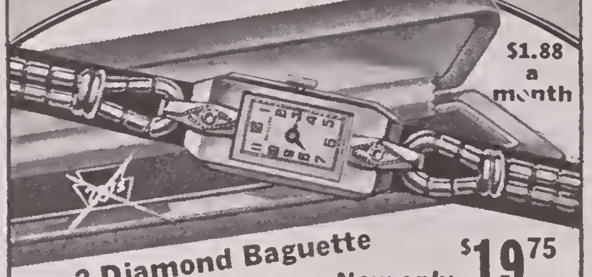

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Joan's life but the lives of her husband and her baby. It happened, of course; in the days before divorce had thrown its shadow on the Blondell household. Joan and her husband and baby were all peacefully asleep. They were awakened when the cat, which was sleeping on the balcony, began to meow loudly and pitifully. George opened the door onto the balcony to find the place ablaze. Desperately Joan and George fought against the fire, and stopped it before it could do any further damage.

Ken Maynard, however, owes his life to a horse. During the filming of one of his pictures, he and Tarzan, his famous horse, were supposed to race out of a burning shack as soon as the flames started. But the flames made greater headway than anyone had expected. Ken found that he couldn't see the door for the smoke and the fire. Choking and gasping, he hung onto the saddle pommel, hoping against hope that Tarzan would somehow find the door. And he was right in trusting Tarzan. The horse bolted for the door and rushed out just as the shack collapsed.

There are many such tales of heroism about Hollywood pets. Some of them are authentic and some of them could undoubtedly be traced back to imaginative press agents. But my favorite pet story is of a star who saved a dog's life!

The dog was Baby, a dachshund given to Joan Crawford by Franchot Tone. Baby was always rushing down to the swimming pool near Joan's garden. Because of the abundance of flowers around the garden, numerous bees buzzed around the swimming pool. Baby would chase them and bark loudly, only to have them fly beyond his reach over the swimming pool.

One day he decided that would be enough from the bees, so when they flew over the swimming pool, he went right after them. To his dismay he found himself choking and sputtering and a little dazed by the plunge in the cold water of the pool. Being only a baby, he couldn't swim very well. In between gulps of water he barked pathetically.

Joan, whom the studio had allowed a slight rest during production because of a minor cold and throat irritation, was busily trying on new and gorgeous pajamas when she first heard the yips and moans coming from the floundering Baby. Rushing into the yard, she took the situation in with a quick glance and, without so much as a thought for either the pesky and costly cold or the fine lace on the imported pajamas, dove in to rescue the puppy.

Baby, seemingly, needed but that one lesson. The bees have now discovered that you can lead a puppy to water, but you can't make him drink.

At last—Jack Oakie takes that long-threatened fatal leap! And Hymie leaped out to Yuma with his trusty camera to catch this picture of Jack and Vanita Varden, former Follies beauty, saying "I do" for Judge Freeman, who has tied the knots for more famous movie people than most of us have ever seen in person. Who said that railroads didn't have a heart? Their train made a special stop at Yuma for fifteen minutes, just to let Jack and "Pigeon" (honest, that's her new husband's pet name for her) get married.

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Something More Than Beauty

(Continued from page 25)

meant for you, not only for a better make-up, but for the health of your skin? (For instance, a famous manufacturer here in Hollywood makes his splendid powder foundation cream in two forms, for dry and for oily skins.)

11. Do you know how to put on a make-up, really *know*?

12. Are you up to date on the new cosmetics constantly being developed? Very important, this, because while good news travels fast, the very thing you have been wishing for may already be on the market.

13. Do you know that if you have little "laughter lines" around your eyes and mouth, these are *not* blemishes, but a definite asset which makes you more charming to other people?

14. Do you know that even a conservative make-up nowadays includes clever touches on the lashes and eyelids?

15. Do you honestly realize that every day you change your appearance, either for less or greater beauty, by the regular care you give your face, and by the thoughts you think?

How did you rate with yourself? I do hope this check-up will help you toward *your* kind of beauty, because that's the finest, best kind of beauty anyone can have, and the most universally admired.

Maybe you've read that big motion picture directors are begging screen aspirants not to copy the present stars, but *to be*

Nosey Nellie Says:

Director William Wyler back from New York has nothing to say about ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan.

The long disputed role of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland" finally went to Fredric March's frau, Florence Eldredge.

Bob Woolsey has recuperated from his long siege of illness in Palm Springs and will make another picture as soon as his team mate, Wheeler, returns from Hawaii.

Ann Harding is at last ready to sail for England with her little girl now that the courts have decided in her favor.

Eric Rhodes, who once swam ten miles from Santa Monica to Malibu, is now in training again. He will try to cross the Salton Sea, fifteen miles, sometime this month, a feat never before accomplished because of the choppy waves and saline content of the water. It will take twelve hours, if he makes it.

Lily Pons is ready to return to Hollywood. RKO will star her in their revival of "Street Girl," the first picture that studio ever made and reportedly the first musical shot after sound came in.

Director Stephan Roberts has bought one hundred acres of land on the Rogue River in Oregon and will convert them into a fruit and dairy farm. He already has four Jersey cows.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are already in rehearsal for "Never Gonna Dance," their next picture which will start production sometime soon.

George Brent has gone so Garbo that not even the studio knows his telephone number or address.

John Barrymore has brought suit against his lawyer for an accounting of funds used. Funds in cash and securities amounted to $100,000.

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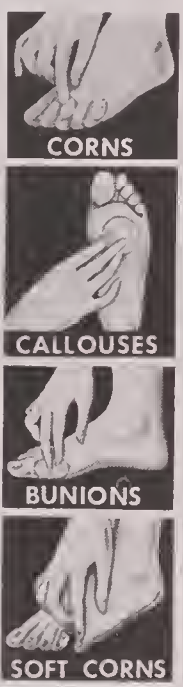

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themselves. That's good advice from anyone; coming from the big directors, it's a "must."

Now for that new beauty treatment I mentioned. It's—chewing gum! That's honestly it, and I knew you'd laugh, but wait a moment and apply common sense, and you'll wonder why you never discovered it for yourself!

As a matter of fact, you probably do already know that chewing gum relieves nervous tension, but do you fully realize what this does for your face? Continued nervous strain makes you unconsciously tighten up all the facial muscles, and when you consider that there are twenty-nine muscles in the face you can see why tension helps to make wrinkles and lines form long before they should.

So definite is this relaxing effect of chewing gum that the big airlines give all passengers packages of gum and urge them to chew it while flying. Relaxing tension by this simple, pleasant but efficacious means considerably obviates the dreaded airsickness, which is like seasickness only more so!

But, important as it is, relaxing nervous tension isn't the only benefit you can derive from chewing gum. If you use gum chewing as a basis for certain facial exercises, you can reach and effect muscles of the face in a way nothing else quite seems to be able to do. One of the most interesting of these exercises works along the same lines of molding and preserving the beauty of the mouth, as our grandmothers' beauty exercise of saying "prunes and prisms" many times a day.

This is how you do it: While you are chewing gum vigorously, toss the head from side to side, purse the lips and then use the muscles around the mouth to slide the lower lip as far to each side as you can while still keeping the mouth pursed. This is only part of this new beauty treatment that I know you'll want to use in its entirety, and I'm glad I've been able to get you a full description of the other exercises. Just mention you'd like this description when you write me about your other beauty problems, and I'll send it on to you.

Chewing gum for beauty is not only wonderfully inexpensive, but it fits with outstanding practicality into our busy, modern life by not taking up extra time. You can practice it while you read, work around the house, or are otherwise engaged.

One last word: Remember always, that whatever kind of beauty it has been given you to express, it is your privilege and your duty to express it to the uttermost! It is your face, and whether or not it seems lovely and fair to others, lies in your hands.

Next month I'll be writing about make-up for the eyes, since so many of you have asked for special information about this. You're right, of course. The proper use of eye make-up is very important, and since I'm going to have an interview with one of the most famous make-up experts in Hollywood, the information I'll have for you will be direct from an expert!

Nelson Eddy's Jinx

(*Continued from page 46*)

And if you enjoy Nelson Eddy on the screen today, you'll have to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Louis B. Mayer. For once again Mayer urged him to continue his study and repeated all the good advice he had previously given him.

Another sterile three months rolled by. In the meantime, Mayer's predictions had come true. A young singer by the name of Grace Moore had started something in fickle screen cycles and once more every studio in Hollywood was clamoring for singers and musical personalities. And when M-G-M decided to film "Naughty Marietta" Mayer kept his promise to Eddy. Frankly, it was a gamble. Not with his voice, but with an untried, inexperienced player trying his wings in a featured acting-and-singing role.

You know the results of that gamble.

Over night, world fame came to Nelson Eddy in a blaze of spectacular acclaim. Everywhere you heard that his sensational success would rival that of Clark Gable. Women, listening to him sing the lovely lilting "Ah, Sweet Mystery Of Life," went mad about him. Magazines were flooded with pictures, interviews and biographies as fast as it was possible to run them through the presses. Fan letters swamped publications. Apparently, all Nelson Eddy had to do was reach for the highest honors Hollywood could offer him and the whole world, with a ribbon on it, was his! But was it? From the very start, peculiarly different circumstances surrounded the success of Nelson Eddy than those of, let us say, Clark Gable.

Clark had scored as a dramatic performer. Eddy was scoring as a tremendous voice and a splendid singing personality. Bear in mind that it was easy to follow up Gable's first hits with a continued series of successes in other dramatic stories. He could be rushed from one feminine star to another and built to the top rapidly. There was not a moment lost in trying to keep Clark Gable before his newly found, idolatrous public—both on the screen and by way of well-planned publicity campaigns—until he became a household word for male sex appeal to every movie-conscious fan.

BUT successful musicals are not so quickly or easily prepared for production. Besides this, the producers had learned the golden lesson that the musical market was easily surfeited by singing-potboilers and they wouldn't repeat the mistake that had ended their first musical spree. In fact, it was an act of great wisdom that his producers did not rush Eddy into a casually-concocted musical in order to cash in on the near-hysteria that he had occasioned in "Naughty Marietta." But as wise as this well planned course had been, the fact remains that while feminine America and Europe was in the process of going crazy about Eddy, he was not being scheduled for another picture. True, "Rose Marie," co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, was announced. But Jeanette had a vacation coming about the same time and she wanted to take it. On top of this, it would take several months of preparation to get "Rose Marie" ready for screening. They were weeks finding the ideal locations for the great out of doors singing romance. More weeks would have to be spent on building the necessary sets.

So again, it was "sit and wait" for Nelson Eddy. There was nothing else to do. But he was merely continuing that strange series of delays and interruptions that have marked his career in Hollywood. To be frank, it is a real tribute to the popular success he scored that his publicity has remained as consistent as it has. Hollywood publicity follows heatedly in the wake of screen activity and performances, as a rule. It is not easy to keep interest pitched at fever heat for a player who is forced to delay too long a time between productions.

Two months elapsed between the last release dates on "Naughty Marietta" and the first scenes of "Rose Marie"—and this new production was scheduled to be in work for three months and would not be released before February 1936.

But that was not all.

IN "Rose Marie," Jeanette MacDonald was cast as an opera star. Nelson Eddy was the handsome mounted policeman. Yes, he sang a number of songs with her. But who was to sing opposite her in her opera scenes? Who was to sing Romeo? It is almost ironical that a newcomer, Allan Jones, should get this marvelous break, especially in a picture co-starring Nelson Eddy. The scenes from *Romeo and Juliet* are perhaps the most effective singing opportunity in the entire picture. And here is something even more ironical:

When "Rose Marie" started, it was freely predicted that Nelson Eddy would be loaned to Universal Studio for the lead opposite Irene Dunne in "Show Boat." Did Eddy turn down that role? Whether he did or not, he departed for a concert tour—and Allan Jones was chosen to sing with Irene Dunne. The chance offered newcomer Allan Jones in "Rose Marie" made his great chance possible. Too, Nelson was attired in a most unbecoming costume; including a hat which Canadian North West regulations required he keep constantly on his head in all outdoor scenes. In the duets with MacDonald, while his voice was on the sound track, the scenes were so cut that he was actually off screen—once in the end of a boat, once just a vision in Jeanette's mind.

Now if I have given the impression that Nelson Eddy is at all upset about this, I haven't meant to. He is one of Allan Jones's most enthusiastic boosters. Besides, so great is his voice and so popular his personal appeal that it would take far more than one effective number to steal the show away from Nelson Eddy, the people's choice. It seems nothing short of a jinx, however, could have allowed another male singer's success story to have its first chapter singing in a picture co-starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald!

Then "Rose Marie" was previewed in Hollywood. This is almost as great a picture as "Naughty Marietta." Jeanette was scheduled for "San Francisco" with Clark Gable immediately. Allan Jones

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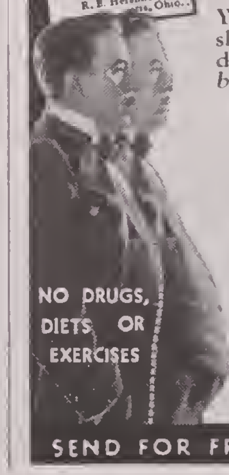
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moved over to the set of "Show Boat."

But what of the strange case of Nelson Eddy? As usual nothing happens.

At the regular speed, his next picture can't be released before late fall or the spring of 1937. His studio is not to blame; they have guided his career wisely and well. In face of all the discouragement, they have presented him with two outstanding, smash opportunities and don't let's forget that the head of his studio kept him under contract when Eddy, himself, would have run away from Hollywood and the movies.

Eddy cannot be blamed. He has been ready and eager to work on a moment's notice.

The public cannot be blamed, for they have enshrined him on one of the highest pedestals in Hollywood in as short a time as it is possible to create an idol.

Where there is no blame and no reason, there must be a jinx. Is that the secret back of the puzzling career frustration Nelson Eddy has faced ever since he came to Hollywood?

Cooking Department

(Continued from page 23)

the rice evenly as it should, so I just had to keep on using the little bowl, letting the overflowing rice go where it might. Next day, I used a bigger bowl and it was some of the simplest candy-making I've ever done. So you be sure you use a good, big mixing bowl, and you'll be all right. Here's the recipe. I know you will enjoy making puffed rice candy often.

PUFFED RICE CANDY

6 cups puffed rice
2 cups sugar
1½ cups water
½ cup white corn syrup
⅓ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tbl. vanilla

Boil together the sugar, water and corn syrup till it cracks in cold water. I hope you use a candy thermometer for this, and for all candy, as a matter of fact, because, while experienced cooks can generally judge accurately at temperatures, using a candy thermometer is the best insurance against candy failure. For this candy, the first boiling is to 260 degrees F. Then you add the vinegar, salt and vanilla and boil just a little longer, or until it gets to 264 degrees F. Do not stir the syrup at any time while it is cooking, or it may all "go to sugar" instead of remaining clear.

Now pour your rice into a *big* bowl, and pour the hot syrup over it very slowly, stirring the rice rapidly to see that every kernel gets an even, shiny coating of sweetness. Just as soon as it is cool enough to handle, shape the coated rice into balls, but don't begin this too soon, or you'll burn your hands. Let stand over night in a cool place and then wrap the balls in waxed paper to keep them crisp and appetizing.

I had a hard time deciding which of the other dishes I had made up should be photographed, and while this stuffed egg-plant may not be the handsomest of them, the taste was so extra good I wanted you to be sure to try it. Here is the recipe. This is good enough and rich enough to serve as the main dish for a luncheon with other vegetables, but you can also use it as a vegetable with meat. That elusive, nutty flavor will have your guests guessing what is in it!

STUFFED EGG PLANT EXTRA

1 large egg plant or two or three small ones
1 tbl. chopped onion
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbls. bacon fat
⅔ cup grape-nuts
½ cup tomato pulp (fresh or canned)
¼ cup finely chopped, thoroughly drained broiled bacon
1 slightly beaten egg

This recipe is to be used with four cups of chopped egg plant, so you can vary it according to the size of the big egg plant, or use small ones and serve the halves as individual portions. Parboil the egg plant for five minutes and watch it so both sides get cooked, as it will bob around on top of the water. Cut it in half lengthwise, and scoop out the pulp, leaving a shell about half an inch thick. Chop the pulp and fry in the bacon fat for ten minutes with the onion, salt and pepper. Take from the stove. Stir in the grape-nuts, then the egg, the chopped bacon and the tomato. Fill the shells, sprinkle with grape-nuts and bake for half an hour in a hot oven (400 degrees F). Garnish with parsley, and if you are using this as the main dish, serve on a big platter surrounded with mashed potatoes, rice, noodles, fresh string beans or new peas.

We can never have too many recipes for muffins. Here is an excellent crunchy one that includes corn flakes. Once in a while you can use bran in the same amount called for, instead of corn flakes, as bran stimulates digestion.

BRAN OR CORN FLAKE MUFFINS

¾ cup milk
1 cup bran or corn flakes
1 cup sifted flour
3½ tsps. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
3 tbls, sugar
1 well beaten egg
3 tbls. melted butter

Pour the milk over the bran or flakes and let stand for five minutes. Sift the once-sifted and measured flour, with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the butter and the egg to the first mixture and stir. Add flour and stir just enough to incorporate it thoroughly. Bake in greased muffin pans for twenty-five to thirty minutes in a hot oven (425° F). Figs, dates (especially the dates being prepared for the market in a new way here in California, which makes them better than ever to taste, and much easier to use in cooking) and chopped prunes, also raisins, may be added to these muffins.

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1 cup corn flakes
Dash of salt
4 tbls. sugar
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup finely cut dates
1 cup broken walnut meats
1 cup milk

Crush together the two kinds of flakes. Put one-half cup of the mixture to one side. To the rest of it, add the salt, sugar, orange rind, dates and nuts and stir in the milk. Shape into a roll about eight inches long and sprinkle this with the reserved half cup of flakes. Wrap in waxed paper and put in the refrigerator for at least five hours, till firm. When ready to serve, slice and garnish with whipped cream.

Try these recipes and see if you aren't as enthusiastic as I am about using cereals in other ways besides for breakfast! And do send in for the other recipes I want you to have, that there isn't space for here, and for the name of those new California dates.

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Movie Mirror, Junior

(*Continued from page* 10)

ingenue. She has appeared in many Paramount pictures, among them "The Calling of Dan Matthews." In addition to her screen career, Mary is the mistress of a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. She married Leo Trover, ace Paramount cameraman, about a year ago.

Most of you MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS are familiar with Mickey Daniels. Two of his latest pictures are "Strike Me Pink" and "The Great Ziegfeld."

Mickey, in the old days, played the red-haired, freckled faced ringleader of the "Gang." He is still blessed with about as many freckles and takes parts calling for the cut-up, laughing character he played as a very young tot.

"Farina" was the first little colored boy with "Our Gang." And now, after years of successful vaudeville experience with his sister, he has returned to films. His most recent role was in "Reckless," an M-G-M picture with Jean Harlow.

The other four members of the original gang, we discover, are in school at the present time. Joe Cobb, once the fat boy of films, is living in Dallas, Texas. Joe plans soon, however, to go on a personal appearance tour as master of ceremonies with members of the present "Our Gang." "Scooter," who played the little tough guy is now attending high school in Long Island Jackie Condon and Jack Davis live in Hollywood and the former frequently plays in films today.

Not to be overlooked, of course, is the original and celebrated "Pete the Pup," the monocled dog. He, too, still leads a full and busy life in Hollywood. Of course. Pete's descendents have replaced him in actual film work. First, it was his son, then a grandson and now a great-grandson. There is usually a litter of descendant puppies at the Hal Roach ranch, located not far from the studio, to supply a new "Pete" whenever needed.

Jackie Cooper isn't what you might call grown-up just yet. However, Jackie got his early screen training with "Our Gang." Jackie's future plans are such that he may be the first famous movie boy who will not have to leave the screen while he is growing up. Suitable stories about typical American boys may enable him to grow to manhood right in pictures. That would be a very fine thing, don't you think?

Mrs. Carter, the charming and motherly lady who started teaching the original members of "Our Gang" their school lessons, is still teaching in the same capacity.

If you don't believe it is fun to study under a teacher like Mrs. Carter, listen to what she says about some of their present school work:

"Our location trips, in themselves, furnish wonderful practical lessons for the group. Offhand, I recall a week we spent recently filming scenes in a roundhouse, another on the battleship *U. S. S. California* and other such unusual places. On each of these trips, the children are given

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

TOO MANY PARENTS (Paramount). A fine picture about how boys live in a military academy. It has lots of excitement, action and humor in it.

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED. (Principal Productions). Here is a bang-up western with a new twist. George O'Brien uses his with more than his guns in rounding up the villains. Lots of action.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS (20th Century-Fox). If you like Charlie Chan, you will especially enjoy this mystery film with a circus background.

LITTLE MISS NOBODY (20th Century-Fox). Jane Withers will have you laughing at her antics in this story about a little orphan girl who befriends others.

Mrs. Fern Carter has been "mother" and teacher of "Our Gang" for fifteen years, and do her "children" love her? Just look at her with Harold "Slim" Switzer, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, Darla Hood and "Spanky" McFarland.

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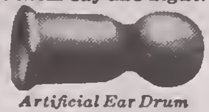

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the chance to learn all they can absorb of the places we visit. They understand the explanations and sights, too.

"I'm very proud of them," she smiled.

Yes! It must be fun being a child in the movies, even if some of them can't return to the screen after they are grown.

Cora Sue Collins dropped in to visit the offices of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR the other day and to introduce us to her new pet, Rusty, a peach of a big brown Irish Setter dog. Cora Sue is pretty proud of him.

"When I was working in 'Dark Angel,' she said, "there was a dog just like Rusty in the picture. But they wouldn't sell him to me. But one day when I was on location in Beverly Hills a man came to visit us who had Rusty with him. The minute I saw him, I knew he was the very dog I wanted. And sure enough the man sold him to me."

After romping all over the office, upsetting the wastebasket, etc., Rusty found our stenographer's bowl of live turtles. What a scene followed! Rusty barked and jumped around like a hopping Mexican bean. The pet turtles hurriedly drew in their necks and legs and wouldn't budge for hours.

Cora Sue explained that she is now studying for a nice part in a picture that will be called "The Harvester." In it she rides a horse and that suits her perfectly, for she is very fond of riding.

It wasn't long until Rusty began jumping around again and Cora Sue thought it was time she was taking him home.

"Tell all the MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS hello for me, won't you?" Cora Sue asked as she departed.

OUR contest this month is an easy one. Just write a letter telling what three sights you would rather see in Hollywood than anything else. That is all.

Perhaps some of you readers would rather visit some particular star's home than anything else. Or, you might want to go directly to a big movie studio. Whatever it is, let us hear about the three favorite places you would like to visit in Hollywood.

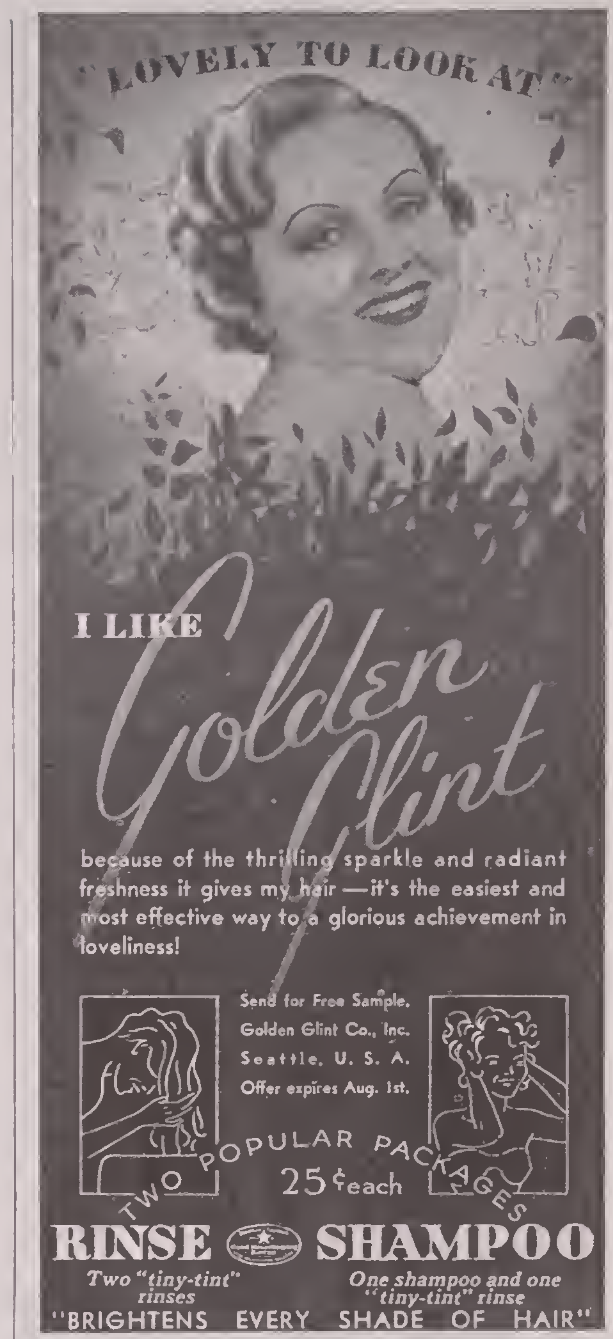
For the best letter received, a prize of $10.00 will be awarded. For the second best letter, a prize of $5.00 will be given. The next ten best letters will be awarded an autographed photograph of the popular cowboy star, Buck Jones. Letters will be judged upon the basis of interest, and clarity of expression. In case of ties, the full amount of the award tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.

Hurry and write your letters and send them to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. Your letter must arrive by June 8, 1936.

GEORGE O'BRIEN HAS NINE LIVES!

He's been face-to-face with blindness, eye-to-eye with death, disaster, and disability a hundred, breath-taking times and still Lady Luck is smiling.

In the July MOVIE MIRROR
On sale everywhere May 22nd



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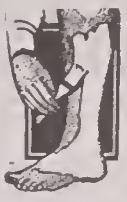

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. . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes
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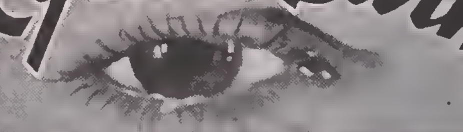

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American Silk Hosiery Mills, Dept. B-18, Indianapolis, Ind.

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 21)

RECENTLY, Shirley Temple was taken to the Bush gardens in Pasadena to make scenes for her new picture, "Poor Little Rich Girl."

Across the street, the school children discovered Shirley was there and begged the teachers to let them have a recess to call on Shirley. Instead, the principal wrote Mrs. Temple a note asking if Shirley might visit the school and say hello to the children. Mrs. Temple, fearing a crush of children, refused.

After school, however, the children crowded about the fence and made such a commotion, work was impossible. Mrs. Temple wrote a note saying if the teachers would line up the children and see they remained in line, Shirley might pass along and speak to each child.

This was done and no lines of soldiers remained stiffer or more erect than the little school children while Shirley passed along the rows and smiled at each.

* * *

GEORGE RAFT is taking a very lovely little blonde to lunch these days which, oddly enough, only adds to the rumors that all is still well between George Raft and Virginia Pine. The little blonde is, of course, Miss Pine's little daughter by a former marriage.

Little Miss Pine, by the way, adores her "Uncle Georgie" and no wonder. Hardly a day passes that George doesn't escort her to the little merry-go-round on Sunset Boulevard and watch with adoring eyes while his charge prances around on a giraffe.

* * *

THERE'S many a slip between the lip and the microphone on motion picture sets, but one of the funniest happened to Richard Arlen while making a scene from "The Mine with the Iron Door."

Richard was supposed to say, "I have always wanted to see the pinnacle of the gods." Instead, Richard blurted out, "I have always wanted to see the pinochle of the gods."

* * *

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON wants her fans to know it's "yes" to all three questions. It seems Josephine's fans have been writing to know if she is young, if her hair is red, and if she really wears smart clothes off the screen. In all her pictures lately Josephine has played women of indefinite age who wore house aprons and looked plain frumpy.

Josephine, in fact, is one of Hollywood's smartest dressed girls off screen and can't have passed beyond the middle twenties. The red of her hair is rich auburn.

And now for more information you haven't asked about. Her hobby is collecting potted plants. She owns many rare specimens which she carted with her across the country from New York.

* * *

IT'S no longer the thing in Hollywood to be known as the girl with the most beautiful legs, or hands, or smile. It's the unusual hair that wins this season. And the funny part of it is (no puns, now) that the hair must be inconspicuous to be unusual. Jean Harlow started it when her platinum tresses went brown. Ann Sothern became a “honey blonde.’

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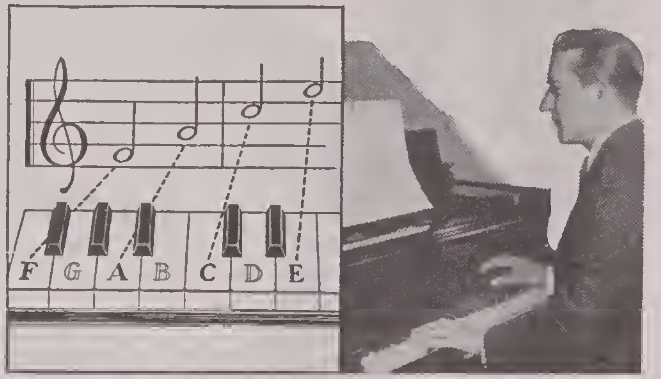

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1. Easily applied—without water.
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If you have been disappointed or dissatisfied with other cream mascaras upon discovering they are waxy, gummy or stinging to your eyes—try MAYBELLINE'S perfect and harmless cream form mascara for really delightful eye beauty. The generous introductory size in a specially constructed dainty gold-metal tube, complete with exclusively molded brush, is obtainable NOW at all leading ten cent stores. Colors: Black, Brown and Blue. For perfect eye make-up in good taste—

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Tested and Approved
4847
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

Now Alice Faye is the next definite blonde to go darker. In fact, Alice walked into the publicity department of her studio recently to know if some sort of campaign couldn't be put on whereby Alice could be known henceforth as "The girl with the amber hair."

* * *

MARGOT GRAHAME had been wearing exceedingly high heels for a sequence in "Queer Money" and was stretched out between shots with her personal maid massaging her aching feet. She happened to glance at her stand-in, Lynn Dupre, and noticed that she, too, was attempting to rub away aches and pains in her nether extremities.

Big-hearted (and thoughtful), Margot sent the maid over to give the stand-in the same treatment she had just had at the maid's dexterous hands.

* * *

GUESS who Marian Marsh's best beau is these days since she has recuperated from her recent appendectomy and has returned to work? None other than Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex-husband. He's that devoted the match-makers are convinced it means wedding bells. Marian keeps a discreet silence about it, but we wouldn't be too surprised.

* * *

IT was a heart-warming gesture the crew on Columbia's "Queer Money" set made the other day when George McKay finished a long and rather difficult scene with nary a slip-up.

McKay is an old-time vaudeville dancer and was considered by many the Fred Astaire of his day. The recent years, however, have been none too kind to him and he approached this job in pictures with certain misgivings.

As he danced off the set with his line: "And then I shuffle off to Buffalo like this" and Director Erle Kenton called "Cut!" the whole crew, led by Kenton, broke into spontaneous and genuine applause. It brought tears to McKay's eyes.

* * *

JUST another story with an autograph-hunter theme, people, but it's rather a good one on Clark Gable.

When it came time to drive up to Sunland for some outside shots (the picture is "San Francisco") Clark decided to rattle along in the Valentine flivver Carole Lombard gave him. He'd had it reconditioned and figured he would be less conspicuous in it than in a company limousine.

That's what he figured! It took four cops to disentangle him from the crush of Sunland-ers with their notebooks and pencils. That crazy Ford has received a lot of publicity.

* * *

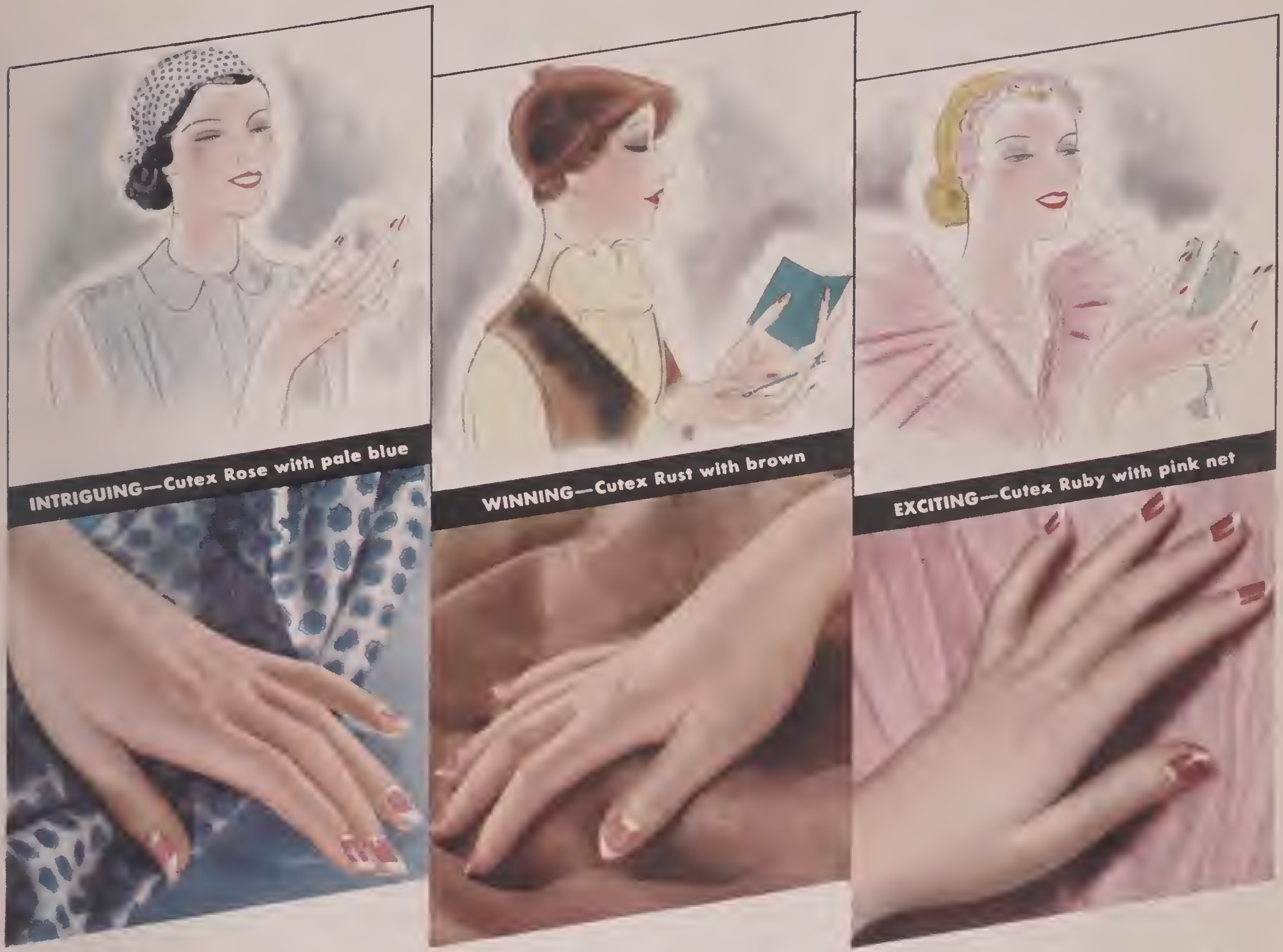
BASIL RATHBONE, about whom there has never been so much as a whisper of scandal or misconduct, is still trying to square himself after the spot Director George Cukor, in a playful mood, put him on the other day.

A feminine writer was interviewing Basil on the set. Ouida Rathbone (Mrs. Basil) was sitting along side. Cukor came up and in apparent dead seriousness said: "Just a minute, Basil. I wanted to warn you the mother of Miss X (the writer) is on the set too and watching you like a hawk."

Of the three—Basil, Mrs. Basil and the

Voted the 3 Smartest Nail Colors

BY FASHIONABLE VISITORS AT WHITE SULPHUR


INTRIGUING—Cutex Rose with pale blue
WINNING—Cutex Rust with brown
EXCITING—Cutex Ruby with pink net

IN THE SPRING, White Sulphur is the place to see all the smartest women!

Playing the beautiful golf courses, watching the Mason and Dixon Tennis Tournament, dancing at the Greenbrier.

The very smartest of them have selected three shades of nail polish as outstanding for 1936: Cutex Rose, Cutex Rust and Cutex Ruby.

Cutex Rose is perfect, they say, with all your sports clothes. It's lovely with pastels, perfectly at home with conservative tweeds and a "good mixer" with bright, difficult colors.

The new *Cutex Rust* is also being seen in every smart group. It's a Sun-Tan shade that's marvelous with brown, beige, gray and green. But the real secret of its great popularity at White Sulphur is—it's made to flatter sun-tanned hands. A hint for this summer!

The great vogue for *Cutex Ruby* has never waned. It goes with all colors—*must* be worn with black. And nothing as yet equals its chic, gaiety and sparkle for evening.

* * *

No matter what Cutex shade you wear, you can be sure it will be correct and smart. Each Cutex shade is created by the World's Manicure Authority. And don't forget that Cutex has a grand lustre and holds the record for wear.

But *do* take an advance fashion tip from White Sulphur—hurry and get your bottles of Cutex Rose, Rust and Ruby. You'll be 'way ahead of the crowd! At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to match—50¢.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick—for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.,
Dept. 6-B-6, 191 Hudson Street, New York.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose ☐ Rust ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐.
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

Name____________________

Address____________________

City State

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

[illegible] The American Tobacco Company

Luckies – a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO – "IT'S TOASTED"

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

movie MIRROR

JULY

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

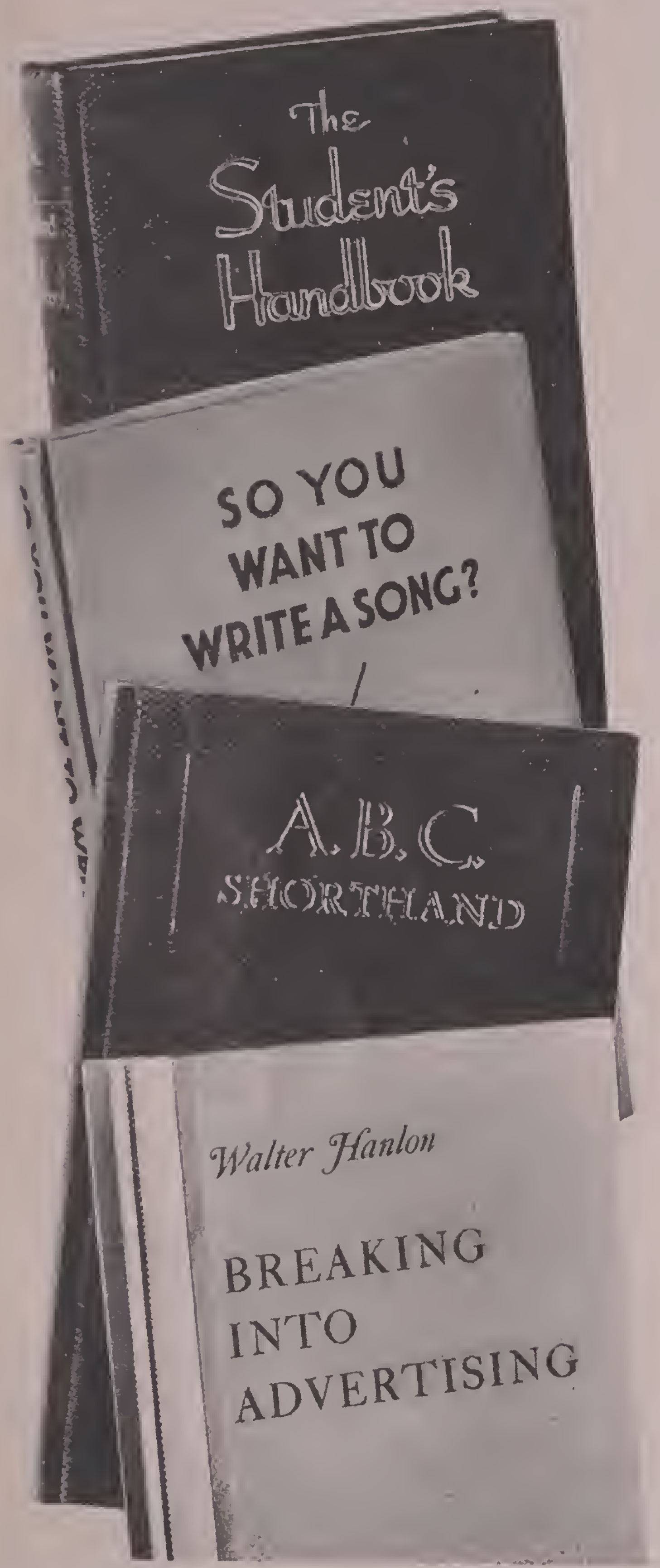
IRENE DUNNE

THE GAY STORY of JACK OAKIE'S MARRIAGE

low Hollywood Outsmarts the Underworld

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

FOUR TIMELY SELF-HELP BOOKS ONE OF THEM MAY HELP YOU TO REALIZE YOUR AMBITION



The Student's Handbook, edited by William Allan Brooks. Here is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering college—geographical index listing $42,000,000 of student loans and scholarships and where to apply—spare time work for college students (300 practical suggestions)—mistakes often made in examinations—after high school, what?—after college, what?—business or profession—ten desirable timely professions. If you are planning on or hoping for higher education this book can help you. If you are the parents of ambitious children, no gift you could give them would be more welcome. Substantially cloth bound, 318 pages—**$1.89.**

So You Want To Write A Song?—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association, Editor "Melody Magazine." The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**$1.00.**

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☐ Breaking Into Advertising $1.75
☐ A B C Shorthand $1.00
☐ So You Want To Write A Song $1.00

Name..

Street..

City..............................State..............................

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVIE MIRROR

VOL. 9 NO. 2
JULY
1936

Edited from Hollywood
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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Natural Color Photograph of IRENE DUNNE by James N. Doolittle

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

(OUT JUNE 24)

When Bob Taylor Was Unpopular

You'll find it hard to believe, but the current screen sensation was heartily disliked when he first went to college. But Bob found the way to overcome this hostility, and thus laid the foundation for his remarkable success in films. You'll learn a lot about Mr. Taylor—and human nature—in this scoop feature about him next month.

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo

Clark Gable

William Powell

Myrna Loy

Jeanette MacDonald

Nelson Eddy

Luise Rainer

Jean Harlow

Wallace Beery

Robt. Montgomery

Eleanor Powell

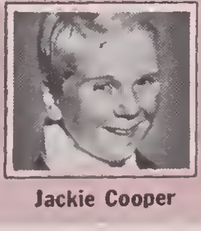
Freddie Bartholomew

Robert Taylor

The Marx Brothers

Charles Laughton

Laurel & Hardy



Jackie Cooper

Lionel Barrymore

John Barrymore

Spencer Tracy

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

WRITE FOR PAULINE NELSON'S new suggestions for using fruit juices; delicate and exotic ices, new tang for vegetables; special cakes and frostings, and how to use fruit juices when serving drinks. No charge for these . . . just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to

Pauline Nelson
c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

THINGS move so rapidly in this wonderful modern age of ours, that you no sooner feel you know quite a lot about a subject, than you discover dietitians and doctors and manufacturers have been busy making experiments, perfecting methods, and otherwise adding to knowledge which the housewife should have. That's why my article this month is on fruit juices, to catch up on some of these new things.

Like you, I know very well that fruits are one of the so-called "protective foods;" which simply means that fruit eaten regularly gives you certain elements you must have to keep well.

This is a fact that needed no elaborate, modern laboratory tests to make clear, because it was clearly and dramatically proven over a hundred years ago when British naval authorities began issuing a daily ration of lime juice to every sailor on long cruises.

The sailors who had their lime juice regularly didn't come down with the dreaded scurvy. Other sailors who were forced to subsist on the dried and salted foods of those days (because they didn't have adequate refrigeration for fresh foods) were almost miserably sure to show signs of scurvy. Now scurvy isn't a germ disease. It's the result of starving the body of certain elements, and there was a mysterious something in the lime juice which supplied these elements. Incidentally, that's why English sailors, right down to today, are called "limeys."

Of course, we all know about vitamins now; they were the mysterious something that protected those sailors. Scientists have isolated each vitamin, and discovered what each one does for you, and they've even discovered the habits of these strange entities—how certain ones can't stand being cooked, and how others vanish when exposed to the air. Remember that last, because it has an important bearing on something I'll speak of later.

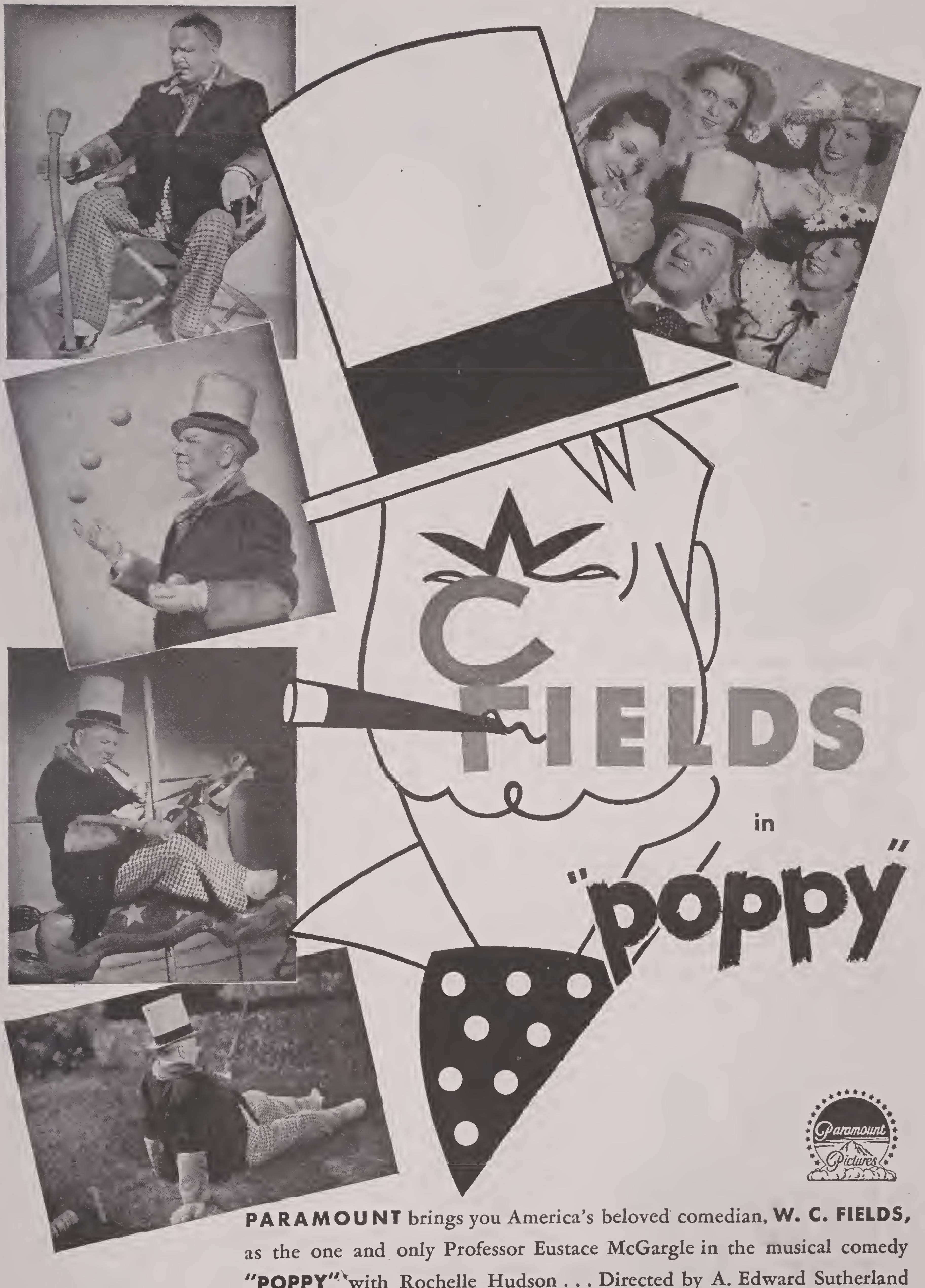
Paramount's Eleanore Whitney has fruit juice daily on the set—she knows its value for both health and beauty

Now, we aren't poor sailors, forced to remain at sea for months on end, and I don't think any of us needs to fear scurvy, but just the same, we need the elements which only fruit juices can give us, or our bodies are going to suffer, and our looks, and our nerves, too

Haven't you been aware, recently, of seeing a great many advertisements for orange, grapefruit, pineapple and tomato juice; of finding these at your favorite restaurant and soda fountains? I'm quite sure that you don't need to be urged, or "advertised at," to drink fruit juices, they taste so good anyway, but I do think we all need to be reminded that these juices aren't just an additional taste-pleasure, but actual foods, necessary parts of our diet. And I'm sure you'll be interested in the reason for the increased sales of canned fruit juices.

As science began insisting that we should drink fruit juices to keep well, there was quite naturally an increased demand for these juices in a practical, ready-to-serve form. But do you think that was easy to provide? It was not.

I'm not so (*Continued on page* 96)


W C FIELDS
in
"POPPY"
Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS,** as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

With this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish

Edith Fellows GUEST EDITOR

MOVIE MIRROR, junior

Now the fun begins! Famous junior stars of Hollywood are going to edit Movie Mirror's Junior *Page.*

We start off the series with Edith Fellows, Columbia's starlet. Be sure to read how to get one of her autographed photographs.

Next month Freddie Bartholomew will conduct the department. Watch for it!

Hello, Movie Juniors:

I AM very happy indeed to have the honor of editing Movie Mirror Junior this month, and also to write this open letter to the readers of Movie Mirror.

I receive letters every day from boys and girls who are about the same age as I am, and the one thing all of them ask me is how I started in pictures and about my work.

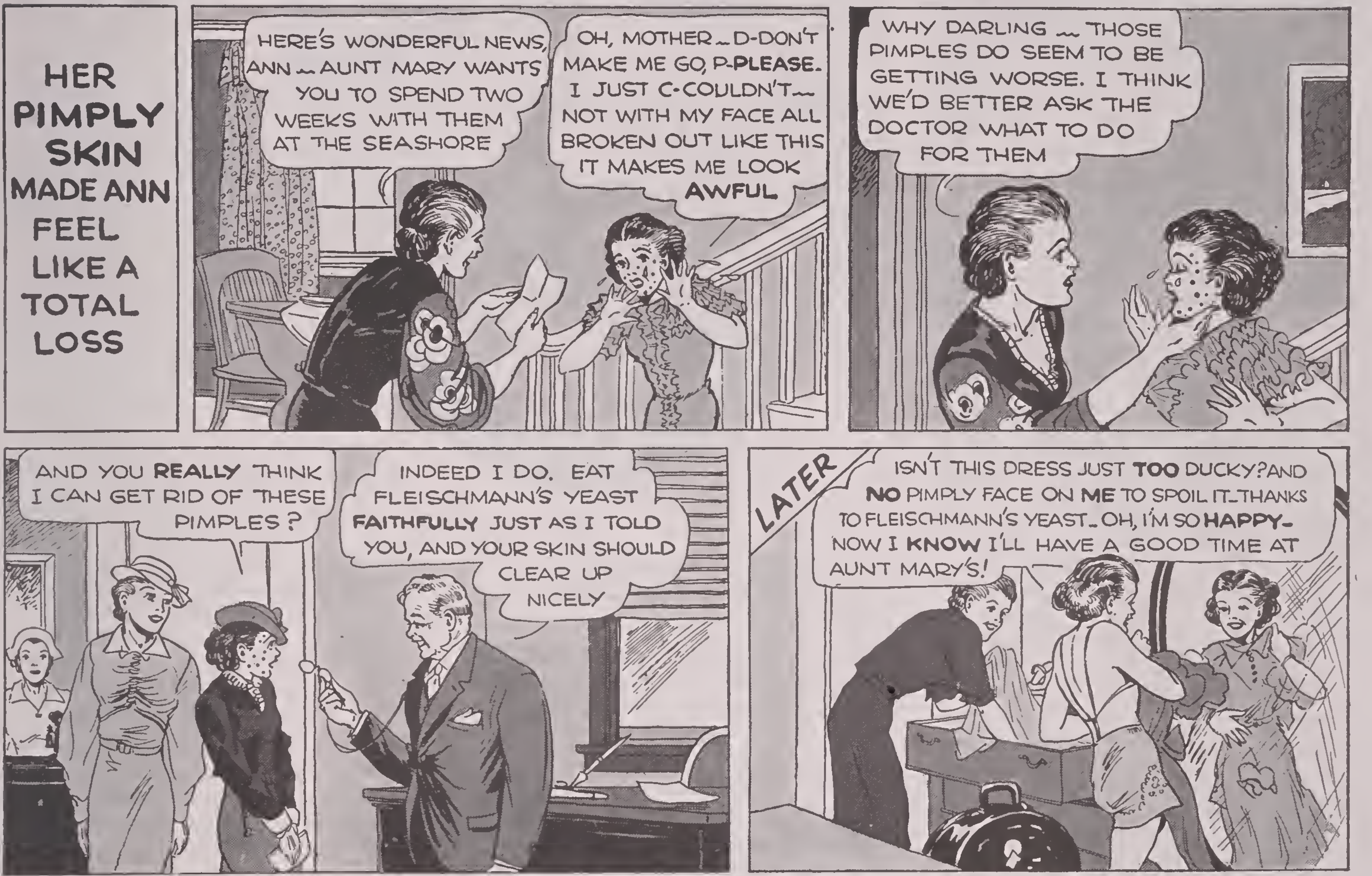
I am ten years old and was born in Boston, Massachusetts. When I first started out I went on the stage in benefits in Charlotte, North Carolina. I danced, sang, and gave impersonations, and everybody told my grandmother, who takes care of me, that I should go to Hollywood.

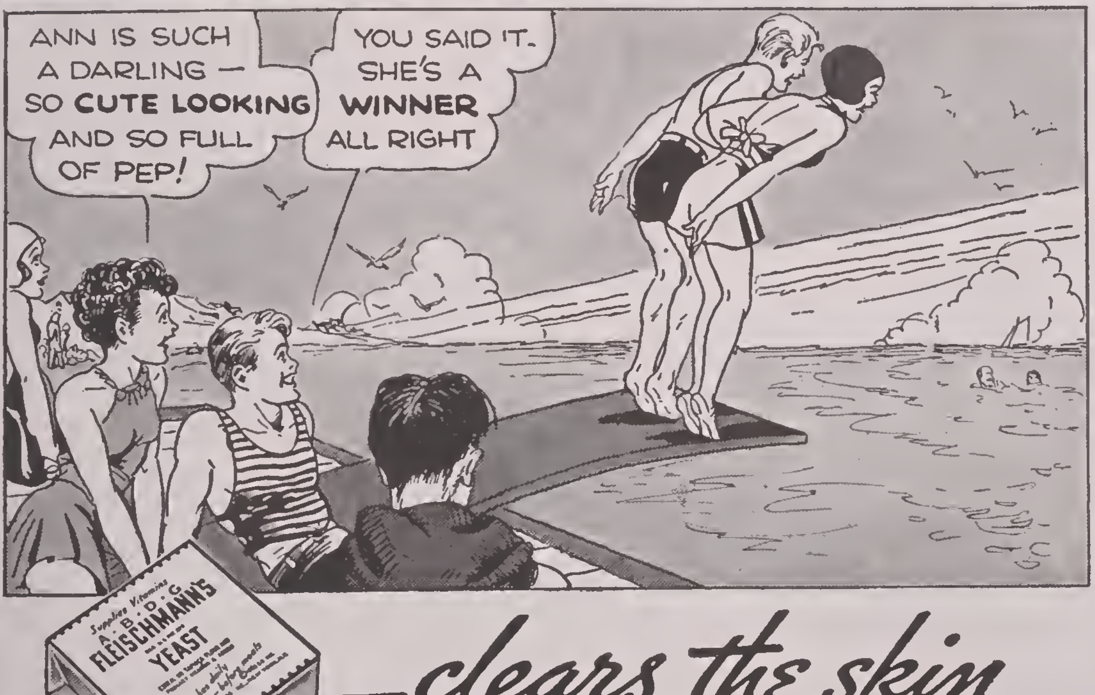
I was only three years old when I arrived—that was in 1929—and the movies had just begun to talk. I made the last silent picture for Hal Roach, "Movie Night," with Charlie Chase.

The first time I ever went onto a movie set was with my grandmother and a friend of hers, whose little boy was being tried out for a part. The casting director invited both of us into his office. The casting director asked me if I could hiccup. I didn't know what to say and so I mumbled, "Oh, no," and then changed it and said, "Oh, yes." The little boy got the part, naturally, but later he was taken sick and I was given the part.

I worked in extra parts for five years and my first real good part was with Richard Dix in "His Greatest Gamble." I played his daughter. After that, Mr. Dix said he thought I had a great future and he sent me to a manager who is still taking care of me. Mr. Dix told Mumsie, my grandmother, "If you need anything at all, or if ever you are in trouble, please let me know," but we've never needed anything since then. I have gone from one part to another and finally (*Continued on page* 90)

I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE


HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS
HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN — AUNT MARY WANTS YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE
OH, MOTHER — D-DON'T MAKE ME GO, P-PLEASE. I JUST C-COULDN'T — NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL
WHY DARLING — THOSE PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'D BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM
AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?
INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY
LATER
ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY? AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT — THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — OH, I'M SO HAPPY — NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!


ANN IS SUCH A DARLING — SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEP!
YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT

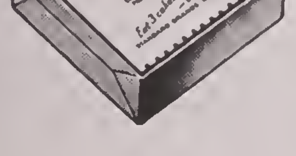
Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

ZiP
The New
Odorless
CREAM-
LIKE FACIAL TOILETRIE

HAIR REMOVER

Millions of women have longed for a depilatory which contains no sulphides, no offensive odors; a depilatory that can be used as freely on the face as on the legs; a hair remover which contains no caustics . . . *Here it is.*

What a boon to women! You simply spread the New Odorless ZiP Facial Hair Remover over the area where the hair is to be removed—face, arms, legs or body, remove it, and instantly get rid of every trace of hair. . . . Ask for the new **odorless** ZiP Facial Hair Remover.

Your Dealer Also Carries

ZiP Perfumed Depilatory Cream For years this has been the choice of women everywhere. Quick . . . Easy . . . Effective. Extra large tubes at low prices.

ZiP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT The only *Registered* Epilator available for destroying superfluous hair. With your package you receive, free, a large jar of ZiP Cream Deodorant, and a tube of my delightful Massage, Cleansing and Tissue Building Crème.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon. Write for booklet.

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (AT 46th ST.)

Switch to ZiP for overcoming BODY ODORS
CREAM DEODORANT
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write
Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letters to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Speak for Yourself

"Three Cheers for Love!" says Grace Bradley (it's the name of her next Paramount film).

$20 PRIZE LETTER
Life in Its True Colors

I have been in the grip of a profound emotional experience since seeing "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It wasn't only another picture to me—it was a pulsing page from life, in life's natural, glowing color.

I went to the theater that day with considerable misgiving. I had been deeply disappointed in "Becky Sharp," recalling with distaste its animated pink and blue dolls, grimacing and posing through the film—but this picture! I recall it only in superlatives. Superb photography! Incredible beauty! Perfect casting! (And, thank Heaven, there was no attempt to "pretty up" the characters. I loved and hated and lived with them, so deeply engrossed that it seemed that it must *not* end.)

When a black and white picture followed, I came down to earth with a thud. How *had* I enjoyed them all these years?

Hortense Lambert,
Moville, Ia.

$10 PRIZE LETTER
Movie-less Town

It's been only a week since Pittsburgh's movies were shut down because of the flood, but oh, how we miss them! In order to conserve electric power they will remain closed a few more days. Everywhere people are saying, "If we could only go to a movie to forget all about this flood." Or, "Every other city has newsreel views of the flood, but us. Wish we could see them."

Pittsburgh's best movie places were badly damaged and many small ones were flooded. Much speculation is going on as to when they will reopen and how they will look redecorated.

It's remarkable the part they play in the life of Pittsburghers. It's hard to believe how much they are missed, but they will be packed, once they open their doors. Then everyone will be saying, "It's mighty good to have movies again."

B. M. Schaefer,
Ben Avon, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
That Story Problem!

After seeing "Colleen," I can understand why Hollywood stars "strike" because of poor stories. For the first time in my life, I felt like walking out before it was over. Only my intense admiration for those grand troupers, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, kept me in my seat. Such a rotten story for such fine young artists!

And I think there is no excuse for it nor for the rest of the trouble with other stars because of waning originality in story creation. For if the expensive writing talent in the movie metropolis is unable to cope with the demands placed on it (and they are undoubtedly heavy) why can't Hollywood follow the example of other big businesses — Macfadden Publications, for instance—and use contests to tap the vast sources of imaginative talent still undiscovered. Major Bowes, and before him, Bernarr Macfadden, have demonstrated the richness of the talent that often lies camouflaged under the misleading coverage of "Amateur."

Certainly it is time to stop making star artists the scapegoats for stupid executives.

Marie Brennan,
St. Louis, Mo.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Another Problem Solved

I took my seven-year-old grandson to see "The Story of Louis Pasteur." I did not expect him to be interested in this movie, but, to my surprise, he sat there with wide open eyes and mouth, deeply interested. He begged me to get him a microscope, and every evening he sits at his little desk for a couple of hours, looking for germs.

He used to hate to wash his hands before he sat down to eat. Often his Dad would say, "Son, get up and wash your hands." He would cry and would rather do without eating than wash his hands. After he saw this movie, he not only washed his hands, but asked me to get him a brush so that he could scrub his hands like Paul Muni had that doctor who laughed at germs do. He says, "I don't want to swallow any germs." So, thanks to this movie, it solved a problem none of us could solve.

Mrs. Rose Barnett,
Elwood, Ind.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Notes on Autograph Hunting

All over the world autograph hunting is a popular hobby, and from England I would like to express my very sincere appreciation for the kindness and generosity Hollywood stars have shown. My name is Cherry, and 75 per cent of those whose autographs I have requested have sent the picture *personally* inscribed to me. As my collection numbers almost 500, this is a very high average—and a good insight into the personality of these clever, glamorous, eccentric and lovable people. Few send facsimiles, and when these are returned with the request for a *genuine* autograph I am seldom disappointed. Katharine Hepburn sent back a green ink, almost indecipherable scrawl which shouted—*darn cheek, but here you are!*

I send them the very artistic pictures from your magazine, and an amusing gem in my collection is one I sent Spencer Tracy which happened to have rather a simpering picture of Cary Grant on the other side. *Both were signed* (no superiority complex *there*) and underneath Cary's picture Tracy had pencilled "Marlene." I inadvertently scorched Chester Morris' signed picture, wrote and told him so, and he sent a large studio portrait inscribed: "This face reacts *terribly* to hot irons. C. M."

Cherry Maloney,
Birmingham, Eng.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
In Praise of Anger—and Franchot

Anger has always been a foible of mine. I *like* it. It is a splendid emotion, violent and honest. Like thunder, it clears the air. It is rare on the screen, too, and certainly difficult to portray.

After the number of milksop roles that have fallen to his presumably uncomplaining lot, it was splendid to watch Franchot Tone's young barrister in "The Unguarded Hour," especially in the climactic badgering scene. I refer to the episode in which his cronies "rib" him about an alibi for the time in which an hypothetical murder has been committed. At first he is merely vexed by the nonsense, then resentful, then he grows tense, ruffled, angrier and angrier; his voice changes in quality, its tones crying out, "Don't touch—leave me alone." His eyes snap, his fingers clench, his hair bristles. He is Anger personified. One longs to soothe him. And it is all done so softly, so quietly. . . .

Mrs. Selma Katz,
Brockton, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
The Paradoxical Mr. Howard

I'm still marveling at the paradox of a man's nature. Perhaps you will also wonder at Mr. Leslie Howard's contradictory qualities. First, he created a masterpiece in "The Petrified Forest." In my estimation, it's the best directed, acted and thought-provoking film in ages. The philosophy, sensitive portrayals and almost symbolic background were truly magnificent. Mr. Howard gave a fine interpretation of the disillusioned writer.

Second, I read your special feature, "Why Leslie Howard Is Leaving the Screen," in May's edition. It told me this genius did not care to act or even like it. Certainly here is a paradox. A single man, slender and small with sandy hair and in ragged clothing, moves an audience to tears . . . creates a supreme achievement, and doesn't care to do it? His figure and voice are dramatics in themselves, and yet he doesn't want to use their abilities? Do you wonder at my perplexity?

We've enjoyed and appreciated his performances enormously. To lose this personality is to lose part of the dramatic world in one whiff. We'll sincerely regret his departure.

Edna Nemoff,
Cresskill, N. J.

. . . REDUCE . . .
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!

"REDUCED 9 INCHES" writes Miss Healy

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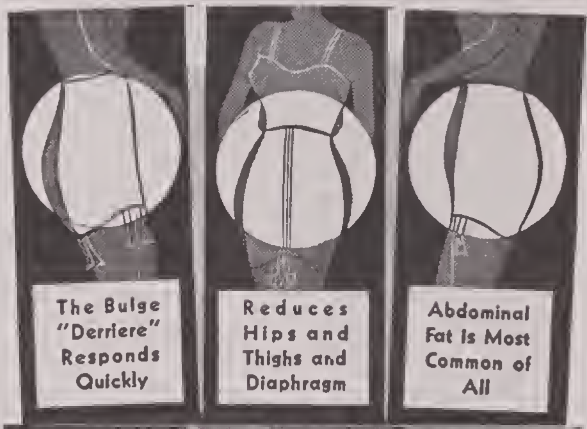
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips and Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

SUMMER is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction – Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

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Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS By HYMAN FINK

The Mental Marvel
World's Smallest Man
AL G. BARNES COMBINED CIRCUS SIDE SHOWS
NO PARKING

Of course, Joe E. Brown, veteran circus performer (see story on page 60), and his little girl were honored guests under the Big Top!

HOT NEWS: **May Robson** celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday at the studio this month and got the best gift of all, a new long-term contract.

Edwina Booth has settled her suit for $1,000,000 against M-G-M out of court for a "reasonable amount." She sued after contracting a tropical fever in Africa during the filming of "Trader Horn," you remember. Now her doctors report she still has two years before her recovery is complete.

Joseph Noyes, sixty-seven year old character actor, ran across the street after a bus, but didn't see an oncoming car. He died instantly.

Freddie Bartholomew's mother arrived in state from England, announced she would seek custody of her child, then disappeared, was feared kidnapped, but reappeared a week later in Hollywood ready for battle. A carload of lawyers followed, also ready for battle. Read the result in your paper.

Owen Davis, Jr., is rumored engaged to a Fox contract player. He neither affirms nor denies.

John Beal returns to Hollywood, after a long illness and subsequent New York play engagement, to take the lead opposite **Anne Shirley** in "M'liss."

Polly Moran is back from Australia and will make a series of short comedies.

John Howard, Paramount feature player, is breathing heavily about **Anne Shirley;** with the condition mutual, engagement may be announced soon.

Fred MacMurray had to leave for a location trip two days after his fiancée, **Lillian Lamont,** underwent an appendectomy.

Betty Grable returned from her New York personal appearance tour and blasted rumors of her breakup with **Jackie Coogan,** who at the same time won the suit brought against him by victims of the automobile accident in which Coogan's father was killed.

The spring urge to move has affected **Joan Bennett,** who has taken a new house in Brentwood, **Kent Taylor,** who has packed up and invaded Beverly Hills, **Eleanore Whitney,** who has leased a studio apartment in the same town, and, of course, the **Jack Oakies. Sylvia Sidney** compromised by redecorating her apartment.

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO THE CIRCUS

Peter Lorre, horror artist, has sailed from London on an immigration visa and states he will become an American citizen.

Maxine Jennings will probably be married to **Tony Brown** by the time you read this. He's a genuine Bengal Lancer.

Verree Teasdale is off to New York by liner for a rest while husband **Adolphe Menjou** will stay home and work.

Marjorie Gateson is making plans for her marriage to **Kerry Conway** after an engagement of fourteen years. He's a radio grammarian and has just flown in from New York.

Anita Louise indignantly denies all rumors about her romance with **Ross Alexander.**

When **Fay Wray** returned from her month's flying trip between Nassau, New York, and Hollywood she discovered she had flown 12,552 miles in thirty days. It's some sort of record.

Fans will be glad to know that **Skeets Gallagher** returns to the screen in "Yours for the Asking" with **George Raft.**

M-G-M renigged on loaning **Chester Morris** for "Texas Ranger." **Lloyd Nolan** replaces him.

After fifty years on stage and screen, **George Barbier** retires. He has made one hundred pictures.

Grace Moore returns to the screen in August for Columbia.

Bing Crosby is preparing for his first picture with Columbia.

Dolores Del Rio after returning from Europe goes to Columbia for her first on a three-year contract.

Jean Parker must leave her new bridegroom for location trip to Gallup, New Mexico. Jean has the lead in "Texas Ranger."

Lew Ayres, after a taste of directing for Republic studios, returns to Columbia studios for acting role.

After ten years under contract to RKO, **Richard Dix** has signed new contract with Columbia.

John Balderston, author of "Berkeley Square," has written an original for **Merle Oberon.**

Spencer Tracy is entering the racing world with June Lass, a horse bred and raised on his own ranch.

Joan Crawford has at last started work on the much publicized "Gorgeous Hussy."

Nelson Eddy is back in Hollywood and has gone into production on a new picture, the title not yet announced.

Garbo will be back in harness by the time you read this and hard at work on "Camille," with **Bob Taylor** in the leading role opposite.

After living in apartments for years, **George Burns** and **Gracie Allen** have taken one of the largest homes in Hollywood, **Pauline Fredericks'** palatial mansion.

(*Continued on page 12*)

That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

Would you like to banish it forever? Then try Modess—the new and different sanitary pad. *It's certain-safe! Invisible!*

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE CAREFREE NOW!

You can always be confident—with certain-safe Modess.

It stays safe—no striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice specially treated material on sides and back.

It stays soft—no chafing—the edges remain dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture proof side *away* from body for complete protection.

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This is the New Modess it's "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) *At your drug or department store*

The Paul Kelly family of Hollywood goes to the circus just as quietly and happily as you or I or the Kellys from Keokuk.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

HENRY FONDA had a birthday recently and to the horror of the neighbors, someone gave him a cornet. Henry practices all hours of the day and night and so far has only partially mastered, "Three Blind Mice."

James Stewart, who lives with Fonda, has set up housekeeping in the back yard until Fonda either learns to play or forgets it.

* * *

SIMONE SIMON (not, my lambs, pronounced like Simple Simon) and her hilariously funny gags on Hollywood are over. Simone is a good girl these days.

When Simone first arrived in Hollywood she displayed her temperament by taking her temperature and declaring herself ill every time the studio asked her to cooperate. The fact that each time she thrust the thermometer into her mouth it registered 105 degrees, threw the studio into a panic. But when the thing kept shooting up to 105 every time Simone got a touch of contrariness, the studio became suspicious and investigated.

Clever little Simone. The thermometer was made to register nothing but 105.

Yes, Simone is good these days.

* * *

JOAN BENNETT'S little daughter, Diana Fox, has taken her step-father's name of Markey.

"And how do you like being a Markey?" someone asked her.

Said Diana, "Why, I'd rather be Markey than President."

* * *

THE most unromantic looking pair in Hollywood these days is Dick Powell and the girl friend, Joan Blondell.

Dick wears a bandage or compress about his throat and Joan has one side of her face in bandages, the result of a cold infection. Together, the pair present an odd looking pair of sweethearts.

Dick's laryngitis is hanging on despite rumors to the contrary. Mr. Powell, in fact, is growing slightly concerned over the protracted illness.

* * *

NO excitement on these namby-pamby Hollywood location trips, huh? You wouldn't think that if you'd been with the "Charge of the Light Brigade" company when their town burned down the other night.

It wasn't exactly their town, of course. "Lone Pine" is a huddled mass of wooden buildings closely packed together and it regularly houses sixty resident mountaineers. There's a gas station, too—and that's where all the trouble started. Reports are that Errol Flynn in his pajamas ('twas a bitter cold night, too) ran around and saved all the equipment. The fire scorched him and the temperature froze him. Addison Richards, the golfer-actor, tried hard, too—but a beam came down and laid him out cold, which is no pun. He's swathed in bandages.

Wherefore the location company came home to Hollywood, where you can get hold of a decent fire-engine once in a while.

Another happy family, the William Gargans, with Barrie and Leslie Howard (guess what pal of Bill's he was named for!) Gargan.

MARGARET SULLAVAN tells the best joke of her lifetime on herself. It seems a newspaper woman went to Margaret's apartment to interview her and expressed her surprise to find the actress, noted for her simple tastes, living in a rather bizarre apartment. "Isn't it awful?" Margaret laughed. "One would never decorate one's own home in this dreadful manner."

The reporter printed the story word for word and the next morning early up popped Margaret's landlady. "If you don't like my taste," she stormed, "get right out."

And to Margaret's amusement, she put her out next day.

The actress is now careful about criticising other people's ideas of decorations.

* * *

IN order to play the role of fighter in Marion Davies' picture, "Cain and Mable," Clark Gable has entered hard training under guidance of former boxer Harvey Perry. Gable does four miles of road work every morning before starting gym work and will drop from 205 to 185 before the picture starts.

* * *

WHEN Virginia Bruce decided to move last month she chose a large Italian house in Beverly Hills, one of those stately places, and one of the unadvertised selling points of the mansion was that it possessed a pipe-organ.

So now Virginia is learning to play the organ.

"I've always wanted to anyway," she explained, "and then of course I couldn't let it go to waste."

That's getting your money's worth!

* * *

WALTER ABEL lost his lucky penny on the set. Five minutes later he sprained his wrist. Ten minutes later he found his lucky penny. Three minutes later a huge falling beam missed him by the fraction of an inch.

Lucky, lucky penny!

* * *

WALTER PIDGEON has no intention of being the goat twice in Hollywood. Walter once rode the crest of the wave in musical pictures but when musicals went out, Walter went with them.

Now, he's back but not as a singer. Walter has stipulated in his contract that he won't sing. Walter is now an actor as he feels the public may again grow tired of musicals but never of movies, so he's keeping that lovely voice to himself.

AT a famous Hollywood restaurant, Matt Moore sat back in his corner and watched a certain popular star snub the news photographers, the fans waiting outside, and the public in general.

Matt shook his head. "The way down to oblivion," was his comment. "If I had realized the value of publicity and had realized the value in keeping my name before the public when I was on top, I wouldn't be trying to make a come-back to-day."

* * *

IT'S a pretty usual thing, if you're a movie star, to have a hat or a gown or something like that named after you—but a *gold-mine!*"

Wendy Barrie feels very set up about it. The mine is somewhere in an obscure California valley, and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Baruch who like little Miss Barrie a great deal. They've called it "The Wendy Claim"—and now there's nothing to do but sit back and see if there's any gold in it!

Those persistent non-romancers, Mary Brian and Cary Grant, were at the circus, too, all smiles.

* * *

DIRECTOR Edwin Martin had never owned a house in his life. He was offered the completely furnished Al Rockett home at Malibu at noon. He decided to buy it at 3 P. M., and had moved in by six o'clock that evening!

That's losing no time.

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD is growing his own mutton, on a small scale, of course. He discovered a two-weeks'-old lamb, apparently motherless, huddled under a bush out at the Lasky ranch the other day and adopted it! He calls it Romeo, and thinks it's very cute, but he'll find out how cute it is when it gets to be a sheep. They aren't exactly parlor pets.

(*Continued on page* 14)

New! "GLARE-PROOF" powder shades
Flatter you in glaring light!

POND'S
SUNLIGHT SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

GONE are the old dark "sun-tan" powders! Pond's has brought out "Sunlight" shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! "Sunlight" shades catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!

POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices. Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. *New big boxes,* 10¢, 20¢.

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The Pat O'Briens (left) had to leave little Mavourneen at home—she's too young yet, even for circuses—but Nigel Bruce brought his two daughters, who had quite a time!

At right, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., with his dad, is almost overawed at meeting a real, honest-to-goodness clown.

Filmland's latest news and gossip—don't miss this monthly feature!

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

WHEN Jean Parker and George MacDonald went to Las Vegas recently to get married, they chose Justice of the Peace Marion Earl to perform the ceremony. And when he heard Jean's name he began to laugh.

They looked annoyed.

But: "I married Miss Parker's guardian to Thomas Whelan on this very spot exactly three months ago!" he explained. "Maybe I'd better just move to Hollywood."

* * *

SEVERAL timid visitors to the RKO dining room nearly fled the place in a panic when a loud, raucous burst of laughter greeted them from the next table. It proved to be Katharine Hepburn, her "Mary of Scotland" headpiece thrust jauntily to the back of her head, exchanging jokes with her producer.

The rakish angle of the hat was bewildering enough to the visitors but when Hepburn finished her lunch and arising from the table, lifted her skirts to reveal a pair of ridiculous bed-room slippers such as Mary never wore, their disillusionment was complete.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD sent his little girls to see Charles Chaplin in "Modern Times." As this was the girls' first silent picture, Harold was anxious to know what they thought of it.

"Oh it was awful, daddy," they cried. "The sound track went off and stayed off through the whole picture."

* * *

IF you want to tease little Bonita Granville, thirteen-year-old of "These Three," call her by her nickname. Don't tell her I told you, but it's "Bon-Bon," of all things.

* * *

TEN years or twelve years ago, Kenneth Harlan was the Clark Gable of movies. A real he-man, Kenneth was busy heroing such actresses as Connie and Norma Talmadge. The fans claimed him for their own.

We watched Harlan on the "San Francisco" set, the picture in which he plays a small role, his first in years. As he strolled near the stars, Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy, there wasn't the least recognition from any of them. It wasn't that they ignored him but simply didn't recognize him.

Reluctantly, he turned away and strolling over to an extra said, "Look, kid, do you take this game seriously?" The extra shrugged. "Well, take advice from an old timer, you'd better. Work like a dog, save your money and get out. Go far away and try to forget it."

The extra gazed after him with a puzzled expression. "You'd think that guy knew something about it," he growled.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE was shopping with her mother and chatting excitedly with her favorite clerk, a Mrs.

Left, Hollywood's younger set is not too old or sophisticated to enjoy the circus, either, and here are Dick Cromwell, Marion Ladd, Bill Stanton and Grace Durkin.

The Markeys—Joan Bennett, daughter Diana (that's Jo Hutchinson behind her) and Gene. Be sure to see page 44!

Wall, about the Temple dog.

"Tell Mrs. Wall about meeting General Pershing in Palm Springs," Mrs. Temple suggested.

"Oh THAT wasn't important!" Shirley said airily and went on talking about her dog.

* * *

AT dinner the other night Franchot Tone said, "There's a circus in town."

Joan Crawford Tone looked up from her entree. "Circus? I hear they're fun. I've never been to one in my whole life."

There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Franchot got his hat, firmly put Mrs. Tone into the family car, and whisked her off to carnival. They ate peanuts. They drank pink lemonade. They gaped at the trapeze act. They gasped at the elephants.

But now Franchot's a little sorry. Because Joan is following that darn circus all around Southern California, catching it at one night stands in little towns, getting her shoes full of sawdust and her tummy full of popcorn! "I've *never* had so much fun," she says when her friends protest.

* * *

FLORENCE MARCH caught her young son, Tony, attempting to cram a bright red building block into his mouth the other day. "No, no," she reproved him. "We play with blocks. We don't eat them."

"Daddy do," Tony pointed out.

Florence looked around. In the garden sat Freddie, absent-mindedly knocking just such a block against his teeth as he concentrated on his study of a script.

Two men of the world at the circus—that famous sleuth, Bill Powell, and son (that's Junior wearing the gob cap!).

* * *

ADRIAN, M-G-M designer de luxe, has added the final touch to his new home. He has acquired a burro whose sole job is to wander around the patio, lending atmosphere. If he can manage it, Adrian will train his pet monkeys to ride the burro.

Above, Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, her husband, combine business with pleasure.

BOB MONTGOMERY wrestles with a trained bear in his new picture. He was introduced to the animal the other day, a husky fellow named Mike, and watched intently while the trainer demonstrated the beast's prowess in the manly art. Mike promptly downed his opponent.

"That's swell," Bob commented sourly. "I suppose the bear understands I'm supposed to win the match?"

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD and his son, Ronald, were regaling Mrs. Howard the other night about how tired they were and how long each had worked in "Romeo and Juliet." Leslie, naturally, claimed a far heavier "shooting" schedule than his son. Ronald took exception to the claim and wagered his dad a sizable bet.

When they checked up with the casting office, Leslie learned to his dismay that Ronald actually had worked five days more on the picture than he, the star, by count. And is Ronald chesty about it!

Yep, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are still trotting about together—and having a swell time, too, at the circus.

* * *

IN a certain publicity office in Hollywood hang two pictures. One is a photograph of Irene Dunne, the other of Claudette Colbert. Both ladies are favorites with the agent. Asked by an actor one day which one the agent really preferred, he looked long at the pictures and then replied, "Well, I'll tell you. Irene Dunne is the lady I'd choose for my wife. But Claudette Colbert is the only woman who might make me forget her."

At that moment Irene Dunne stood framed in the doorway while both gentlemen blushed scarlet. "I think," Irene smiled, "that's one of the nicest things I've had said about me, and Claudette Colbert is the only woman I'd ever permit to steal my husband."

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

IF you want to spend the strangest evening in Hollywood this month you'll barge in on Sylvia Sydney, who gets the prize. Don't expect anything wild, because what you'll find is a group of solemn-faced movie stars quietly sitting in a circle around an automatic phonograph listening to a transcription of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard." Sylvia's formed a club of operetta lovers, and they meet nightly at her home.

* * *

MARGARET SULLAVAN has three nicknames; Peg, Maggie and Sully. Of the three which do you think she prefers? No, you're wrong. The lady is crazy over plain old Maggie.

* * *

HUGH HERBERT acts, manages a prize-fighter, and has a family—which ought to be enough for anyone, no matter how energetic. But not for Hughie.

He's become a life member of the California Horticulturist Society, now. Boxers and flowers.

Oh, well.

* * *

"THE studio's in an awful rush to finish that picture today," Spencer Tracy told his wife one morning, "so I won't stop to shave. I'll just take this electric shaver along and clip off the brush when I get on the set. Save time."

He reached the studio an hour later, ran to the assigned sound-stage, plugged in the little cord—and blew out every light in the place! The circuit was wrong, or something, and it took them an eternity to replace all the fuses.

* * *

AS scientists, Lionel Barrymore and Henry B. Walthall are good actors.

Seems they came upon a laboratory set at the studio, and were fascinated by the array of shining glass and test tubes and paraphernalia, so they began to putter. Naturally the props didn't contain real chemicals, but there *were* some liquid smoke bombs intended for realistic atmosphere.

It was Lionel who exploded one of them. And they had to bring a wind-machine to clear the sound-stage of drifting, choking gasses!

* * *

WHEN Louis Hayward, young English actor, is wanted in Hollywood these days, his agent, his friends and studio know to call Ida Lupino's house, for Louis will be there from lunch time on. It's Hollywood's hottest romance.

* * *

JIMMY HARTNETT, assistant director on the Walter Wanger lot, has solved a problem that has long wearied assistant directors in Hollywood. When actors ramble off between scenes, resting in dressing rooms and strolling outside for a smoke, Jimmy no longer goes out on a prolonged round-up when the director is ready. He has attached to the camera a little tin horn and when Jimmy blows his horn, Boy Blue style, the actors come running from all directions.

Smart boy, that Jimmy.

* * *

WHEN the Walter Connollys decided to give an afternoon cocktail party recently they very carefully waited until the papers said "No Rain" —for two reasons.

First, they wanted to receive their guests in the open patio, and second, Walter had to work in "The Good Earth" on rainy days.

So they sent out their invitations and then sat glumly back while the skies clouded over, and opened up, and show-

Top, Freddie and Florence show little Penelope March the sights in the menagerie. There's a heartwarming story about this unusual family on page 40. In the circle, Errol and Lili Damita Flynn.

It was a gala day for the children of Hollywood, whether they were children of fans or stars! Below, Chester and Sue Morris with daughter, Cynthia, and son, Brook.

Still another of those happy filmland families at the Big Show—the one-and-only ZaSu Pitts with her children, ZaSu Ann and Donald, and her husband, Edward Woodall.

ered mightily on the patio. But it was a good party anyway—Walter came home with his make-up on, and everyone crowded in the living room, and Irvin Cobb sang "Don't Tell The Truth To Mother" or such like until the piano lamp fell off.

The sunshine came from within!

* * *

ROSALIND RUSSELL is claiming championship these days for the receipt of the largest fan gift in Hollywood.

An ardent admirer sent her a live oak tree, full grown, which she immediately transplanted in her back yard.

* * *

WATCH out, parents, that this doesn't give your kids an idea! In Wallace Beery's famous "family bus," in which he recently toured the country on a personal appearance jaunt, the rear section has been converted into a small playroom for his little daughter, Carol Ann. It is complete with tables and shelves for her toys and even boasts special lights so she can play after dark.

* * *

DESPITE all the efforts to protect little Shirley Temple, accidents will happen.

Shirley, accompanied by her two bodyguards, was walking down a side street between scenes for her picture, "Poor Little Rich Girl." Suddenly a huge collie leaped into view and with one bound had knocked Shirley to the pavement. There was a great commotion and to-do while little Shirley was rescued.

"Ah, he didn't mean anything," Shirley cried. "He only likes me."

With a pat of her little hand, the dog's friendliness was rewarded.

●

Helen Mack and her husband, Charles Erwin have a last little outing together at the new and popular Club Casanova, before Helen goes into retirement to await the birth of their first baby.

Bing Crosby, in all his sartorial splendor, gives some last-minute radio instructions to Joan Crawford while husband Franchot Tone looks on, at a recent Kraft Music Hall broadcast (below).

●

JAMES STEWART and Ted Healey were feeling pretty frisky the other day—so between scenes they swiped a jinrikisha from another company shooting nearby, kidnaped Wendy Barrie from the "Speed" set, and took her for a wild ride through the studio streets!

Finally, puffing and exhausted, they returned at a lagging trot with Wendy bouncing along behind. Said La Barrie, stepping out of the 'rikisha unruffled, "Thanks for the buggy ride. Or had you forgotten I was *born* in Hong Kong?"

* * *

SPENCER TRACY, after what happened out at his stables the other day, is scratching his head about this thing called superstition.

The trouble all began when his head groom discovered one of the twelve polo ponies would soon have a little bundle from horse-heaven—making the number an unlucky thirteen. Spencer worried about it a lot, even thought of selling one of the mounts. And then came a fine day when the new colt was born—and half an hour later Suzy, Spencer's favorite of all the horses, died suddenly!

They named the little filly "Compensation," but Tracy feels pretty badly just the same.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD has a right to be peeved at her doctor, after what's just happened.

Seems she's dieted strenuously (by his order) for years to keep that gorgeous figure you see on the screen, but when a lull came between pictures she decided to lay off for a while, eat all she wanted to, and the heck with the exercises.

She didn't gain a pound! "No more diets for me," said Joan, and ordered cream-puffs for lunch.

BEAUTY — in Your Eyes

By GLORIA MACK

LET GLORIA MACK GIVE YOU: her carefully selected list of modern cosmetics to enhance the charm of your eyes. And don't forget that, as always, she is ready to help you with all your beauty problems. Write her freely and confidentially about your skin; trouble with pores and blackheads; how to do your hair; how to mould your figure so you are proud to appear in a bathing suit. This service really is confidential, and it is free to you. We ask only that you remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to

Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

BEFORE I give you the detailed information on eye make-up which Mel Berns (whom I'm sure you know about, as he is one of the most important make-up men out here in Hollywood) gave me for you, I want to do away, forever, with a curious misunderstanding over this question of making up the eyes.

Over and over again girls write me, asking intelligent questions about rouge, powder and lipstick, and ending with, "but of course I don't make up my eyes." I always write back, "of course you *should* make up your eyes," though I'd be the first to admit that improper eye make-up is worse than none at all.

The reason for this is obvious. The eyes are the most expressive feature of the face. Attention centers on them. Bad make-up on the eyes will stand out in an ugly way, making you look hard and old, and cheap—oh, so cheap But the problem of good eye make-up is a delicate one. The things needed used to be very difficult to obtain, and they weren't easy to work with after you got them. And that's the reason why girls of taste seldom used anything on their eyes. They were right, too.

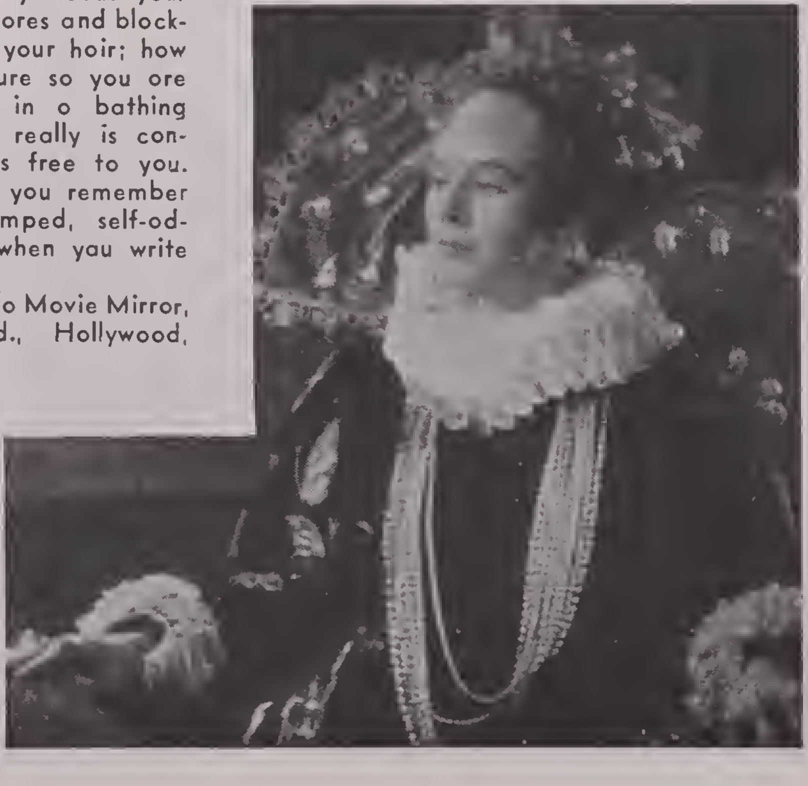
Of all the fascinating new cosmetics, I do think those for the eyes are the most exciting, because they represent such a tremendous advance over the old ones. It's a pretty far cry from the crude, sometimes actually poisonous little pot of ugly black ointment for eye-shadow that sat on the dressing tables of girls of long ago, to the dainty, harmless, many-colored, efficient eye-shadow of today! And as for mascara! Even twenty years ago, "beading your eyelashes" was practically a major operation, and you looked like nothing human when you got through! Our modern mascara goes on evenly and easily and the way it enhances the appearance of your eyes is something every girl should know about.

So if your feeling for good taste had stopped you from making up your eyes, you were quite right, insofar as you knew, but I hope this explanation will show you that that same good taste, with the help of modern cosmetics, can bring out the beauty of your eyes in the same way that skillful use of rouge, powder and lip-stick brings out the beauty of your face.

But just as I'm always insisting that even the cleverest make-up looks better on a healthy skin, so you must care for the health of your eyes. Don't let yourself in for dark circles under your eyes by not getting enough sleep. But if you do get enough sleep and the circles persist, see your doctor, because these can come from troubles in the system which ought to be discovered and corrected.

Don't let your eyes get dull and unattractive with crows' feet and scowl lines around them due to eye strain. Always work by a good light, stopping to rest the eyes at intervals. Wear sun glasses if you are going to be exposed to wind, dust, and glare. If you overtire your eyes from such exposure, wash them out with a good eye lotion. There's a fine new lotion, manufactured by one of the oldest and most reliable firms, which can be depended upon to restore lustre and sparkle to red and aching eyes.

(*Cont. on page* 102)



The expressive eyes above are Katie Hepburn's—but can you identify the other famous film star below, masquerading as Queen Elizabeth with the help of Mel Bern's magic touch with make-up? You'll be surprised!

1	2	3	4	5	▨	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	▨	13	14	15	16	17
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65				▨	66			▨	▨	▨	67			▨	68			
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75		▨	76				▨	77	78		▨	79			80	▨	81	
82		83				▨	84				85	▨	86			87		
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92	93			▨	94				▨	95			96	▨	97		98	99
100			▨	101				▨	102	▨	103			104	▨	105		
106		▨	107				▨	108		109	▨	110			111	▨	112	
113		114			▨	115	116				117		▨	118		119		
120					▨	121							▨	122				

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

B	A	R	R	A	T		G	R	A	N	T		R	O	S	S	O	N
A	▨	H	O	U	R		A	L	I	C	E		A	K	I	M	▨	E
R	P	▨	D	E	E		R	▨	R	▨	X		I	A	N	▨	J	L
N	E	D	▨	R	E	G	A	N	▨	F	A	N	N	Y	▨	C	A	S
E	R	I	K	▨	N	A	T	▨	D	▨	S	O	S	▨	S	A	V	O
S	T	E	E	L	▨	Y	▨	T	E	D	▨	T	▨	F	O	R	A	N
			L	E	O	▨	C	O	H	A	N	▨	A	L	L			
G	A	B	L	E	▨	P	▨	M	A	Y	▨	S	▨	O	L	A	N	D
E	N	▨	Y	▨	S	E	A	▨	V	▨	W	H	O	▨	Y	▨	A	A
M	G	M	▨	H	U	T	C	H	I	N	S	O	N	S	▨	A	N	N
M	E	▨	J	▨	N	E	E	▨	L	▨	H	O	E	▨	C	▨	C	N
A	L	L	A	N	▨	R	▨	A	L	S	▨	T	▨	C	A	R	E	Y
			S	O	N	▨	T	R	A	I	L	▨	G	A	B			
V	I	D	O	R	▨	R	▨	E	N	D	▨	K	▨	N	O	L	A	N
I	V	A	N	▨	J	A	N	▨	D	▨	E	E	H	▨	T	O	N	E
N	O	W	▨	B	O	Y	E	R	▨	H	A	Y	E	S	▨	U	N	A
S	R	▨	M	A	N		V	▨	H	▨	R		R	I	O	▨	E	G
O	▨	H	A	L	E		E	N	A	C	T		E	D	N	A	▨	L
N	A	G	E	L	S		R	A	L	P	H		S	E	A	R	L	E

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in April, to Miss Willa Mathews, 146 Gallaher St., Huntington, W. Va. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. A flower
6. Adrian's first name
13. "——— Over the Andes"
18. ——— La Plante
19. Verree Teasdale's husband
20. "——— We Live"
21. RKO fashion designer (init.)
22. The Vagabond Lover
24. Chief linguistic stock of Indo-China
25. To appear
27. "Grand Old Girl" (init.)
28. An Indian
30. Blonde ingenue of "Music in the Air"
32. Oliver Hardy's partner
33. The Man of a Thousand Faces
34. America's sweetheart
36. "The Sin of ——— Moran"
38. "——— the Duchess"
39. Warner Baxter's wife in "King of Burlesque"
40. What a gangster always carries
42. "The Arizonian"
44. A rocky pinnacle
45. A colorless fluid related to bromoform
48. Beautiful singing star of opera, screen and radio
49. Tonetti in "The Gay Divorcee"
52. Nelson Eddy is a native of this state (init.)
53. In a little while
55. A mythical bird
56. Ex-heavyweight champion
57. Grace Moore's husband (init.)
58. Frozen water
60. "The Informer" won the Academy ——— for 1935
62. Comedian now minus three stooges
64. "She Married ——— Boss"
65. To capture
66. A falsehood
67. Long-eared domestic animal
68. "Mati ———"
69. Wrath
70. He played the role of Eden in "Jalna"
72. Weaves with yarn
74 "G ———"
75. Neleta in "Anthony Adverse" (init.)
76. Devoted to Joan
77. Swedish masculine nickname
79. Mrs. Al Hall
81. Ex-husband of Zasu Pitts (init.)
82. Star of "Petrified Forest"
84. To show contempt by facial expression
86. "A Midsummer ——— Dream"
88. A winglike part
89. Gable-Crawford picture
91. An instrumental duet
92. Festive
94. Famous cowboy star
95. Wife of Geraint in Arthurian legend
97. Beautiful brunette star of silent pictures
100. ——— Jarrett, song stylist
101. M-G-M dance director
103. Rowing implements
105. "The Thin ———"
106. Married to Bebe Daniels (init.)
107. A gangster's girl friend
108. A weight of India
110. Wini Shaw's manager in "Broadway Hostess"
112. The Gleason youngster (init.)
113. Lawful
115. Dancing star of "Follow the Fleet"
118. Magnolia in "Showboat"
120. To decree
121. Michael in "Love on a Bet"
122. Comedienne of silent pictures

DOWN

1. A collection of stars' photographs
2. ——— Anita, racing resort
3. A tree, yielding dye
4. To sin
5. Conchita Montenegro's husband
6. "Small Town Girl"
7. Feminine star of "Magnificent Obsession" (init.)
8. A plot of land
9. To talk thoughtlessly
10. Covering for sharp point of roof
11. She is in "Way Down East" (init.)
12. Examined
13. Star in "The Wedding Night"
14. "Freckles"
15. An alleged force or natural power
16. Jeanette's co-star in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
17. Billie Burke in "The Great Ziegfeld"
23. Frankie Darro in "Little Men"
26. What the stars seldom do when dieting
29. Therefore
31. Stern; forbidding
32. Withered
33. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
35. Where the stars get married
37. Western actor, now deceased
38. "Anthony Adverse"
39. Waste, sandy ground
41. Picture made by Anna Sten
43. Imitation of owl's cry
44. "——— Had to see Paris"
45. Henry Wilcoxson's nationality
46. He is in "The Frisco Kid"
47. Low or level country
49. Jobyna ———, Richard Arlen's wife
50. Middle name of "Your Uncle Dudley"
51. Palm ———
54. Ingenuous; artless
56. Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet"
59. To piece out
61. Portuguese money
63. To bring forth (obs.)
64. What Bette Davis calls her husband
70. Maureen O'Sullivan in "David Copperfield"
71. "The Count of Monte Cristo"
72. David in "Timothy's Quest"
73. Slipped
76. She is featured in "Crime and Punishment"
78. Hawaiian wreath of flowers
80. ——— Caliente
83. Creator of Mickey Mouse
84. Gloria Swanson wears the smallest in Hollywood
85. Where the stars get divorced
87. Mrs. Art Jarrett, nee ———
89. Neckband
90. Called on the telephone
92. Co-star in "San Francisco"
93. Mayor of Toluca Lake
94. "Harold Teen"
96. Arid
98. River in France.
99. Constance in "The Three Musketeers"
101. The Union Colonel in "The Littlest Rebel"
102. Charles and Mary are a famous ———
104. Teams with Zasu Pitts
107. Nickname of Jeanette and Victor
108. Inclosure for swine
109. Dolores Del ———
111. Epoch
114. "Mr. Hobo" (init.)
116. Husband of Raquel Torres (init.)
117. Star in "The Night Is Young" (init.)
119. Joe E. Brown's valet in "Sons o' Guns" (init.)

Hooray! Bill Powell's sleuthing again in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," with Jean Arthur in the title role.

Believe it or not, Shirley Temple continues to outdo herself in "Poor Little Rich Girl," with John Wray.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Wanger)

You'll See: *Madeleine Carroll, George Brent, Beulah Boudi, Alan Mowbray, Alan Baxter, Esther Dale, Arthur Treacher, Scottie Beckett, others.*

It's About: *A murder, a woman everyone thinks is guilty, and her fight to clear things up and regain custody of her son.*

Madeleine Carroll comes to the fore in this intelligent mystery of courtroom and headlines as a real star. The picture as a whole is much better than the usual run of its kind, since story, direction and portrayal are all very good.

The basic idea may be a little old, since it worries about a woman who, after being acquitted of murder by a male jury, tries to get back her son from an icy-eyed grandmother. However this is completely saved by a dozen ingenious twists, all handled with satiric humor and in the modern unsentimental manner.

George Brent is the assistant prosecutor who believes *Mrs. Ames* guilty and publicly denounces her. Of all people, she appeals to him to delve further into the mystery and clear her completely; you'll enjoy the result, especially when they fall in love.

Your Reviewer Says: Spontaneous and original brain-food, with all departments in fine form.

✓✓ Let's Sing Again (Principal Productions)

You'll See: *Bobby Breen, George Houston, Henry Armetta, Vivienne Osborne, Grant Withers, Inez Courtney, Richard Carle.*

It's About: *The lost child of an opera star whom a tent show singer adopts, and the attempts of his father to find him.*

Every once in a while there comes along a picture which jolts you into unexpected enthusiasm. Such a one is this which marks the film debut of golden-voiced young Bobby Breen, heretofore known only to radio audiences. More than that, it proves that the talents and voice of George Houston have either been abused or neglected in the few films he has made.

The story tells of Bobby, whose father has been searching for him since babyhood when his mother deserted his father. He runs away from the orphanage in which he is placed when she dies and joins a tent show under the wing of a kindly old Italian, a former opera star, who trains his naturally beautiful voice. Then a conniving trapeze performer attempts legally to adopt him to capitalize on that voice.

Aside from its production and strong, intelligent direction, the picture is a three-way triumph for Bobby and his voice and manly appeal, Houston for his voice, and Henry Armetta for his characterization of the lovable old Italian.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this one; it's a natural.

✓Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Atwill, Irene Hervey, Raymond Walburn, Stuart Erwin, Ann Loring, Louis Hayward, Wallace Ford, Bernadine Hayes.*

It's About: *The exciting and funny adventures a mixed group of people experience when they are forced to spend the night at the ranch home of their common enemy.*

It is difficult to say just what the producers had in mind when they started this picture; something serious, probably, but it turns out to be fantastically funny in spots and just fantastic in others. One thing can be said for it: if there isn't a sane moment, neither is there a dull one.

Lionel Atwill, a political power, cracks up and is ordered by his doctor to have absolute quiet. Accompanied by his attractive secretary, Irene Hervey, whose happy marriage he is trying to wreck, he goes to his isolated ranch. The prescribed quiet is first broken by the intrusion of a desperate pair of escaped killers, Wallace Ford and Bernadine Hayes, who were a vaudeville team before they took up crime. Then

You mustn't miss Victor McLaglen, Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags"—it's swell.

There's perfect entertainment in "Show Boat," with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones to sing the lovely music.

a plane crashes on Atwill's private field, swelling the unexpected houseparty with Atwill's political foe, a nit-witted governor; a discarded mistress and her movie star lover; a tired-of-it-all reporter and the secretary's husband. The broth begins to boil when Atwill endeavors to decide their respective fates according to the whims of his diseased mind.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't take it seriously and you'll have fun.

✓The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Rochelle Hudson, Paul Kelly, Robert Kent, Alan Hale, Alan Dinehart, and two dogs, Buck and Prince.*

It's About: *A murder mystery of the frozen North which is solved by two Royal Canadian mounties and a remarkable dog.*

Corporal King (Robert Kent) joins an outpost of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After a personal feud with *Sergeant Cassidy* (Paul Kelly), the two become fast friends and are sent on the dangerous mission of solving a murder which has been committed in the course of illegal fur trading in a backwoods district. The only clue is that the murdered guard has been killed by a dog.

Arriving at the hunting lodge of an old-timer, *Alison* (Alan Hale), with whose daughter (Rochelle Hudson) *King* has fallen in love, they discover circumstances point to *Alison* and his dog as the guilty pair. The girl places loyalty to her father above her love for *King* and assists *Alison* to escape.

For those for whom the story itself will not suffice, there is a wealth of magnificent scenery and the amazing talents of the two dogs which play an important part in the action. Their intelligence, in fact, often exceeds that

The best acted, best produced, melodrama of the month is 20th Century-Fox's "Under Two Flags." The best starring vehicle is that same company's "Poor Little Rich Girl," the latest for that box-office darling, Shirley Temple. Once again (it's getting to be a habit) Shirley tops herself. She's marvelous in this. There are two simply elegant musicals this month, "Showboat," with Irene Dunne, Allan Jones and Paul Robeson, and "Sons O' Guns" the funniest picture Joe E. Brown has ever made. You'll want to see Madeleine Carroll's exquisite comeback in "The Strange Case of Mrs. Ames" and Francis Lederer's return in a grand role in "One Rainy Afternoon." "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" has the ex-Mr. Thin Man Bill Powell in it in just that swell kind of role.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare's lovely classic brought to the screen in the most lavish production Hollywood has made to date. With about four million dollars already spent, the original play, with the exception of some unimportant scenes, is left intact. Norma Shearer is Juliet, Leslie Howard is Romeo, and John Barrymore is Mercutio.

Mob Rule. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney promise plenty of excitement in this film where a young fellow out of a job is on his way to get married when he is mistakenly jailed and almost lynched.

San Francisco. Jeanette MacDonald's singing and Clark Gable's forceful acting are combined in this forthcoming picture treat about a cafe singer with grand opera ambitions, in love with her boss, owner of the waterfront "paradise" in the days of Frisco's great earthquake.

PARAMOUNT

The Princess Comes Across. Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray have the leads in this jewel robbery mystery picture, taking place on board an ocean liner. Plenty of humor and much suspense are promised.

RKO-RADIO

Mary of Scotland. This costume epic with Katharine Hepburn as the unhappy queen gives all promise of being a tremendous hit. It follows the dramatic life of Scotland's exciting but unfortunate heroine.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

White Fang. Jack London's famous dog story reaches celluloid. With Michael Whalen and Jean Muir and Slim Summerville aiding the canine actor, it is sure to please the adventure-loving fans.

WARNER BROTHERS

White Angel. Kay Francis got the coveted role of Florence Nightingale in this long-planned production. The valiant struggle made by this famous nurse to improve the hospital conditions of her time is familiar to everyone and furnishes the theme for what promises to be a superior film.

Top honors in "The Country Beyond" go to Buck, the dog, with Rochelle Hudson and Alan Hale assisting.

There's a good story in "The Law in Her Hands," with nice work by Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell.

MOVIES OF THE MONTH (Cont.)

of their fellow actors, the human beings.

Your Reviewer Says: A drama of the outdoors with considerable appeal.

✓✓ Sons O' Guns (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Joan Blondell, Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Bert Roach.*

It's About: *The comic adventures and final heroism performed by a peace-loving young man when he finds himself in the thick of the fight in France.*

This rowdy comedy, crammed to the hilt with utter nonsense, makes fun of the World War in an unobjectionable way and without doubt is the best picture Joe E. Brown has made in a long, long time. It does not have the music of its musical-comedy parent, but that does not detract, any more than its wholly illogical plot, from thorough enjoyment of its boisterous, crazy fun.

Joe is an actor who is opposed to joining the army because he is not "mad at anybody." In trying to escape a siren he falls in line in a passing military parade and finds himself in the front-line trenches in France. There he is assigned the grim task of wiping out an enemy machine-gun nest, a deed of valor which he accomplishes by the funniest combination of circumstances imaginable. Meanwhile he tries to settle his private war of girl-trouble with Joan Blondell (who gives a grand performance), Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw.

Eric Blore is swell as Joe's erstwhile butler who becomes his top sergeant.

Your Reviewer Says: An infallible cure for the blues.

✓✓ Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen, Rosalind Russell, Gregory Ratoff, Nigel Bruce, C. Henry Gordon, Herbert Mundin, many others.*

It's About: *An English gentleman who has joined the Foreign Legion to escape scandal, a café woman, the desert love, the revolt of native tribes against two governments.*

Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman are teamed together for the first time in this famous story of blood and sand and devotion and heroism. It's a combination of "Beau Geste" and the Bengal Lancers in effect, with lots more trimmings for your excitement.

Colman is the handsome, dashing Legionnaire, Victor McLaglen his superior officer, and Claudette Colbert the latter's sweetheart, *Cigarette.* Colman captures the heart of *Cigarette,* then meets and loves Rosalind Russell, a visiting English noblewoman. Thrills begin when jealous McLaglen sends his rival out on a too-dangerous mission and the Arabs attack. *Cigarette* rides to the rescue with much shooting and emotional conflict at the end.

You'll like this. Of course, the cast is excellent. Colman is restrained and clever as usual. Claudette's accent is entirely convincing and you will enjoy McLaglen. Spectacle throughout is handled magnificently, if after an ordered plan.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't think of missing it.

✓✓ Showboat (Universal)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Paul Robeson, Helen Westley, Sammy White, Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Donald Cook, Patricia Barry.*

It's About: *A dashing young gambler who marries the showboat girl and their subsequent trials and troubles and great love.*

You know this story by heart probably, but if you let this keep you away from the magnificent screen version, you'll miss one of the most beautiful pictures of the year.

Oscar Hammerstein's famous stage play is handled with all authenticity, but with every trick of the movie trade it is glorified into perfect entertainment. Irene Dunne as *Magnolia,* the show boat's loveliest flower, sings her way in the hearts of all listeners and is quietly restrained in the dramatic sequences. Allan Jones is ready for stardom, if his performance in this is any indication. His voice has power and personality, his portrayal of the run-down gambler is unsentimental and convincing.

Musical numbers are not new, but, being American classics, go over anyway. Outstanding among these is "Old Man River," unforgettably sung by Paul Robeson. The entire cast answers well to James Whales' fine direction.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means see it; you can't get tired of things like this.

✓ One Rainy Afternoon (Mary Pickford-Lasky Corporation)

You'll See: *Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn, Countess Liev De Maigret, Donald Meek, and many others.*

It's About: *A French actor who steals a kiss from a charming young lady at the cinema.*

Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino head the cast in "One Rainy Afternoon," Pickford-Lasky's first production.

"The Case Against Mrs. Ames" really presents a swell case in favor of Madeleine Carroll and George Brent.

With a gay dash and many a chuckle, this cozy little farce clicks along at a saucy pace.

Francis Lederer plays a small-time Parisian actor who comes out of the rain into a cinema, gets into the wrong seat and kisses the wrong girl. She is Ida Lupino and she raises the roof about the incident. There is a tongue-in-the-cheek trial, Ida pays his fine and the ensuing publicity makes every man-hungry woman in Paris come coyly to his theater. The newly-famous actor's bid for the kissed one's favor will lead your imagination a merry chase.

Erik Rhodes, as Miss Lupino's fiance, is beautifully puzzled throughout. Joseph Cawthorn as the papa; Countess Liev De Maigret, Lederer's secret love; Hugh Herbert, the hysterical echo; and Roland Young, the theatrical producer who reaps the golden harvest of Lederer's eccentric behavior, are all superb.

It's gay, it sparkles, it amuses.

Mr. Lederer himself is more naturally real than ever. Mary Pickford, who offers this as her first picture as a producer, may well be proud.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like gay French farce, this is it.

✓✓ Speed (M-G-M)

You'll See: *James Stewart, Wendy Barrie, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Weldon Heyburn, Ralph Morgan, and Patricia Wilder.*
It's About: *A likable race-track driver who finds good fortune and romance in his pursuit of speed.*

Overturning speeding cars in safety tests for a large automobile factory is race-track driver James Stewart's idea of a swell job until pretty Wendy Barrie of the plant's publicity department makes his heart turn flipflops. Her secret efforts to help Stewart get recognition for his uncompleted carburetor invention have the wrong effect and result in a general smash-up all around. It's the hospital for Jimmy and the cold shoulder for Wendy, but love and speed find a way that will keep you excited and happy to the very end.

Stewart's natural manner and infectious grin hit on all six and his performance is convincing. Wendy Barrie is good as the well-meaning little rich girl who is learning the automobile business from the ground up and Ted Healy as Stewart's mechanic and buddy furnishes laughs a-plenty. With but little to do, Una Merkel does that well.

The pictured workings of a giant auto factory, the thrilling racing scenes, and an acceptable story plot, not to mention good acting, make this an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Your Review Says: Go, you'll enjoy the thrills and the laughs.

✓✓ Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Michael Whalen, Gloria Stuart, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Henry Armetta, Claude Gillingwater, Sara Hayden, John Wray.*
It's About: *A motherless child who plays hookey from her pampered life of wealth to find exciting adventure with a song-and-dance team.*

Once again we find adorable Shirley Temple in a picture which gives her opportunity to prove she is a first-rate entertainer as well as an appealing actress. But, unbelievable as the story is in spots, it definitely is something more than a framework on which her talents and childish charm are hung.

The cast is studded with big names, carefully chosen for their roles. Shirley brilliantly holds her own against them all. As the motherless daughter of wealthy young Michael Whalen, Shirley is denied nothing except the longed-for companionship of other children. When her governess is injured while escorting her to school, she decides to take a "vacation" and starts her adventuring by following an organ grinder, Henry Armetta, from his humble home. She is taken in by a struggling vaudeville team, Alice Faye and Jack Haley, when she tells them a wild story of being a runaway from an orphanage. She rewards their kindness by winning them a radio contract sponsored by Grumpy Claude Gillingwater. Then Whalen discovers she is missing from school.

Your Reviewer Says: Recommended without reservation as wholesome fun for young and old.

✓ Born To Fight (Conn Production)

You'll See: *Frankie Darro, Kane Richmond, Jack Larue, Frances Grant, Sheila Manor, Monty Collins.*
It's About: *A refugee fighter who is rescued from the rails and remode into manhood and the championship.*

Carried along on the pounding mitts of Frankie Darro, this story of ringside and boxing gloves has many entertaining moments and is much better than the usual independent production.

Darro is discovered by Kane Richmond in a hobo camp where the former is hiding from pursuit after a brawl. Richmond brings the boy back to training quarters, readies him for a championship meet only to see Darro walk out on him because of a newly over-sized head. Defeat comes, of course. Richmond takes the repentant boxer back and with Frances Grant's help finds success at last.

Jack Larue as the political (*Continued on page* 100)

By S. GORDON GURWIT

ILLUSTRATED BY COLE BRADLEY

"WHAT," demanded Hazel Hartley, staring at the mirror, "is the matter with me?" She proceeded to undress, and being a modern girl, it was not a lengthy process. She pulled her silk dress over her head and stood revealed in two diaphanous, lacy garments; slim, silk-shod legs firmly braced.

The other girl, who sat reading a magazine in a morris chair, raised perfectly arched brows and considered Hazel. What she saw was a perfect dryad: a white, firm body, symmetrically and cunningly made; a semi-adolescent nymph, seemingly carved of costly alabaster; and the beautiful heart-shaped face, illuminated by the topaz-colored eyes, was topped with flame-colored hair. As perfect a bit of femininity as the heart of a painter or a poet could desire.

"Body by Fisher," she admitted. "I've seen worse."

"If Merle Oberon has 'it,' I've at least got 'if.'"

"Well, you're just as easy to look at, Hazel, and thinner."

"I could make her look like a last year's bird's nest when it comes to acting!"

"I'll still take Merle Oberon."

"My pal! Here we are," said Hazel bitterly, "in Mrs. Schneider's boarding house, you and me, modeling clothes for a living at D'Ciny's for the edification of visiting buyers from the corn and hog states, when we should be lolling around in our Hollywood mansion, pulling down five thousand a week and sending Toyo, the Japanese butler, to tell Van Dyke that we are indisposed today!"

"Maybe it's the heat—" began the other.

"It isn't the heat—it's the stupidity," snapped Hazel, with flashing eyes. "Other girls do it. What's the matter with us, Madge?"

"It's the breaks," explained Madge, with an exaggerated air of patience, as one would to a child. "The breaks, dear. We don't get any. We have no 'in.'"

"Well, what to do about it?"

"Let's turn out the lights and save the gas."

"Talk sense. Why shouldn't we get a break?"

"Why, says you? Because there are thousands of really beautiful girls in Hollywood this minute waiting for jobs as an extra. And some of 'em will wait until Hoover's re-elected, and that'll be quite a while."

"The old patter! We should make our own opportunities!"

"But how? You can't just bust into Hollywood, grab the first director you see by the hair and say: 'Here, mister, look at me. I'm good. I'm better than Crawford and Garbo rolled into one. Will you star me in your next picture? The salary will be a thousand a week!' Be your age, Hazel!"

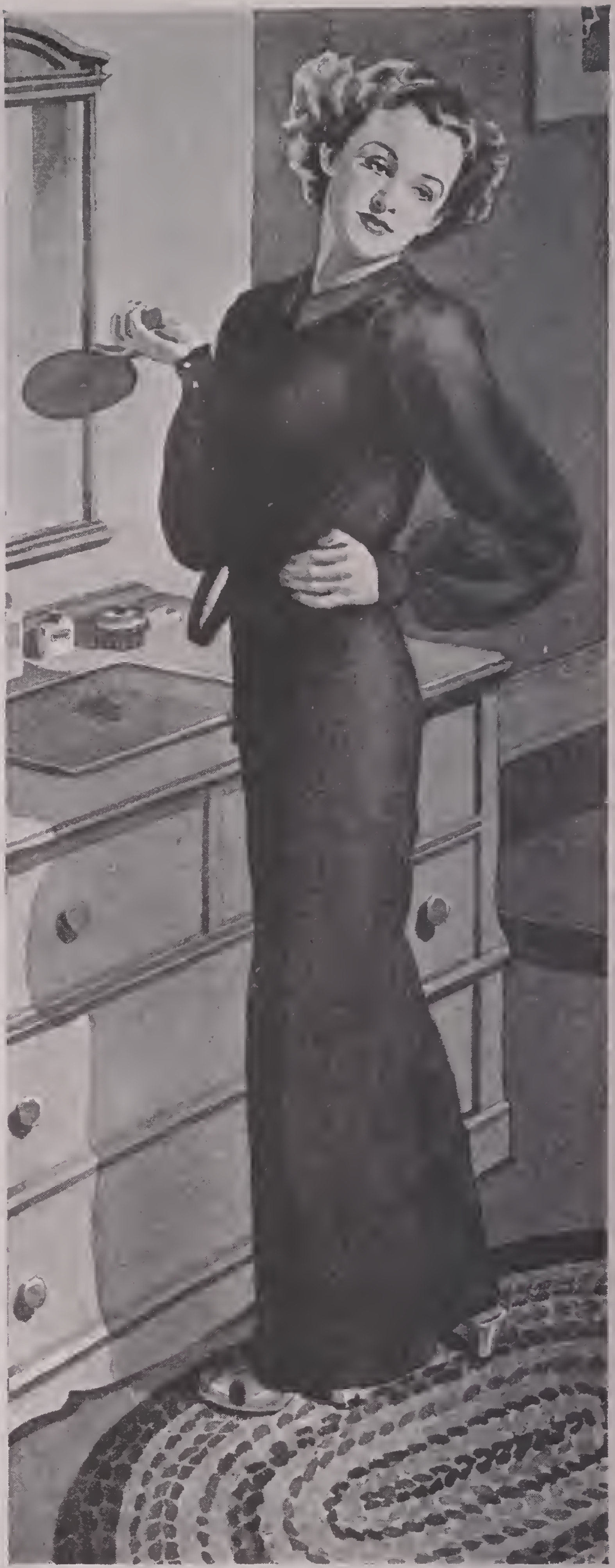
"I'm trying to be!" snapped that young lady. "All we need is a chance. We could both make good if we had it."

"All Baer needed was a chance at Louis' chin, but Louis couldn't see it that way. Getting the chance, Hazel, is considerable accomplishment."

"Well, I'm going to get it, somehow!" affirmed the volatile Hazel. She looked at Madge, who sat in an old coolie coat, one shapely leg exposed. Madge was a dark little beauty, with blue eyes and black hair, and a merry Irish mouth, full and red and provocative. Her voice, too, was full and sweet. "Look at you," went on Hazel. "You've got most of those comediennes tied to the mast, but where are you? Nowhere! You strut new styles all day for a bunch of Babbitts on a visit to the wicked city of New York, when you ought to be topping the list at Splendide Films and getting yours!"

"Sweetheart of Alpha Sigma Chi," said Madge, patiently still, "climb down off the galloping steed and show me how to fix this run in my stocking, will you?"

"Oh, all right, Madge! But, I'm going to get my chance. If Dad hadn't met the well-known depression head on, I'd have had it. But I'll get it, anyhow—and I'll do anything to get it!"



"Anything, dear? Them's big words."

"Don't be a sophomore! You know what I mean, Madge. I'm not going to sit around and wait for opportunity to come and push the buzzer. I'm going out and meet the lady and see if I can't make her my girl chum!"

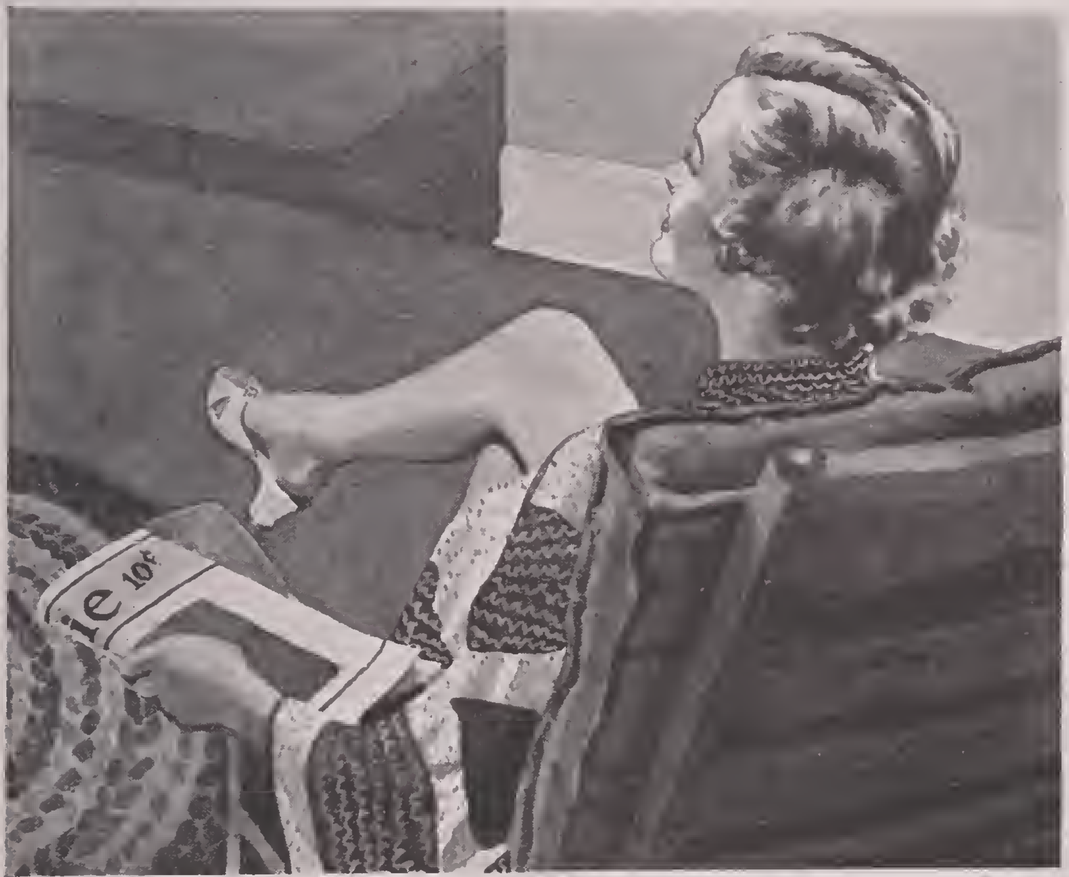
"Noble sentiments! You'll introduce me, won't you?"

The bell rang at this point and another girl came into the cheaply furnished room a minute later. She looked tired and wan, and she was delicately pretty. She flung an evening newspaper on the bed with a sigh. Taking off her hat, she sat down and eyed the other two.

Begin this exciting story of film colony life today! Hollywood knew Hazel as "the girl who knows Howe"—but it was all a

Picture Frame-Up!

"Here we are," said Hazel bitterly, "in Mrs. Schneider's boarding house, modeling clothes for a living at D'Ciny's, when we should be lolling around in our Hollywood mansion, pulling down five thousand a week!"



"Well," she asked. "What's what?"

"Nothing," answered Madge. "Hazel's full of vitamin A, raving again about going to Hollywood and showing up Norma Shearer. How's it by you, Jennie?"

The newcomer shrugged. "Same old treadmill. The secretary of even a rich and handsome man must get up at seven-thirty and work hard until five-thirty. The life of a stenographer is one wild riot." She sighed. "Where does a gal find a boss like the kind in the movies, the kind who goes dippy about his secretary and buys her jewels and then marries her?"

Madge sniffed derisively. "On page seventy-five, I think," she said. "Here's another nut who has been reading the wrong books! What kind of boss have you, Jennie?"

"He's one of the third vice presidents, with a fat wife and three kids, stomach trouble and a bunch of unpaid bills."

"How ducky!" observed Madge. "Does he play the zither?"

"No, just the wrong horses. What's this about Hazel and the Hollywood urge?"

"The same old urge. Hazel thinks she's got 'it' and she wants to displace Hepburn and Marion Davies. The only thing that keeps her from stardom is the fact that we haven't got the carfare to Hollywood."

"Laugh, you numbskulls!" retorted the sparkling Hazel. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both of you! Three bright gals, some education, all three easy to look at—and you punch a typewriter all day, and Madge and I are clothes horses!"

"Lay off!" said Jennie. "I'm tired tonight. The way things are, I'm glad to have any job. Lots of work the last few days, too. Our firm finally bought control of Mammoth Films from the receivers. Now, our president, Harold Farwell Howe, is in the movie business in a big way—chairman of the board or something."

"Gosh!" said Hazel. "I'll bet he could get his girl friend a chance—" She paused abruptly as thought clouded the tawny eyes, her mutinous mouth pursed. Suddenly she turned to Jennie, "Is the deal through?"

"Yes. It's in the paper tonight."

Hazel picked up the paper from the bed and found the item.

" 'Movie merger goes through,' " she read aloud. " 'The banking house of Howe and Howe has purchased fifty-one per cent of the stock of Mammoth Films, Inc., of Hollywood, California, for a reported consideration of ten million dollars. Mr. Harold Farwell Howe, president of the internationally known banking firm, issued the following statement to the press: "Our purchase of the controlling stock of Mammoth Films is ample evidence of our faith in the future of the motion picture industry and in the future of Mammoth Films in particular.

" ' "It is our intention to refinance this outstanding firm and allow it to continue its plans, which, we are sure, will find fruition in the continued support of the public. There will be no changes in the personnel of Mammoth Films and all existing contracts will be fulfilled. Mammoth will go forward with all its plans for producing the finest film plays, and the public is promised a marvelous array of feature pictures."

" 'Almost immediately after the deal was consummated, Mr. Howe left for a three months' stay in Europe. He refused to reveal his destination, saying he desired a quiet rest.' "

Hazel finished and looked at the other two girls. Her eyes, brilliant as stars, dwelt upon Jennie thoughtfully.

"Is this Mr. Howe, your president, married?" she asked.

"No," answered Jennie. "He's a professional bachelor. Why? Do you think you can vamp him, Hazel? No chance, Cleopatra, he's left for Europe."

"So the newspaper says. Tell me, has he got a big moment?"

"The common gossip in the office is that he's a big, bad wolf, and he has his moments. He's been sued by more beautiful women than Winchell knows. Step softly, sister!"

"Mmm!" said Hazel, and her eyes sparkled. "Look!" she said, and her eyes seemed illumined as if by some ardent inner flame. "The gods are good! Look! He's gone to Europe and won't be back for three months. Won't tell his destination. That means he doesn't want to be reached or bothered. Probably off on a prolonged private spree. You, Jennie, work in the office. You can get hold of some of his stationery—"

Another scoop for Movie Mirror! Don't miss this exciting, true-to-life novel of love and ambition in the most dramatic, most unusual town in the world

"Here, what are you driving at?" objected Jennie, on general principles, vaguely scenting a disturbance. "I can't get anything. I'm not even in the executive offices."

"Wait!" said Hazel. "Listen to this. Three months is all the time Madge and I will need. We can make good in that time and be beyond the reach of—"

"What are you driving at, darling?" asked Madge, calmly.

"Just this: Jennie works in the office. She gets us some of Howe's personal stationery. We write a letter, telling the studio out in Hollywood that you and I are particular friends of his and that he wants us to be given a chance, see? We go out there—"

"And get pinched, I know!" interrupted Jennie. "And I get canned! And you both lose your jobs as models; and then we all retire to the county poor farm and make ourselves at home. Nothing doing! My job isn't much, but I need it."

"How many people have access to the stationery?" demanded Hazel, tensely. "A flock of secretaries, I'll bet! How will anyone know who took it? And the Pacific Coast studio people know nothing of Howe's friends. This deal went through here in the East, through banking houses! It's a cinch!"

"But, suppose they wire Howe?" demanded Madge. "He'll know he didn't give you any letter. No, the scheme is crazy, Hazel. You'll soon be getting fan mail from squirrels."

"Why it's too nutty," gasped Jennie.

"That's what people said about Edison and Fulton and the Wright brothers and several other people," answered Hazel, "but who was right? Listen—"

There was a huddled conference that lasted far into the night and, finally, the volatile Hazel had her way. Madge raised her eyebrows and said: "Well, I'll take the chance if Hazel does. All they can do is put us in jail out there, and I'm told the climate is good."

"How silly!" said Hazel. "We're not going to break any law. We're just going to hand ourselves an opportunity. And when we make good, Jennie, we'll both look after you."

"I'll need somebody to look after me," agreed Jennie, dubiously, "but if you think this is your one big chance, far be it from me to refuse you a sheet of paper and an envelope."

"How will we get to Hollywood—hitch hike?" asked Madge.

"If necessary," answered Hazel, determinedly.

The net result of the conference was that several days later, a night letter left the executive private telegraph office of Howe & Howe at closing time. It was addressed to the executive manager of Mammoth Films, Inc., in Hollywood, and it read as follows:

JOHN HOSTINGER. EXECUTIVE OFFICES. MAMMOTH FILMS. AM SENDING A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF MINE TO YOU WITH THE REQUEST THAT YOU DO ALL IN YOUR POWER TO FURTHER HER CAREER AS FAST AS HER ABILITY ALLOWS. STOP. HER NAME IS HAZEL FERN HARTLEY AND SHE WILL BRING A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. STOP. RESPECTFULLY REQUEST A TRIAL FOR HER AND SHALL INQUIRE ABOUT THIS MATTER WHEN I RETURN FROM EUROPE AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GIVE ME PLEASING NEWS. H. E. H.

"Do you think that's all right?" asked Hazel, anxiously.

"That's the tone of his usual telegrams," said Jennie. "I've looked through many of them, thanks to Martha Blaisdell, one of his office secretaries."

"Well, I hope it does the trick!"

"Nervous?"

"I'll tell the astigmatic world!" acknowledged Hazel. "Don't forget that we'll be on the spot if anything slips."

"Nothing'll slip," said Madge, omnisciently. "I have a feeling."

"Well," admonished Hazel to Jennie, "stay close to Martha Blaisdell and intercept anything that comes from Hollywood that might mean trouble for us, and use your head! Remember, if we go over, you're in for one-third of anything."

"Including a larger percentage of the trouble."

"If any," insisted Hazel. "Now, let's go over to Joe's place and see what we can get for the jewelry. I hope it's enough for the fare."

"What will you eat?" asked the practical Jennie. "Going out all the way by bus is hard enough, but how about the inner woman?"

"My folks are sending me a hundred dollars," said Madge. "That will help."

"Considerably," nodded Hazel. "And I'm pawning the watch Dad gave me for graduation. I hate to do it, but I can buy it back when we make good."

"I still don't like it," persisted Jennie. "Howe is bound to find out in time."

"We have to take that chance," said Hazel. "And maybe he won't. He may stay in Europe longer. In three months we should be on our feet, or we'll simply disappear and sneak back here."

"I hope you make it," gloomed Jennie, darkly. "If you get caught, they'll measure you for stripes. This time, Hazel, even you are going too far!"

"Yep! Hollywood's three thousand miles away and I can't yank it any nearer."

"It's a pun, dear," grinned Madge, showing all her teeth, "the worst form of humor. Make the best of it."

So, on a certain Tuesday in October, Hazel and Madge turned their backs on the gloomy skies of New York and took the bus for Chicago, on what was the first stage of their journey to the sunny skies of California.

In California, a puzzled executive read the telegram and passed it to a perfectly trained yes man.

"Look at that!" growled the executive. "There you are! No sooner does this banker, Howe, get control of Mammoth than he sends me one of his sweeties to put on the payroll!"

"Shame!" said the affirmative robot, taking his cue with ease.

(*Continued on page* 68)

The Hidden Hollywood

From the editor comes this inside glimpse of how the Hollywood stars act while vacationing in New York

By Ruth Waterbury

TWO or three times a year I come to New York to work, but try to make anyone believe that. As I write this I am in the act of trying and how magnificently I fail at it, too!

"Work?" say all the nice press agents, "oh, don't be silly. Come for lunch." (Or for dinner or cocktails—the latter choices depending upon the importance of the companies they represent. If it's cocktails that means you are to let the company off easy.)

"Work?" say your New York friends, who have known you nine more years than you will admit. "Now don't give us that. You must go to . . ." and they name a dozen places and three dozen people you honestly want to see.

"Work?" say the visiting stars also in from Hollywood. "Of course, dear, I understand."

The thing is that they really do understand. They know about work, live for it, respect it. The result is that you see more of them than you do of anyone, since you can dart in for five minutes and away again without explanations.

AND gosh, the "darts" are fun. Over at the Sherry-Netherland, there's Ann Sothern. She's mad with excitement. She's signed a new contract with RKO. She's taking a hairdresser back from New York to do her now-brown locks for her new picture. She's bought a sable cape. Roger Pryor is in town, too. And she's eating. That last gets wonderful to her. She can't eat in Hollywood for her figure's sake but she goes mad for food here.

AT the Algonquin there's Bette Davis, combining literary and Broadway atmosphere. She pals around the night clubs and the theaters, hail-fellow-well-met. She gives a tea party and half New York seems to be there.

AT the austere Pierre there's Fay Wray in a new Grecian gown she has purchased while in town. A little uncertain, this lovely Fay. Her husband is staying in London. He likes the atmosphere there and has a fine contract with the English companies. Fay likes London, too, but discovers after she is there a bit, she longs for New York, and after a while in New York, yearns for Hollywood. But once back in Hollywood she can't quite settle down. She struggles between being Mrs. John Monk Saunders of London and Miss Fay Wray of Hollywood. She loves both roles.

DICK ARLEN rushes in for a day between Hollywood and London, and even in one afternoon he wishes he were back on the Coast, playing golf. He glooms at New York, blaming it for one day of rain. He steps out into the lobby of the giant Waldorf-Astoria, mobbed with people and against that background he becomes, more than ever, one of the handsomest of men.

THE bridegroom, Eddie Lowe, appears suddenly at your elbow during luncheon. He's so happy it does your heart good. Everyone likes Rita Lowe, who isn't so unlike Lilyan Tashman, being chic, charming, intelligent and sophisticated. You try to bring up Eddie's new Metro contract but he interrupts with "yes, but Rita said. . . ." You mention theaters and Eddie says, "Rita thought. . . ." It's love all right.

THUS it goes, and meantime, I try to get out this magazine, and plan advance issues, and go to theaters myself and see old friends. And underneath I am a little amused. For the truth is that Eddie Lowe is an ex-New Yorker. Ann Sothern is an ex-New Yorker. And I used to be the most violent New Yorker of them all. The comedy is that the reason I rush to see stars while here is because we all say, simultaneously, "But when do you go back?" There are the buildings, lights, theaters, and crowds of New York. And here we are, longing for the lazy sunshine and the pepper trees and the dynamic thrill of a big lot when a super-special is shooting.

We are in New York but not of it any longer. That's what Hollywood does to you.

They topped Bette Davis' New York vacation with a party at the Ritz. Here she is with Arthur Byron on her left; next comes William Lynn of the New York stage, then Dick Barthelmess and James Melton, who is leaving for Hollywood to make "Cain and Mabel" with Marion Davies.

The Gay Story of JACK

Meet the Missus—and you'll see a new side of the playboy's character!

THIS story of love, marriage and Hollywood's newest newlyweds, Jack and Venita Varden Oakie, is fun to write. It was even more fun to get.

I was entertained, as I fully expected to be, by scores of Jack Oakie's quips and smartcracks and saw, as I fully expected to see, a fine variety of his nonsensical didoes when I went to talk with him in his dressing room on the Paramount lot about his marriage.

But—

I also found something I did not expect to find in the boisterous clown whose motto for years has been "Anything for a laugh" and whose mythical crest was a sweat shirt and top hat crossed. I found a new tenderness in him, a radiant gentleness that gave depth and meaning to what otherwise might have been a routine marriage story. It slipped out, that tenderness, and colored his words and actions without his being conscious of it, I know. That was what stamped it as genuine and gave it significance.

If I had not been privileged to glimpse that heretofore hidden side of Jack Oakie's nature and from that glimpse to learn what his real feelings for Venita and marriage were, I would have said their love story qualified as the perfect example of Romance *a la* 1936. Heigh-di-ho and pip pip for sentiment. Take, for instance, their courtship.

But first let us sketch in the parties of the first and the second part.

For nine years, Jack has been the Number One playboy of the film colony. Scarcely a night could pass but that he could be found in the night spot where the fun was the gayest, the lights and laughter the brightest. With him inevitably was a beauty. For a long time it was Mary Brian. Then, in succession, Toby Wing, Joan Marsh, Ida Lupino, and the much married Peggy Hopkins Joyce, to mention but a few.

As regularly as the months pass he was reported engaged to marry first one girl and then another. He never bothered to deny, very vigorously anyway, those engagements. Why should he, he figured. For one thing, it was up to the girl to make such denials and, for another, it kept his name in the papers, a little item an advancing young actor cannot afford to overlook.

But if he did not deny those engagements, neither did he marry the girl. Not Oakie! Always the best man but never the bridegroom.

Then along came Venita to spoil the record.

Venita is as different from the girl you would have expected Jack to

Gone are the days when this Hollywood troubadour serenaded Toby Wing (above) and many, many others, for Jack's settled up with the nightclubs and settled down with a wife.

OAKIE'S MARRIAGE

BY SHEILA WORTH

marry, if he ever did, as is possible to imagine. That possibly is the answer to why he now is a married man instead of Hollywood's perennial bachelor. To begin with, she is the quiet type, primarily a little homebody for all she was a glamorous Ziegfeld Follies showgirl a few years ago. She does not care for the bright lights, she does not drink and has little patience with those who do.

She loves to fuss around a house to make it homey. She can cook and she can sew. She has no use for extravagance or the careless spending of hard-earned money. She has lots of common sense, an even disposition, a sunny nature and a healthy sense of humor which, needless to say, will stand her in good stead now that she is married to Jack.

Born Frances Banks in Atlanta, Georgia, some twenty-five years ago, she is slender and just about Jack's height, has large brown eyes and lustrous dark brown hair which she wears in a long bob. Jack says she is a "languid beauty." He calls her "Pigeon" for no particular reason and she calls him "Spook," although "Veepers from Jake" is engraved on

(*Continued on page* 93)

Is Jack happy? Just look at that
the page with Venita Varden, the b
To see him in his new-found (and
happiness today, you'd never recog
photographed here, there and every
lar beauties as Mary Brian (above
Joyce (right). But the white-haired l
heart he'll always love, for that's Mr

DISCOVER Your

There's a great personality in all of us, declares Director Frank Capra, who tells you how to glorify your own latent powers

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

SOME directors, like DeMille, become famous for their lavish productions. Others, like von Sternberg, for creating moods. Still others, like Van Dyke, for their realism. But there's one director who's famous for making other people famous—and that's Frank Capra. Frank Capra, the man who first saw something, cinematically speaking, in Jean Harlow, Jean Arthur, Walter Connolly, Barbara Stanwyck, May Robson, Nils Asther, Jean Parker and who even, not very long ago, first saw something that no one else had seen before in Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

A gift like that is worth millions to any picture company, because it has made a lot of mere actors into big stars. Yet, until I met Capra recently, I never dreamed that it was a talent which we can all develop and apply to ourselves.

"And one which you could never measure in dollars and cents," Capra told me enthusiastically. "Discovering yourself, bringing out your most personable side, not only means all the difference in the world between fame and failu

happiness, but it's sometimes also the dividing line between sickness and health. You see, just as a career suffers when an actor is forced to act parts he's not suited to, so does anyone suffer when he's forced to express a personality he doesn't feel. And there are thousands of people doing that right now, all over the world.

"Take a young girl whose
nily forces her to act in direct contradic-
ı to the way she feels. Perhaps she is
ırally bright and bubbling and full of
but her family may feel that young
, like children, should be seen and not
d. So what happens? She becomes
rained, unexpressed and sullen. Or the
site may be true. A girl who is natu-
modest and retiring may be constantly
ed into the center of the floor by a too-
ous family and extreme nervousness,
times even a persecution complex, re-
! Of course there are numerous other

Hidden Self

Left, Starmaker Frank Capra (with cigarette) directs his most recent star, Gary Cooper himself, in a scene for Columbia's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," in which Jean Arthur is Gary's leading lady.

Are you, like Walter Connolly (above), the kind with whom everyone feels content and happy—or are you like Jean Parker (left), uncertain of your real personality, always shifting, a little bewildered? Take a tip from Mr. Capra, who showed Jean how to discover her true self.

examples of family-inflicted personalities, but people, especially young people, are even more guilty of forcing untrue personalities on themselves. Call them self-inflicted personalities if you like. I'll show you what I mean.

"Hero workship is the evil underlying it all. Yes, I call it an evil, because it does so much harm. An intelligent, vital young girl, full of a natural sparkle suddenly comes under the spell of the screen Dietrich. She thinks she wants to talk, walk, dress, act and be like Dietrich. She tries. She droops her eyelids—which were meant to be open wide and alive. She drapes her body in doorways and on chaise longues, when it's a body that's meant to be kept on its toes. She apes Dietrich when Dietrich is the last person in the world she should ape—and the result is pitiful.

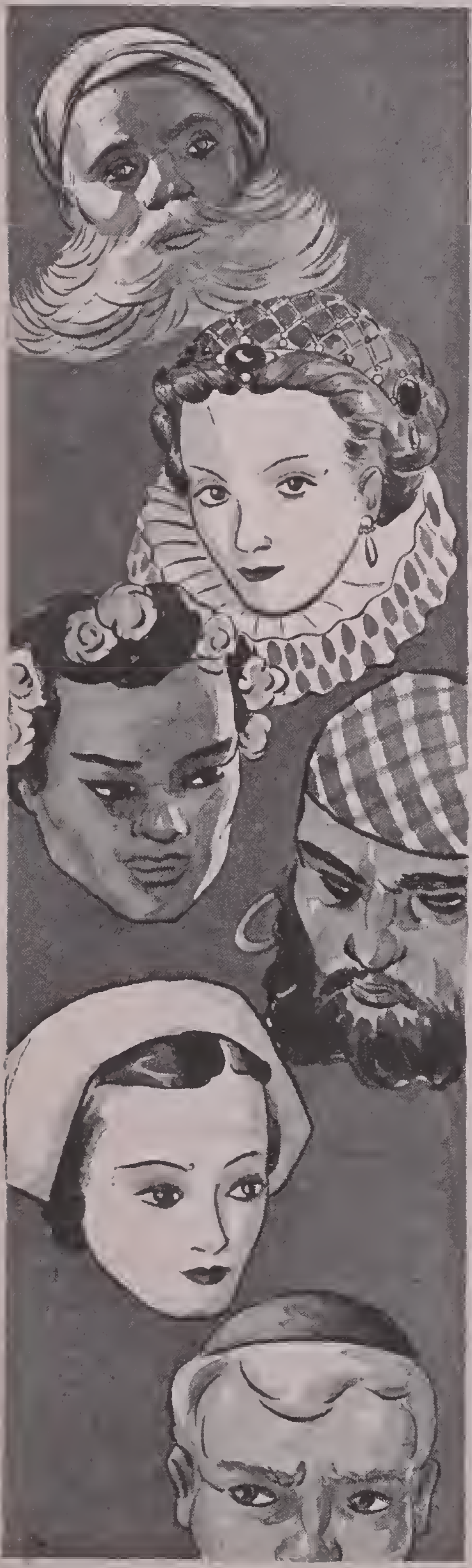
"Jean Parker was doing just that when I borrowed her from Metro several years ago to play in "Lady For A Day" with May Robson. Only Jean didn't confine her aping to Dietrich. One minute it was Dietrich, the next Hepburn, then Bennett, then Garbo, then Gaynor, and so on. She wasn't consciously trying to be like somebody else—but at that age, such an impressionable one, she just couldn't help it. Yet it was that that gave me the cue to her real personality. If she were so easily affected by other personalities, if things and people did spellbind her so much, it meant only one thing: that Jean Parker was highly sensitive, highly responsive, the kind of girl who's in love with life. Yet she wasn't showing it. In those days there wasn't any 'Jean Parker glow,' as we know it today. It was too over-shadowed by the Loy leer and the Dietrich droop.

"I did the same thing I'm going to advise you to do if you catch yourself going somebody else on you! I just kidded her about it. Everytime I recognized a gesture, an inflection, or a look that wasn't Jean Parker's I'd call it by its real name.

"At the same time I encouraged her to be herself, to be just as enthusiastic and effervescent and bubbling over as she felt like being. Even when she spoiled a take a couple of times by squealing over some secret thrill, I ignored it. If I had blown up and scolded her she might have become self-conscious about it. And that was the last thing in the world I wanted her to be. I wanted her to always be her own eager, wide-eyed, appreciative self—without reticence, without make-believe."

"As Mr. Capra talked, I realized that that indeed is what makes Jean Parker the personality that she is today. She is the one person I know who is not afraid to express in words and looks the emotions she feels about things. Some people may get a little fed up on what they term her girlish giddiness, but to others it is a welcome inspiration. Whatever you consider it, you must admit that it does make her a unique and outstanding personality.

Mr. Capra went on to say that the average person should learn to kid himself out of his *(Continued on page 78)*



Out Hollywood Way

We live in a bungalow, white trimmed with green,
In a court of eight bungalows, grass plots between;
It looks like the others "Out Hollywood Way"
Excepting at lunch hour, every mid-day.
Our neighbors are movie folk, all known to fame;
You would recognize each, could I mention the name.
They come home at noon to get something to eat,
All "made-up" in costume, right out on the street.
Some carry parcels they've had time to buy—
Candy, tamales, chilli or pie;
Others rush in to get something hot,
Stew or chop suey, I judge from the pot.
Priests, soldiers and monks, gaily costumed hussars,
Hags, nurses and vamps, slaves from foreign bazaars.
We don't have to move nor read volumes of travel,
With the world and his brother right here on our gravel.
What a good laugh we had to see great Caesar cook,
Set the table himself in his wee kitchen nook!
One afternoon, aroused by much clatter,
Napoleon dashed out to see what was the matter;
The weather was dreary, cold, rainy and wet,
Her Highness, Queen Bess, stalled her Ford landaulet;
You'd be very surprised to hear how she cussed,
But she finally drove off—mad, muddy and mussed.
One morning, awakened long before dawn,
We were shocked to see Nero out on the lawn;
Captain Kidd was there, too, and wild men from Fiji;
I'd phoned all the neighbors to look out and see.
In all the wide world no such conglomeration—
Tribes present and past, every language and nation.
Such ridiculous things one's risibles tickle
As seeing fair Juliet munching dill pickle,
Rabbis eat ham, Faust smoke with a nun;
Oh this merely suggests the strange mixtures and fun;
They can't all be mentioned, but whom to leave out
With such interesting specimens standing about!
Now back in New York we moved quite a lot,
But nothing could tempt me to budge from this spot;
So drop in, share our pre-view any mid-day,
Should you chance to be strolling "Out Hollywood Way."

By MILDRED MEADE

MOVIE MIRROR'S *Personality* PARADE

And who's better fitted to lead off our parade than Shirley Temple, in costume for the "Military Man" number of "The Poor Little Rich Girl?" She's now under contract to do four pictures a year for the next seven years (at $46,000 a picture!) at 20th Century-Fox—pretty good for a girl who is just seven years old!

Carole Lombard

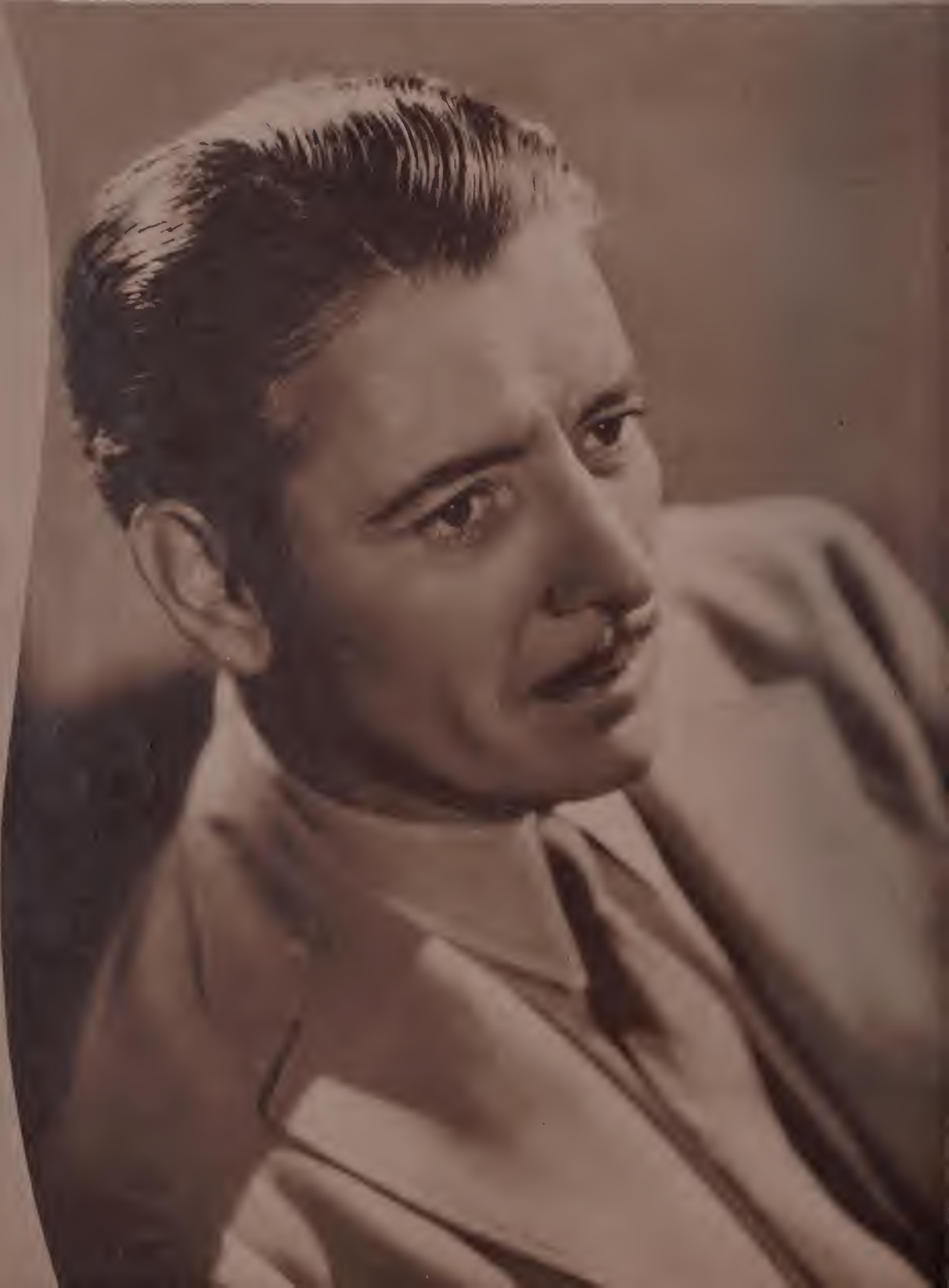
Good news! There's another Lombard-MacMurray picture in the offing, "The Princess Comes Across"—Carole being the princess in question, of course, and Fred being a lowly orchestra leader, in an hilarious comedy aboard a transatlantic liner. Incidentally, that Gable-Lombard romance is beginning to look more like the real thing every day.

Dick's coming up in the world! He's not Napoleon, but he's the next best thing, Napoleon's younger brother (and the hero) in "Hearts Divided." His next film will be "Stage Struck," with Joan Blondell, and who knows? Maybe the two stars will be married before the picture's finished! At least, that's what all Hollywood is saying.

Dick Powell

Ronald Colman

Yep, with mustache and modern clothes again, for Columbia's "Lost Horizon." Incidentally, when he started work on the screen version of the famed best-seller, he met the author—and James Hilton is now numbered among that small but magic circle of his intimate friends. After "Lost Horizon," Ronnie plans a long vacation and rest.



Marion has one of the most delightful roles of her career as the lovely Southern belle who captured the heart of a Buonaparte—much to Napoleon's dismay—in "Heart's Divided." Remember when Dolores Costello played the very same character, in "Glorious Betsey," one of the earliest films made with sound effects and a spoken line or two?

Marion Davies

Doug Fairbanks SR. and JR.

Otherwise known, among themselves, as "J. R. and Pete." Young Doug is now an actor-producer and just released his first venture, "The Amateur Gentleman," with Elissa Landi. Father, too, is planning to produce "Marco Polo," with authentic Chinese backgrounds—and it's rumored that he'd like to have his namesake play the title role.

"San Francisco" gives Jeanette her most dramatic starring part to date, but don't worry—she gets a chance to sing, just the same! And, although Nelson Eddy is away, busy with his concert tours, she still has a couple of grand actors as co-stars, none other than Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, in a stirring story of Gold Rush days.

Jeanette
MacDonald

THE LOVE CODE of

It isn't luck that's kept Florence and Freddie together all these happy years—they actually found the way to lick the two-career bugaboo

By KAY PROCTOR

WHEN Fredric March made his recent casual announcement that he was planning temporarily to desert Hollywood in the fall to do a play on the New York stage with his wife, Florence Eldridge, as co-star, it stirred up as much excitement as if he had tossed a bombshell in the middle of Hollywood boulevard.

"The guy is crazy!" was the consensus, an opinion backed up by the undeniable fact that Freddie is now in a position to write his own ticket with producers after his recent starring appearances in "Dark Angel," "Anthony Adverse" and "Zero Hour."

Some said it was magnificent and noble self-sacrifice on his part, others that it was only long-deserved justice for Florence. Some prophesied it would mean the death of his screen popularity, others that it would bring him more enduring fame. Some hazarded the opinion that it was entirely Florence's doing, others that it was Freddie's own idea.

Both Freddie and Florence feel it is about time the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is told about (1) why they are returning to the stage and (2) why Florence substantially gave up her own brilliant career as an actress for the role of wife and mother nine years ago when she married Freddie.

The truth is startling only in its simplicity and common sense.

There is, as it turns out, nothing altruistic on either side in the new move just as there was nothing altruistic in Florence's giving up her career when and as she did. All talk of sacrifice on either side is pure tommy-rot. It has been fun, selfish fun they both said, from the very beginning.

Neither is it a case of Hollywood threatening to disrupt their ideally happy marriage, as sometimes happens when individual careers of husbands and wives clash beyond a certain point, or even a stitch-in-time measure.

The plain and simple truth is, it is just part and parcel of a carefully thought-out plan for work and happiness, formulated by them on the day of their marriage in 1927 and carried through with steadfast purpose from that day to this.

By turns they told me about it as we sat in the flower-filled garden of their Beverly Hills home and watched Penny and Tony, their children, romp down slick slides, hang precariously by their toes on low cross-bars, and ride the merry-go-round in their fenced-in play yard.

Freddie was stretched out on the grass, his lean and tanned limbs soaking in sunlight. He was enjoying an unexpected day's freedom from "Mary of Scotland" in which he is playing the dashing, romantic Earl of Bothwell to Katharine Hepburn's Mary. Florence, too, has a role in the same picture, the prized role of Queen Elizabeth, but her work had not yet begun. She was knitting a brown sweater for Tony.

the FREDRIC MARCHES

The story properly began in 1923 before they met, Freddie said. Florence was an established stage star then, enjoying an enviable success in the Broadway hit, "Six Characters In Search of an Author." He was just beginning to get a toe-hold in the theater in a minor role in "The Law Breaker" after a laborious climb of the theatrical ladder.

"Florence, quite naturally, did not know I was on the face of the earth," he said. "But like all New York, I was well aware of her, at least as an actress."

Three years later they met as fellow members of the summer stock company in Elitch's Gardens in Denver. She was the star, playing her second season with the company. He had been sent on from New York as her leading man.

"And to get a little drier behind the ears, theatrically speaking," Freddie admitted. "In other words, for experience."

They fell in love—spectacularly on his part, Freddie insisted—and were married the following May after an ardent courtship. Their marriage was good judgment on his part, he said, but it was good judgment on the part of both that they squarely faced the fact upon their marriage that their two careers henceforth would have to be correlated if that marriage was to endure.

That important agreement from the first days of their marriage has had a lot to do with Freddie's brilliant career; left, in "Zero Hour." Now he thinks it's time for Florence to take the spotlight, so he's about to desert films, temporarily of course, to appear with his wife in a Broadway play.

"And so?" I asked.

"We worked out a formula of action," Florence answered. "Perhaps it is archaic of me but I believed then, as I do now, that a man must be the real as well as the titular head of the family. We drew up our code of conduct, professional as well as personal, on that premise.

"Our marriage, and what would make it fine and lasting, was to have first consideration always. Freddie's career, and what would further it, was to come next. Then if—and only *if*—my own career could be worked in without harm to Freddie's or our marriage, all well and good. I would pursue it. If not, I would forget about it.

"That last, you can see, was neither heroic nor self-sacrificing on my part. It was just common sense."

The code was put to the first test sooner than they anticipated. Both had been engaged for the ensuing season in Elitch's Gardens, but when the manager learned of their marriage he irately informed them that now he was interested in only one of them playing in his theater. Their marriage, he said, had destroyed their romantic appeal as a team. They could, however, decide between themselves which was to return.

The decision was made promptly; Freddie was to work, Florence to stay at home.

"Florence made the decision and it was a generous one on her part," Freddie said. "After all, she was the more prominent, the more popular of the two of us."

"Nonsense!" Florence cut in without a trace of see-what-a-noble-soul-I-am. "It would have been nothing short of ridiculous to have Freddie sitting around Denver doing nothing while I satisfied a smug little vanity by being the big-shot of the family. Besides, it would have violated our code."

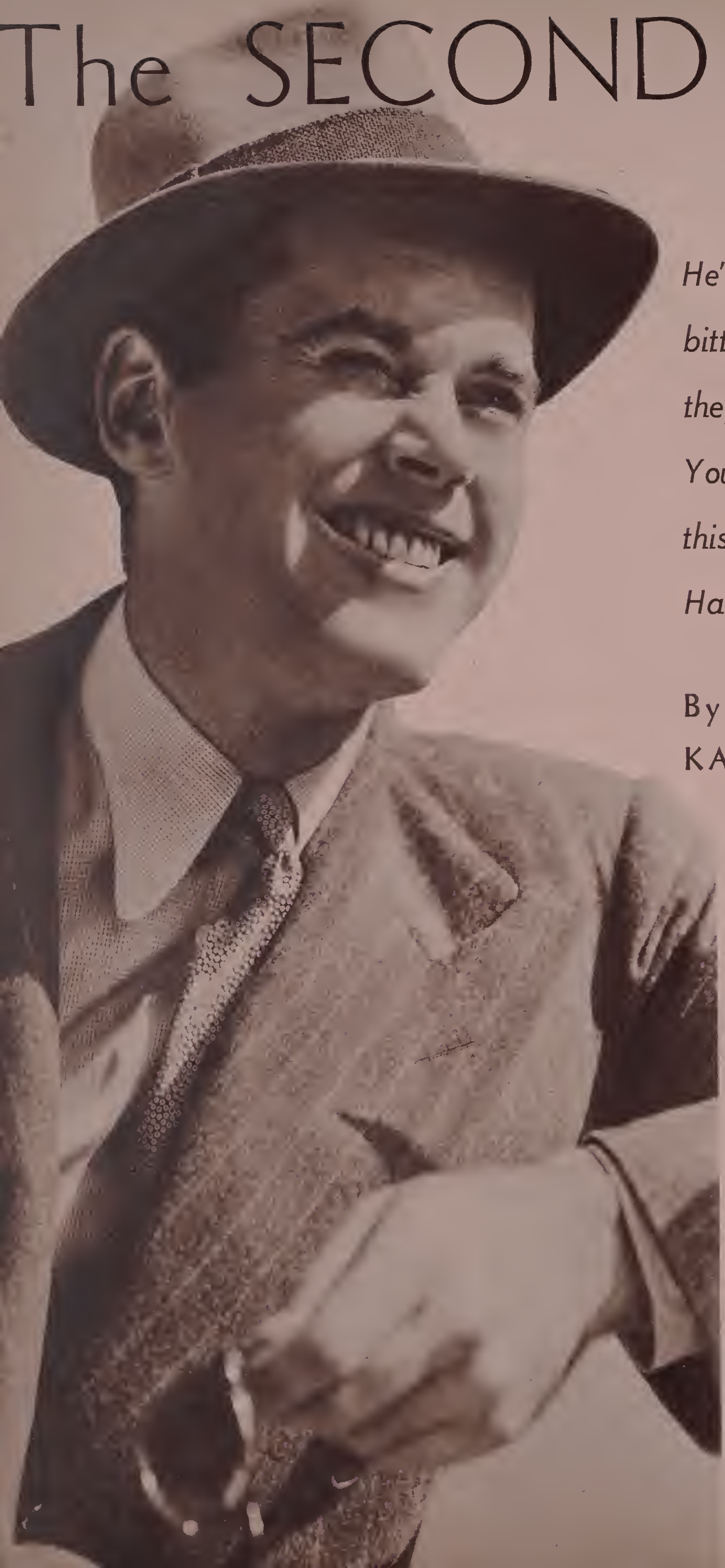
IT was not long, though, before Freddie paid her in the same coin. She was offered the opportunity to tour the country, as co-star with George Gaul, doing such plays as "Arms and the Man," "The Silver Cord" and "The Guardsman" for the Theater Guild Repertory company. He insisted she take this turn in the spotlight, and so that she might have it and they need not be separated, played second leads and juveniles in the same company.

"And this was swell of him," Florence said.

They saved their pennies on that tour and during their next season in Denver where Freddie once more took the center of the stage and Florence played stay-at-home. That careful saving was not so much for the proverbial rainy day as it was for the day when decisions affecting their individual careers could be forgotten in doing *together* the things they most wanted.

Then Freddie was offered the lead in the Los Angeles stage production of "The Royal Family," the satire based on the antics of the Barrymore family. They hesitated in accepting. The screen had become articulate and was in need of trained speaking actors. There was the chance the stage role might prove the (*Continued on page* 67)

The SECOND Henry



He's known starvation and bitter disappointment, but they never got him down. You'll find the reason in this revealing story of the Hank the public never sees

By

KATHERINE ALBERT

YOU look at Henry Fonda and see a charming, well dressed, gay young man with a pleasant, easy manner. He might be a last year's Princeton graduate. Or the most popular insurance salesman who won the trip to the Grand Canon. Or even the son of a Long Island millionaire with a snug little yacht (a great bargain at a hundred thousand dollars) and a string of polo ponies.

Just picture any attractive, carefree lad and you have what Henry Fonda is like from the *outside*. But, if you're observing, as you chat with him or lunch with him you notice a phenomenon that doesn't quite fit into this picture.

For instance, he finishes his food right up to the last forkful, without leaving a morsel or two on the plate "for politeness." He smokes his cigarette until it burns his fingers and then seems sorry that he must grind it out in the ash tray. Well fed, carefree young men do not make such gestures.

Fonda

But Henry Fonda has known what it means to starve.

He lived once, for five days, on only a nickel's worth of rice.

For eight years he went through hardships that included not only starvation but being cold and weary and desperate.

Such experiences invariably leave their calling cards behind them. Yet the reason that young Fonda seems, today, so untouched by it all, the reason he is free from bitterness and hardness is that he never once, during those eight years, lost his self respect. He took what life chose to hand him and checked it off as experience, as part of the business of living, as character building.

You might say—as Margaret Sullavan, his ex-wife, has implied—that hardships did not touch him. They touched him deeply. And it was not just the way he survived them, but the way he took hunger and cold and disappointment that has made him a real person.

AT first it was easy. Fresh from a little theater organization in Omaha, without benefit of manager or agent, Henry walked into a New York theatrical office and was given a play script to read.

"This is your role," they said. "Tell us what you think of it."

Fonda, with script under arm, subwayed uptown to his cheap boarding house. Why, Broadway was a snap. Being an actor was easy as falling off a log. You just went in, said you wanted a job and they gave you one.

So he wired his parents, received their enthusiastic congratulations and waited. He waited for weeks. The company did not produce the play. Henry's role, quite naturally, did not materialize. He was asked to return the script.

That incident set the tempo of Henry's career for years to come. A dozen roles almost came his way. He stopped wiring his parents after a year or two.

Jobs in summer stock were not too much trouble to land. The University Players were delighted to have him. There were opportunities, at not much money, in Washington, D. C. In Baltimore he had a part or two. So by careful budgeting and frugal living during the summer he managed to get through the first three winters of comparative inactivity.

During his third year in New York he took an apartment —and immediately secured an engagement in Washington. He sublet the apartment to two lads he knew, one a Russian artist, the other an actor.

Returning from Washington after three months, he discovered that one of the boys had gone to Europe and the other was stony broke. The rent had not been paid since he had been gone. Dispossession was threatened.

Henry, because there was nothing else to do, moved in with the Russian artist and paid the back rent from his Washington savings. When that was done there was no money left—maybe a dollar or two. Literally that was all. And the Broadway producers had stopped the game of giving Fonda scripts to read. They told him now, without any nonsense, that there was no place for him in their shows.

At the apartment the food problem was acute. With nothing between the two boys and starvation but one nickel they held a conference and decided that rice was the best and cheapest food. Look at the Chinese. They live on it exclusively and, if you believe Pearl Buck, they are a fairly hardy race.

A nickel's worth of rice would last a long time. It didn't seem like much when you bought it at the store, but when you cooked it, it swelled and when you ate it and drank a lot of water afterwards it made you feel pretty full.

For five days they lived on rice and rice only. There was not a grain of sugar to go on it or a teaspoonful of cream or even any butter. Just plain rice, unadorned.

There were a few cigarettes left. They smoked them until they burned their lips and then took the minute particles of tobacco which were left and used that in pipes.

The artist was snowed under by melancholia. He refused to leave the apartment. But young Fonda realized that that way lay complete defeat. All that Henry had left was his spirit—his hope, his faith in the future and his self respect.

He went out of the house every day, as regularly as if he had a good job which paid him a nice fat salary. He brushed what clothes he had not pawned, shaved carefully, polished the shoes with the run-down heels.

At first there were ads to be answered—"boy wanted," "envelopes to be addressed," (*Continued on page* 95)

She's A 5-Star PICTURE STAR

WHEN Joan Bennett is at work on a picture she is as busy as a tax collector. The time to catch her for an interview is in those brief intervals between the love and laughter of one film and the sighs and heartbreaks of the next. I set my trap accordingly. It was a rainy Wednesday just after she had finished "13 Hours by Air" when I caught her. The rain seemed a favorable omen. It would keep her from going shopping and thus prolong our luncheon. That's what I thought!

One minute after she had joined me I realized that I had been wrong from the beginning. She showed me her list of appointments for the day. Here's what I saw:

10:00 Tailor for fitting.
11:00 Hairdresser.
1:30 Luncheon—interview.
3:00 Doctor with Melinda (daughter number two).
3:45 Chiropodist.
4:30 Dentist.
5:45 Studio for costume fitting.
7:30 Dinner.

Such was the order of that rainy Wednesday. *Order* is the right word, too! The tomorrows had all been planned for in similar fashion. They were as full as a bargain hunter's dollar day.

And while this bright star was attending to all these things, what of her home? Do you suppose the servants were playing Monopoly because there was no one there to direct them? Not at all. All *that* had been arranged. Everything was going according to schedules worked out long ago in the pretty noggin of this youngest and busiest Bennett.

To look at Joan Bennett you wouldn't believe that she could be anything but very, very cute. You'd never guess, for instance, that she would work out a budget and then make it work. No, she doesn't look like a budgeteer. Neither does her fresh blonde beauty remind you that she is a capable mother. Nor is there anything reminiscent of the grim, flat-heeled business woman in that trim, chic figure.

Well, don't let the piquant Bennett fool you. She is all those people. She's a multiple personality, but without any of the accompanying psychoses. Consequently the problem of running a career and a home side by side holds no terrors for her. That's because she's as industrious as a beaver, as methodical as a night watchman, as practical as a bee. In

It's a sizable household, too, Joan has to manage (opposite page): husband Gene Markey, daughters Diana (and does she look like mama!) and Melinda, the children's nurse and Joan, herself.

JOAN BENNETT

Here's how Joan successfully juggles five careers —as wife, mother, housekeeper, actress and beauty

By BOWLES FISHER

addition she's as full of fun as a fat traveling man and as pretty as—well, disturbingly pretty.

Remembering that schedule, I routed an urge to sit in silent contemplation of this disturbing prettiness. The three o'clock appointment with the doctor was approaching. I wanted to find out about this strange phenomenon, a practical actress, while I had the opportunity. So I asked her to tell me all about the business woman who hides behind the bewitching exterior of Joan Bennett, the star.

Joan's way of getting things done is to start at the beginning. This characteristic was borne out in her revelations.

By way of starting at the beginning she said, "I hadn't been here a week before I discovered that Hollywood is a moody, temperamental goddess. She bestows gifts lavishly with one hand. In the other she holds a club. If you're not very, very careful she'll knock you down and take away everything she has given you. The only way to escape that club seemed to me to be some sort of plan, a "design for living." So I set out in search of one. After I got it, it took me some time to find out what to do with it. I'm still finding out, incidentally.

"My first maneuver in my campaign was to get myself a budget. They're as easy to get as they are to forget. I had mine a week when I discovered the reason why it's such a real pleasure to forget a budget. They become too complicated when all sorts of different items are mixed up in the same check book. I solved that problem by getting more checking accounts. That may not sound sensible but it is. It simplifies the bookkeeping.

"At present I have three checking accounts. One for clothes and personal luxuries; another for house expenditures; the third for business. Then I have a term savings account in one bank and another exactly equal to it in a different bank. That's in case one of them should suddenly flop. I have a third special savings account for business purposes. In that I deposit one entire week's salary from every picture I make. That account I keep intact until the end of the year so that I shan't be up a tree when the income tax is

(*Continued on page* 86)

GEORGE O'BRIEN has 9 lives

He's been face to face with blindness, eye-to-eye with death, a score of times, but he still comes up smiling—for more!

By HOWARD SHARPE

THIS tale, built up of hair-breadth escapes, of moments of terror, and of courage, has George O'Brien for its hero.

George, whose treatment long ago of "The Iron Horse" transformed what was once a crummy type of picture into genuine entertainment, is a huge and husky young man with a yen for action. When he was very young he dug a hole and put fear in it, and since that time the portion of this world which does things in a big and exciting way has seen a lot of him.

For people of this sort, luck is a necessary thing. They've got to have it, or they die early; and luck has been a toady of George O'Brien's as long as he can remember.

In every story about an adventurer there is always a climax. George's climax in terror and luck came suddenly last Thanksgiving day.

It happened at home in California during a presumably safe and sane game of squash. George awoke that morning with a sniffle, always a tragedy to film stars; nasal twangs don't register well on sound equipment. So he told his wife, the lovely Marguerite Churchill, that he'd be back for dinner and went out for a last round with Baron Otto, squash champ of the Beverly Hills Athletic Club.

Toward the end of the game George sloshed the ball into a far corner, and being confident the baron would miss a return, looked away. But squash champions are champions because shots like that don't escape them. Otto caught this one close down, sent it whizzing back.

The hard little rubber pellet, streaking at comet speed, caught George as he turned around. It fitted perfectly into the socket of his left eye.

When he came to, people were around him, muttering; pain filled him and he could see nothing. Absolutely nothing.

At lunch the other day George told me about it. "I'd watched this happen to a friend of mine one year before. You understand that when an eye-ball is crushed or pierced it disappears almost instantly, its composition is mostly water. That's how the Chinese and the ancient pirates worked it: they used their hands like this—" he pushed a huge fist, with fore- and little-fingers sticking straight out, toward my face— "and in a split second it was all over.

"Well, anyway," George went on, "playing squash is like taking a Turkish bath. You get very warm and then you relax and then you perspire. You drip. And that, with the tears running down the left side of my face—well, naturally I thought my eye was gone. I was sure I was blind."

You must realize what that meant to him. Finis to career, to all ambition; activity crippled. George O'Brien with a colored bit of glass screwed into his face to stare fixedly while he talked—imagine, if you can, yourself in his place.

At the moment of the accident he clapped one hand over that eye and said: "Wire Floyd Gibbons to move over—I'll be down there in a few weeks to help him out." He said: "Gimme a blanket. I'll catch more cold lying here like this." He said: "Well boys, here's where I start directing pictures instead of acting in them." He said: "Don't tell Marguerite—just yet."

A doctor came, finally, who assured him that the eye was bruised, not crushed. "It's still there, don't worry," the doctor told him, beaming. "Of course I can't tell, just yet, if you'll ever be able to see with it again. We'll know about that in five days."

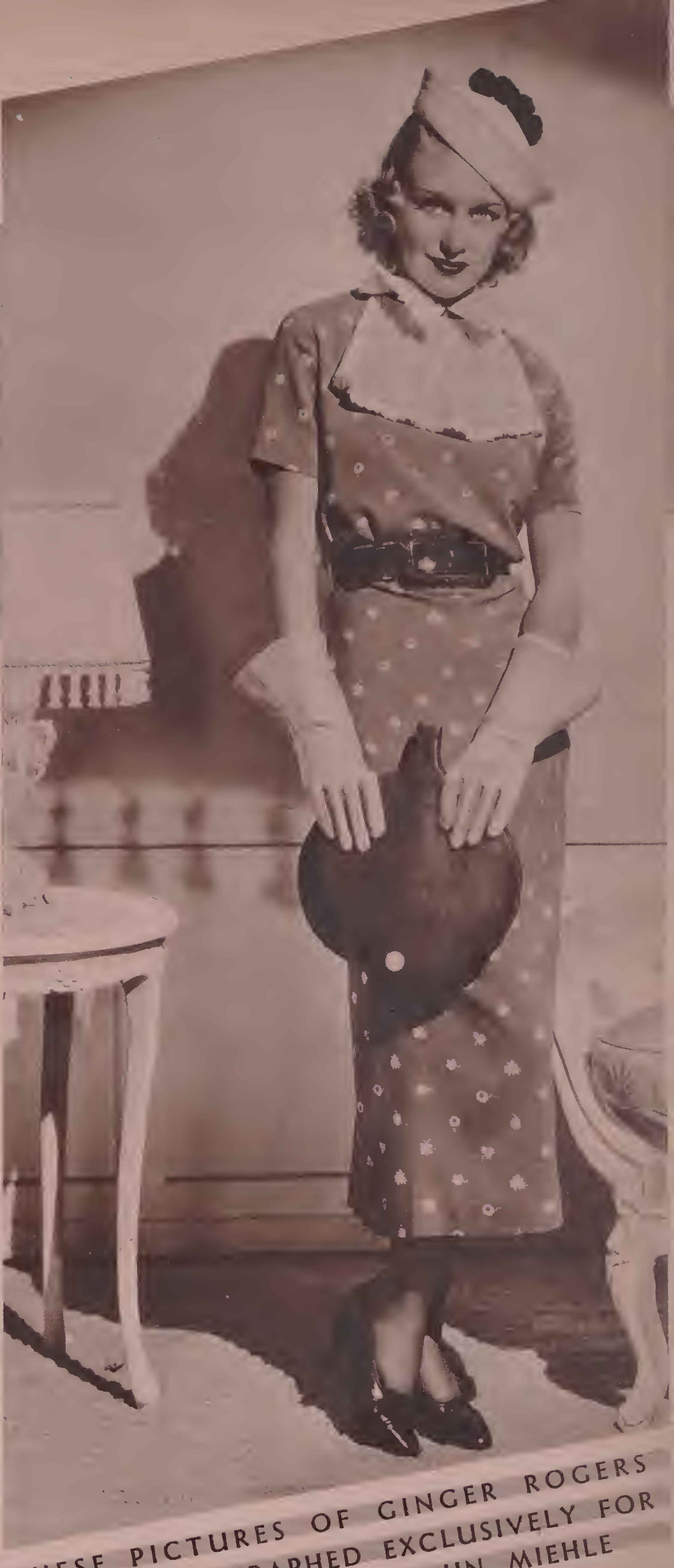
(*Continued on page* 80)

From his early Navy days to his marriage to Marguerite Churchill (read about their flirtation with death in a home-made plane), he's been living in a great, big way!

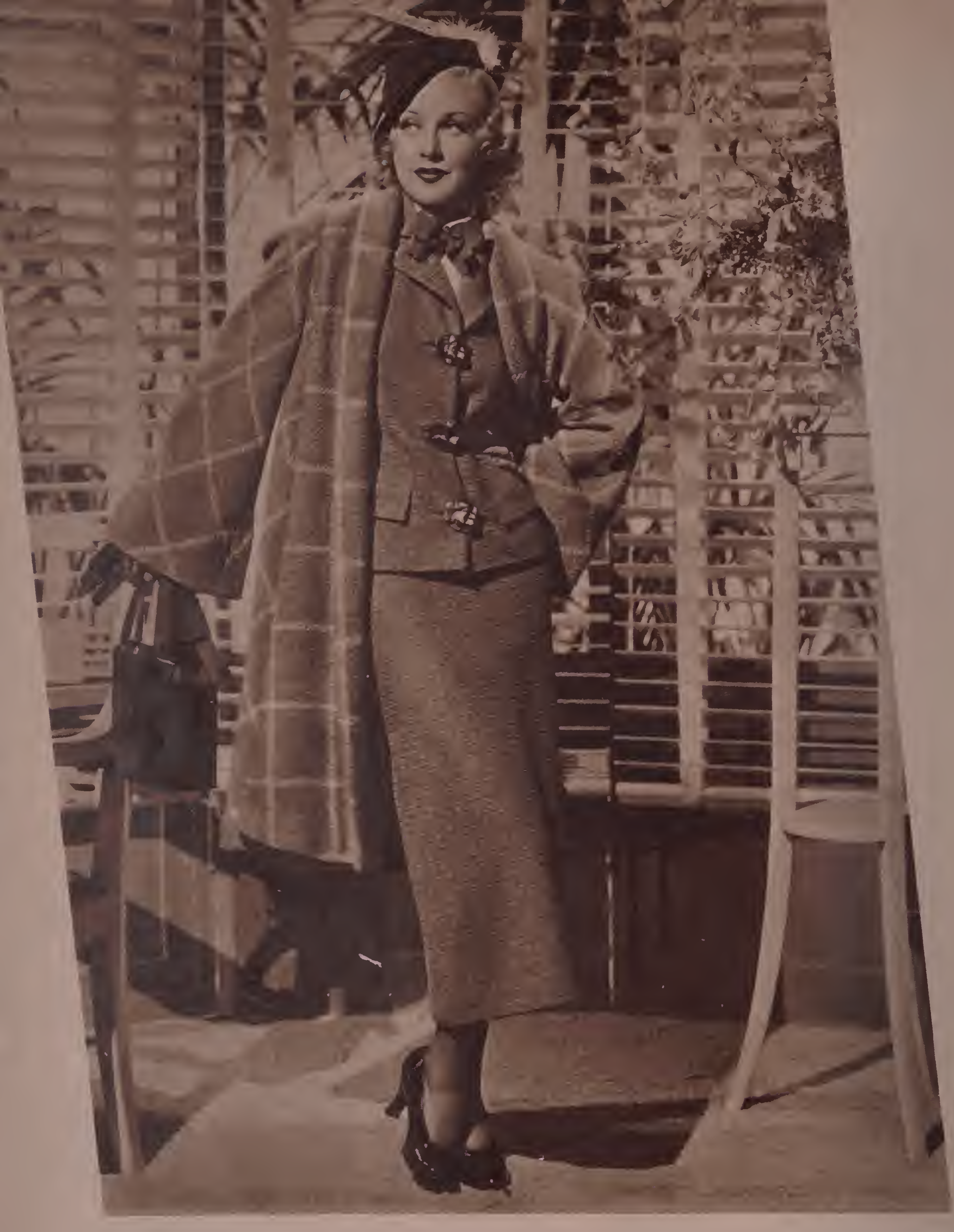
Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS

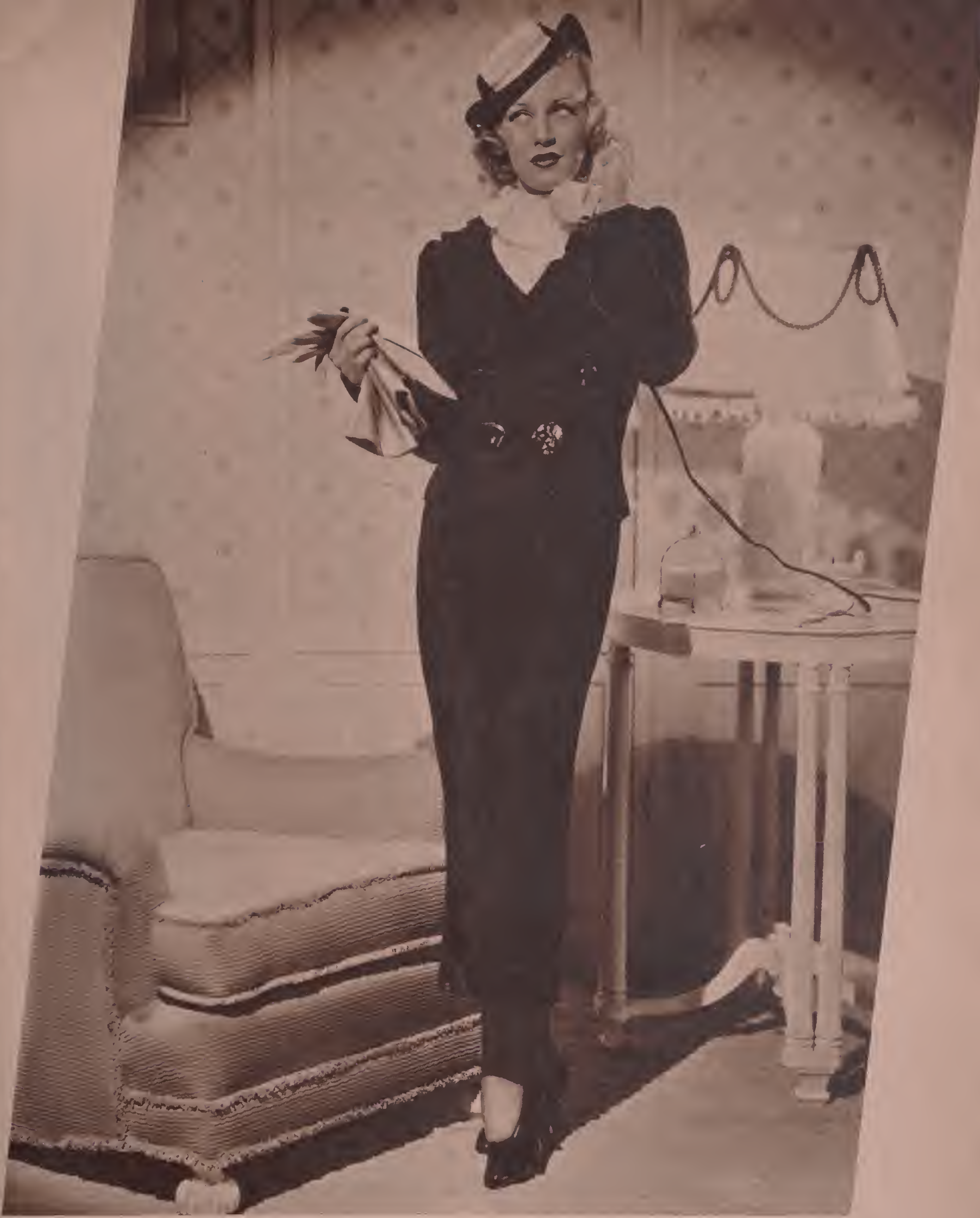
This month, RKO's lovely blonde dancing star, Ginger Rogers herself, shows you the perfect summer wardrobe for daytime wear. First of all, July days call for simple frocks with crisp touches of lingerie—like this short-sleeved model of French blue crepe with a white floral pattern, a "Bounty" jabot of white handkerchief linen, and a wide navy belt with carved buckle. Ginger tops it off with a gob hat of white pique, trimmed with navy buttons. A large pearl button closes her unusually interesting bag at the bottom.



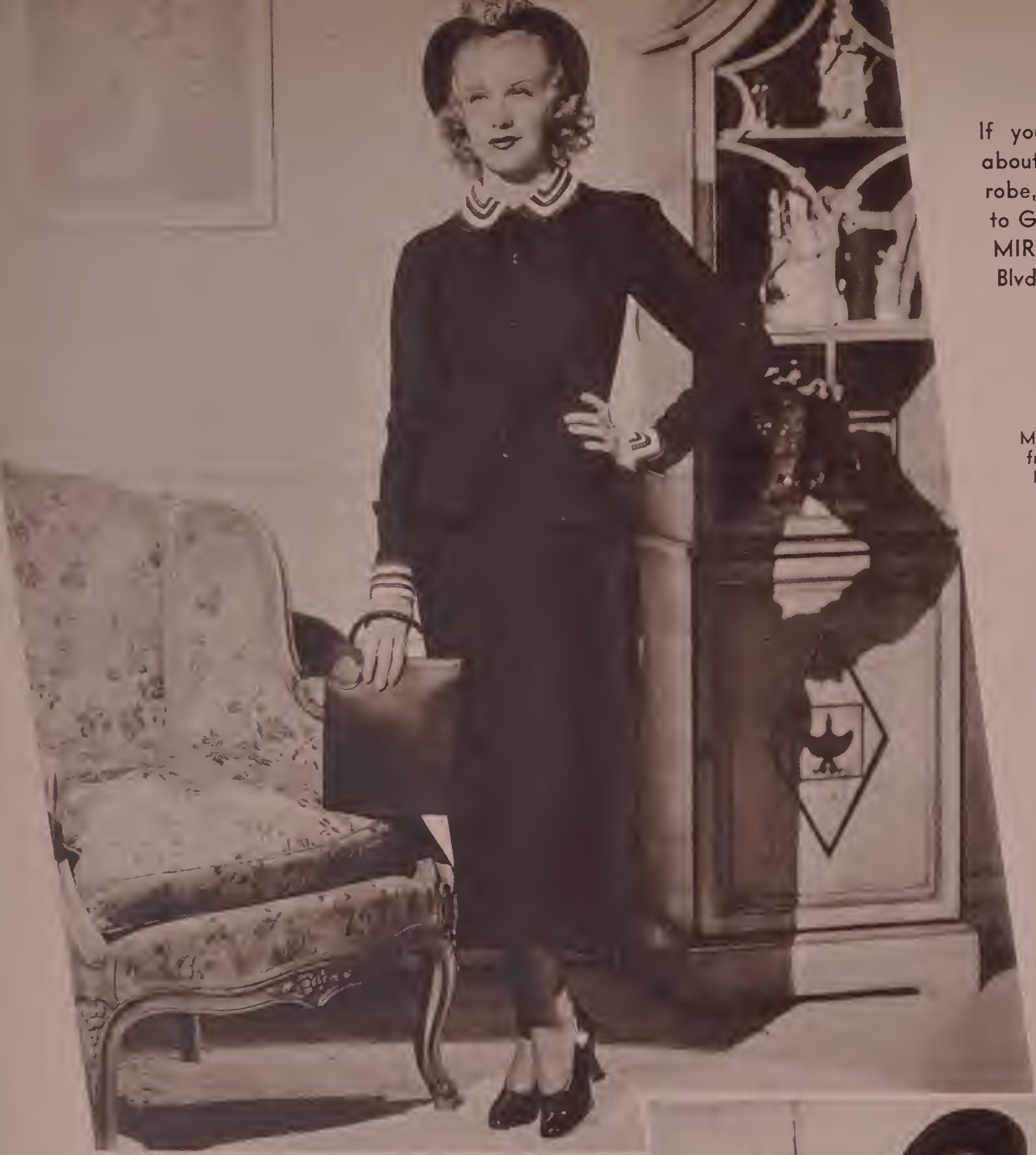
THESE PICTURES OF GINGER ROGERS WERE PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIE MIRROR BY JOHN MIEHLE



For summer travel, Ginger chooses this four-piece costume. Bold gray and white plaid of light weight wool fashions her topcoat, contrasting with the single breasted suit of smoke gray linton fabric with flap pockets and carved buttons. Her mannish blouse of white crepe is closed at the throat by a tailored bow of dark gray grosgrain. To complete this striking but simple ensemble, Ginger wears a black felt sport hat, gray gloves, and black shoes and bag.

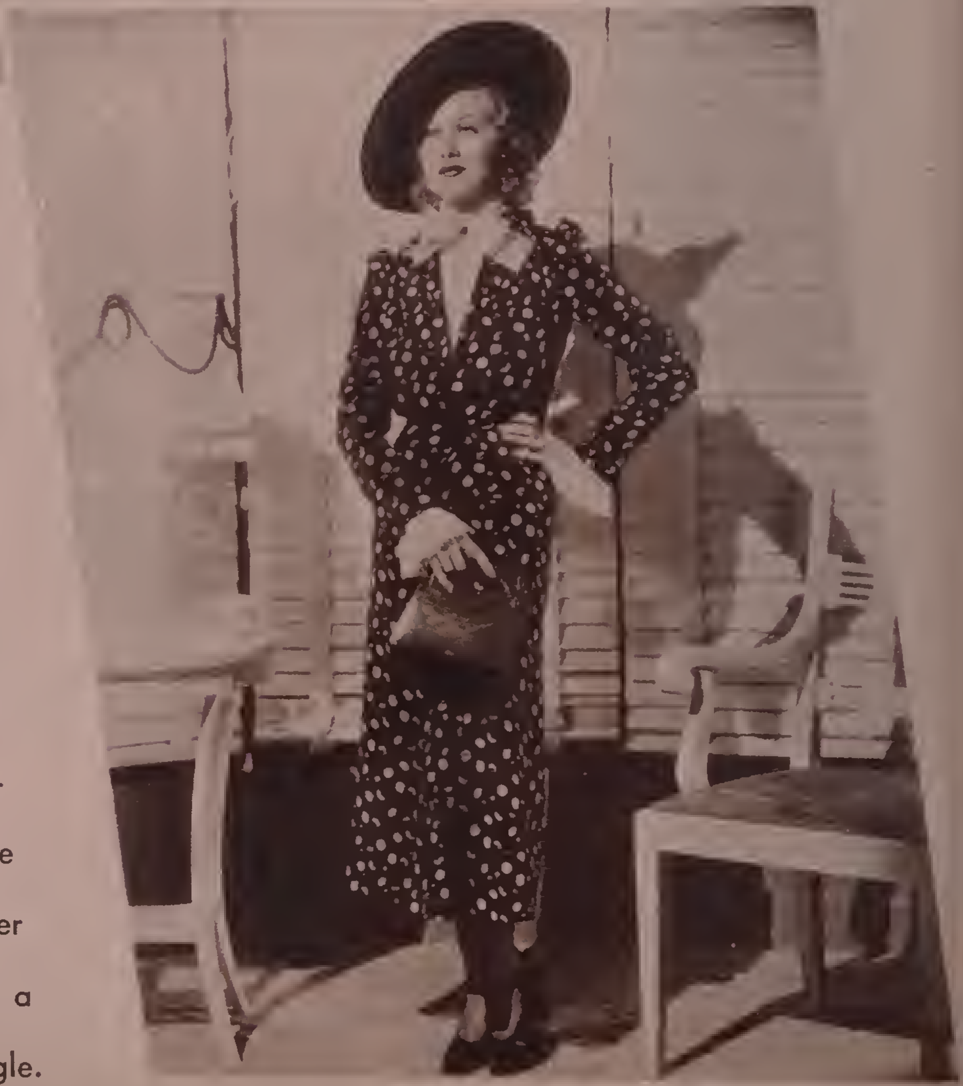


A hurried call to town finds Ginger smartly dressed in this two-piece double-breasted frock of black nubby-weave cotton. Carved buttons in floral design are graduated upward to accentuate the feeling of shoulder width achieved by the square shoulders and broad, curved revers. A triple tier jabot of white handkerchief linen is crowded jauntily into the V neckline. Ginger's hat of black baku is topped by white grosgrain ribbon and encircled by a wide-mesh veil.



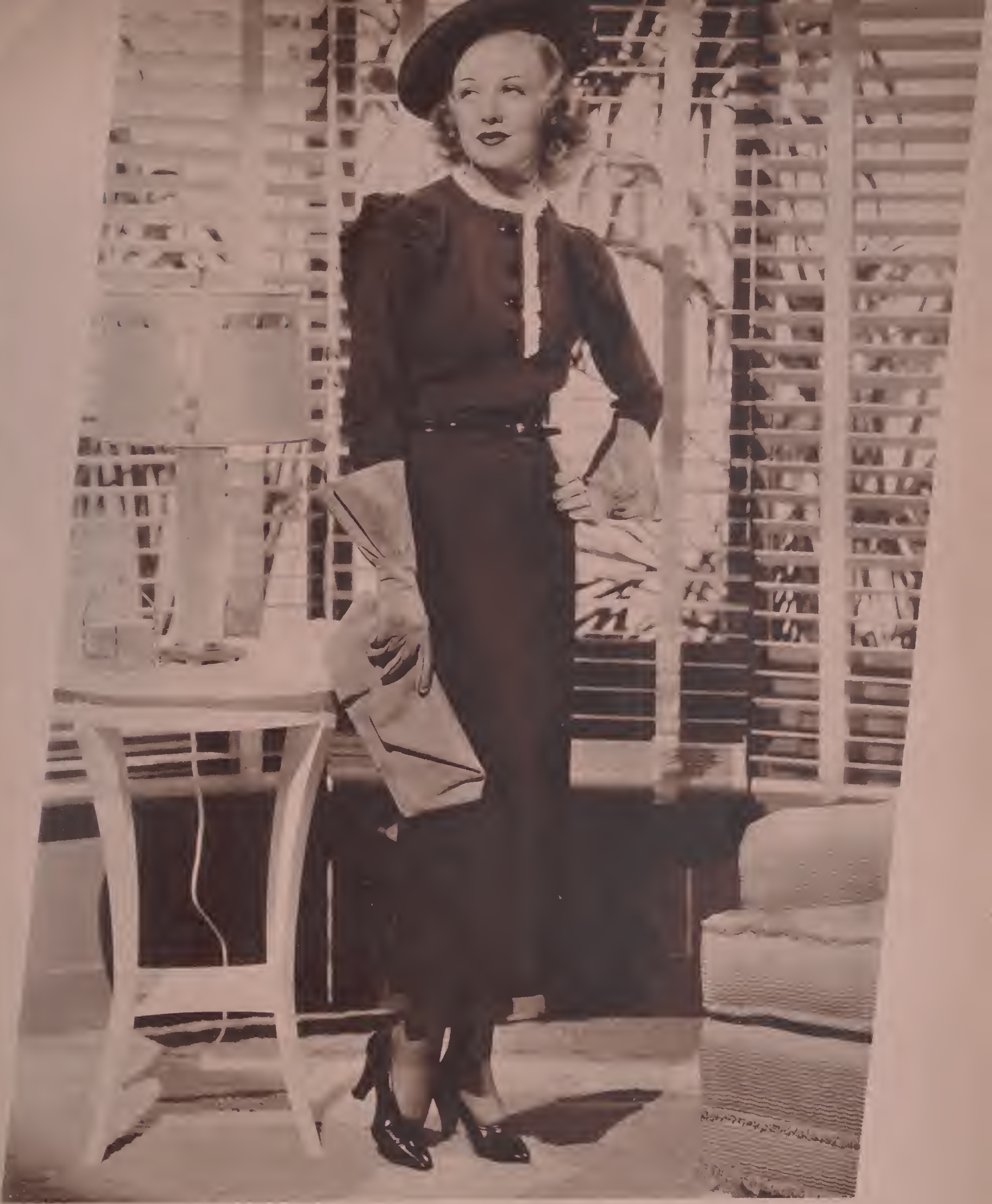
If you would like advice about your vacation wardrobe, write your problem to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Miss Roger's costumes from Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles, California.



Above—Ginger's Flemish bonnet of black straw with vivid red carnations is just the right touch for her two-piece frock of black crepe, which is actually hook-and-eyed up the front. The Peter Pan collar and cuffs are interestingly trimmed with black and red braid.

While at the right, pleated wrist-ruffs and a blouse of white organza with a perky tie-collar give Ginger's daisy-printed navy crepe frock a distinct touch of femininity. Her picture hat of matching straw is set on a band of grosgrain ribbon, at a dashing angle.



Ginger chooses mauve pink suede gloves and a matching bag to contrast with her frock of navy sheer. The dress itself has intricate shirring that moulds the waistline and gives top-of-the-sleeves fullness. A tiny ruching outlines the neck and front opening. Ginger adds youthful chic to the costume with a navy straw sailor. You'll be seeing her soon, dancing, singing and flirting her irresistible way through RKO's "Never Gonna Dance"—with Fred Astaire, too!

For years, Hollywood wondered what she was really like, this queen of the box office and Fox studios. They found out soon enough, when M-G-M borrowed her for "Small Town Girl"—filming scenes like this with Bob Taylor (opposite page), for instance!

JANET GAYNOR

Lets Down Her Hair

The little redhead emerges from years of seclusion on the home lot, ablaze with enthusiasm and gaiety. And, as one star remarked, "Heaven help us all now—Gaynor's on the loose!"

By SARA HAMILTON

WHEN the news finally leaked round and round and came out here, as the song went, people in Hollywood knew one thing finally and for all.

Janet Gaynor had emerged from the wall of protection that had constantly surrounded her and actually had got herself borrowed by another studio.

To the outside world this mere statement of fact may not convey so very much one way or another. But to the boys and girls of Hollywood, it conveyed exactly the same meaning as the good old British cry—

"The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen."

Janet being the designated lady in both cases.

For years, Janet had lived far apart from the swirling activities that go to make up Hollywood. For years she had sat on the snug little porch of her cute little cage and let out not a single peep. For years, from the top of the box office stairs, she had looked serenely down and gone on her happy little way alone. Leaving all of us, especially those of us who write pieces about the stars, pretty much in the dark as to just what kind of person the little Gaynor number might actually be.

We could only surmise. And what surmising we did on our installment plan typewriters. Dear, dear did we do up the little Gaynor package in white tissue and blue ribbons. And occasionally, just to be different, some of us even wrapped her up in purple crepe, smelling to Heaven of sex-allure perfume, and said, this, now, is the real Janet. Yep, we even tried that.

Still the years moved on and Janet said little. For publication, that is. We read of her long vacations abroad and in Honolulu. We read of her illness and her painful accident while on location for "Way Down East" which took her out of the cast. We read all this exactly as if we were reading of some remote being in a far corner of the world. A being that for almost ten years actually did exist in some other world.

Ten years. It's a long time to serve in a tower of exile, even if one is fairly happy and contented. But ten years is a long, long time when one is young and lovely and the whole world waits to be played in and worked in and lived in.

"I'm afraid I felt too secure in my sheltered happiness," Janet told me. "I became the darling of the Fox lot and as such might have become a bit too selfish in my little world. I was certainly petted and protected on all sides from the gateman at his post to the highest executive. And now I'm having a look at the world on the other side of the fence and am I getting a kick out of it?"

You never saw a kid out of school as excited as that one.

The first bar was let down when Janet, for the first time in her career as a big star, was borrowed by another studio. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer borrowed Janet for "Small Town Girl."

"Well," Hollywood prophesied when it got over that jolt, "wait till poor old M-G-M gets that little lady on their hands. They may as well make up their minds that the set will be closed tighter than Garbo's, there will be no interviews and, in general, a hot time in the old town will take place every day in the week on that set, at least.

And then the day for Janet's debut arrived. As is usual with visiting stars, as they call borrowed stars in Hollywood, the publicity force of M-G-M stood by on the sidelines to watch the Gaynor entrance.

Nothing happened. She drove in like any other star.

The next step was to visit the set. With fear and trepidation they waited outside the stage door for the red light to flash off its warning that a scene was being shot within. "Yea, and what a scene, I'll bet," they muttered to themselves.

The door pushed wide open as it always had. No one gave them any heed or motioned them off in wild-eyed alarm. Instead, bursts of laughter, one masculine and one feminine, fell upon the visitors' ears. Creeping closer they beheld a sight of sights. Janet Gaynor, her tiny bare feet protruding from black velvet slacks, sprawled flat on her back, and Robert Taylor in the (*Continued on page* 82)

Wallace Beery (left, below) foiled one of the oldest blackmail rackets in the world; Eddie Cantor (center) was forced to take extraordinary precautions to protect his family, as well as himself, while extortionists attempted to reach Clark Gable through his first wife.

How Hollywood OUTSMARTS the UNDERWORLD

HOLLYWOOD, in its attitude toward the underworld, is a city of strange contradictions. There are famous stars who, in constant fear of kidnaping, live in impenetrable fortresses with heavy iron doors, barred windows, elaborate alarm systems and a pack of ferocious dogs to aid the watchman. Others, like Garbo, are equally famous but think nothing of strolling the deserted streets of Beverly Hills alone at midnight, taking little notice of their hazard.

For there is a terrific hazard! Hollywood, with its famous people, its seemingly endless supply of ready cash and its stock of furs and jewelry worth millions should be a natural target for the underworld gangs. Nor can these gangs forget the little matter of ten thousand dollars a day that it would cost a studio if their star should suddenly turn up missing.

Yet, has there ever been a major Hollywood kidnapping? If there has been, it has never hit the headlines of the country's newspapers. But with a view of finding out for MOVIE MIRROR readers just how near Hollywood has been to a real snatch or extortion, I've been quietly browsing through the records, talking with police reporters, members of the investigation squad of the District Attorney's office and finally to veteran G-Man Joseph Dunn, who was once head of the United States Department of Justice in Los Angeles.

G-Man Joseph Dunn frankly admits it is remarkable there has never been a major kidnapping in Hollywood, particularly when you consider the great fortunes of Hollywood and the interest in movie stars. However, he tells me:

"Los Angeles has been kept unusually clean of racketeers. The only time Hollywood was really menaced by big time gangsters was in 1932 when members of a Chicago ring moved quietly into town and set themselves up on a big ranch at Encino. Jack Sheldon, right hand man to Al Capone, was the boss. This was a first class mob and plenty dangerous to any community. They belonged to no puny five thousand dollar payoff class. When they worked

Dolores Del Rio (left) faced kidnapping threats—with unexpected results; Spencer Tracy (center) was another intended victim, and Jack LaRue spent several anxious hours when the husband of a woman he had never met took drastic measures to cure his wife of her "infatuation."

Why is it that the stars, in one of the richest colonies in the world, have never experienced a successful kidnapping or extortion case? It isn't because criminals haven't tried!

By MURIEL BABCOCK

they got dough. The Los Angeles police were tipped off to their whereabouts and quietly and quickly cleaned them out.

"California, I think, has the finest protective laws against criminals of any state. Everyone with a previous criminal record must register with the police. If not, he is liable to felony charges and imprisonment. Most criminals when picked up prefer to get out of the state rather than be jailed.

"The second time we were menaced was a year or so later when a bunch of bad boys from the Southwest, Texas and Oklahoma, moved in. Quite by accident, when one of their number was picked up for petty theft in Los Angeles, the police discovered a whole nest of them on a ranch near Lancaster. It would have been a fine strategic spot as a kidnap operation base if they had not been discovered. Out they went on their ear!

"However, because we have had no major kidnapping doesn't mean there is no kidnapping menace. No precautions against the underworld element can be too great. *I marvel at the chances many of our famous stars take in going unprotected at night and in lonely streets.*"

It seems that our big he-man, Clark Gable, had the boys from police headquarters, with whom he loves to pal around, very alarmed about the chances he took by prowling by himself at night. Members of the homicide squad presented him with a regulation department snub-nosed automatic which they insisted he carry. They told him they were frankly worried for fear he'd hit real trouble some night. Clark laughed, but he took the gun. And I hope he carries it.

Dunn, as all officers of the law, is a great advocate of "take no chances no matter how innocent the appearances." In illustration of this, he told me of a scare Dick Barthelmess suffered, one which he said showed the way for a movie star not to go about investigating or handling a case. He said:

"One day a shabby, dirty and ill-kempt youth appeared at the office of the Barthelmess manager with a hair-

(Continued on page 92)

There's a good reason why Ida is so perfect in romantic roles like "One Rainy Afternoon," the forthcoming Francis Lederer picture.

Ida Lupino's WEIRD LOVE STORY

A love so unearthly, so powerful, it surmounted separation in Death, even as it had in Life!

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THIS is a story of love, of love so dear and deep that it caused a miracle to happen. That, at least, is what those who don't believe in spiritualism must call it. And this, too, is a story of Ida Lupino.

Ida was fourteen years old when she left school to go into the theater. Four hundred and fifty years the Lupinos had been actors and actresses, ever since they lost their fine titled lands in Italy and were sent into exile to roam at first as gypsies. And so it was as if the shades of all those Lupinos urged Ida to hurry and claim that life which in four and one half centuries had become her birthright.

"I was impatient to finish school," Ida says. "Nights I used to get up and go down to the classroom to study. So, considering I'd been put in school at three when my mother and father left England for an American tour, when I was twelve, scholastically I stood where most girls stand at eighteen."

Stanley Lupino, Ida's father, famous as he was in the theater, did not raise a hand to help her. "Go ahead," he told her the day she stood before him in the library and announced she was through with school and ready to go to work. "But remember this, my daughter. If you don't make good, back to school you go and there you stay until you're twenty-one."

He knew the work and self discipline it takes to live in the theater. He knew that if he made it easy for his girl at first a time must arrive later on when, because of his indulgence, she would have it harder than ever, provided she really meant to get on and do things. So he put her on her own. It is only at a casual glance that he seems hard.

Challenged by all of this, however, Ida would not even trade on the Lupino name. It was as Ida Ray she besought managers and finally landed a job in a repertoire company playing in the English provinces.

"I got seven dollars a week," she told me. "I lived in digs over a butcher shop. The room was very small. The mattress was very lumpy. And there was, incredible as it sounds, a green mildew growing about the legs of the bed. I didn't like this part of it but I didn't mind it too much either because it meant after a short lifetime of waiting and preparation I actually was in the theater."

It was while Ida was with this repertoire company that she met Johnny. He also was about fourteen. He also had great things to accomplish in the future because of promises made to himself. At first Johnny and Ida were pals. They shared the cost of a few coals for the grate in Ida's miserable room and

(*Continued on page 84*)

VIRGINIA WEIDLER has a whole menagerie of her own (including goats, dogs, rabbits, cats and a burro), but she'd like to add the next-door neighbor's horse and colt to the collection. She'll have the title role in "Girl of the Ozarks," her next film on the Paramount lot, where they have great plans for this talented, appealing youngster.

WHAT I Think LIFE IS

AS TOLD TO

"I never dream," says young Rochelle Hudson. "I have no illusions; I expect life to give me only what I work for."

20th Century-Fox's starlet, on the threshold of her career, tells why she seeks her only happiness in the work ahead—with no time out for romance. Left, with W. C. Fields in "Poppy," for Paramount.

We might aptly preface this story with a line from an old poem, "For I am going out the door as you come in the gate."

Young Rochelle Hudson stands on the threshold. It is all ahead of her—fame and love and marriage and babies and adventure and romance and reality and the whole complicated fabric of life. What does she dream that it is going to be? What are her hopes, her dreams, her ambitions in life, never having lived it?

And at the other end of the trail stands silver-haired May Robson, "Muzzie May," who knows *what life is all about—love and fame and marriage and work and babies, having lived it.*

It interested us to know how two women look at life—one entering the gate, the other with her hand on the outward going latch.

I asked them both.

ROCHELLE'S smoky sapphire eyes turned crystal clear, a little mocking when I said, "What do you expect from life, Rochelle? As you look ahead to added fame and to romance and marriage and all of the adventures and experiences, great and small, what are your dreams?

"I have no dreams." The young voice was emotionless, very matter of fact. I had the feeling that I had asked an old-fashioned question, somewhat lavender-and-laceish.

"I never dream," Rochelle was saying, concisely. "There is no place in life for dreams or dreamers. I have no illusions. I don't know what the word 'thrills' means. I've never had them. I expect life to give me only what I work for, what I prepare myself for and nothing else. I've worked all my life for what I have. I know that I shall work, in one way or another, for what I shall have in the future.

"I see no mythical pot of gold at the rainbow's end when I glance into the future. If there is one there for me it will be because I have put it there with my own hands. As a matter of fact, I shan't be much good at answering your questions because I never do look ahead. I believe only in today, in the immediate present. I believe only what I see with my own eyes, feel with my own hands.

"Life doesn't look like Fairyland to me. I don't believe in miracles. I believe in a system,

(*Continued on page* 98)

WHAT I Know LIFE IS

GLADYS HALL

"I always dreamed," answers May Robson, "of myself as an actress—and of marriage and children. Life has been swell!"

I TOLD "Muzzie May" Robson what the young Rochelle had said—what the child, just beginning, expects of life. And May Robson's young blue eyes so much younger than the eyes of the girl, twinkled and were tender. They looked back at life and hundreds of warm memories seemed to light that animated face . . . seventy odd years of memories, given and received . . . of life lived and savoured . . . and she said, "Poor, foolish children, mouthing formulas, not understanding at all the meaning of the words they use. Ah, no, life is not like that. It never has been. It never will be. For we change our clothes and our vocabularies and our manners but we never change our bodies, nor the hearts that make them beat nor the spirit that keeps them alive.

"There are two things in life and only two, and they embrace and include all other things, and so are one. One of the two is work. And the other is love. They are all there is to life, and they are magnificently enough. I'd like to quote you a verse from a poem I wrote not long ago. It expresses what I mean when I speak of the blessedness of work.

When your heart cries out
in its dire distress,
For peace that has winged away,
Do you think that your sorrow will grow the less
If watered by tears each day?
One solace God sends for that haunting pain—
Of this heartease would you partake?
Then WORK—garner in the sheaves of your brain
And your heart will forget to ache.

"Work is the best of life," said Muzzie May, "as the child Rochelle seems to feel. But work is not a matter of equipping yourself mathematically and calculatingly with the weapons of warfare. Oh, no. I had no such weapons. I never thought of them. I had no training. I just saw a sign—Theatrical Agency—and I'd loved the idea of being 'a actress' and I just walked in.

"Work is the tree of life, yes. But Fame is the fruit of that tree. A delicious, delirious fruit. It has never lost its savor to me after more than fifty years on stage and screen. For it is glamor and thrill and sharing and excitement.

"This is what I mean as opposed (*Continued on page 99*)

M-G-M's grand old lady of films is still a romanticist after more than fifty happy years as both an actress and a woman. At right, with her grandson, her great granddaughter and her son.

The TRAGIC LIFE STORY

Continuing the amazing adventures of Joe E. Brown through honky-tonk days, the San Francisco earthquake and the pangs of first love

It's easy to see, in the very formal picture at left, that the young acrobatic comedian who was beginning to make a name for himself, after those harrowing days of circus and vaudeville trouping, had a girl on his mind!

The circus world was a land of magic to little nine-year-old Joe E. Brown, smallest of "The Five Marvelous Ashtons—Most Sensational Casting Act Before the Public!" He was far too proud of his small part in the glittering circus (and the bit of money he was able to send home to the big family of Browns in Toledo) ever to dream of letting his home-folks know about the infrequent ten-cent meals, the restless, weary nights in cheap hotels, his fear of the man who directed the strenuous acrobatic act—or the daring feats he attempted long before he had sufficient training or strength for such stunts.

One such attempt resulted in a broken jaw, but, true to circus standards, the youngster tried again "before he lost his nerve." And, even as he fainted from pain and shock, safe at last in the arms of Billy Ash, he knew he had qualified as a real circus performer and was happy!

JOE toured with "The Five Marvelous Ashtons" for four seasons, returning late each fall to Toledo and to school. The second spring, Ash and the boys went with the John Robinson shows and toured the southern states.

As the boy grew a little older and a little stronger he became marvelously clever as a performer. Though he was still undernourished and thin to the point of gauntness, he no longer suffered from severely sore ankles, or wrenched muscles, and he had acquired enough spunk to refuse to do stunts such as that disastrous leap which had broken his jaw while he was with the Busby Circus. "And," continued Joe, "I continued to grow increasingly funny looking!"

By the time Joe was twelve his friendly but homely little face held such marked comic possibilities that canny circus managers were urging Ash to let the boy wear comedy make-up. This difference in costume (the others were arrayed in the conventional tights) combined with his really superior work soon earned thin Master Brown top billing with the act, sometimes as "Master Joe Ashton, the boy wonder," or as "Master Joe, world's greatest juvenile gymnast." More important than anything else to Joe was the "marvelous" advance in his salary from $1.50 per week to $5.00!

# of a Happy Man

By DOROTHY MANNERS

And this was the girl who occupied Joe E.'s romantic thoughts—Kathryn McGraw, who couldn't resist that famous "Lil Mousie" story. Left, Joe with his beloved partner, Frank L. Prevost, the first real friend the lonely boy had ever had.

Thanks to Joe's greatly increased competency as a performer, Ash was able, the third season, to land his troupe with a really good circus, the Floto Ring. The circus management, however, would not take the cross-eyed boy previously with the act, and so it was "The Four Marvelous Ashtons" who were billed to carry on in an act second in importance to the headliner. Ash was so pleased at this break that he ante'd Joe's salary from $5.00 to $7.00 weekly.

The audience who saw "The Four Marvelous Ashtons" politely applauded their athletic stunts, but they laughed, and laughed loudly, at the kid who not only did the best stunts but who managed to be so comic while he was doing them. Joe was developing showmanship of a high order. He didn't mind that the people laughed. There was something warm and friendly in their laughter. It wasn't the "making fun" kind.

This laughter-reaction gave the act a value that even Ash didn't suspect until one night when a vaudeville agent came back to the Big Tent dressing room and offered the Ashtons a vaudeville contract. "And keep the kid funny," was his only advice.

Ash, who never was cut out to be the world's canniest business man, had actually signed the contract before anyone in the troupe realized they had given up a very good job with an established organization for the very dubious privilege of playing beer gardens and, later, honky-tonks up and down the Gold Coast of California.

They played Reno, Nevada, during the gold rush days when they were selling ham and eggs for $2.50 an order in an ordinary restaurant, and that was exactly one-third of Joe's entire salary!

Joe hated it all. He was used to the conventional life lived by the circus people, who have such a high standard of morals. He was distressed and ill at ease performing in smoke-filled rooms with girls in bangly skirts drifting from table to table getting the "suckers" to buy wine and drinks. Yet it was only the suckers who got drunk. The girls were too smart. They worked on a percentage, depending upon the number of bottle caps and stoppers they had in their possession at the end of an evening.

The hours were dreadful for the kid. Sometimes they would start a thirty-act show at two A. M. and hours later Joe (*Continued on page 72*)

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S "GROWING PAINS"

ONE of Hollywood's most pathetic and poignant stories is the story of Maureen O'Sullivan's six turbulent Hollywood years. During those years Hollywood almost destroyed Maureen's hope and faith. With one hand it gave her fabulous gifts, money and fame and the thrill of flattery. With the other hand it beat and bruised her sensitive Irish heart. But it couldn't kill her courage. And that courage won in the end.

I don't think Maureen will care if I tell the story now. A year ago she would have cared, because then she was suffering as only a bewildered, hurt, unhappy girl can suffer. Today she is sure of herself and her own emotions. She is eager and safe behind a shield of her own making.

The story begins with the eighteen-year-old Maureen, shy, awkward, unaware, with the blood of her idealistic, romantic Irish ancestors flowing warmly in her veins. That youngster with the clear skin and the black-lashed eyes had about as much chance of beating the Hollywood game as a kitten. Because she, herself, was honest and fine, she trusted in the honesty and fineness of everyone. She was doomed for disappointment and heartbreak from the very beginning.

Today, however, the twenty-four-year-old Maureen, a calm, poised young woman, has conquered Hollywood and taken command of her own life. The steadiness of her voice and eyes, the grace of her movements show her new serenity and strength.

What has happened to Maureen during those years between the girl and the young woman, especially during the last twelve months?

A year ago Maureen didn't give a thought to her future on the screen. She merely drifted through Hollywood and twice she stood teetering on the brink of disaster. It wasn't her fault and it wasn't the fault of Hollywood. It was just a combination of circumstances. She was so pathetically helpless in a business which calls for the survival only of the fittest.

I remember one day when she was working in "Stage Mother." She was rehearsing a dance number with a large chorus. Maureen wore modest black satin shorts and an all-covering white silk blouse. The other girls were dressed in bathing suits or in scanty, revealing practice costumes. When she wasn't dancing, Maureen sat quietly in a dim corner. The others tried to find the brightest glare of light, hoping to be seen and noticed. That was a part of the game which Maureen's sensitive Irish modesty could not play. Lunch was called and the other girls skipped gaily down the studio streets, displaying their charms to everyone. But Maureen wrapped herself in an ankle-length robe to walk the short distance from the stage to her dressing room. I watched her and liked her for her apartness from the Hollywood picture and hoped that some day she would find herself and her happiness.

She has. But it has taken six long years to do it.

To understand the true story of those six years you must go back to 1929 when the Fox Studio brought Maureen from Ireland to finish "The Song of the Heart," which starred another child of Erin, John McCormack. Maureen's mother came with her, but she could stay only two months. Two younger children, a husband and a home were waiting for her in Dublin. So Mary Fraser O'Sullivan settled her oldest child in an apartment and left her alone in Hollywood. Neither she nor Maureen had any qualms or fears. They were sure that everyone in the strange, new American world was as kind and generous as Frank Borzage, the director who discovered Maureen, and the other members of the company with whom she had worked in Ireland.

Maureen did not possess that fire of ambition which urged Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer and countless other girls on to success. She liked this fascinating new work which had been so surprisingly handed to her, but wealth and fame and stardom had no glitter for her eyes. There were so many other interesting things in life. Just being young and alive in the amazement of Hollywood was enough. She had a long-term contract with the Fox Studio, so she felt safe and protected. She didn't even think about the options in that contract.

Because she was so very young and alone, the studio tried to supervise Maureen's life, to chaperone and protect her. But Maureen was Irish and stubborn. She had a will of her own. She had been alone before in various schools. She had lived in Paris and London and through two wars, the World War and the Black and Tan uprising in Ireland. She wanted to live her own life in her own way. Remember, she was only eighteen and the excitement of Hollywood was like heady wine. So she spent her money and her energies recklessly.

Maureen's fine work as Henrietta in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (opposite page) changed her whole philosophy of life for the bewildered colleen who first came to movietown (right). Below, with Johnny Farrow, her one great love, and her father, Major O'Sullivan.

The inspiring, graphic story of what Hollywood —and love—have done for this little Irish actress

By ELEANOR PACKER

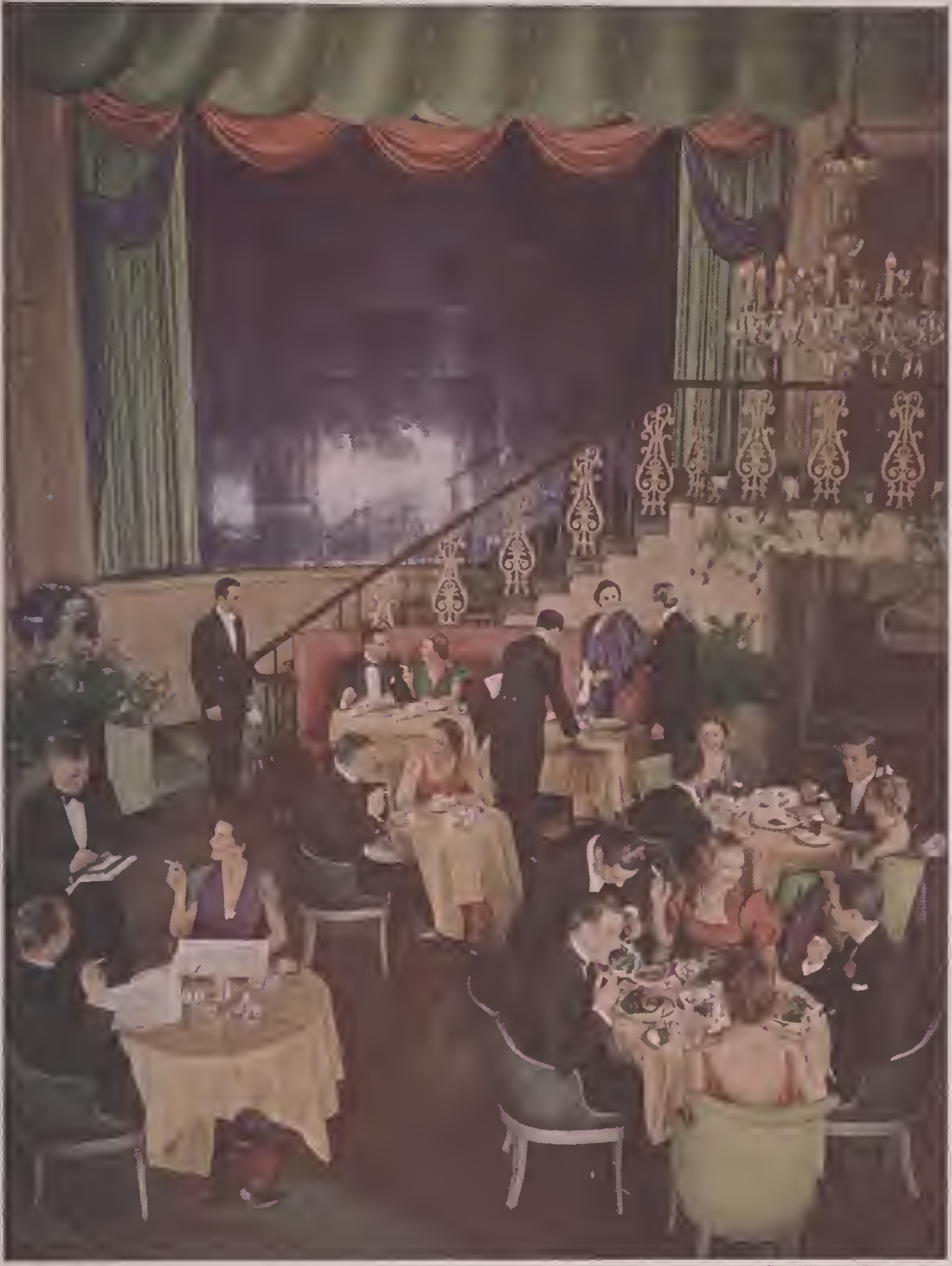
Those first few months were glorious. Then Maureen fell in love and nothing mattered to her except that one man and that one love. She poured every ounce of her emotion, her faith, her trust into that love. And she expected the same in return. When she was disappointed, when that romance failed to measure up to her young ideals, she didn't turn to her work for consolation. She couldn't. The studio was merely a mechanical world through which she drifted while her heart and brain were far away from the cameras. It was a terrific and turbulent romance, Maureen's romance with that young, brilliant writer, which lifted Maureen to the heights of happiness then plunged her into the depths of suffering. It carried her close to the brink of disaster and almost broke her loyal Irish heart.

There were countless times when Maureen sacrificed her work and her future for her love. She was invited to an important dinner party by one of the most influential executives in Hollywood. That invitation meant that she was being admitted to the inner circle of filmland. The man whom she loved was not invited. *(Continued on page 88)*

Jean Parker

The sweetest and most startling news recently was Jean Parker's elopement to Yuma to marry a handsome young newspaper man, George Macdonald. She had met him in the East and recently, on her return from London, she sat right down on the pier "mid trunks and customs" men to talk to him alone. Result, Yuma, a honeymoon trip, and now a happy girl back at M-G-M.

...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



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An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne,* perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise,* followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe.* Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin.* Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

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IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE Dept. WG-7 **NEW YORK**

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready next fall to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New New York, N. Y.

The Love Code of the Fredric Marches

(*Continued from page* 41)

open sesame to screen success but there was also the chance that nothing would come of it, in which case they would have lost a winter season on the New York stage.

They wired the late father-confessor of actors, Paul Bern, for advice. He said "On to California." On they came.

The play caught Hollywood's fancy and, quite naturally, focused the attention of movie producers on Freddie. True to Bern's predictions, he won a movie contract with Paramount on the strength of it. After his first three or four pictures it was clearly evident that Freddie was slated for stardom.

Florence, meanwhile, had not been idle. She was Edward Everett Horton's leading woman in four or five of his plays staged at the Vine Street Theater and then tried her luck in films. Her success in them, although not as spectacular as Freddie's had been, was more than moderate. By the time he was making "Manslaughter" with Claudette Colbert, she had worked up through supporting roles in various pictures until she was given the lead in "The Matrimonial Bed" and was offered a term-contract by Warner Brothers.

THEN once again their code was put to the test. Freddie was to be sent to the eastern studios of Paramount for sixteen months. Florence had to decide whether to accompany him or accept the contract which would mean remaining in Hollywood. She went with him, turning down without hesitation what might have meant stardom for herself.

"Proving," Freddie said, "how gallant, how loyal and how thoroughly swell a wife she was."

"Proving nothing," Florence contradicted him, "except that I wanted to be with you."

It was natural that stage producers sought her out when she returned to the scene of her former triumphs. They had not forgotten that she was Florence Eldridge as well as Mrs. Fredric March. They persuaded her to do a play, "An Affair of State."

"To be honest, the play did not run very long," Florence admitted. "It was just as well for it tangled up our private lives terribly. Incidentally it taught me a lesson that I needed to learn once and for all, that stage and screen careers in one family cannot mix and it is folly to try to force them."

Freddie emitted something resembling a grunt.

"Will I ever forget it?" he said. "I was working all day at the studio and Florence the better part of the night at the theater. We never saw each other and it finally came to the point where we were leaving little 'hello, darling' and 'will-you-do-this' or 'will-you-see-to-that' notes for each other all over the house. And if I wanted to see her I had to go to the theater. Ever try to make love across the footlights? It's quite a trick."

Upon their return to Hollywood after the sixteen months in the East Freddie went on to greater success. Florence gave up all idea of a picture career for herself. They adopted little Penelope, who is now three and a half, and Anthony, who is now two, when it became certain Florence could bear no sons or daughters of her own. That adoption was not just something to fill her empty hours while Freddie was at the studio: it was because they both wanted the children with all their hearts.

Giving up her chances at a picture career was an easy decision to make, Florence said. She knew her long absence, since she was not under contract as Freddie was, would mean starting from scratch. She knew that being at the beck and call of studios and casting offices would interfere with her married life and take her away from the important job of caring for the children and Freddie.

Myrna Loy, whose next film is "To Mary With Love," for 20th Century-Fox, pauses to give her autograph.

"Even so, was it not a big sacrifice to have made?" I asked.

"It was," Freddie rushed to say. "No one knows it better than I."

Florence smiled. "You're crazy as a loon," she told him. "It was pure selfishness on my part. Once again it was what I *wanted* to do."

She did, however, make one picture a year, her "Christmas picture." Luckily she managed to get a role in a picture each year just before Christmas, she said, and from her earnings bought her personal presents for Freddie and the children. That extraneous bit of information, I think, gives a revealing insight into her real character.

The year was now 1932 and Freddie signally had marked his success as certain by winning the coveted Academy Award for his remarkable performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was the year, too, when definite plans for their first joint stage appearance in New York were born.

"Contrary to Hollywood's idea that our plan is a sudden brainstorm, the truth is it has been our goal, in a hazy way, from the day we first made our pact about careers and marriage. We had promised ourselves then that when we had attained financial security we would not go on just piling up more money but would call a halt and do the things we really wanted to do. Play together. Travel together. Be with the children more.

"We planned to do those things when my Paramount contract expired in 1934. Then 20th Century-Fox offered me a contract for two years at terms we felt we could not ignore and so we just *postponed* our plans until now when that contract is up."

So now Florence is going to have her inning again, going to taste importance equal to his, going to hear applause for *her* again. And of the two of them, Freddie obviously is the happier. It is easy to spot that when he speaks about it.

"Great guns!" he said. "This is a break Florence has had coming for a long time, so long a time I feel guilty about it. It is a break she would have had before this if she had not put our being together and my own career ahead of it. I have not forgotten, if Hollywood has, that she was an important person when I meant nothing and I have not forgotten either that I would not be where I am today had it not been for her generosity about her own work and her encouragement and understanding about mine.

"It would be stupid to say I am giving her something now. All I am doing is making it possible, by giving up pictures for a while, for her to take what is rightfully hers, a respected place in the theater that she gave up for me."

There is another angle of their new plans Freddie wants understood. He is not going to trade on his screen name and the billing is going to read: "Florence Eldridge and Fredric March." That is not just gallantry, either; he honestly believes that for all his movie fame, her name still tops his in the theater.

FURTHERMORE, the play must be exactly right for Florence," he said. "It must be able to stand on its own merits as a play and it must require something more of me than a profile!"

They are searching for that play now, something along modern light comedy lines. When "Mary of Scotland" is completed they are going on a two-months' vacation with the children in the north woods. Freddie may do one more picture on their return and then it will be "Ho for Broadway!"

But here, as a surprise, is even bigger news. They plan to co-star in a play every two years with Freddie free-lancing in pictures in between times. It is to be their way of "revitalizing" themselves, they confided, and preparing sensibly for the inevitable day when the name Fredric March is no longer a box-office smash.

Picture Frame-Up

(*Continued from page 26*)

"I suppose this Hazel what's-her-name is his secret vice and he wants to gratify the lady. Maybe he thinks we can make a star out of sweetie material, just because *he* likes her!"

"What are you going to do, Chief?"

"What can I do? I'll have to receive her as if she was Greta Garbo, coming over to us on a fifty per cent cut in salary. We'll try her out. Howe's the big money man in this outfit now, and I don't want to antagonize him. That's the trouble with bankers! I suppose the girl has the ability of a googoo head-hunter with a face that only a mother could love. I'll tell you one thing, Cummings, if she's the regular run of movie-mad nuts, I'll let her draw a month's salary and give her the bum's rush—job or no job!"

"Well, Chief, the way you rate in pictures, you have nothing to worry about."

"Well, we'll see," grumbled Hostinger. "Look after the cutie when she gets here, Ted, and see that she's fed. Give her the regular sight-seeing trip and introduce her to Warner Hilton. His profile ought to knock her dead and he'll probably kiss her hand. When she gets softened up, bring her to me."

"You bet, Chief!"

From which it will be instantly seen that Mr. Hostinger was due for the surprise of his rather febrile life.

TWO weary girls got off the bus in Los Angeles, sat in the waiting room and counted their money.

"Fifty-one dollars," announced Madge, treasurer for the venture. "I think we ought to look up the address of the local poor house."

"And I think we ought to go to the 'Y' which will be the cheapest place to stay, get some sleep, and in the morning make ourselves beautiful and call on Mammoth—and that's exactly what we'll do. Ask the information desk where the 'Y' is, will you?"

And the next morning, sunny and winelike, the same two girls, the ravages of travel gone from their fresh, eager young faces, presented themselves, via bus, at the Mammoth Studios and demanded an interview with Mr. J. L. Hostinger.

After much explanation, they finally made contact with the affirmative expert, Ted Cummings; and he opened his eyes in astonishment when he saw them; in fact, he determined that the occasion called for some self-assertion and violated his instructions to the point where he went back to Hostinger and said:

"Say, Chief! The Howe candidates are here. There seems to be *two* of 'em. Maybe you'd better see 'em first."

"What do they look like?" grumbled Hostinger.

"Knockouts! I'll bring 'em in and you can see for yourself."

Mr. J. L. Hostinger, who was no stranger to feminine beauty, stared. Hazel riveted his eyes especially, as he had a weakness for exotic coloring; and the clear luminance of her tawny eyes, direct, softly brilliant, dispelled his usual morning grouch.

"Mr. Hostinger?" asked Hazel, and when he acknowledged the imputation, she handed him a sealed envelope.

"Please sit down, won't you?" he asked, indicating chairs in the luxuriously furnished office. He tore open the letter. It was written on the personal stationery of Harold F. Howe, President of Howe & Howe, and read:

> Dear Mr. Hostinger:
>
> The bearer of this letter, Miss Hazel F. Hartley, is the young lady I wired you about. I would like to see what talent she may develop in our studios. She is a college graduate, has studied voice and drama, and, under your capable direction, should become a valuable asset to Mammoth. Will you test her capabilities and advance her as her ability warrants? I leave her to you. Miss Madge Collins, who will accompany Miss Hartley to the Coast, has, I believe, a flair for comedy. If you'll investigate, I believe you'll agree with me. I shall consider it a great favor if you will do what you can in this matter, and, looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you on my return from Europe, I am,
>
> Most cordially yours,
> (Signed) Harold Farwell Howe
> Per, Martha Blaisdell, Secretary.

What Friendship Means to Jean Harlow

No one knows more what isolation and loneliness can mean than the glamorous stars of Hollywood, surrounded by wealth and splendor, and so often denied the treasure of real, full-hearted friendship they can trust! Let Jean tell you how she's learned to keep a friend—and be a friend—amid all the storm and strife of a great screen career, in MOVIE MIRROR for August on sale everywhere June 24th

Mr. Hostinger looked up from the letter and let his eyes wander over the exotic Hazel and then encounter the sooty regard of Madge's Irish-blue eyes.

"Ted," he said, rising, "tell Hilton I have something I want to talk to him about when he reaches the studio, and go and get Von Pachman. *I'll* show the young ladies around."

Ted Cummings stared a moment and went. This was unprecedented! The great Hostinger was going to do the honors himself! Trust Hostinger, he thought, to have an eye for a couple of knockouts!

As for Hostinger, he sat down with Hazel and Madge and tapped the magic letter against his fingernails, and was agreeably hospitable.

"Delighted to have you with us," he said, including both girls in his statement, though his eyes stayed the longer on Hazel. "What pictures need is new material, new faces, new talent. I sincerely hope that you will both qualify for something worth while and not disappoint Mr. Howe—and myself."

"Mr. Howe will be surprised, I'm sure, at any success we may have here," said Hazel, truthfully.

"Mr. Howe seems to know his movie material," said the now amiable Hostinger, smiling. "He is the head of our board of directors and, of course, we want to accede to his wishes, if possible. I see by his letter that you are both college girls." He nodded, approvingly. "More and more of our colleges are sending us recruits. A good sign. You have had some theatrical experience, Miss Hartley?"

She smiled, mysteriously. "What experience I may have had is foreign to movies. I understand that I am to forget it all and prepare to acquire a totally new technique. Of course, I've studied voice and drama. That may help."

"Undoubtedly! Yes, you are right. The technique of pictures differs from the stage. And you, Miss Collins?"

MADGE'S eyes dwelt upon him for a split second in keen analysis. The quirky, generous mouth twitched. She was frightened at their termerity, but their kindly reception was having its effect.

"I place my future in your hands," she said.

He nodded, pleased. "I shall do my best. First, of course, you will have screen tests; then, Von Pachman will be called in. He's our ace director. He's directing Warner Hilton now in 'Hearts Aflame.' Olga Soprana, the Hungarian girl, is playing opposite him. A marvelous, a stupendous picture! However, you must be tired after your trip. A little rest will refresh you both. What train did you come in on? I wired East, asking but I had no answer. It was our intention to meet you and bring you here directly."

"We came several days ago," hastily answered Hazel, while a fleeting, agonized glance bulleted between her and Madge. He had wired! Pray the gods of the open skies that Jennie had been on the job to intercept the wire! "You see," she went on, easily, "we came by easy stages and made stops along the way." She wondered if this description of bus travel would sound well.

He nodded, understandingly. "Your first trip to the Coast?"

"Yes," said Hazel.

"I suppose you're stopping at the Ambassador?"

"Well, no," said Hazel, loftily. "Temporarily, we thought we would stop with a girl friend who lives in Los Angeles."

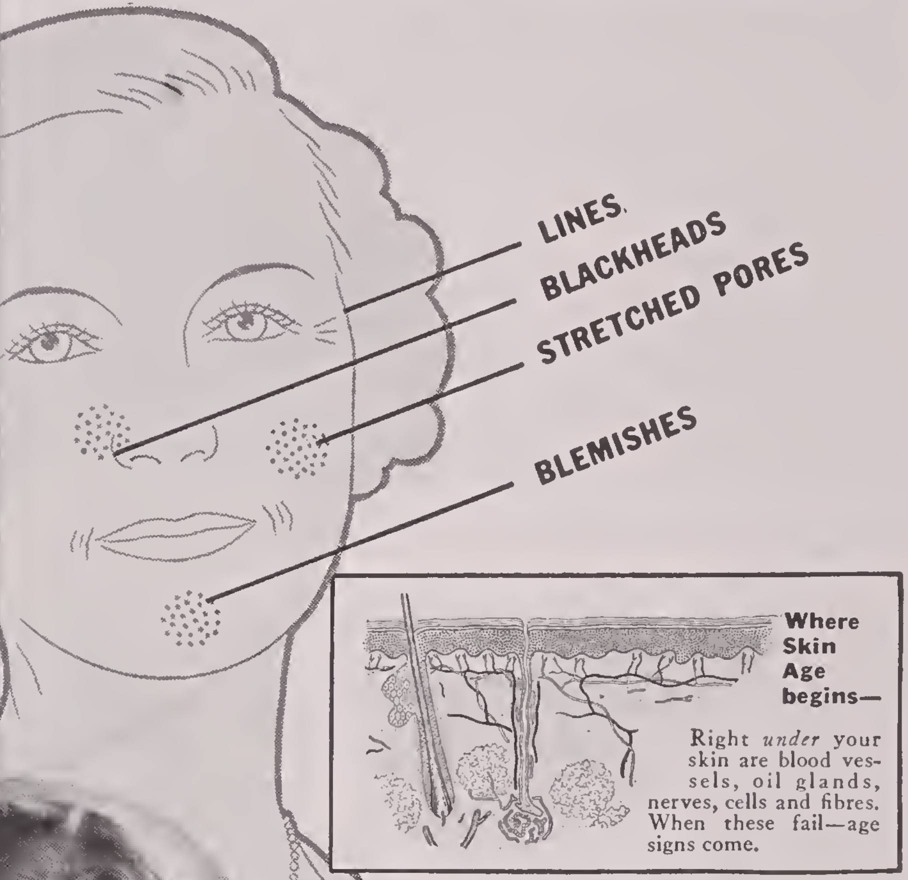
"I see. Well, it would, perhaps, be best if you lived in Hollywood, so as to be near the studios; but you can, of course, suit yourselves. I want you to meet some of our people—Hilton, Soprana, Von Pachman. I hope you will both honor me by having lunch with me today?"

"Delighted," murmured Hazel, not daring to look at Madge.

(*Continued on page 70*)

SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN *ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"*



Where Skin Age begins—

Right *under* your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Lady Daphne Straight

granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ...End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin*.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faithfully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty . . .

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. G131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________State__________

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(*Continued from page 68*)

From that moment on, they were both swept into a whirlpool of activity. They met the celebrities of the great Mammoth studios; they were taken to lunch and dinner; they were whirled around sundry bits of California in expensive roadsters and sedans. There were camera tests and voice tests from which they both emerged triumphant and thrilled. They viewed the short rushes with fascinated and wondering eyes. The chief cosmetician studied them both and evolved screen make-ups that did wonders for them before the camera.

Hostinger spared no pains. In two weeks they had both appeared in "mob scenes" and were rabid enthusiasts. Both nearly forgot that they were frauds and entered into the business of making pictures with the enthusiasm of long repressed desires at last given fruition.

HAZEL signed a short term contract and was promised a role in the next picture that Von Pachman would direct; Madge was tried out in a role which showed her ability for comedy situations, and her interpretations convulsed even the studio people and earned the delighted approval of Hostinger and Von Pachman; and even a curt nod from her chief camera man, who knew more about pictures than anyone in Hollywood—he acknowledged it himself—and who took the opportunity to tell Madge so. He had grown up on moving picture lots, having had his first job, as a boy, in the old Biograph studios.

His name was Bill Parsons and he thought everybody in pictures was crazy, including directors, movie magnates and stars; and he thought they got that way from mixing with the writers. The only sane people around the studio lots, according to Bill, were the camera men, the juicers and the grips; as for the sound men and mixers, the technicians, they were just plain so-and-sos.

He often grinned derisively at the angles the directors shot, but Madge looked at him with inquiry in her eyes, and he sensed that she would do what he told her to if she had the chance.

"It's like this," he told her one day. "Being a first camera man is a tough job, Miss Collins. I've seen more pictures shot than any one director. Those saps are always figuring trick shots and they forget the story. They want to shoot fancy angles and top shots when the audience wants to see more of the hot love scenes on the davenport."

"That so?" murmured Madge, admiring his wide-spaced brown eyes, the browned skin and the enormous breadth of shoulder that distinguished Bill.

"Aw, quit kidding me!" grinned Bill. "Some day I'll bust out of here and go to Splendide Films and be a director—and I'll show this dizzy bunch how to make pictures!"

"Will I get a job with Splendide when you are a director?"

"I'll say! That's an idea. Suppose we talk it over? Any chance of my seeing you sometime?"

"Come over tonight, Bill," said Madge. "At eight."

The girls had taken a small, furnished bungalow not far from the studios, and both were delighted with it. They had moved their few possessions in, and a wire from Jennie had assured them that, by superhuman vigilance, she had managed to intercept the wire Hostinger had sent to the office.

"Boy!" breathed Hazel. "That was touch and go! A few more like that and I'll be on the ragged edge. Bill coming again tonight?"

"Yes. I like him. He's real."

"Aren't you seeing too much of him, darling?"

"There's a lot of Bill to see. Anyway, he's got a lot of good ideas and ability. He's smart."

"Well, behave yourself. I'll be back at the stroke of twelve."

"Warner Hilton again?"

"The same, fair-haired boy friend. How'd you guess?"

Warner Hilton, sophisticated film star, called later, looking just as distinguished in his evening clothes as the many admirers of his pictures imagined he should look: tall, suave, his boyish face at times assuming the look of the rakish gallant; fascinating in his nonchalant good breeding, his laconic brevity of speech.

"Greetings," he said, his eyes on Hazel. "Ready?"

She nodded brightly, caught up a cape and went out to his roadster.

"Where will it be?" he asked. "The Trocadero? The Colony Club? Whither, fair lady?"

"I am a stranger in your fair city, kind sir. You'll have to lead on, McDuff."

As they drove along, Hazel knew that he looked at her now and then with more than passing interest. It had been almost instantaneous, the mutual something that had flashed between them! and Hilton was no faint-hearted lad. As they drove along, he said:

"How do you manage to be more gorgeous, night after night?"

"There you go, George," she mimicked a well-known radio comedienne. "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls."

"Do you know that I feel like kissing you again?"

"What do you mean—*again?*"

"Well, I've felt like it before."

SHE laughed. "I'm too new in pictures to accept the easy kissing manners. You'll forgive me, I'm sure. Curious Hollywood custom."

"And yet, you went to college!"

"They didn't teach the correct technique of kissing strangers."

"Am I a stranger?"

"No, not exactly; but you're a very fascinating young man who has had his way too long; beside, this is a public highway."

"When we rehearse that scene tomorrow, in the new picture, I'll kiss you. And I'm going to bear down on it!"

"The persistence of the young," lamented Hazel, to the evening air. "Here is a young man who has played opposite the most beautiful and famous stars, kissed the most fascinating of girls—"

"In pictures," he inserted.

"—says you!" she amended. "Well, in pictures, you brute! Have it your own way. Why this sudden yen to kiss me?"

"Because 'me' looks so beautifully kissable tonight."

"I'll bet I'm the first girl you ever told that to!" she cried, with mock enthusiasm.

"No, you're not," he said, quietly. "But wouldn't you rather be the last? Wouldn't that be better, Hazel?"

She was suddenly aware of a quiet seriousness in his voice and her heart leaped. Could it be possible? Warner Hilton, the courted, the star, the sought-after, wealthy bachelor—could he really care about her? It sounded silly—and yet. What would he say if he knew that she was just a little fraud? She thrust away the thought. There were still several weeks before Howe could be expected to return from Europe, and these were hers. Hastily, she changed the subject.

"Isn't Soprana marvelous?" she asked "Those scenes between you are going to make film history."

He seemed to deflate almost visibly and settled behind the wheel.

"I accept the change of subject," he smiled. "Yes, Soprana is a fine actress. I honestly believe you could do as well."

"*Merci,* kind sir. You say nice things. If she heard you, she'd tear your hair out."

He shrugged. "Tell me," he asked quietly, "is there any truth in the rumor around the lot that you are something more than a family friend to this Howe, the banker, who bought control of Mammoth?"

For a moment, she was stunned.

WHY, he's absolutely nothing to me," she said, truthfully. "That is—just a distant friend—of the family."

"So? Well, that helps!"

The soft California night fell, gem-studded, fragrant.

"That, over there," observed Hilton, "is Venus, I think. Pretty, isn't it? If you're a good little girl, I'll reach up and get it for you."

"I want that bright one, over there, that twinkles so much."

"Sorry. I promised that one to the observatory. Any other you pick out will be all right."

"No, I want that particular star or nothing."

"Don't be stubborn. I'm offering you an approved substitute, in a regular, business-like way."

"I never accept substitutes," she answered, and there was deeper meaning in her remark than the light surface of their talk indicated.

It was later, at the Trocadero, while she was dancing with Warner, that she heard a girl make the remark: "There's that girl dancing with Warner Hilton—the girl who knows Howe. Lucky for her!"

Hazel frowned. So, the information had seeped out, and Hollywood knew how and why she had come to Mammoth.

It was the next day that Soprana collapsed on the set and was taken to the emergency hospital. The work on "Hearts Aflame" stopped. And finally, the ominous word came: Soprana would have to have her appendix removed, and it meant a six weeks' wait, or more, before work on the picture could be resumed.

Hazel went home to the little bungalow she shared with Madge and sat down in a brown study. Madge, who was not working this morning, eyed her swiftly.

"What's up?" she demanded. "Something wrong at the studio?"

"Plenty!" said Hazel. "Soprana is sick and the picture will be abandoned for six weeks or more. You know what that means. My first chance at a part gone! Old man Howe will be back—and we exit. The chance I hoped for is killed before it begins. Maybe we'd better make some plans right now!"

"My plans are made," said Madge, simply. "I've got Bill."

"So what? Just what do you mean?"

"I'm going to marry him."

"What? A camera man?"

"Bill's more than a camera man. He's first camera and an artist, and he makes more money than four United States Senators; beside that, he'll be a director one of these days, and a darned good one!"

"Well, I'll be—" began Hazel, and failed miserably. "And how about your career?"

"Well, I don't feel about that the way you do, Hazel. I can see now there's no star-dust in my cosmos. What's the use of kidding myself? Wandering around in an egotistical twilight? I'd rather be Mrs. Bill Parsons, and have a nice home and a nice husband than be Soprana!"

WELL, I'll be—" began Hazel again, and again failed.

"But, don't you worry," went on Madge. "If a blow-up comes from Howe, Bill and I will look after you. Bill's going to Splendide anyway, but don't say a word! And he'll get you something over there. He says you're better than Soprana anyhow, as if I didn't know that!"

Warner Hilton phoned later and wanted to know if Hazel would care to join him at lunch, but she was depressed and even the thought of his company irked her.

It was nearly lunch time when Von Pachman rang the bell, and Madge, flustrated, ran to the window.

"Hail Caesar!" she cried, looking through the curtains. "Do you see what I see?"

"Seldom. What do you see? Who is it?"

"Look who's here! Go put on some make-up. He didn't come to see me!"

Von Pachman entered and talked in his usual jerky fashion to Madge. He was a big man. His thin mouth always held a cigar. The super-intelligent eyes, flashing and keen, lighted with appreciation when Hazel came to greet him.

"My hunch is right," he said, easily.

"If it's anything about me," said Hazel, pertly, "the answer is 'No!'"

His smile lighted his stern face wonderfully.

"Hazel," he said, "you know what happened this morning, of course?"

"You mean about Soprana?"

"Yes. A week's work gone smash, the schedule ruined and I'm holding up the whole cast. And I tried to hold the costs down on this picture, too! Hazel—would you be willing to work very hard if we started 'Hearts Aflame' all over again and gave you the role opposite Hilton?"

Here at last is the great opportunity Hazel has been seeking. But suppose she accepts—and Mr. Howe should visit the studios in the midst of production and expose her as a fraud? There are plenty of surprises in store for Hazel (and for you, too!) in the

August MOVIE MIRROR
on sale everywhere June 24

After the honeymoon...

Over the threshold, he carried her. The honeymoon was over—the bride was home—and then the trouble started.

She wanted to be the world's best housekeeper—to make him proud of her. *But!!!* He soon grumbled about his shirts. Said his mother used to wash 'em nicer.

The bride fretted *and worked*, but her washes got worse. Why? Her soap was lazy. It left dirt behind. Her clothes had "tattle-tale gray." Then she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap. Its *richer, golden soap* and *lots of naptha* got rid of ALL the dirt!

Now her clothes are so clean, so gorgeously white—he says she's the grandest housekeeper! And if *you* want to hear some compliments, too, try Fels-Naptha Soap. It's fine for the big wash. Safe for your daintiest things. And easier on hands because every *golden* bar holds soothing glycerine!

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...
...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...
MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!

FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER
I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel . . . makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Tragic Life Story of a Happy Man

(*Continued from page* 61)

would fall into bed, coughing to expel the smoke that had accumulated in his lungs, exhausted and heartsick for the good old days of the circus.

It was a relief to the entire troupe when they finally hit the California coast and found themselves in "real" theaters again. They went up the Coast as far as Seattle on the Sullivan and Considine Chain. By this time they had changed their billing from "The Ashtons" to "The European Acrobats."

They did well on the Coast, but Joe was glad when the long tedious season was over, and the troupe returned to Toledo. That year Joe was graduated from grammar school and Ash's only comment was that it was "swell because we won't have to be heading back here each year to get you educated."

This year they did not have to look around for a job. They had made such a mark for themselves on the Coast that Sullivan and Considine wired for them to return, and it was the momentous April, 1906, that found them back on the Coast at the old Haymarket Music Hall on Mason Street in San Francisco.

AS long as he lives Joe will never forget the night of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. It is stamped on his memory indelibly, not because of the horror and destruction in its wake, but because it resulted in the astounding fact that for the first time in his life he had enough to eat! But that is putting the cart considerably before the horse.

Joe did not feel the first shock that was to bring such heartbreak and destruction to the great city. The troupe was living at the Turklu rooming house and they had just returned home from the last performance. Joe was a growing boy and he slept soundly from the minute he hit a pillow. But the shock threw Ash to the floor.

He started yelling for everybody to get up. The end of the world had come. Without knowing what was happening, Joe staggered, dazed and sleepy, to the floor. Ash was tearing into his clothes. "Something awful is happening here," he warned them. "Otto and I are going down to the theater to rescue as much of our stuff as possible. You kids stay here. If we get separated . . ."

Joe was too sleepy and too dazed to understand what Ash said to do if they got separated—if he said anything at all as he tore through the door, leaving three kids behind him without a cent of money between them, to shift for themselves.

Already the sky was beginning to fill with fire-licking red and the thunderous black of heavy smoke. As they dressed, the boys could hear people running through the streets, some dressed, others in their night clothes, dragging trunks and household possessions behind them.

They weren't particularly frightened, but they didn't know what to do. So they went out in front and sat on the curb. For hours they sat there, looking down Turk Street, toward the sunrise. From their perch on the hill they could see the fire engines tearing through the streets, clamoring and screeching. For awhile the fire seemed very far away, and then like licks from a giant red tongue it seemed to be creeping closer and closer.

The landlady was weeping and twisting her hands. She knew her building was doomed. "You can take anything you want from the house, boys," she wept in hysteria. "Take anything you want."

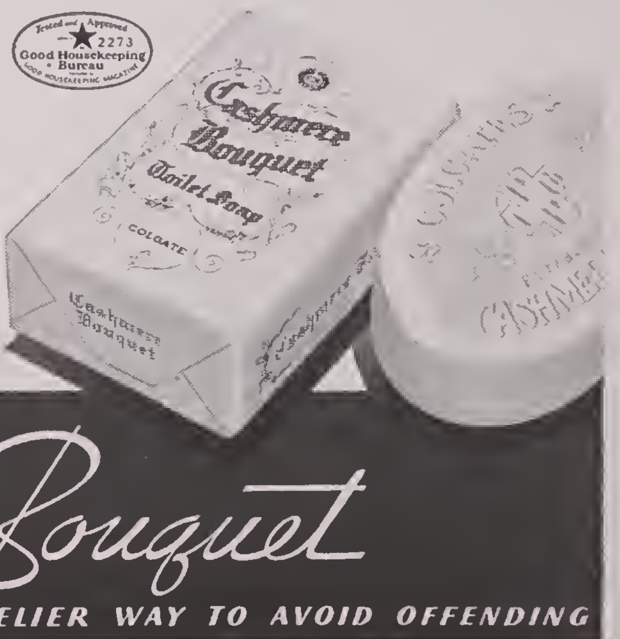
It was amusing that, at this moment, Joe should have remembered that his poor little mother had wanted a grandfather's clock all her life. There was a beautiful one standing in the hall of the rooming house. But struggle and grunt as he would to lodge the enormous piece of furniture on his back, it would not budge. In time he gave it up (he was forced to, as the fire was practically at the door) in favor of two yellow sofa pillows, a bottle of milk and two cans of sardines.

When he went outside again Ash and Otto had returned with their theater trunks. They had dragged those precious possessions through the streets of the burning town, always just one leap ahead of the flames that actually seemed to be following the frightened men up the steep hills. Now the boys joined them to drag their trunks for a little while and then wait for the greedy flames to catch up with them.

ALL along the way they were met by sights none of them shall ever forget. Merchants ran into the streets offering to give away anything anyone could carry from their stores. At a doomed grocery store they were told to take what they wanted. So they opened the trunks and filled what space was available with canned corn, caviar and bottles and bottles of champagne. They retreated finally to Russian Hill and watched the city burn, subsisting meanwhile on corn, caviar and very warm champagne. Joe was not old enough to appreciate the irony in the fact that the kid who never had enough to eat should suddenly find himself stuffed with such delicacies as caviar, pate, imported biscuits and champagne, in cups, to wash it down! Joe didn't like either the caviar or the champagne. Those items were Ash's "grab."

For two days they stayed on their hill, sleeping in the open, until it was possible to make their way through the charred city and get a tugboat for Oakland. Only then did Joe realize the heartbreak the tragedy had left in its wake. Children were separated from their parents. Old people, shocked and stricken, refused to leave the cinders of the only homes they had ever known. Everywhere people grieved for the dead and the missing. The boat from San Francisco to Oakland was like a funeral cortege. Men wept; openly and unashamed.

The railroads had announced they would carry refugees East free of charge, and Joe and his companions put their scant belongings aboard and started back for Toledo. The train was made up of day coaches and was so crowded the passengers took turns standing up in the aisles. But the heart of the nation was torn in sympathy for these destitute survivors. All along the way the train was met with delegations bringing truck loads of fresh fruits, vans of cooked foods, and canned goods



Now Pursued ... instead of Shunned!

She found the lovelier way
TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring ... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

IT keeps you dainty in *two ways* ... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet! *First,* with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. *And then,* with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

BATHE WITH
Cashmere Bouquet
THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

She has what it takes

except one thing

She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long*. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

by the crates. The kid who had never before had enough to eat crammed so much food into his shrunken stomach that he could neither sit nor stand with comfort. He spent most of his time curled up, rocking himself back and forth, nursing acute indigestion of a very superior variety.

It took them seven days to reach Chicago where Joe got in touch with his family and denied reports that he was "missing."

Joe never went on the road with Ash again after that season. He made the mistake of confiding to an older brother that he was hungry most of the time, and he told him about the honky-tonks, and any further decision in the matter was taken from his shoulders. His mother flatly refused to let Joe continue as a "Marvelous Ashton."

But the boy was used to a life of excitement and change. After six months of idleness in Toledo, he grew restless with longing for the theater. For another three or four months he applied fruitlessly to what few theatrical agencies there were in Toledo. Nothing happened, except that his enforced idleness had allowed a little flesh to accumulate on his frame, and normal routine of eating and sleeping had done him far more good than he realized.

THROUGH a small agency in Toledo, Joe finally learned that a man named Bell was looking for an acrobat to round out a trio going out over a cheap circuit under the billing of "Bell and Prevost." The news was like music in Joe's ears. He could hardly wait to get home and into his best clothes and set forth to apply for the job. His record was so impressive that Bell, a lean-faced individual with enormous muscles who for some reason or other reminded Joe of an athletic undertaker, signed him on the spot, and they went into rehearsal immediately. On Joe's birthday, July 28th, they opened at Henderson Music Hall at Coney Island.

Joe was not long in discovering that in leaving Ash for Bell he had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Ash's hot temper had made him impulsively cruel and impatient with his young protege. But Bell's abuse was as deliberate and planned as though he derived some sadistic satisfaction from taunting the boy, cruelly jibing at his appearance, striking him upon the slightest provocation and making realistic threats to "walk out from under" him at the next performance if he didn't mind his ways.

Joe never set foot on the stage with Bell and Prevost that cold terror did not grip his heart. One night an accident occurred. While playing a fair in Hudson, New York, Bell told Joe that if he didn't do a particular trick right he would drop him! It was not a particularly dangerous stunt. But the threat made Joe so nervous he "missed." Bell gave the signal to repeat the stunt, but, because he thought Joe had failed on purpose, he deliberately walked from under the kid. When they picked Joe up his leg was broken.

Until this time Joe had not suspected he had an ally in Prevost, the other partner. He was a much older man, twenty-two years older than Joe, and he had never interfered particularly with Bell's cuffings, or his even crueler remarks. But this last outrage was too much for Frank L.

Prevost. He picked up the suffering boy in his arms, took him in a taxi to the nearest doctor, and told Joe in no uncertain terms that neither of them was returning to the act!

As Joe convalesced Prevost mapped elaborate plans for launching an act with the two of them to be billed as "The Prevost Brothers." It was to contain a few athletic stunts, some "patter" (in show parlance this is "talk," something entirely new to Joe) and considerable comedy. Prevost thought Joe was funny. "Kid," he told him, "if there's not a fortune in that face of yours I'm off my topper."

As soon as Joe was able they went to Prevost's home and practiced their new act, beginning a close association that was to last for eleven years. Prevost was like a father to Joe. He was constantly encouraging him, building up his confidence. He was the first real friend Joe ever had. "When we first started our comedy act, if we came off the stage and the audience didn't laugh very much, it was because the audience wasn't very smart, according to 'Pre,'" Joe laughingly recalls. When "Pre" died in 1926 Joe knew he had lost one of the best friends he'll ever have in the world.

The Prevost Brothers started in burlesque at $60.00 a week with a show called "William's Ideals." For the next two years they played vaudeville, fairs, carnivals and even a pure food show in Topeka. But there would be stretches when they were forced to take lay-offs for weeks and sometimes months at a time during the winter months.

WHEN things would get too lean for them, and professional engagements were coming with alarming irregularity, Joe would go out and try to get a job with a baseball club.

All through his circus days, he had retained his interest in baseball. During one of the many vacations from stage work he played with the St. Paul Club in the American Association, and now and then with various semi-professional teams.

"But I never was a big league player, as some of my publicity stories have made out," Joe explains. "The closest I ever got to the New York Yanks was to be allowed to sit on the bench with them. I played exhibition ball with the Boston Red Sox in 1920. But I was just a hanger-on in the game!"

In 1914 the Prevost Brothers came from behind their disguise and officially declared themselves "Prevost and Brown." Joe's success with the act could no longer be ignored, and he was tired of trouping around the country as an Ashton, a Bell or a Prevost. He was anxious to assume his right identity. And his future was beginning to look very bright.

As he grew into a young man, Joe lost a lot of the comic ungainliness that marked his appearance as a child. His long years of athletic work had given him a splendid physique. His grin was as wide as ever and he was very popular with his coworkers. But where women were concerned he was as backward and self-conscious as though he hadn't spent half his life in honky-tonks and burlesque shows.

Joe didn't make enough money for "the girls" to make a play for him. And he was certainly too self-conscious and un-

"CAN'T CHAFE"
means more than ever on active Summer days!

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

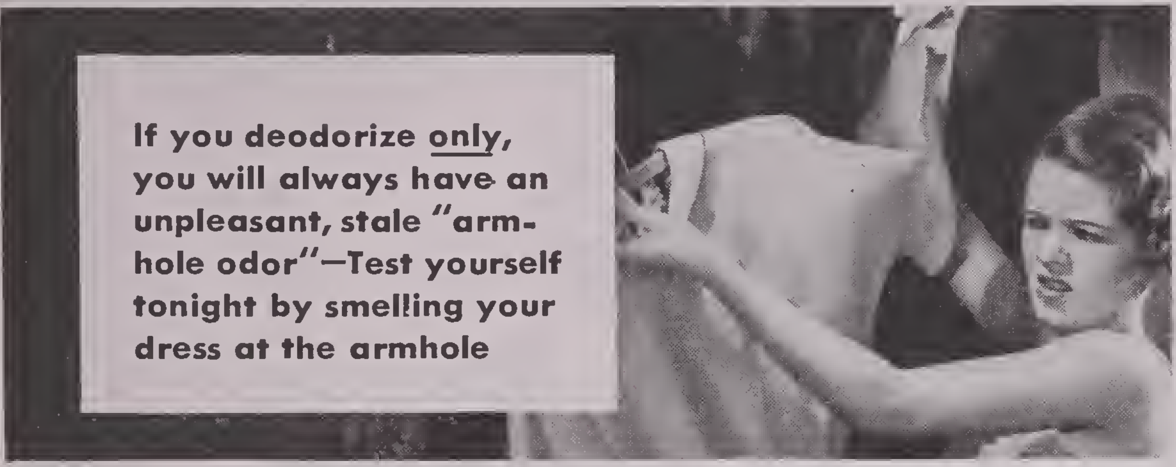
The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test


If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

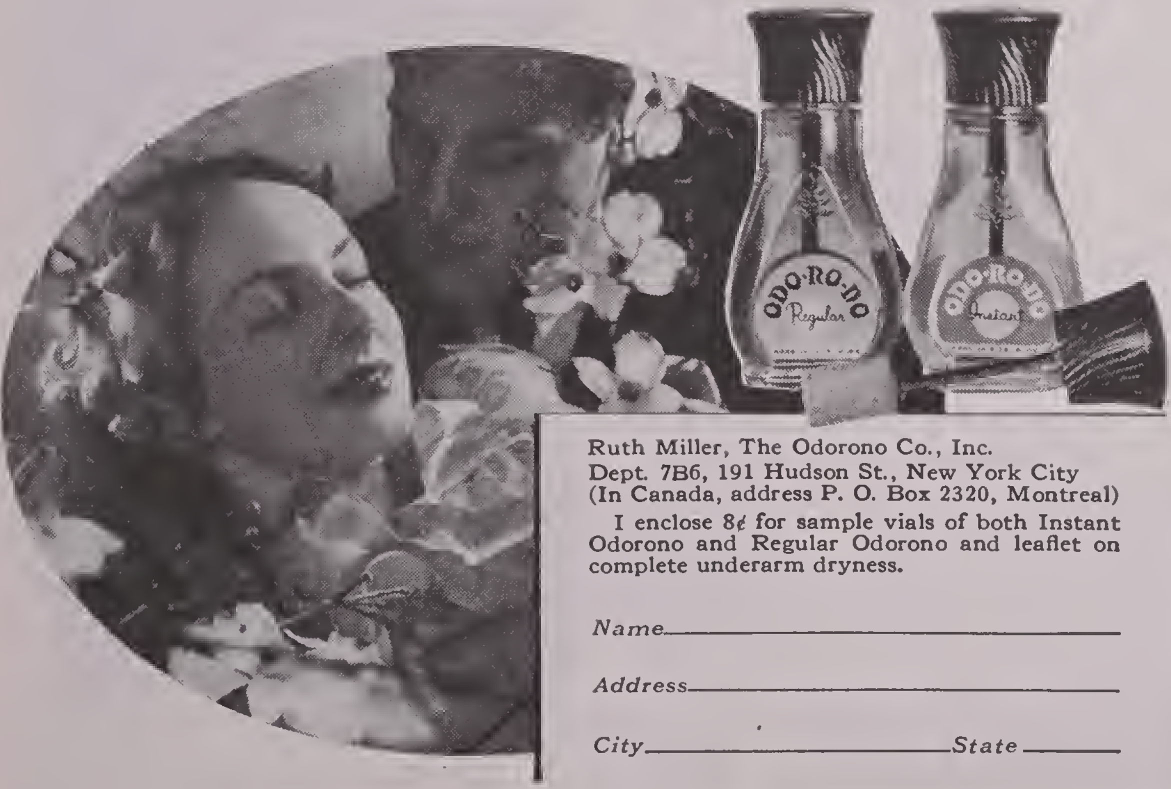
Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City______________State________

sure of himself ever to force his attentions on them, even if he had had a spare dime to spend on good times or after-theater parties. Once or twice, he had gone through the mildest stages of a crush for some lady trapeze artist or circus bareback rider. But these emotions were strictly private, not even guessed at by anyone but Joe. He never had the opportunity to meet girls of the home and fireside variety, and he was scared out of his skin of the other kind: the gilded lilies of the theater who rated men according to how much they could, or couldn't, spend on them.

It is commentary on the long years Joe spent in the theater constantly surrounded with women, some of them beautiful, many of them alluring, and all of them sophisticated, that the only serious romance of his life was with the girl he eventually married, Kathryn McGraw, the present and only Mrs. Joe E. Brown.

Little did the lonely young Joe dream of the happiness fate had started for him one matinee. It happened in Duluth, Minnesota.

Joe had discarded his early comedy make-up and was doing his act "straight." There was one routine of Joe's that simply put the audiences in the aisle. It was the "lil mousie" story. "I might have originated that routine," he explains. "I never saw anyone do it before I did, though there are several people who claim to have written it." But no matter who wrote it, no one could have ever used it with more hilarious results thoughout his entire career than Joe E. Brown.

PRETTY brunette Kathryn McGraw, sitting in the audience of a Duluth theater, thought she never had seen anything so funny in her life! She laughed so much she couldn't sit through the act. Her heart was beginning to flutter and jump as a result of the hilarity she had experienced. As she left the theater she was actually weak.

The McGraws lived in Superior, Wisconsin, but they were visiting in Duluth when they caught Joe's show.

In a roundabout way, Kathryn and her mother were on their way to California. But they had planned many visits with relatives along the way, and when they left Duluth they headed for Winnipeg. One day, about a week later, on a shopping tour downtown, she was surprised to see "Prevost and Brown" billed at the local vaudeville house. It made Kathryn laugh just to see Joe's picture outside the theater. She made up her mind to go in and see the show again. It couldn't be as funny when you knew what was coming, and she did want to see the rest of the sketch she had been forced to walk out on in Duluth.

But even when she knew what was coming, she was shaken with peals of laughter. This time, Kathryn was sitting very close to the stage, in the second row. The girl's rich contagious laughter attracted Joe's attention. After that, he "played to her" for she was certainly an appreciative audience.

Two days later, on a train headed West, they collided in a vestibule.

They were so surprised, recognizing each other (Joe placed her immediately as the pretty girl who laughed so much, and Kathryn knew immediately he was the "lil mousie man") they almost spoke. But

Kathryn was a shy girl, and until that moment Joe had always been a shy boy. But something went "plump" in his heart. What Joe didn't know was that he was head-over-heels in love at first sight!

For the next couple of hours he mapped a campaign of how he could meet her. But luck was playing into his hands without Joe's realization. He had been sitting in the observation car talking with an elderly lady who said she had seen his act in Duluth and thought it was the funniest she had ever seen. She said her daughter thought it so funny she had been forced to leave the theater. Joe was flattered and polite, but his mind was occupied elsewhere, with that girl with such grand laughter and such lovely eyes.

Suddenly there she was in the observation car coming right toward them. "Mr. Brown," said Mrs. McGraw, "I want you to know my daughter, Kathryn."

That was the beginning of love for both of them!

They spent every possible moment the rest of that trip together. They took kodak pictures of one another every time the train stopped. They lunched and dined together. Though neither dared to show the joy they actually felt, they were in paradise that Joe had a four-weeks' engagement to play in and around San Francisco and Oakland, which was to be Kathryn's headquarters on the Coast, too.

ON Joe's last day in San Francisco, he proposed to her. It wasn't much of a proposal. He merely said: "Some day we're going to get married, Kathryn." It was the best proposal he could think of because it was his first!

There was only one thing standing in the way of immediate matrimony, and that was money. Joe told Kathryn he would go on with the act, and send for her when he had saved $200. It looked very much as though Prevost and Brown were going to be signed for forty weeks on the Orpheum Circuit, and then all their problems would be solved.

But for six months Joe and Kathryn corresponded—and still the important contract was not forthcoming.

One day Prevost broke into their dressing room with the glad tidings that the contract was practically a cinch. With one yell, Joe dashed to the nearest telegraph office and wired Kathryn to join him—object matrimony!

When he returned, Prevost was almost weeping. Something had gone wrong. There had been a battle between their agents. They weren't going to get the contract!

Joe's knees almost gave out from under him. His bride-to-be was on her way, he had $140 cash in the world—and no job in sight!

Those were dark moments indeed for the lovesick comedian, and there were still darker days to come. Despairing days when Joe looked for jobs that were simply non-existent, for the break that never seemed to come. But if marriage brought new problems and responsibilities, it also gave him the companionship of the fine woman he loved. Don't miss this final installment of Joe E. Brown's heart-breaking climb to screen success and how he did it, in the August MOVIE MIRROR *on sale June 24.*

PLAY MY GAME OF
"POWDER SHADES"
1
DARK BRUNETTE
2
RACHEL
3
BEIGE
4
BRUNETTE
5
NATURAL

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

As one Woman to another

A frank personal chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

authority on feminine hygiene

I am sure that every woman wants to know just which personal hygiene accessories warrant complete confidence. Because our intimate comfort and protection is at stake! So let me tell you what I've discovered.

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

For Personal Daintiness

If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1460, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Discover Your Hidden Self

(*Continued from page* 31)

bad traits. He says that sometimes it helps just to make the accusation aloud—yes, to talk to yourself! Or to appoint one good friend who'll constantly pick on the trait you want to overcome. That usually works faster and better, though it may be at the risk of the friendship.

"Releasing your own natural personality can be developed as a habit," he went on. "Here, however, you have to commend rather than condemn youself. Too often a girl will brood for hours over whether or not she has made a fool of herself by laughing too loudly or raving too long about something—yet that is so silly. If the laugh and the rave came naturally, then it won't matter how loud or how long either of them was. The world can never get enough of spontaneity. That's the kind of thought that will help her to be herself. Fear never gave birth to anything attractive.

FEAR was the handicap that Barbara Stanwyck had to overcome. When I first met her, she was silent, sullen, sulking, not at all the friendly personality that she is today. It was a number of years ago. Let's see—" Frank Capra squirmed in his seat, leaned back, squinted his eyes and looked at me from a great distance. "Yes, she came into this office, and sat down in that chair, right where you are now, and from the very first moment of our interview I wished it were already over. 'This girl will never get anywhere in pictures,' I thought to myself quickly. 'Too belligerent! She's wasting her time. So am I.'

"At the time I was interviewing actresses for the leading role in 'Ladies of Leisure,' and Frank Fay had asked me as a special favor to interview his wife, Barbara At that time Frank was the big shot and Barbara was the 'also ran.' She had made two pictures by this time. Both of them flops.

"However, that was not the reason for my lack of interest. A player's past record has never meant anything to me. (And you shouldn't dwell on past mistakes, either; the only thing of any interest or importance is what can be done in the future.) But as I have already suggested, her personality 'froze' me instantly. However, I asked her all the routine questions which she answered arrogantly in monosyllables. At last it was over. As she was going out the door she said, 'I knew all the time you wouldn't want me—*you* couldn't be expected to appreciate what I have to offer!' Whereupon she turned on her heel and walked out. Belligerent to the end!

"She faded from my mind until the next morning, when Frank came bursting into my office, wanting to know what in the world I had done to his wife. She had come home crying.

"That was the moment that I first became interested in Barbara Stanwyck. Not the hard, brittle-surface girl I had met, but the easily-hurt, sensitive Stanwyck who had gone home crying. I sensed that the tough, belligerent girl was merely a blind. Behind her hid the real girl whose pride had been terribly wounded and who dreaded being wounded again. Fay was saying, 'Please, Frank, please take a look at her Warners' test! She's really a great little actress.' 'Sure,' I said. 'Sure, let's go. Yesterday, I didn't know she could cry!'

"The test was a scene from 'The Noose'—a terribly tragic, dramatic scene in which a woman pleads for her husband's life. It was only about an eight minute scene, but before two minutes had passed, I knew that I would star Barbara Stanwyck in 'Ladies of Leisure.' She hadn't the beauty that would win millions. She hadn't the technique or the past experience. But she had something far more important. She had sincerity. An intense kind of sincerity that must make itself felt in everyone's heart. Even Frank was surprised at the honesty of the scene. 'Whew!' he whispered under his breath. The scene hit us both between the eyes because it was more than just a woman pleading for the life of her man: it was Barbara Stanwyck pleading for her own freedom, her own chance.

"When we started to work a few weeks later, in my direction of Barbara I attempted only one thing, and that was to preserve the intense honesty of the 'Noose' scene. I forbade her ever to fake anything. I insisted that she strip herself of false colors and show how really deeply she felt things. In that way she was encouraged to develop a dramatic personality which, if it had not been real, might have been melodramatic. But it was real. Her audiences have sensed it as such. And for years they have suffered and wept with her, and made her troubles their own. Their sympathy has gone out to her. It has made her beloved and a star.

AND here's where you and I take a moment out to turn the Capra eye on ourselves, to discover whether or not we've ever hid behind the hard-boiled outer shell that hid fame and fortune from Barbara Stanwyck so successfully for a while. Do you ever go looking for a job with a chip on your shoulder? Do you feel that the world owes you a living? Do you let others always take the initiative? Then you're guilty! But you can redeem yourself by conquering the thing that causes it, your fear of being hurt!

"I had quite a different experience with Jean Harlow," Capra went on. "It was just after her sensational debut as a screen siren in 'Hell's Angels,' and Columbia had decided to star her in a picture called 'Platinum Blonde.' I drew the directorial assignment and I was sick about it. I hadn't met Jean, but I had seen her in the Hughes picture and while I thought she was a superb siren I couldn't imagine her as a heroine. Women would always resent her because of her power over men, their men.

"But then I met Jean. You've heard a lot of people say that Jean isn't at all like she is on the screen. That she isn't hard-boiled. That she isn't sexy. That she isn't tough. That she's modest, a good sport, tender-hearted, and kind. Well, I'll go further. More than all these things, she is humble, the most humble girl in Hollywood. Within the first five minutes I saw that. In spite of her sensational hair and her bold voice, and her swagger I saw she was so anxious to please. So anxious to learn. So lacking in confidence in herself. To some people this inferiority struggle would be a handicap. In Jean's case it was a life saver.

LET me see if I can explain. Jean has always played seductive siren roles, yet Jean Harlow probably has even more women fans than she has men fans. Her natural inherent modesty shows through even in roles such as she played in 'China Seas,' 'Riff Raff,' and, going back, in 'Platinum Blonde.'

"I remember, the first day on the picture, we had just finished a scene, and Jean turned those great big blue lamps on me and said, 'Please, Mr. Capra, I'm not doing this scene right. Won't you tell me what I'm lacking? Please, I don't mind being criticized. I want to learn. I want you to teach me.'

"Imagine any ten other stars you can think of admitting such a thing to a director in front of an entire picture crew!

"She was right. She was lacking something. The scene called for a certain cold harshness which she wasn't giving it. But I was glad. She was an amateur when it came to being harsh and that's what I wanted her to be. Her hair and her looks would make up for any shortcomings in her acting. Her hair and her looks plus perfect acting would have been too much for the women in her audience.

"So instead of answering her plea, I just shrugged and said, 'You look all right to me.' And you never saw any one so disappointed. She was always disappointed when anyone inferred that her looks would get her by. She still is, I guess. The poor kid wants to be known as an actress, not as a beauty. But she's found it hard. Just as I didn't want her to develop a siren technique, so I guess other directors have also tried to keep her from it. We much preferred her own twinkle in her eyes, and her fun-loving smile to sneers and leers as the author wrote them.

"Discovering personalities for the screen is nothing more or less than bringing out the real personality of the star. Gable was never such a hit on the screen as he was in 'It Happened One Night' for the reason that until that picture he had never been allowed to really be himself. Gable isn't a heavy personality at all. Not a brute, not a Don Juan. He's a light personality, full of humor, full of fun. I just happened to sense that when he came over to Columbia to do that picture, so I invented scenes, sometimes on the spur of the moment, which would allow him to be his own light self. It worked. It was the same with Claudette. And when I picked Nils Asther, from a dozen men, for 'The Bitter Tea of General Yen,' it wasn't because he gave a better performance in his test than the others did, but because I knew the man and knew that in many ways his personality paralleled the personality of General Yen. Put an actor in a part he can feel, and he is always good in it. Put him in a role he can't feel, and he's liable to be false, insincere. That, I believe, is the reason we haven't heard more of Nils in recent years. He hasn't had a chance to be himself.

"Except for out and out character and horror actors like Karloff and Lugosi and a few other exceptions most all of our best actors are best because they are always being themselves on the screen. I have picked Walter Connolly for the father part in practically all of my recent pictures because he is a fatherly person. He reflects sweetness and fineness and sentiment. He can't fail in them. And so I could go on and on, except that—" and Capra stirred and smiled as his assistant came in the door with costume drawings for "Lost Horizon"—"except that I do have to produce a picture sometime soon, and I guess I'd better get started.

BUT just remember one thing. Sincerity and naturalness are the greatest assets in the world. So to 'discover yourself,' be what you feel like being, do as you feel like doing—and don't let anybody, or your admiration for anybody, force you into a part you can't honestly play!"

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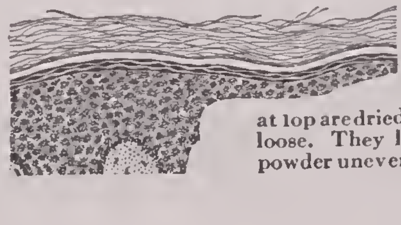
It's your *skin* causing the trouble. Far from smooth—it's all roughed up with flaky bits. Actually, these flaky pieces are dried-out skin cells!

Your skin is *always* drying out. Sun baths, swimming dry it out even worse. Soon the outside cells get stiff and harsh—scuff loose in tiny flakes. But they don't come off . . . until you *melt them away!*

You can do this yourself—smooth out rough places instantly—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream).

A distinguished dermatologist says: "Dried-out cells on surface skin can be melted off promptly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the underlying cells come into view. Young and supple, they give the skin a childlike smoothness."

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a powder base that does all this! It actually has that special keratolytic property—melts away the rough flakes—brings out new texture! Make it your beauty habit to use Pond's Vanishing Cream, night and morning . . .



Outer Skin (epidermis magnified) Jagged lines at top are dried-out cells scuffing loose. They look flaky, catch powder unevenly. *Melt them off!*

For a smooth make-up—Before powdering, spread Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Watch your skin take on new smoothness. Make-up goes on with a "beauty-salon" finish—clings longer!

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"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market." —Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

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George O'Brien Has Nine Lives

(*Continued from page* 46)

So for five days George O'Brien lay on his back in a darkened room, near insanity with fear, trying to be cheerful, trying to plan an uncertain future, trying to make himself believe that going through life half-blind wouldn't be torture. Five days during which George O'Brien died a little . . .

Finally the physician said to his haggard patient, "You are the luckiest man alive today. You will be able to see again."

This was the climax, but the events leading up to such a high point read like one of George's own Wild West thrillers. The call of adventure sounded early for George. When he was still in his teens the world went to war, dragging America with it. He looked of age and swore he was; Uncle Sam assigned him to submarine-chaser number 297.

Here then was a first opportunity for his luck to show its colors. It did. On a certain Wednesday of a certain year George was recalled from tiny, rolling, swashbuckling "297" and the next day, "297" struck a hidden mine.

It went up in a split second; it took three minutes for all the pieces to come down.

HE stayed in the Navy until the war ended, long enough to win the light-heavyweight championship. Then the breath-taking job of doubling for a famous movie star was offered him; he accepted at once and went to Panama with the company.

"The first assignment," George told me, "was to fly above the *Empress of Britain* as she went through the canal locks, and throw rice and old shoes down onto the decks at a wedding party there. My pilot was a fellow named Lieutenant Miller, one of the best airmen of his time.

"The shot itself went off well enough. Miller dived sharply; I stood up and scored a direct hit with the rice and things; all the passengers looked up as they were expected to; and we banked off to the right for Culebra Pass and France Field.

"It was just at the opening of the pass that the air-currents caught us. That big army ship hesitated like a startled sparrow, stuck one wing straight up, and side-slipped helplessly downward.

"Oh, we came out of it. This isn't one of those stories where the guy says, 'So the plane crashed, and I was killed.' But I don't ever want to come any nearer death. I had no parachute, of course; and I swear we were inches from the floor of the canyon before Miller righted us and climbed to safety."

The other anecdote dealing with flying is a fantastic incident taking place a year ago on the unsettled and still fearsome borders of new Russia. George and his wife vacation in Europe every year, and to be sure that their traveling will never, under any circumstances, become dull they make no plans beforehand, but let impulse guide them.

On one particular afternoon in Paris, Marguerite said suddenly, "Maybe I'm crazy—but we've been everywhere and seen everything over here except the Soviets. And they fascinate me."

"We leave tonight," said George.

They left, by the most sumptuous Continental airlines, for London, Berlin, Koënigsburg—but from there on they had to charter their own planes. And the population doesn't make much of a business of flying in that part of the world. By the time they reached Latvia the ships were simply and unashamedly in the "jenny" class.

The last leg of their trip was undertaken in a nondescript old plane that shook and sputtered but somehow flew; in George's bad German and Marguerite's bad French they contrived to ask the pilot what manner of thing they were riding in. When finally he understood, he grinned proudly, shrugged his shoulders, and told them that he had built it himself.

At some remote spot on the Baltic coast the engine gave up the ghost. And its manufacturer, hard at the stick, signalled for a forced landing.

George clutched his wife, the seat and his courage. The incredible plane flapped its way downward, volplaning at times, swooping breathlessly at others, and occasionally just falling.

It plopped in a field, took off again, fell down again, and spinning, expired on one wing.

"Happy landing," muttered Marguerite, disentangling herself from the debris. Happy George's luck, I think, amazed, for with the plane ruined they weren't even scratched.

The aftermath of this is too comical to ignore. They had landed—if that's the phrase—at Talinne in Estonia. Leningrad was their eventual destination and it was not too far away; they could get a new plane by dawn. But their passports had no visas.

Luckily there was one man, named Lippsky, in the hamlet who spoke English. But he stuttered, and this impediment combined with an accent beyond description was almost too much. The hours stretched out and passed; the thin icy light of a Russian tomorrow seeped into the customs shanty; everyone was adamant.

AND then Comrade Lippsky asked George what his profession was. In despair George told him.

Believe it or not, the fact that he was a motion picture star got them a release—but only under the most hilarious and embarrassing circumstances. It seems that in Europe postcard pictures of Hollywood notables are prepared and sold to a willing populace; and the figures are "retouched" into unblushing nudity.

There in that grimy, chilly outpost hundreds of miles from any cinema palace, the tongue-tied official drew from his breast pocket and handed to Actor O'Brien a tattered slip of cardboard. On it crouched George in miniature, exactly as he had been photographed years ago when he had portrayed an American Indian in a Western thriller. *Almost* exactly, that is: there was the feather head-dress, there the bow-and-arrow, there was George—wearing nothing at all.

"Y-y-y-you autograph," beamed Lippsky, "and then you g-g-g-go!"

"To my worthy and respected friend," scribbled George. And fled.

SITTING opposite me at the little luncheon table this amazing young man looked back over his life, and talked for nearly an hour. The monologue was George's paean of thanksgiving to his lucky star which has seen him through incident after incident when, by any other standard, he should have been crippled or killed.

There was the episode at Warner's studio during the filming of "Noah's Ark." A mob scene had been prepared, with spears and knives and howling citizens. Practically everyone on the lot was drafted for the action, including O'Brien, and even the director, Michael Curtez, was in at the fun.

Some of the spears were fakes, and others were not. Curtez got a real one and at some time during the fight, that sharp steel point slid accidentally under George's ribs. He slumped to his knees, toppled down some steps, and sprawled unconscious in a forming red puddle.

This bit of realism, not written in the script, went undiscovered until the scene was finished. "I finally woke up to find Curtez himself kneeling beside me," George recounted grinning. "He was weeping heartily and bemoaning the accident at the top of his lungs. 'I've killed him! I've killed him!' he was saying over and over."

And that was almost true. The spearhead had missed George's heart by the width of a piece of paper.

Then there was the other time that this same left eye, of Thanksgiving Day abuse, took a beating. Not long ago George O'Brien was starred in a picture called "Last of the Duanes." One of the sequences you may remember was of the young bandit stopping his horse before a tree on which was tacked his picture and a message to the public: "Wanted for Murder—Buck Duanes—REWARD." Buck, you remember, turned away laughing; and at that moment a bullet ripped off part of the sign a few inches from his face.

George trusts one man in all the world for things of this sort. He is Sid Jordan, foreman of the O'Brien stables and a dead shot; he has never missed, and did not miss on this occasion, only George's horse shied at the wrong moment.

The flying wedge of bark took away part of "Mr. Duanes'" upper lip, all of his left eyebrow, and so nearly blinded him that the doctors were once more constrained to shake unbelieving heads and murmur, "I just can't understand it, luck like that. It just isn't possible."

I did a little dubious head-shaking myself over the next anecdote, but George offers it, and all the others, as gospel. "I'll bring you as many eye-witnesses as you want," he promised, "and even a motion picture of the accident. A camera was turning at the time."

Anyway, the story:

Rather late one afternoon during a location trip word came that the rushes of scenes taken earlier in the day were terrible, and must be shot over. In them George was supposed to depart from his screen sweetheart in a fury, leap onto his horse, and gallop off into distance, silhouetted against a clear sky if possible.

The sun, just setting, would make a fine background, and there was time. "We'll do it now," said the director.

"Everything went off beautifully," George told me, "until the part came where I was to race away into the sunset. Sometime during that day, between the hour when we did the first scene and twilight, the owners of the ranch had put up a wire fence directly in my path, and I didn't see it.

"My horse made the jump but caught his fore-legs on the top strand."

And George described two complete somersaults through the warm desert air, landing with the animal on top of him!

He hit so hard that the baked crust of the ground was dented in; the horse did a wild scramble with flying hooves in an effort to get up; George's boots were still in the stirrups when the company reached him.

And he didn't have a scratch.

He didn't have a single bone broken.

HE didn't even ache, until three days later.

Tie that one, if you can.

"Going?" said George with surprise. "But I've just started! Why, there's the time in Frisco, and the hole in my leg, and—why, I could go on for hours."

But I'd had about all the blood and thunder I could take for one day. Enough, as some wise man once said, is enough.

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IT WON'T RUB OFF!

This story
will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S.
TONIC
Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

Janet Gaynor Lets Down Her Hair

(*Continued from page 53*)

darndest woolen socks and no shoes, flat on his back right next. And there they lay and laughed until two large laugh tears rolled down over Janet's make-up and ruined it completely.

"You should have come in sooner," Janet called. "Robert was supposed to carry me out of the scene and look where we both landed." The laughter began all over again.

Thus did Janet Gaynor make her bow to the publicity department of M-G-M. Then and there M-G-M took Gaynor to their hearts and to hear them talk, they'll never let her out again. What's more, they are letting that scene stand exactly as it happened, so look for the fun.

"I feel so welcome. So wanted over here," she said, looking about the set. Imagine Janet Gaynor thrilling to the warmth of being wanted. "When Mr. Stromberg phoned me the night before I started this picture and told me how happy he was to have me over here, all my fears and worries just melted away."

All *her* fears! And all the time the studio had been sitting back in fear and trembling of this young lady.

OF just such flimsy material are great barriers built. Barriers that for all their flimsiness remain bands of steel to encompass us about.

No one, at least no one person, was to blame for Janet Gaynor's isolation in Hollywood. Some years ago when Janet shot to stardom, conditions and ideas were different. Motion picture stars were sheltered from the public gaze as wax dolls from the heat. Weird fabrications were built around them, and tradition and time built just such a wall about the little Gaynor. And there, ever since, it has stood.

Until now.

In speaking of this, she said something I think you, her friends, would like to know about. "I'll never withhold my offers of friendship to a person who seems to live in a world of his own," she said. "My hand will always be out to grasp his.

"When I was an extra . . ." She stopped in alarm at my exaggerated horror.

"What is it?" Janet asked.

"Sh-h-h-h," I cautioned. "Great big stars like you don't talk about being an extra. Especially during interviews."

She threw herself back with a shout. "You fool," she laughed, "you had me scared. Don't they really? Well, I do. When I was an extra—" she wrinkled her nose at me—"I remember gay good times on the set with everybody gathered about like this."

"What's ahead for you, Janet?" I asked. "What do you want of Hollywood and the future?"

"Well, I'll tell you," she answered thoughtfully. "I do have new ambitions and plans along certain lines of work but I'm not going to incur any misunderstandings by stating them too bluntly. Once upon a time the story got about that I was tired of my roles and wanted to go sophisticated. I never made such a statement but I felt I should be allowed to grow up.

"I'm afraid a great many fans felt I had let them down when this story got about. So now I plan to feel my way gradually. Taking my fans with me step by step along the way. Gauging by their approval or disapproval the road I should travel, whether it be comedy or pathos or whatever they dictate."

No wonder one famous blonde star in Hollywood was heard to murmur, "Heaven help us all now. Gaynor's on the loose."

But has she, this mite of petted femininity, the courage, the understanding of a cold business world in relation to herself, has she the fortitude and tolerance to go along on her own? Can she take it?

Can she take it? Well, just let me tell you about that.

Over on the 20th Century-Fox lot, there stands a little dream house. Janet Gaynor's studio bungalow. Once or twice, when Janet was away, of course, I have entered that door and stood aghast at its loveliness. I have lounged on the luxurious couches and listened to her radio, gazed at the beautiful simplicity of the huge fireplace set back in its own nook, have trod the velvet rugs and oh-ed and ah-ed at the beautiful dressing room. Envied her that dainty tiled kitchen and bath and explored vast cupboards and closets. A little dream house, indeed.

Now let's go back to that M-G-M sound stage. "See this little portable room of Miss Gaynor's?" a workman on the set asked me while Janet was busy.

I looked at the little two by four structure with its uncomfortable couch, two straight chairs and tiny dressing table and mirror. "Yes," I said, "I see it."

"Well, sir, due to some bone-headed mix-up it took three weeks to get this over on the set here for Miss Gaynor and never once did she offer a word of complaint. No, sir, not once."

Was it you who asked if Janet Gaynor can take it?

IT'S a busy, mad, dizzy world little Gaynor has emerged into from her nest at peep of day. A pretty hard boiled world. And who knows, in the commotion and rush, whether Janet Gaynor is welcome or not? Who wants her? Who needs her? Has she earned her place in the ever marching parade of humanity?

Yes. And I'll tell you how I know.

Only a little while ago Janet Gaynor received two letters that stand out among the other many, many grateful ones. One was obviously written by an unschooled workman in an unsure hand. "It's my little girl," he wrote her. "Dear Miss Gaynor, it's my little girl." Here there was a queer splash that could have been made by a falling tear. "She might be going to die, Miss Gaynor, and all she ever asks is just to hear from you. She says she knows she would get well if you would send her just one posy from your garden. Could you, for me, and her, Miss Gaynor?"

Roses, dozens of them, were sent.

"We keep all the petals in a jar," he wrote back in thanks. "We both look at them every day. She's getting better, too."

The other message came from an Englishman. It seems, from his letter, he had been part of a hunting party in the jungles of India and had become lost. For days he had wandered about lost and discouraged. Ready to give up he spied, in the very thickest of the wilds, an abandoned, tumble-down shack.

He crept through the open door and struck a match. His last one. He looked about and suddenly started about in surprise. For into his eyes gazed two twinkling, impish young eyes. Two lips parted into a teasing young smile. The picture, tacked so long ago to the old walls, did something for him. It gave him new hope, new courage.

The next morning, he carefully took down the picture, folded it next his heart and literally willed his way out.

It wasn't until he arrived home in England he learned who she was. His lady of the picture. The letter, telling the story, was a letter of grateful thanks and asked her if she ever realized how far flung was her influence? Even to the depth of a jungle in India?

So, I say yes. I think Janet Gaynor has earned her place many, many times over.

But—and here's the catch—can Janet Gaynor keep pace? Lovely as it is to help win back to life a little child, to give hope to a lost traveler, what has that to do with big business? What does Hollywood care about that if Janet fails to bring in the shekels at the box office? So what are Gaynor's chances for success today?

GOOD, I'd say. No, swell, which is even better. And here's why I think so. Janet is one of those fortunate individuals who looks a helpless little girl and thinks as an adult. And by that I'm not robbing her of one ounce of her charm. For charm is something Janet has plenty of. The rare kind of charm that is felt by young and old, by men and women alike. In fact, on and off the screen, strong men can testify to the captivating charm of little Gaynor.

Coupled with that charm or allure or whatever one chooses to call it, is a strong will. Remember the battle she put up with Fox when she felt herself to be right? And how she stuck to her guns?

So, summing it all up, what do we have? Or, rather what does she have? A clear thinking head, plenty of charm and personality, the ability to take it, determination and will and an instinctive sense of what is right for her. But those qualities Janet always had. Even back in the exile days. And they should be enough to get her anywhere.

But—and here's the trump card—she has added to those virtues just one thing more. One thing she didn't have before and the one thing that should win her the race if anything can.

Humanness. The feel, the throb, the understanding of people about her. Since Janet has climbed down from that pedestal, her elbow touches your elbow. There are no walls between. Her problems are your problems. Her hopes are your hopes. Her battles your battles.

She knows it. You can hear it in her voice as she speaks to those working with and near her. You can see it in her very eyes as she looks from one to another of the actors and workmen about her.

Walls torn town. Barriers removed. Security and safety forgotten and forsaken, Janet Gaynor marches on in the midst of her fellow men with courage high and hopes bold to whatever fate lies ahead for her around the bend.

"Dentyne's a Double-Header
—Good for Your Mouth—
A Treat to Your Taste!"

DENTISTS SAY, "CHEW DENTYNE"! We moderns kill our teeth with kindness — we eat soft foods — give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentyne is a big aid to mouth health because its special, *firmer* consistency encourages more vigorous chewing — stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE. The moment you open the Dentyne package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It's a superior chewing gum in *every* way! You'll appreciate too, its smart flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag — an exclusive feature with Dentyne.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
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IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

Cool and Soothing

...AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight?* Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH

Ida Lupino's Weird Love Story

(*Continued from page* 56)

sat on the floor close to the warmth to talk of all they must do and of how they best could do it.

But sitting there close and talking of their dreams they slowly discovered each other. Ida came to know the line of Johnny's dark head, his habit of being cross to hide emotion, and the fine strength of his jaw. And Johnny came to know how blue Ida's eyes were and how she always pretended not to mind the things which hurt her most.

Then they talked of other things besides their young plans. They talked of themselves. They promised eternal love. Not only with their lips but by the utter simplicity of their words. And with never a doubt or a fear clouding their young eyes.

By this time they had come along in the theater. They had left those wretched diggings behind them. Many of their ambitious plans had been accomplished. Johnny, for instance, had seen his name spelled against the night in bright lights. And Ida had come so far, on the stage and in the motion picture studios, that she hadn't minded it at all when a theatrical agent who knew her father, recognized her and it was insisted that she use her rightful and valuable name of Lupino. For now she had proved she had something to give that name.

IT took courage of a high order, I think, when Paramount approached Ida about making pictures in Hollywood, for her to take Johnny's hand and say, "So long, Sweet." But behind her were the four hundred and fifty years of actors and actresses and the traditions of a trouper deeply entrenched in her blood to give her this kind of courage. And so she sailed away.

Ida's and Johnny's letters and cables formed an endless chain back and forth across the ocean and the continent which separated them. And when the utter loneliness lovers can know would sweep over them there were trans-oceanic and trans-continental telephone calls.

Like two children they waited, counting the weeks and the months until Ida should have the long holiday she had stipulated she must have between certain pictures. So she could rush back to England as fast as trains and planes and ships would carry her. Weeks beforehand she wrote Johnny she would be coming on such and such a date. And he cabled back, "Loops, will meet you at the boat. So happy you're coming. Love, Johnny." She carried that cable around in her bag. And when she changed her bag she transferred it along with her lipstick and her powder and her cigarettes. It was still in her bag, as a matter of fact, when she docked at Southampton and her blue eyes went searching among those waiting on the wharf. And joy waited in her throat to speed her cry of "Hello, Johnny!" over all the confused noises of a great ship docking.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. About a week before Ida sailed for England, while she was working on the last scenes of "Paris In Spring," she came home from the studios with her face streaked with tears. She was so filled with nameless fears that she urged her mother to telephone her father, make sure he was all right. It was her father she thought of first for the bond between them is strong and always both know when the other is ill or in any trouble.

Relieved when her father was completely reassuring, Ida went to bed and to sleep. However, several hours later her mother heard her moving about and went in to her. She stood at the casement windows, half awake and half asleep. Between sobs she kept saying "Come in, Johnny. It's all right, my sweet!" She held her hand to her head and her face twisted with pain. "I know," she went on. "I know! It hurts so much. But come in. Oh, do come in!"

Her mother helped her back to bed, smoothed the covers over her and when she slept tiptoed quietly away. But an hour later she was back disturbed again by Ida talking. This time she found Ida sitting up in bed, saying over and over "Tell Loops to carry on and goodbye. Tell . . . Loops . . . to carry on . . . and goodbye."

THE following morning neither Ida nor her mother mentioned the difficulties of the night. Mrs. Lupino, however, was glad Ida soon would be going away. She felt she had been working too hard. She also was glad Ida soon would be seeing Johnny again for more than ever now it was all too evident that he was on her mind all the time and that she was miserably lonely without him.

"I myself," says Ida, "retained only the foggiest sort of memory of that night when morning came. I remembered I'd been unhappy and that Johnny had been in my dreams. Nothing more."

However Ida does admit when her ship docked at Southampton and Johnny wasn't on the pier that for a minute she turned sick and lonely and apprehensive. Then quickly she thought "Johnny would be late, bless him!" She told herself he would be waiting at the customs under the big "L" where they would carry her baggage. When he wasn't there either she pictured him rushing up before she left, breathless, with his eyes shining. She could, with memory to aid her, feel his arms going around her. At last she was forced to conclude he must be working and pitted herself for a fool for not having thought of this sooner. There would be a message waiting at the hotel, of course.

The clerk at her London hotel handed her the keys and several letters and messages which were waiting. She shuffled them quickly. But the one she sought was not among them.

"I called up some old friends," she told me, "and asked them to come in for tea. When they arrived I questioned them about Johnny. But the first few were evasive. They said 'Johnny, why he went cycling in Vienna.' Or else 'Why, he went over to Germany with a friend!'"

When Ida told me about this there were tears in her eyes. And she didn't trouble to brush them away.

"Finally," she said "Johnny's and my oldest and dearest mutual friend came. I thought I felt everyone in the room stiffen and tense. And I know now that this did happen. For it had been agreed that he should be the one to tell me. I stopped him at the door, however, and helped him with his bitter task. For suddenly that dreadful night I had experienced came back to me very vividly and I knew.

"'Tell me the truth' I begged that friend. 'Johnny? He's dead, isn't he?'"

The friend nodded and handed Ida a cablegram he took from his pocket. "This may help—some," he told her. It was from the boy with whom Johnny had been cycling, sent the very night Ida had dreamed of Johnny.

"When Ida reaches England," Johnny's friend had cabled, "tell her Johnny's last words were for her—'Tell Loops to carry on and goodbye.'"

The selfsame words, you'll remember, that Ida had kept repeating that night as she sat up, half awake and half asleep, in her bed.

Much of Ida's time in England after that she spent with her father. The night before she left she and her father spent alone. They sat before the fire in his library where they had shared many confidences and many troubles over many years.

"Whatever psychic quality I have," Ida says, "I inherit from my father. If you write a question on a piece of paper, crumple it and lay it before his pencil, he will write the answer. He has done this for many people and there's no one among them who questions his power. That last night I was in England I asked him what pattern life would take when I got back to America.

"He wrote on the yellow pad before him that by being away I had missed much confusion but that still more lay ahead. He urged me not to go on a party in a horse-drawn vehicle since to do so meant I'd likely be involved in a murder. He said I would go away from my own studios to make one picture and that another picture in which I would be cast I wouldn't make."

SINCE Ida has been back in Hollywood and thrown herself into her work in an effort to assuage the loneliness and hurt Johnny's death has left with her, every prediction her father made has come true. By being away she did escape confusion. And there was more confusion waiting. She was invited for a straw-ride on which she didn't go. On that ride a woman was hit over the head with a ginger ale bottle and seriously injured. It seems entirely reasonable to believe that had Ida been along and the seating arrangements different and this woman struck from a different angle she might have been killed. Ida did leave her studio to make a picture for Walter Wanger. And here more recently she was cast to play with Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way" and after production started she was replaced.

However, the important part of this story now is that Loops *is* carrying on. Bravely. Valiantly. But there were times during the filming of "Peter Ibbetson" when it was tragic to see her, to find such sadness in a face so very young. "Don't," tender-hearted Gary Cooper used to say to her. "Don't look so sad!" Whereupon Ida always would smile, even if it was only a little smile. For after all Johnny had left word that she must carry on. And ever since she and Johnny met when they were fourteen his word has been her law.

DIVE INTO CRISP, DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT—GET EXTRA ENERGY FOR ACTIVE DAYS!

It takes more than fresh air and exercise to splash your way to physical fitness. A sensible, nourishing diet is essential, too. And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a good start. For Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—a rich storehouse of vitamins, carbohydrates, mineral salts and proteins.

Eat Shredded Wheat every day. Join the millions of Shredded Wheat fans who get energy, endurance and vitality from this delicious breakfast. Put Shredded Wheat and your favorite fruit or berries on your grocery list now.

SHREDDED WHEAT

SHREDDED WHEAT

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. seal.

A Product of
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

She's a Five-Star Picture Star

(*Continued from page* 45)

due. In addition to all these, of course, I have trust funds for the children and insurance annuities for them and for myself."

Canny isn't she? Perhaps you're pooh-poohing. Perhaps you're thinking, "I'll bet she cheats herself and juggles those accounts around." Well she does, but not often. With a smile so innocent that it emphasized the preposterousness of her understatement she said, "That makes things complicated!"

But let's get on. What goes on in her home? (She rents a house, incidentally.) It's a very charming one which she furnished and decorated herself. She doesn't want to buy because she's not sure that she wants to remain in California indefinitely. She has a cook-housekeeper, two maids and a chauffeur. Oh, yes, and a secretary. Just to keep things simple, we'll start with the secretary. She arranges Joan's dates for her and handles all sorts of small business details.

NOW we shall have to go back to the Saturday that Joan completed her duties in "13 Hours By Air." That day Joan was a very busy girl. Between scenes when the camera was being set up for different shots she would disappear. Mitch Leisen, the director, was mystified. So was Fred MacMurray, Joan's pilot, who had been struggling for some weeks to bring his blonde passenger in on time. Everyone was mystified. Where was Joanie? She had always been on the set during the frequent lulls between shots. She had always played a major role in the nonsense that keeps things lively on any stage where Mitch is generalissimo. That day she was among the missing. They finally tracked her down and discovered all.

Joan was hiding in her portable dressing room being a business woman between shots. She knew that she was to have a week before the start of "Big Brown Eyes" and she was doing some figuring. Her own big blue eyes were serious behind her glasses. She chewed thoughtfully on the end of a pencil as she stared at the business-like notebook before her. She was listing the things that she had to accomplish in that short week. There were some sixty of them. It is characteristic of the busy Bennett that she would not wait until the next day, Sunday, to plot her campaign. Sundays are devoted to the children, "Ditty" and Melinda. And Monday she must set out bright and early.

By mid-afternoon Joan had listed all her duties. She handed the list over to her secretary, who carried on from there. First, she grouped the sixty odd errands so that those to be done on one particular day would fall as nearly as possible in the same neighborhood. That's important if you're dealing with sprawling Los Angeles. Then she began to telephone.

When Joan was ready to leave the studio that night she was handed an appointment book. In it were the schedules for Monday and Tuesday of the next week. The secretary had consulted with the chauffeur so that sufficient time was included in each appointment to cover transportation to the next. The chauffeur had been given a list similar to Joan's so that he knew exactly where he was supposed to go and at what time.

And by the time the crafty Joan returned home from Monday's chores she would find her appointments set for the remainder of the week. If she were staying home for dinner Monday night she would naturally find that ready. That's where the housekeeper enters this story.

She attends to the daily shopping, plans the meals, keeps track of the household expenses. All under Joan's supervision, of course. She keeps books on all expenses. Once a month Joan takes an evening off to go over the books herself. Or if she is working she may even take the records to the studio to con them there in her spare moments. Thus she keeps track of that portion of her budget.

The housekeeper is also in charge of the other maids and sees to it that they follow the typewritten schedules outlining their duties for each day. Those charts were all figured out by Joan herself in a spare day or two—whenever that was! Thus each maid knows exactly what she is supposed to do on each particular day. This system absolves Joan from the necessity of any worry concerning her home. It is never necessary, either, for the maids to worry about what they should do next!

Joan, in the role of seneschal of the mansion where she and husband Gene Markey live, has some cute tricks for economizing. In the realm of canned goods and staples, for example. These she buys in large quantities at wholesale prices to cut the household budget.

THEN there's gasoline for two large cars. You and I buy our gas five gallons here, eight there. The eye is always on the needle. We spend time worrying about the possibility of running out of gas at some inconvenient moment when we may not have cash along. The canny Bennett never has that worry. If she thinks about it at all, it is pleasantly. For she has found the economical answer to that one. She buys gas in five hundred gallon quantities from a nearby service station. She not only gets it cheaper that way but also insures herself against a sudden rise in price. In anyone's financial scheme in Hollywood that is quite an item. Distances are great. Every time you stray from your front door you go at least ten miles!

By this time I was beginning to feel somewhat dizzy. This "design for living" was too perfect, too regularized. Somewhere in this methodical pattern there must be a dropped stitch or some other minute imperfection. Noting the smartness of General Joan's attire, it occurred to me to hunt it down under the heading of clothes.

"Clothes?" she repeated. She paused. Could it be that I had found the dropped stitch? I had not! With her first sentence came the realization that she had really got down to the fundamentals of

Thought she was safe but her mouth wash failed!

Don't depend on mouth washes that merely mask mouth odors

Romance is a delicate thing. Don't take chances on mouth washes that merely hide mouth odors for a matter of minutes—*then fail you!* Zonite is the *only* well known Personal antiseptic that actually neutralizes even onion odor—killing it FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. *But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes,* leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Get a bottle *today* and prove these remarkable results yourself. Harmless to tissues. See directions.

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USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

SHE GASPED
when she spilled the ink on my rug

—but I'd taken one precaution and it didn't leave a trace!

Every day such accidents happen where ordinary inks are used. That's why the Parker Pen Company created this WASHABLE Qu*ink*—an ink for home and school that can be spilled with SAFETY! Soap and water, promptly applied, remove it from hands, clothes, woodwork, and rugs—*without* trace!

And Qu*ink* dries so fast *on paper* that people write us, "I've thrown my blotters away!"

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Don't get our PERMANENT Qu*ink* unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't risk other so-called washable inks. WASHABLE Qu*ink* is not watery—but rich, full-bodied, and brilliant. Be sure you get WASHABLE Qu*ink*—15c and 25c.

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DEW
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the clothes situation.

"Clothes are really a business asset in Hollywood. So much depends on the appearance. Consequently when I set out on a shopping tour I go about it exactly as a business man might if he were buying new machinery for his factory. He wouldn't buy unsubstantial stuff simply because it was good looking. Well, neither would I.

"In the first place, cheap clothes are not an economy. They never last. And they're usually out of style before you can say Hattie Carnegie! No, cheap clothes pay no dividends.

"I found the solution to my own clothes problem in the tailored suit. If it is well made and cut from good material it will serve one faithfully for several years. In fact, it's likely to wear you out before you wear it out! But it's always smart. Like the cannibal chieftain's silk hat, it's good for any occasion. And when it's combined with different sweaters and blouses it can always be made to appear like a new costume.

"As to evening gowns, I'd rather buy one good one than spend the same amount for three cheap ones. Even though the cheap gowns may be just as smart, it's more practical to have the one expensive costume. In any case I never buy a dress on snap judgment. I always consider it carefully, perhaps for two or three days. When I do buy it I am sure that it's the one I want."

AFTER some mental arithmetic I arrived at the conclusion that I had caught the efficient Joan in her one impracticability. Being an actress and having social obligations, I thought, she must need a number of evening gowns each season. If she can get the same number of smart ensembles for half the money—well, the conclusion seemed obvious. I said so.

La Bennett not only smiled, she laughed. One of those gusty, hoarse Joan Bennett laughs. In it I detected a certain tolerance for all that may be obtuse in the *practical* male. "But you see," she explained, "I don't *throw* my evening gowns away at the end of a season. I put them away, in a closet reserved for that purpose. Usually I find that they come back in style two or three years later and I can wear them again without even having them altered. To alter anything, I think, is a waste of money. If they were cheap dresses, however, I couldn't do that. The material would have rotted or they would have fallen out of shape."

There was nothing left for me but to wonder why she hadn't been elected president. Think of the senators and jurists she could hang up in special closets! But *they* might rot! Certainly they would fall out of shape. Unraveling myself from these extravagant fancies, another question occurred to me. A few minutes of my allotted time remained so I asked quickly, "What is the reason for all this efficiency? Why all this practicality?"

Her answer was prompt. Yet it was prefaced by the Joan Bennett brand of humor that furnishes such an adequate disguise for her efficient spirit. "At the risk of sounding like someone who has just won a prize fight or swum the Channel, I'll tell you. I do it for the children.

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Strained Vegetables
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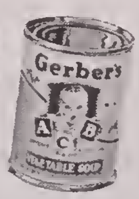
Note: Gerber's Cereal is of selected grains, wheat embryo added, cooked in whole milk and strained. Gerber's Strained Prunes are from the famous Santa Clara Valley.

Gerber's



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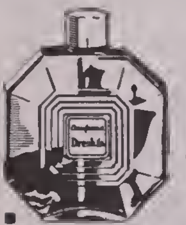

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"I am an actress. As I said, Hollywood is a moody goddess. There is always the possibility that I may be 'washed up' tomorrow. I'm doing everything I can to insure myself and the children against that tomorrow. I want them to have every possible advantage. They must be educated. At the moment, of course, Melinda is just learning to talk. Ditty is getting her education at the public school. I sent her to a private school for two years but she didn't seem to learn anything. I decided to try the public school and discovered that she had learned as much there in a week as she had learned in two years at the private institution!

"You're probably thinking that I have a husband who is a successful writer. Possibly, that I'm silly to work so hard to be practical. Well, the chances are that Gene can go on being a successful writer indefinitely—so long as he has a pencil, a sheet of paper and an idea. On the other hand both of us have known writers who have suddenly found that they had no one to write for. We're taking no chances."

With that she glanced at her watch. "Now I really must go. Baby doctors can't be kept waiting—they simply *don't* wait. It seems that they are under contract to the storks!" Before I knew what had happened she had breathed a polite goodbye and had vanished.

I finally found our waiter and asked for the check. He looked blank. After the question had had time to percolate he looked at me with a pitying smile. Then he assured me that the check had been arranged for that morning. He did not add, "By the practical Miss Bennett." I did.

Maureen O'Sullivan's "Growing Pains"

(*Continued from page 63*)

So Maureen did not want to go. But she knew that it was an important step upward in her career and she forced herself to accept.

The man drove her to the party. It was a long ride through the dark Hollywood boulevards and they quarrelled ridiculously, insanely, without rhyme or reason. When they finally reached the gates of the executive's home, Maureen was a mussed, wilted wreck. Her eyes were swollen and red. Her face was streaked with tears and mascara. She couldn't face the people waiting for her in that condition. But, more important than facing those people, she couldn't leave the man she loved while that barrier of misunderstanding and unhappiness stood between them. She couldn't smile and talk while her heart was aching. No career was worth that effort. So she turned around and went home. Never again was she invited to that house. But Maureen counted that evening's opportunity well lost for the sake of her love.

When option time rolled around, the studio did not renew her contract. Then she was really alone in Hollywood. She played a few free lance roles, but she was still absorbed in her stormy romance. When there was a long period of idleness, Maureen awoke to the terrifying realization that she was facing complete failure, that, unless something happened, she would have to leave Hollywood and return to Ireland. Panic seized her. For the first time she really worked in a desperate effort to stay in pictures and Hollywood. She had exactly one hundred dollars between her and Ireland when she signed a contract to play Tarzan's mate.

Once again she was safe with a studio and a regular weekly pay check. The man she loved left Hollywood and Maureen threw herself headlong into her work, trying to forget her loneliness. It was during this time that she met Jimmie Dunn. Theirs was a brief and hectic romance, which finally ended in a warm friendship. When their engagement was rumored, when there were whispers of a marriage in the near future, Maureen merely smiled and her eyes gazed far away.

There were long weeks and months of working in "Tarzan," followed by a series of unimportant roles in other pictures. The roles which Maureen really wanted were given to other girls and Maureen did nothing about it. Slowly she lost interest and all confidence in herself. Gradually she slipped back into her old way of living, indifferent to her future, her personal life in a constant turmoil of loneliness and bewilderment.

"Finally I began to realize that I was about through in pictures," Maureen told me, remembering those days. "I had been drifting along for several years, staying in pictures only because I was young and because I was willing to play unimportant parts. But I knew I couldn't go on playing sweet young things forever. I was growing older every day. When my youth was gone I would be finished, unless I were given something more mature and worthwhile to do, a role which would establish me as a young woman instead of a girl. But I didn't have enough confidence in myself to try to fight for such a role. So I went on drifting and being more heartsick than ever.

THEN came 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' When I was given the role of Norma Shearer's younger sister, I knew that it was my big opportunity. I was thrilled and excited and I forgot everything except my work while we were making it. When people were kind enough to say that I had done well and when the critics praised me, I felt the first real confidence in myself that I had ever known. The fact that I had been noticed in a picture with such players as Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March made me feel that I might be able to do something worth while on the screen, if I were given other opportunities. I decided that I wouldn't sit back and let things slide, as I had been doing, that I would fight for those opportunities and work for them. I don't ever hope or expect to be a great star. I'm not drivingly ambitious. But I do want to be a good and competent actress. And that's what I'm trying to be. It's so wonderfully stimulating and encouraging to feel self confidence.

"I took stock of my emotions, too, and

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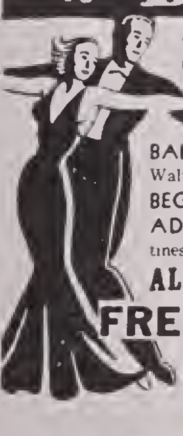

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decided that I had been an illusion-blinded fool. With interest in my work becoming more important, I began to be less emotional about my own personal life. I realized that life is practical and that I had been trying to make it romantic and idealistic. I had been living my high school theories instead of practicing common sense. You know, I think that girls reared in sheltered homes and boarding schools are given the wrong ideas about love and life. They are taught that love is a perfect and complete thing. It takes a few good jolts and heartbreaks to make them realize that love is as practical and filled with faults as every other phase of living.

"I've had my jolts, plenty of them, during these last six years, and they've finally opened my eyes to the realization that all the hopes and pleadings in the world cannot make perfection out of imperfection and that the only way to be happy is to accept things as they are. After all, love would probably be pretty dull if it were perfect and faultless.

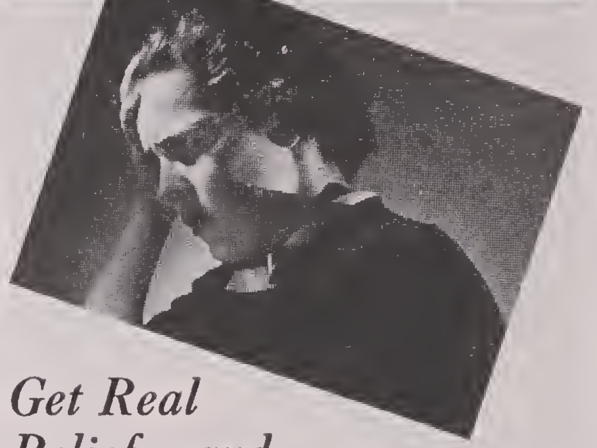
I STILL believe in the inherent honesty and goodness of everyone, but I'm no longer disappointed or hurt when that goodness fails to appear. I used to expect too much of people. Now I realize that you can receive from others only as much as they are willing to give. As soon as I realized that and stopped demanding the impossible of the people I love, I began to be happy. That personal happiness and my new self confidence and interest in my work have made life look entirely different to me."

When John Farrow, the man whom she has always loved, returned to Hollywood, he found a new Maureen. They took up their romance where it had stopped. But it became serene and happy, instead of turbulent and restless. They went together to Ireland to visit Maureen's family. Johnny's diamond blazes on Maureen's finger. There are many rumors about them, rumors that they are secretly married and that they will be married soon. But it doesn't matter whether they are married or when. Maureen is happy. She has found herself and the real meaning of love.

Meanwhile, Maureen goes steadily along with that important business of acting, proud to be a part of the great business of furnishing entertainment to millions of people all over the world. After the role she loved so much in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" came her delightful performance as Dickens' most beloved heroine, lovely, flighty little Dora, in "David Copperfield."

Her most recently released picture was "The Voice of Bugle Ann," with Lionel Barrymore, and right now she's hard at work on another M-G-M film with this grand old actor, to be called "The Witch of Timbuctoo." Incidentally, the young man who played David to her Dora—Frank Lawton—will also play opposite her in this production.

That is the end of the story of the six unhappy years in the life of the little Irish girl who was born to love and to be loved and who counted the world well lost for that love and for happiness. It is the beginning of a new story of a gallant young woman who has finally made herself master of her own life and who has adjusted her Celtic idealism to a practical world.



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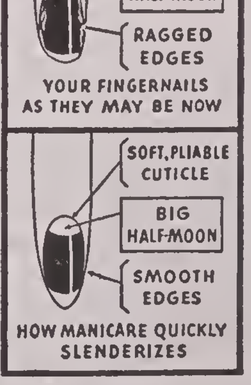

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Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page 6*)

worked up to my part in "She Married Her Boss," which is my biggest and best picture so far, I think.

Some of the other pictures you may remember seeing me in have been: "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Jane Eyre," "Dinky," "Daddy Long Legs," "Keeper of the Bees" and "Emma" with Marie Dressler, which reminds me that I'd like to tell you why I loved Marie Dressler so much.

I was on the set of "Emma"—it was just before Christmas—and Miss Dressler asked me if I wanted a doll for Christmas or something else. I said that if it was all right with her I'd like a pair of shoes—we didn't have any money then except what I was earning and that was very little. And guess what? For Christmas she gave me five dollars to get the shoes, and a doll, besides!

PERHAPS you would like to hear how I got my part in "She Married Her Boss." The Central Casting office called me after I came home from school one day and told me to go right over to Columbia on an interview with Gregory LaCava, the director. Mumsie and I were getting ready to go when Central Casting called again and said I wasn't the type. So I called up my manager and told him what Central had said, and he told me to go over anyhow.

There were quite a few other little girls there with whom I had worked before. One by one they all went in and then came out, looking very sad. There were big girls, little girls, fat ones and skinny ones. I could tell no one had gotten the part. It happened that I was the last one in line, and I wasn't very presentable with my old school dress on.

At last my turn came to go in. Mr. LaCava was seated at a desk and told me to come over and say hello. So I said:

"How do you do, Mr. LaCava?"

He said, "Can you act?"

I said, "I think so."

He said, "Do you think you can be a mean Annabelle?"

I said, "I'd like very much to try."

He said, "Well, will you read something out of the script for us?"

I said, "I would like to, Mr. LaCava," and read from the page he opened for me. When I had finished, he said:

"I think you are just right for the part."

I said, "I'm very happy because I've always wanted to be a brat on the screen." And he answered me, smiling, "Now's your chance," and a minute later added, "You're the last little girl I am going to look at. I've already talked to a hundred and not one of them has suited me as well as you."

That was the picture, you remember, in which I played Claudette Colbert's stepdaughter. I hated to say all of the nasty things I had to say to her, but that is the way it is in pictures. But she knew I didn't mean them, because after the picture was finished she gave me the sweetest little puppy you ever saw and Mr. LaCava gave me a lovely gold watch and on the back was the inscription, "From me to you." Wasn't that nice? But the best present of all was my long-term contract from Columbia. All my pictures since then have been with them.

Since I finished "And So They Were Married," I've been having a lot of fun. Not long ago I gave a party for Mumsie. It was her birthday and she said she never had such a good time in all her life. It was a surprise party. My present to her was a beautiful new car. We've never had a car before, and I think I was a lot more thrilled about it than she was. It is green because that is Mumsie's favorite color.

I also had a birthday party of my own on May 20th, which was my tenth birthday. My guests were: Jack Moran, Julius Bertrand, who is Jackie Cooper's stand-in, Barbara Sharpe, Jackie Searle, Sybil Jason, Marcia Mae Jones, Mickey Rooney, Billie Burrud and many other of us youngsters whom you have seen on the screen.

We played all kind of games at the party. It was a very sunny day, so some of the time we were in the garden playing hop-scotch and tag. We started to fish in the gold-fish pond in the yard, but Mumsie didn't think that was such a good idea. Then we told stories, played guessing games and had refreshments.

We had ice cream and a great big birthday cake. I blew out all ten candles, which means that my wish should come true.

I got an Ingo bike, the kind you jump up and down on, a charm bracelet and many games for presents. Mumsie gave me a complete new outfit and a new autograph album. Jack Moran gave me a portable typewriter, because I had helped him so much in his first picture, he said. The first thing I wrote on the typewriter was a thank-you letter to Jackie.

When I am working on a picture, I have school on the set between scenes. My teacher is Gertrude Vizard and she is young and very pretty. We study arithmetic, spelling, English, history, French and art. I am best in spelling. I can spell long words like pronunciation, indignant, scientific and incredible.

WHEN I am not making a picture, I go to school just like you do. I have to be there at 8:30 and get through at 12:00, and I take music lessons in the afternoon. My ambition is to be an opera singer when I grow up, so I am learning to sing and to play the piano. If I don't become an opera singer or a piano player, I would like to be a nurse.

Did you know that I am the youngest Red Cross nurse in the world? That happened when I was just a little girl. I was in Miami with Mumsie when they had the Pensacola storm and flood. We were marooned and so Mumsie found a job as Red Cross nurse in a hospital. She couldn't leave me with anybody so she took me with her, and at the hospital they made me the youngest Red Cross nurse in the world. That is why I would really like to be a nurse.

One of the things I like to do when I'm not working is to play with my dolls. I have twelve of them. One of them was given to me by Marie Dressler, you remember. My favorite is Samantha, an old

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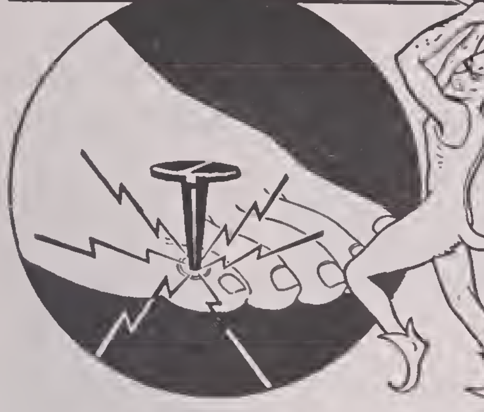

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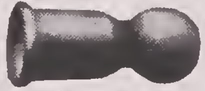

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rag doll that belonged to all the little girls of my family for many years. I am learning how to make clothes for her. I also made a dress for myself once, but nobody knew it was a dress until I told them. Everybody thought it was a bed-spread or something.

I love to go on picnics, to carnivals and to the circus. My favorite sports are tennis, horseback riding, and swimming, which I am just learning, and roller-skating. I also love to paint and make things with putty.

It's time for me to take a music lesson now, so I'll have to stop writing this. I enjoyed doing it ever so much and I am glad Betty Turner gave me the chance. I am just hoping you get as much fun out of reading it as I did out of writing it.

Love,
EDITH FELLOWS.

P. S. Please write to me, Edith Fellows, in care of Betty Turner, MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood California, and tell me what picture you enjoyed seeing me most in. I will send an autographed photograph to the boys and girls who write the twenty-five best letters I get. Betty Turner and I will act as judges, and your letters must be mailed before July 5th. Letters will be judged upon the basis of clarity, logic and interest. 'Bye!

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL (20th Century-Fox). The latest Shirley Temple picture. Of course you'll see it.

BORN TO FIGHT (Conn Productions). If you are interested in boxing you will like this story of a run-away boy (Frankie Darro) who becomes a champion.

LET'S SING AGAIN (Principal Productions). Bobby Breen, whom you've heard on the radio, as an orphan boy who joins a tent show and is helped by kindly Henry Armetta.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND (20th Century-Fox). Even if your parents don't approve of mysteries they will probably okay this one with Canadian Mounted Police and dogs.

THREE ON THE TRAIL (Paramount). Hopalong Cassidy, again, in one of the best films yet.

THE HARVESTER (Republic). Cora Sue Collins is in this pleasant farm story, helping along a romance in her best style.

SHOWBOAT (Universal). Adventures of a troupe of players on a Mississippi River Showboat. Irene Dunne sings and there is grand blackface comedy.

SONS O' GUNS (Warner Brothers). Joe E. Brown has never been funnier than in this story of a young man who went to war and become a hero by accident.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (20th Century-Fox). Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert and Victor McLaglen in an Arabian story.

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How Hollywood Outsmarts the Underworld

(*Continued from page* 55)

raising tale. He said two vicious men wanted him to aid them in kidnapping the little Barthelmess boy. The manager took the youth right down to Malibu to Dick's house—where of course, he never should have been taken. By the time I was called, the youth had aroused so much sympathy he had been fed, given a bath, and a new suit of clothes.

"Personally, I was convinced that his story was a fake and we promptly took him out of the house to our office. We talked with him from eight o'clock Saturday evening to six o'clock Monday morning and allowed him to just tie himself into knots. Finally he broke down and told the truth. He was a young man from Texas, down on his luck, and out of his own imagination he had contrived this fantastic tale. We had him sent over for a mental examination which he came through all right, but we held him for a few days and, after scaring him thoroughly, let him go.

"This brings up another point which I always stress. In most extortion cases, you have no idea, at the beginning, whether they are legitimate kidnapping attempts or not, and you dare not take a chance in not investigating them.

"The Eddie Cantor extortion was a thoroughly planned attempt by experts who asked for five thousand dollars, and who gave specific instructions. The gang threatened the lives of Eddie and his five daughters unless he came through with the money at a certain time and place. Eddie went to the authorities. They gave him advice which he followed immediately: send the family East by the next train and submit to an armed police guard himself while he finished his picture. The instructions of the gang were followed to the letter but much to our chagrin the package of money was left unmolested. I think Cantor's action scared them off.

THE Government investigation of the Mae West case was routine!

"The Thelma Todd letters were genuine but came from a crank.

"About the time of the Weyerhaeuser kidnapping, a psychopathic youth went to the Temple home and said he had a message for the parents. The message purported to prove that the same gang was going to make Shirley their next victim. The Fox Studio immediately hired two stalwart guards to watch day and night over the most famous little girl in the world. The studio moguls must have decided that Shirley was too sweet a child to be exposed to such danger—and there was also the minor matter of their investment in her, too!

"The Harold Lloyd estate is probably better protected from invasion by kidnappers and gangsters than any other film home. A regular battery of electric and mechanical devices protects the house itself and it would practically take an army to get over the gates and by the dogs.

"I think Los Angeles is unusually fortunate geographically in protection from kidnappers. Criminals can't go west because of the Pacific Ocean. The few roads leading east are heavily guarded and patrolled. In the Middle West and the East so many small towns and a network of roads give criminals much greater opportunities to escape and hide out."

Maybe this is the reason why criminals threaten but never go through with their threats. They realize the chances taken in actual kidnapping are too great. They try to get a quick, small payoff and then escape.

Spencer Tracy was menaced by a gang and at a most embarrassing time in his life. It was when he was separated from his wife and taking Loretta Young places. Two threatening letters came, stipulating that he pay eight thousand dollars in cash or his two children, or a certain blonde-actress, would be endangered. Spencer, instead of hushing the matter up and paying, called the cops, who followed instructions to the letter. But the money wasn't called for. The gang was frightened off.

Any number of plain extortion and blackmail cases which you hear rumored one day and then find are suddenly hushed, have been traced to in-laws of movie stars. In one I know of a trap was sprung to catch the writer of a nasty note and the victim, to his surprise, found himself face to face with a trusted brother-in-law!

Wally Beery, in his younger days, went through a disillusioning experience. Fairly enamored of a young lady whom he had met through a trusted friend (this was before he met and married the present Mrs. Beery) he became suspicious of her ardor. He made a final date to say goodby, and when, as he had suspected, an "angry husband" walked in and started yelling at Wally, policemen streamed in from the other door and carried the girl and her husband off to jail. Nothing was ever done because Wally didn't want publicity.

There was an abortive effort to drag Clark Gable into a blackmail racket. A woman in St. Louis wrote to Clark's first wife, Josephine Dillon, that she could prove she had a child by Clark. Miss Dillon turned the matter over to the authorities.

SOMETIMES a dangerous blackmailer turns out to be an irate husband trying to teach his movie-struck wife a lesson. A lady fan wrote Jack La Rue for a photograph which he sent. The next thing he knew he received a veritable flood of romantic letters from her and as time progressed she wrote as if he were reciprocating her affection and she had similar emotional missives from him. Jack was alarmed. Police discovered the woman's husband was answering the letters and signing La Rue's name, "to teach her a lesson for falling for a movie star!"

Do you remember when police picked up a suspicious character lurking in the bushes near the Dolores Del Rio home? The man, when taken to headquarters, broke down and confessed he was a member of a ring which planned to kidnap the beauteous Del Rio for ransom. He was in custody for three days while he was questioned. Meanwhile a cordon of guards was thrown around the Del Rio home.

The case was "solved" on the third day when a veteran detective who had been out of town, walked into the prisoner's cell to take his turn at the questioning. He broke into guffaws of laughter. "Con-

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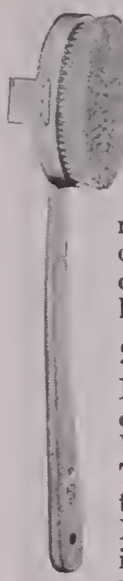

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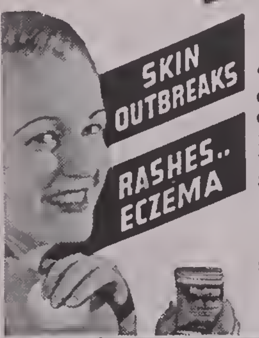

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fessing Gus is at it again!" he said to his puzzled aides. "Why this man is a 'phoney.' He's confessed to practically every crime on the statute books in one part of the country or another."

Then there was the woman who brought suit against Bill Hart in his palmy days as a cowboy king, claiming he was the father of her child. The case actually went to court, but it didn't stay long. The first thing that they asked the woman on the witness stand was the whereabouts of the Hart heir. When she replied, "Oh, it was a dream child!" the judge promptly threw the case out of court.

And those, my readers, are the real facts in the story of movie town's experiences with the underworld. It is fine to think that Hollywood and these same kidnappers who have menaced the citizens of other communities less powerful and rich, *are yet officially unacquainted.* I hope there are never any introductions. I hope they never do meet and that G-Man Joseph Dunn not only is right when he says Hollywood is well protected geographically, but the kidnappers bear it in mind and never try to jump any of our mountains and swim any of our oceans to grab a famous Hollywood star.

The Gay Story of Jack Oakie's Marriage

(*Continued from page* 29)

the wedding ring he placed on her finger. Even Jack cannot (or will not) explain that confusing discrepancy.

So much for the parties of the first and second part. Now back to the romance.

They first met on the crowded dance floor of the Trocadero, filmdom's swankiest night spot, about one year ago. A mutual friend introduced them and they danced together. Once. She thought him insufferably conceited; he found her as engaging as a wooden Indian. When they said good night neither expected to see the other again nor had any desire to.

The next afternoon the mutual friend was visiting Jack in his dressing room at the studio and called Venita on the phone.

"Let me talk to the woman," Jack interrupted and picked up the receiver. "Hello, my proud and haughty beauty, and how are you today?" he asked.

You know how he said it; you have heard him use the same tone and line to get a laugh in pictures many a time. He did not get a laugh this time. He got a stony silence and then an icy "I beg your pardon?" from Venita.

"That's good enough for me!" he came back, both chagrined and surprised. "Partner, take her away!"

The sharp rebuff, I think, piqued the Oakie pride, made him eager to put in her proper place this cool young upstart who did not appreciate a break when she got one. In any event, he accompanied the friend to his home in the apartment house where he discovered, quite by chance (oh, quite!), Venita also lived. Casually, Jack suggested she be invited down for a drink.

"She doesn't drink," the friend said.

"She doesn't *what?*" said the confounded Oakie. "What kind of woman is she? This bears looking into. Invite her down."

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Venita agreed to come—for a minute. She stayed—for the rest of the afternoon and when she left it was to change into an evening frock. She and Jack were going dining and dancing.

"Well, after that Mrs. Offield's little boy was sunk. Love had come to Oakie," Jack now says.

And Venita? "Well, the boys didn't come around any more. She told 'em it wasn't any use. Oakie had the situation in hand." Jack tells you that now, too.

Things went on like that for several months. Dining, dancing, playing together. But all the time no mention of marriage.

Other things were talked about, though. Things like his drinking and throwing money away as fast as he earned it. She approved of neither and did not hesitate to tell him so in words of unmistakable meaning. Ere long the night spots began to see him less and less frequently and he found himself on the water wagon and liking it, much to his consternation.

"SHE'S cutting him down in his prime!" moaned the playboys and playgirls for whom he had been playing Santa Claus with the open pocketbook. "It's a shame."

"She's knocking some sense into his head," said others who were genuinely fond of him. "It's swell."

Still no mention of marriage. Reformed or not, Jack wanted no part of matrimony. Then he was called to New York to do a play on the radio and was gone for ten days. Doggone if he did not discover he was missing his little Pigeon. Doggone if something inside him did not *make* him telephone her every night.

That settled it. He knew his number was up. And so, shortly after his return, he proposed to Venita.

"Look, Pigeon," he said. "I've got a vacation coming pretty soon. Right after I finish 'Florida Special.' Whaddaya say we get married?"

That is what he *says* he said. I am not sure. I have a good hunch he whispered all the little things a girl wants to hear, just the way she wants to hear them.

Venita said yes and they were married a few weeks later.

What a wedding it was! The main ring of a three-ring circus would have been uneventful by comparison. As far as I can see, the only wholly normal thing about it was the fact that Venita wore orchids on her dark tailored suit and that Jack chose to appear sartorially correct, for one of the few times in his life, in a blue suit and a *white* shirt.

To begin with, they were married *after* their honeymon journey was begun. That is, their honeymoon destination was Florida and they were not married until they reached Yuma, Arizona, some ten hours or so distant from their starting point of Los Angeles. Instead of fond relatives, a contingent of studio officials including an alert press agent were present.

But that was just the beginning. A railroad provided them with a private car, gratis (well publicized in advance), and also stood treat to champagne for the crowd which gathered in Yuma to greet them. (Also publicized.) The crack train, a transcontinental limited, was held ten minutes, with other passengers fuming or amused according to their natures, while Justice of the Peace E. A. Freeman, Yuma's famous "marrying judge," read the service in the railway coach that made them man and wife. A famous bandmaster, the Pullman conductor and the train's engineer, were the official witnesses.

Venita smiled, Jack beamed expansively and kissed all the pretty girls, the crowd cheered. Then the train pulled out.

It all sounds hectic and a little mad. It was, in a sense. Sort of a free public picnic. But in another sense it was only Jack's generous way of being an obliging good fellow. The studio thought it would be good publicity for the new railroad picture. Since he was going to get married anyhow, Jack cooperated. He was quick to want me to know, though, that it had all been with Venita's consent.

"She undersood I was just helping the boys out," he explained. "And we loved each other so much it didn't make any difference to us if we were married on a train or in a church with wedding veils and solemn music."

On to Florida and New York they went for three glorious weeks. Then back to Hollywood and work—and home. That home is a modest five room duplex (the upper half) in Beverly Hills. Venita chose it before they left and her mother and Jack's mother had it all ready for them upon their return. It is not modest, of course, in one sense of the word, but it is a simple abode when compared with the lavish homes of other stars and with what Jack's salary could afford. But it is exactly what they want.

Remember I spoke of the new and surprising tenderness and gentleness I found in Jack? We get to that now. It manifests itself in his spontaneous, genuine enthusiasm for his new estate. You sense it and see it when he speaks of his deep joy in this first home of his own, of the simple things that are so much fun when he does them with his wife, of their happiness and their plans for the future.

GONE completely, for instance, is his former notion that no twenty-four hours could be complete without a round of the night clubs that always wound up with his saying "You know where to send the bill" and the proprietors knowing only too well.

He and Venita go dancing and nightclubbing on occasions now, of course; they are not hermits or anything like it. But on most nights you will find them at home, playing a hot game of rummy at a dollar.

Other nights Venita clips and pastes away on his scrap books while he reads or studies his script for the next day's work. Venita took over this task after marriage.

They have three "rules" which they are confident will insure lasting happiness for them both if they follow them faithfully. They are: (1) behave; (2) be fair; (3) share responsibility fifty-fifty at all times.

Venita has no intention of pursuing her own career as an actress any further. One "prima donna" in a family is enough, she feels, and believes Jack's career is the more important of the two. She may do some radio work in the future and she may realize one fond ambition and open a hat shop. Jack is in favor of that idea.

"I like the picture of Kay Francis in an Oakie hat," he explained. "From sweat shirts to chapeaux in one generation."

As for children . . .

"You mean little acorns from big Oakies?" He could not resist that one, bad as it was. "You bet!"

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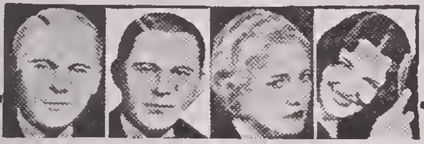

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The Second Henry Fonda

(*Continued from page* 43)

"worker wanted." But when these were unproductive and all the theatrical manager's offices had been covered he went out of the house anyhow, just so that he wouldn't lose the habit, just to breathe the air with other people. "Other people" were those who were not starving.

One day, three days after the last rice had been eaten, he went into an art gallery. "Soul food," he thought ironically.

As he wandered from picture to picture he heard chattering and buzzing in another room and followed the sound. There, spread out before him, was a table more beautiful than any of the paintings exhibited. It seemed, to Henry, miles in length and almost unable to support the food upon it. Sandwiches of all varieties. Enormous roast hams. Huge turkeys. Lobster. Caviar.

Sitting and standing near the table were well dressed, smiling women and men with tea cups in their hands.

"Surely," thought Fonda, "when I go into that room I will be asked to leave. This is the opening of some special exhibit. It is an invitational affair. This is not for me."

For three days Henry had had nothing but water. He was impelled to go into that magic room. Casually he strolled from picture to picture but out of the tail of his eye he watched the table, afraid that it might vanish like the tables in his hunger dreams.

NO one stopped him. No one paid any attention to him at all. It would be so easy, he thought, to join the group, accept a cup of steaming hot tea and reach out to the table for one of the hundreds of sandwiches. He could actually feel his arm making the gesture. But suppose, as he did so, a voice would say, "What business have you here young man? Get out at once."

He knew as he stood there that that was an indignity he could not bear. He had one thing, and only one thing, left, his self respect. If he were caught stealing food, if he were asked to get out his self respect would vanish.

So he walked around the room, looked at all the pictures and left the gallery without touching one smallest sandwich of that lavish spread.

Out on the street with the temptation behind him, a temptation no one in that room had realized, he felt a curious exultation. He had won a battle with himself. And there is no greater triumph.

Perhaps it was this that Margaret Sullavan did not understand when she said, "I divorced Henry because he played. He made a game of hunger, of disappointment, even success. When we were broke and weary Henry just made a game of it. I—well, it was too real to me, so I let him go."

Yet isn't there a difference between making a game of failure and playing the game? Henry Fonda was simply playing the game as best he knew how.

He continued to play it when, toward Easter, he answered an ad from a florist shop. They wanted extra men for the holiday rush.

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THAT WAS ONCE
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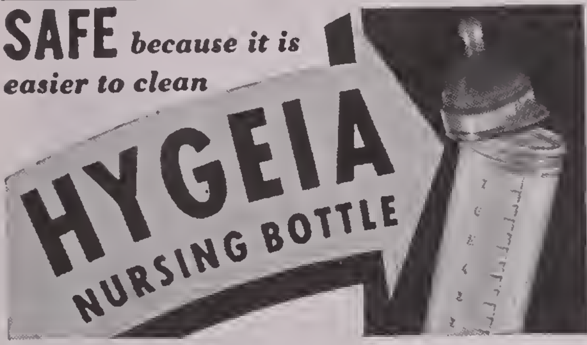

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Fonda stood in that long line while an assistant to the big boss questioned each of the men who had applied. Henry heard the others say they had had experience. Very easily he might mention some florist shop in Omaha. Who would be the wiser?

But when the questioner came to him the same inner integrity that had stayed his hand from taking the sandwich at the art gallery, impelled him to answer, "I never sold a flower in my life."

The assistant stopped short. "Come with me," he said.

And Henry, bewildered and terrified, discovered himself seated in the office of the big boss, explaining that he had been an actor, that times were tough and that he wanted to learn the florist business.

"Walk around the shop and come back in half an hour," the boss said.

Fonda had read enough success stories to know that bosses, at least in the stories, have their little vagaries, their arch methods of testing future employees. He spent the half hour in the shop trying to remember the names of flowers.

When he returned the boss said, "What do you think of the shop?"

"It's swell," Fonda answered.

The florist beamed. "Will twenty-five dollars for the week be okay?"

Fonda, starving, hesitated. "I'm afraid I couldn't get by on that. I know you don't pay salaries commensurate with the theater, but I could manage, I think, on thirty-five."

Eight men were hired. The other seven had had (or said they had) experience. They received twenty-five dollars. Fonda was given thirty-five. And to this day he has no idea why.

That money tided him over until summer and a job in stock. But more years of disappointment were to come. When his marriage to Margaret Sullavan had failed—and this Fonda dismisses by saying, "After a year we just stopped being married"—he took various apartments with various struggling actors like himself. "I've lived," he said, "in the dirtiest dumps in New York City."

But always when there was no money, when Broadway gave him the cold stare, always during the eight years until the big break in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" came along, he kept his spirit, his hope, his self respect. And today—well, you certainly know how the young man is doing today.

HE still recalls those drab years. His lesson in starvation is sharply etched on his memory.

"I wouldn't take anything for that experience," he said earnestly, "No, I'm not kidding. I knew I wouldn't take anything for it even when I was going through it. It isn't just the looking back that makes it seem important. It was great, somehow, even then. And it's done amazing things for me, given me a set of values I'm sure I wouldn't have had otherwise. I not only know the value of a dollar (and a nickel) but I know the value of something else, the value of hope and self respect.

"It's that going out every day that makes you *seem* all right, somehow. Shaving every day, keeping your clothes brushed and your shirts clean, even when you have to wash them yourself. The things I learned then about myself no one can ever take away from me."

Cooking Department

(*Continued from page 4*)

very old, but I myself can remember the first feeble efforts to bottle or can grapefruit juice, and very poor it was. You see, aside from preserving the delicate taste, the manufacturers had to be sure they weren't losing any of the vitamins, for without these, the juice isn't much good to you.

The manufacturers, however, did have in their favor the fact that they could and did use the tree-ripe, or straight from the farm, fruits. This makes a tremendous difference, because fruit which is shipped to you at the market can't always be dead ripe or it might spoil on the trip. So this is all to the good, and then they found another advantage in the fact that freshly extracted juice goes into the bottle or can so fast that the vitamins usually destroyed by exposure to air, go right into the can, quite safely! It is this important fact which makes some canned juices, notably tomato juice, even more valuable to you than juice you squeeze for yourself.

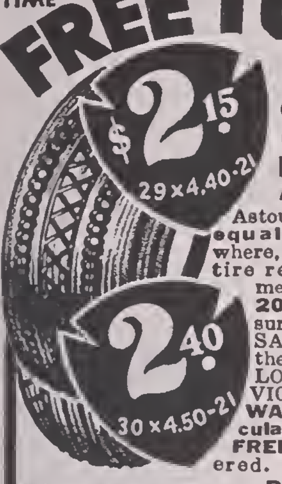
But an absolutely satisfactory method of canning fruit juices was a long time in the finding. Today, they've got it! They offer you, with pride (and I don't blame them) orange and grapefruit juice that pours from the can in a yellow and golden stream of healthful sweetness; for you, for that precious baby, for the girl on a reducing diet, the the fastidious hostess, for the clever cook—and all of it, not just food to taste, but good *for* you.

Your pineapple juice comes to you "right off the plantation," from one of those carefully tended, prize-package pineapple plantations where the rows and rows of busily growing pineapples bask under the tropical sun and rain of our own Hawaii. You can tell how perfectly this juice is handled, from the sweet aroma of it as you open the can. There's a smell you couldn't fake if you tried! And the things you can do with pineapple juice!

Did you ever baste meat with half water and half pineapple juice? You just try it. Did you ever cook vegetables in two-thirds water and one-third pineapple juice? Well, again, all I can say is—try it. These were a few of the new stunts I found when I began looking into the subject of fruit juices, and which I simply had to pass on to you.

Tomato juice is equally a favorite, and as I said, one of the juices which the canner prepares in a better health form than can the individual cook, because of those vanishing vitamins. You'll like too, the various cocktails and other tomato preparations, for which the pure juice is used as a base.

Years ago, the tomato was called the



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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35
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31x4	2.95	.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
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34x5	4.25	2.00	36x8	11.45	3.95
32x6	7.95	2.75	40x8	13.25	4.15
36x6	9.95	3.95			

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6.50-20	4.45	1.95	8.25-20	8.95	$4.95
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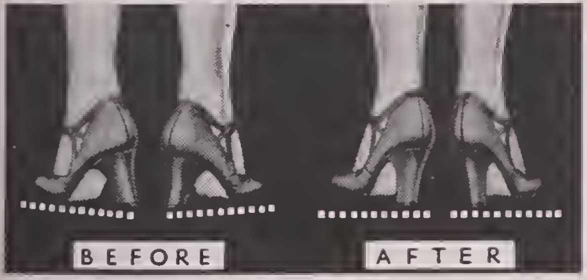

Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the *way you walk*—the weight of your body is *off balance.* Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body's weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

"Love Apple," for no good reason, and regarded as a deadly poison, equally for no good reason. But now we know tomato juice is a valued aide of the doctor in combating certain diseases and a valued ingredient to the sophisticated cook.

I really feel a little impertinent, giving you ways to use fruit juices, because of course you already know dozens of delicious recipes. But if I've been able to rouse your enthusiasm to go right out and stock your shelves with fruit juices, and plan to use more and more of them in your cooking, I'll be that pleased! Because it will mean pleasure and health to you and your family. Not just now, when the spring and summer months call for cooling drinks and dainty ices, but all the year round, remember to remember fruit juices!

This is my favorite meat loaf, made with tomato juice, which I thought you might like to try:

TOMATO MEAT LOAF

1 lb. beef
¼ lb. veal
¼ lb. fresh or salt pork
1 cup bread crumbs
1 beaten egg
⅔ cup tomato juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
good dash of cayenne
4 bay leaves
2 tbls. minced onion
2 or more tbls. minced parsley

Have your butcher put the beef, veal and pork through the grinder twice. Combine the ingredients (saving the tomato juice to the last) using more salt if you use fresh pork. Then work in the tomato juice using a little more if you need it to make a soft, but not a wet loaf. Butter a flat tin and spread the mixture about two inches thick. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for at least an hour, or until the loaf shrinks from the sides and is cooked through. Serve hot or cold.

And here's a particularly delicious fruit juice cocktail:

Mix two cups pineapple juice, one cup peach juice, one-half cup orange juice and two tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into tall glasses one-fourth filled with crushed ice, and serve with a cherry and two straws.

This way of cooking pears may be new to you. If it is, you'll be delighted at discovering it.

ORANGE BAKED PEARS

Peel, quarter and core two pounds of rather small cooking pears. Arrange them in a baking dish, and pour over them one (or more) cups of unstrained orange juice. Sprinkle on ¾ cup brown sugar. Let cook till tender in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) basting occasionally. When done, turn off the heat, but let the pears stay in the oven till cool, and then chill. Serve cold in their own juice, or drain and use in lemon-flavored gelatine.

Everyone knows the splendid properties of hot lemonade in warding off a cold, but did you know that you should pour the hot water over the juice, and never boil the juice? And try using honey to sweeten it!

I want you to have more fruit juice

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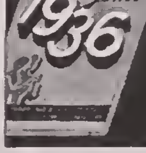

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It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skillfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

In addition every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it. You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1500
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Third Prize, 2 at $500	1000
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Total, 53 Prizes	$10,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 nor more than 4500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

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At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and LEGAL address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, June 30 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications SHORT ROMANCE Contest, Dept. 26C, P.O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

recipes, all kinds of recipes, so you won't lack for additional ways of incorporating the vital elements of the fruits in your menus, as well as serving the juices as drinks and appetizers. I have picked out several of my best recipes and will send them to you if you'll write asking for them. Doesn't cost anything, you know—just a little present from MOVIE MIRROR to you!

What I Think Life Is

(*Continued from page* 58)

such a system as governs the tides and the seasons. I believe that if we calculate our place in the system we are likely to be all right.

"When I was four," Rochelle said, "I had stage ambitions. I was compelled to confine my public appearances to clubs and school assemblies because my native state of Oklahoma bars minors from appearing on the legitimate stage. And so I left Oklahoma. I left without regret. I'm telling you this because I always expect to do the same sort of thing. If I find obstacles I shall try to jump over them or knock them down. If I fall down and bump my knees I'll get up and put liniment on them. And take the hurdle again.

"I have absolutely no sentimentality. I do not believe that life has any. Nature is ruthless and impersonal and nature, after all, *is* life. It is a hand to hand fight and, as in war, the better armed we are the better chance we have.

"You ask me whether fame thrills me," said this child, the stinging savor of new fame still fruity on her lips. "No. Not at all. For fame to me simply represents work done. I seldom go to my own previews. I've never taken the trouble to look at the theaters where my name appears in lights. Not even the first time, for all of this stands for work done and in my future the past has no part."

"Love?" I said, rather feebly.

"Love," said Rochelle, reasonably, "is companionship or it is nothing. Romantic love is a fever. You're running a temperature when you're in the throes of romance. I know. I thought I was in love, just once. I became engaged. In a short time I was well again, the fever had subsided and I was normal. I believe that romance has little or nothing to do with the actual business of life. And will have less to do as time, *our* time, goes on. No, I have no dream of love.

"I do expect marriage. And I expect marriage to be companionship. I believe that life might be unbearably lonely without close companionship. I have had that with my mother and I know how dreary life might be without it. I want that kind of companionship with the man I marry. I hope and expect that he will be, my future husband, several years older than I. I hope that he will be wiser than I, able to teach me things. He will have to be a man I can respect and admire. Friendship, the sharing of mutual interests and experiences—that is what I expect of marriage.

"I do not want children. Therefore, I do not expect to have any. The maternal instinct is simply not in me."

"Er—friendship?" I made bold to ask.

"I've never had a girl friend," quoth Rochelle. "I don't make friends. I don't know why. Perhaps because you have to give so much to friendship and I've never had time or energy. And I've always had Mother.

"No, I'm sorry if I've been disappointing, but life to me is a battlefield and I expect from it only the fair chance to arm myself to the teeth and—a comrade in arms."

I walked away from that set wiser, certainly rather sadder. I had expected from such young youth, lace-paper Valentine love, dreams with the dew still on them.

What I Know Life Is

(*Continued from page* 59)

to what little Rochelle thinks. I remember the first play I was ever in. A melodrama called 'Hoop of Gold.' I left the stage to a thunder of applause. I was hurried back to the footlights to take my first bow. And do you suppose that I thought, then, that I had done 'a good piece of work?' Why, I wasn't thinking, I was feeling. I was all feeling! I was warm and electric and flushed with the joy of it.

"No past in life? Ah, but there is. And I've warmed my hands at the fire of memory many and many's the time. I wouldn't forget the faces of all the audiences I've played to for all the money in the world.

"I've always dreamed," May Robson said. "I dreamed of myself as an actress. The tumult of applause sounded in my imagination long before I ever heard it in fact. I dreamed of marriage and children.

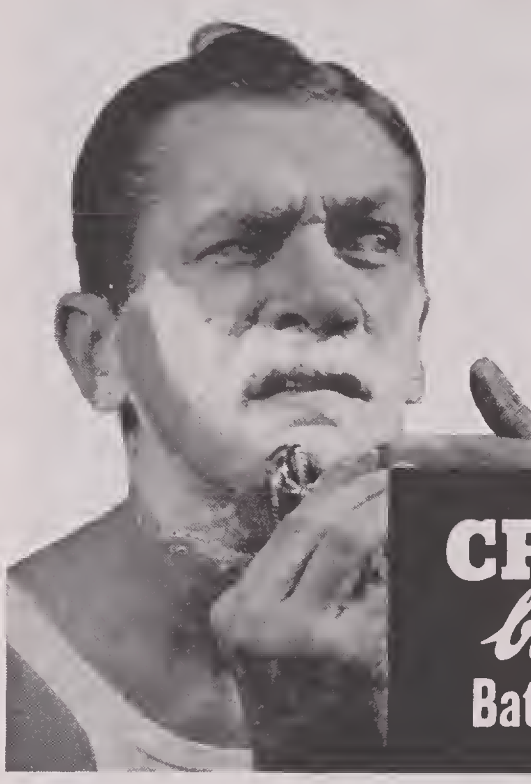
"Love? Love is the coming together of two people, the man and the woman, and they come together, not for any calculated reason, but because the urge of creation is upon them.

"Marriage is the house in which that creative urge takes root and grows. And if we work at it and build the walls firmly it is warm and sheltering and sound. I found it so. I loved my home. I loved the things we bought together, my husband and I. Things are living when love has given them life.

"And then," said Muzzie May, "there are babies . . . yes, there are babies . . . and of it all, I should say that motherhood is the deepest, the most profound, the most important, the best. I shall never forget, while I live, the thrill I felt when I first held my little son in my arms. I know that has been said before, sentimentally, even maudlinly. But it's been said so often because it's true.

"No, no, life is not a 'battlefield' upon which only the fittest survive. That may sound bitterly true but it is only seeming, not fact. Life is a strong house in which we all live and work and love. If we work for the joy of it, if we love and so are loved in return, then the house and all the rooms are warm and brightly lighted. I can only say that I wish I had it all to live over again—work and fame and heartache, marriage and friendship and my small son in my arms again . . .

"Perhaps I have not given you an *in-*



"Say, Mary, can't we do something about this *Bathroom Odor?*"

Bathroom odor *is* a problem. Guests are apt to notice unpleasant odors even more quickly than members of the family. Don't run the risk of *your* bathroom being offensive. *Use Creolin regularly.* Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, toilet bowl and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-smelling and *sanitary.* As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years.

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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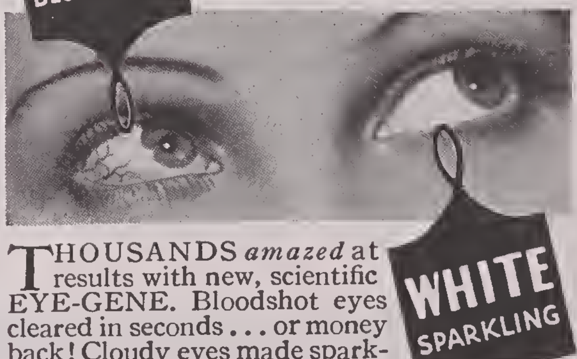
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.



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EYE-GENE

Hat by Lilly Daché

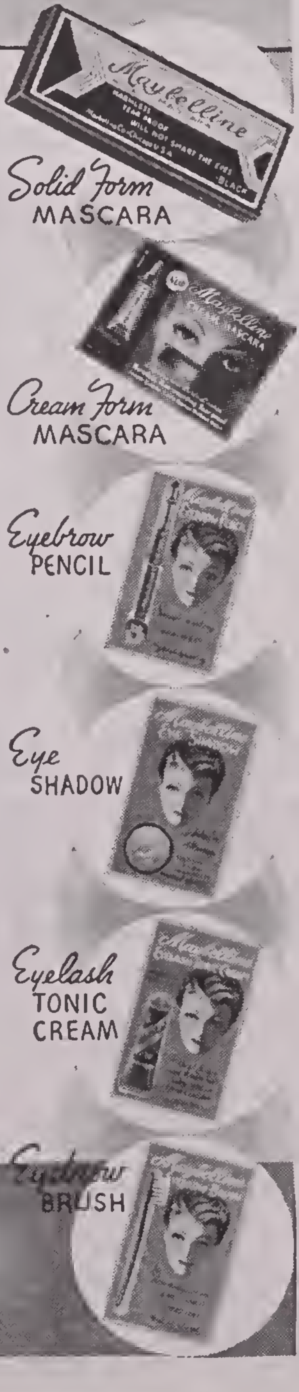
Eye Make-up by Maybelline

Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw — with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordian brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best — in eye makeup as well as hat design.

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Chic AS THE SMARTEST Hat

CHIC! — elusive, magnetic quality — sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!



Maybelline
WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

tellectual answer. I couldn't for the only things worth while are those of the heart.

"I know what young folks say when they wish to be especially commendatory. They say 'It's been simply swell!' Well that's what I say about Life. It has been, it still is, simply *swell!*"

I walked away from May Robson's dressing room—which once belonged to her good friend, Marie Dressler—wiser and, certainly, gladder. Confused a little, too, in the mesh of Relativity and Time. For where I had expected Youth to be dewy and dreamful and Age a bit faded and a touch cynical, I had found it completely reversed.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 23*)

gambler menace is sufficiently irritating. Love interest between Richmond and Frances Grant is well done and you'll enjoy Darro's fine work in the arena.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a well directed picture, and should please most.

✓ The Law in Her Hands (First National)

You'll See: *Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell, Warren Hull, Lyle Talbot, Dick Purcell, Eddie Acuff, Al Shean, others.*

It's About: *A woman lawyer who wants a year in which to prove she can make a success.*

Saved from being weak by its good story, this pleasant little quickie won't bore you. Unless you're a stickler for realism, the improbable incidents are more amusing than otherwise.

Mary Wentworth and *Dorothy Davis* are a couple of women lawyers who lose their first case through trickery. *Mary* goes to the district attorney, for consolation; he offers marriage. "One year, just to satisfy myself," pleads *Mary*. Then she takes over the defense of a gangster and becomes famous as a shyster lawyer—but American morals are satisfied in the ending.

Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell, as the two women, do a nice job. Basic interest lies in the clever twists *Mary Wentworth* uses to win her cases, and here satire is apparent. Warren Hull as the district attorney is all right, and Lyle Talbot makes an effective menace.

Your Reviewer Says: Not an exceptional picture but an entertaining one.

✓ Three on the Trail (Paramount)

You'll See: *William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison, Onslow Stevens, Muriel Evans, George Hayes, Claude King, William Duncan, Clara Kimball Young, others.*

It's About: *A hard-ridin' cowboy who sees a damsel in distress and goes galloping out to the rescue.*

Hopalong Cassidy is back again, offering to fans his same deliberate, friendly personality and his same stubborn courage. This epic is a little slower in movement than the others, but definitely more entertaining. It has all the ingredients of a good Western.

There's nothing extraordinary about

the story, but you don't seem to mind. Onslow Stevens, the new menace, is fine as the desperado who sneers at laws and holds up stage-coaches. When he captures Muriel Evans, the pretty little school teacher, *Hoppy* takes a hand—with a gun in it. You get to watch a long man-hunt through breath-taking scenery, and at the end there's a bombing and the swellest fire you ever saw.

Cast as a whole turns in a fine performance. William Boyd has really captured the *Hopalong* character, and George Hayes is good comic relief.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the better sage-brush dramas. If you enjoy Westerns at all, you'll enjoy this.

✓ The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Johnny Downs, Shirley Deane, Jane Darwell, Dixie Dunbar, Marjorie Gateson, Gene Lockhart, Taylor Holmes.*

It's About: *The tribulations of a couple of newly married kids who have a baby and more than their share of in-law trouble.*

This is the pleasant, homey sort of picture in which everyone from brides to grandmothers will discover experiences she has seen or lived through in real life. It has tender moments and, quite naturally, a lot of chuckles too. One gentleman in the preview audience took it so seriously as to yell "Shut up!" at the interfering mother-in-law.

Johny Downs, a shipping clerk, marries Shirley Deane, an only child of doting parents. For divers reasons they go to live with her parents, domineering Marjorie Gateson and meek Taylor Holmes. His parents, Jane Darwell and Gene Lockhart, pursue the wise policy of hands off. Family friction finally reaches the point where Johnny leaves and Shirley refuses to accompany him to a home of their own. In desperation Johnny "kidnaps" his son for a day and the baby becomes seriously ill.

Your Reviewer Says: Not great but certainly enjoyable.

✓ The Harvester (Republic)

You'll See: *Alice Brady, Russell Hardie, Ann Rutherford, Frank Craven, Cora Sue Collins, Emma Dunn, Eddie Nugent, Joyce Compton, others.*

It's About: *A boy who is wedded to the soil and two women who would like him to divorce the soil and wed them.*

Gene Stratton-Porter's folk tale of the Nineties comes to the screen as refreshing and simple fare. It makes no pretenses, but the cast works with sincerity; the results should be very appealing, especially to family audiences.

Story is incredibly hoary but helped by good dialogue and direction. It concerns a farmer lad sought after by two girls, one ruthless and scheming, one wistful and sweet. Joyce Compton is the temptress, amply abetted by a plot-hatching mother, Alice Brady; Ann Rutherford succeeds in looking old-fashioned enough as the heroine, and Russell Hardie makes a fine plowman.

Don't expect to topple off your seats at this little drama, but it *is* wholesome and the smiles are natural, heart-warming ones.

Your Reviewer Says: Send your children to the matinee of this.

✓✓ The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)

You'll See: *William Powell, Jean Arthur, James Gleason, Eric Blore, Robert Armstrong, Lila Lee, Ralph Morgan, Grant Mitchell.*

It's About: *A series of murders revolving around the killing of a jockey which are solved by a doctor and his ex-wife, a writer of mystery thrillers.*

You who loved "The Thin Man" will rejoice in this ultra smart and sophisticated comedy melodrama which teams lovely Jean Arthur and suave Bill Powell for the first time with notable success. It has the same fast tempo, the same delightful kind of dialogue and nonsensical didoes, and the same punch in plot.

Bill is a doctor who divorced Jean because she persisted in writing mystery tales and making him hunt for clues. She returns to him ostensibly to collect back alimony. Then a jockey trained by one of Bill's friends is murdered at the track and Jean blackjacks him into sleuthing action once more. In his clumsy attempts to solve the mystery he fumbles himself into a dangerous situation where his life is at stake.

Bill and Jean of course dominate the picture, but the supporting cast ably backs them up with nicely drawn characterizations, notably among which are Robert Armstrong as a race track bookie and Jimmy Gleason as a police inspector.

Your Reviewer Says: Come one, come all, it's swell fun.

Forgotten Faces (Paramount)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael, James Burke, Robert Cummings, Jane Rhodes, Robert Gleckler, Arthur Hohl, others.*

It's About: *A gambler who finds his wife with another man, shoots him, and then is very noble about everything for several reels.*

Marked by a pace as inexorable as marching feet this melodrama has genuine suspense and what amounts to terror in spots, but the spots are rare. In between, Herbert Marshall gives a quite powerful performance and Gertrude Michael sneers heavily in her artificial role.

Story begins in 1919 when Mr. Marshall is a successful gambler with a penchant for heliotrope and his baby daughter. Gertrude Michael, his wife, yearns for a lost stage career and finds time for Marshall's professional rival. The husband discovers all, shoots to kill, has his child adopted, and retires to prison.

1936 comes and with it disaster. Down at the heels, Miss Michael, who is in burlesque, decides to get money from her daughter, and the rest of the picture is concerned with Marshall's efforts to spare the young girl any knowledge of all this.

Robert Cummings and Jane Rhodes as the young lovers are good, James Burke will interest you as Marshall's grimly staunch policeman friend.

Your Reviewer Says: There's nothing very cheerful about it, but the realism is excellent. See it if you enjoy this sort of thing.

FOOT ITCH Sores
ATHLETE'S FOOT
SEND COUPON DON'T PAY TILL RELIEVED

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tines Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

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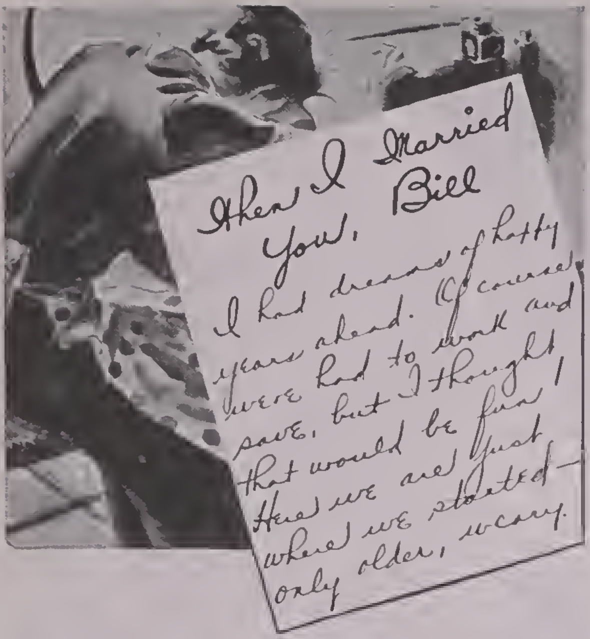

When I Married you, Bill
I had dreams of happy
years ahead. Of course
we're had to work and
save, but I thought
that would be fun!
Here we are just
where we started—
only older, weary.

If your wife should put her heart on paper, is *this* what she'd say to you? And is it *your* fault? Listen, man: isn't this a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack *training?* It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

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Beauty in Your Eyes

(Continued from page 18)

Then rest quietly with little cotton pads, moistened in the lotion, over your eyes, and finish off with a dash of cold water. If you don't know about this new lotion, I'll be glad to give you its name. As a matter of fact, I find I have so many interesting new things I want you to know about, I'm going to make out a special sheet with all the names, so when you write me, just say, "Tell me about eye-make-up," and I'll send this sheet to you.

Remember that dry skin frequently shows up first in tiny wrinkles around the eyes. Do you know there is a special lubricating cream made just to feed the sensitive tissues around the eyes? On the other hand, don't worry too much over genuine "laughter lines." A poet has called these "the footprints of a smile," and that's just what they are, proof that you have a happy spirit. They are in no sense blemishes.

There are lubricants and dressings and creams that you should be using to keep your eyebrows and eyelashes full and glossy. Scanty lashes can be helped you know. Tweezing the brows is easy and effective when you use modern appliances. Lashes can be given a lovely curl upwards by use of another gadget.

On page 18 are two pictures, both of them girls who trust Mel Berns to make them their most beautiful for screen work. You recognize Katharine Hepburn, of course, and isn't this particular portrait of her a striking example of the importance of the eyes in heightening charm?

Do you recognize the other girl? I'll wager you don't, and yet it's someone you know and love. There's a delightful story behind this picture.

Mel Berns is a master make-up man, no doubt about that. He started out years ago as an actor, when every screen actor put on his own make-up. Then one day, into the studio where he was working, came Babe Ruth to make a picture. You may believe that what Babe Ruth knew about make-up was just nothing at all! So Mel put on a make-up for him. It was such a good make-up that soon Mel was putting make-up on other actors and actresses, and gradually he found the work so interesting that he stopped acting entirely and became one of the very first specialists in screen make-up. Today, his knowledge, skilled hand and fine artistic feeling contribute to your pleasure when you see on the screen such RKO stars as Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck and others.

So we are very lucky in having such an expert's instructions on eye make-up. Mel says, "All make-up must be governed by good taste and moderation, but especially make-up for the eyes. For everyday wear, here is a good regimen. With your finger, carefully blend eyeshadow from the roots of the upper lashes up to the crease in the lid, and from over the ball of the lid to the outer corner where you extend the shadow out along the line of the upper lid just a little. This tiny, extra shadow gives the illusion of a bigger eye.

"Blend the edges of the shadow out gradually into the skin tone. Now, with a pencil, draw a line just at the base of the upper lashes along the top of the lid, and continue this line close under the lashes along the lower lid. Blend this line so there are no hard edges to it, and so that it seems a natural deepening of the color of the skin and not superficial.

"With your mascara brush, carefully cover the upper lashes, first on the under side, stroking from the base to the tip. Now drop the eyelids, and do the tops of the lashes, again working from the roots to the tips. Clean your brush, and continue stroking the lashes till all excess color has been removed, the lashes are separated, and do not look gummy.

"Don't get the mascara into your eyes, but this isn't as unpleasant as it used to be, because modern mascaras don't burn. Use the same method with cream and liquid mascaras. Which form is best? They are all good, it just depends on which is easiest for you to handle.

"Brush your eyebrows, and use a pencil lightly on the tips of them, if you need this accent. Many girls use mascara on their brows instead of a pencil, but with either, don't mark the skin, just the hairs."

Mel told me a lot of other things, too, about using your eye make-up to get special effects. I've got this all filed away. There's too much of it to give here, but if you'll describe your special problem when you write me, I'll help you with it.

"What about color?" I asked. "And these new artificial lashes?"

"Well, there's a very wide choice in colors," Mel answered. "I advise every girl to experiment until she finds the right one for her. But as a general thing, for daytime wear, brown is a safe bet, as that is the basic color of the average skin. These new artificial lashes are fun to use, and very effective. They come in two kinds, individual lashes and in strips. I think the safest plan is to have them put on first by a beauty operator as they take a bit of handling. But after you've learned how, don't do it carelessly, and be sure they are trimmed to a reasonable length. Otherwise, they are ridiculous."

Mel says firmly that the "hair-line" eyebrow is out. Keep your brows plucked so they are tidy, but not plucked away to nothing.

While we were talking, Mel showed me the picture of the girl in costume. Can you believe it is Ginger Rogers?

Just for the fun of it, she tried out for the Queen Elizabeth part in the new RKO picture "Mary of Scotland." Her silent test was so astonishingly good that Pandro Berman, the producer, ordered a sound test made. But the joke was too good to keep, and some one let it out. He actually hadn't known it was Ginger!

Mel is justly proud of this beautiful make-up he advised for Ginger and everyone at RKO is amused by the trick Ginger played on Mr. Berman. I begged Mel to let me have the picture for you.

Oh dear, there isn't space left to tell you about the new mascaras, the beautiful eye-shadows, the practical pocket-kits, and the new little gadgets for your dressing table. But be sure to ask for that list I mentioned, when you write me about your beauty problems. I do want you to know about them all.

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—PUT ON THE NEW
Usable down to the last drop
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Ruby
LIQUID POLISH
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HERE is an entirely new liquid polish. Based on a brand-new formula! It's the first real improvement in liquid polish in 10 years, and we're proud of it. It's the polish women have been waiting for!

A stronger, more durable Lacquer . . . The new Cutex Liquid Polish takes a little longer to dry because it's a stronger, finer lacquer. But you don't mind that because it's twice as lovely, more lustrous and wears longer than ever before! Now even nails that go in the dishpan 3 times a day come out shining and smooth and unstreaked!

It goes on even more smoothly. Not a bit of difficulty—and never a sign of the blotching that sometimes used to ruin the whole effect. You're going to love it.

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Even more Economical . . . You'll be grateful for this. The new Cutex is usable right down to the very last drop in the bottle! No thickening or drying up. All you have to do is to take ordinary care in closing the bottle between applications.

Remember, you get our superior new Cutex for exactly the same price—just 35¢ a bottle. In 8 authentic shades—the newest shade is Rust—perfect for sun-tanned fingers. All shades at your favorite shop.

Try the new Cutex tomorrow. You'll be amazed and delighted at the new lasting beauty of your new Cutex nails.

Northam Warren, New York,
Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-B-7, 191 Hudson Street, New York
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose ☐ Rust ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐ (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

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We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
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Chesterfield's *Mildness* and *Better Taste*
give smokers a lot of pleasure

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movie MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

AUGUST

JOAN CRAWFORD

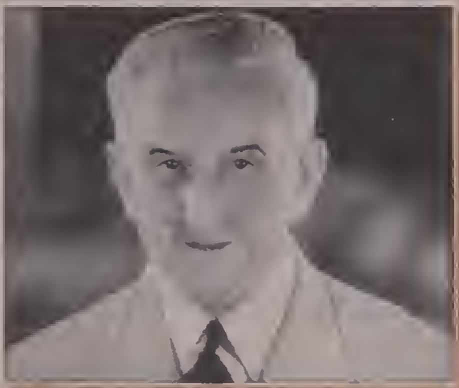
GABLE ANSWERS
That Romance Question

◆

Is the Flynn-Damita
MARRIAGE CRASHING?

— for Digestion's sake ...smoke Camels

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Fred, Mayflower maître d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (*right*), presents a memorable scene as famous men... beautifully gowned women... diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders... gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous *maître d'hôtel* —greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

Science Confirms the Truth of "For Digestion's Sake...Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say.

Scientists find that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids ...alkaline digestive fluids... necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels *increase* it, assist digestion to proceed normally.

With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning!

CHAMPION Fred Jacoby, Jr. (*below*), says: "Camels make food taste better, help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"

FIRE-CHIEF Frank Gilliar (*below*) says: "Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in *flavor!*"

Costlier Tobaccos!

Two's Company

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and *the reason is soon evident.*

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 9, NO. 3 • AUGUST 1936

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Natural Color Photograph of **JOAN CRAWFORD** by James N. Doalittle

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

(OUT JULY 24)

Advance News on the Fashions for Autumn

We've always been right proud of our Star Fashions department, edited by Gwenn Walters, but we think we've outdone ourselves in the September issue. We're sure you'll agree, when you see the enchanting styles for an early fall wardrobe—and they are modelled by Barbara Stanwyck!

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THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"

BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"

FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..

JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE • BENITA HUME
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

The Hidden Hollywood

How much do the screen emotions of a star influence his real life? Here are some interesting cases—

By Ruth Waterbury

IN the inner Hollywood, the hidden Hollywood, one argument goes round and round. "Are actors people?" we ask and everybody gets into a free-for-all battle. Me, I am usually on the side of arguing that they are not people, not in the sense that most of us are people, plugging along, going through our routine days. But I do not mean that as a crack at actors. I don't see how they can be real, how they ever know reality from make-believe.

Every day of their working lives, they deal with average emotions. The more average the emotion, the greater hit the picture is. The realer they can make their tears seem over the death of their make-believe child, the greater the box-office gross. So they learn to say, with absolute conviction, words that other people have written for them, and learn to feign, with the greatest fidelity, reactions that other people have created for them. How on earth, then, they ever know their own emotions, I can't imagine. After all, when an actor is in love he must say about the same things he says in make-believe love scenes. Or when he cries sincere tears, it's just the same process he uses in a crying close-up.

Hollywood's latest rumors of romance concern James Stewart and Ginger Rogers (above, at the Trocadero), now that she and husband Lew Ayres have called it a day.

THE amazing thing is that despite this, a few actors—and by that I mean actresses, too—remain human beings. Bill Powell is one of those people. Bill is a great star, but to me he just isn't an actor in the usual meaning of the term. Bill is a business man who happened to choose to earn a million dollars "On the boards" instead of "In Wall Street." Everybody knows what a worrier Bill is. He walks around that marvelous house of his, swims in his stupendous pool, dresses his table in giant blooms from his gardens—and knows he will end up in the poor house. Only nobody else believes that but Bill. All his friends know instinctively that Bill will either always be in the motion picture business—or that he could, if he wanted to, go out into any other type of business and swim smoothly to the top.

Whenever the argument waxes hottest, somebody brings up Joel McCrea's name, and then there's general agreement. For Joel, like Bill, makes his living in pictures but except for his pleasant paycheck he is otherwise unaffected by them. He has his home in the valley. He and Frances have their two sons. They save their money. They're in love. They could just as well be residents of Dodge City, Iowa, say, as Hollywood, California.

This is typical of Joel. When he began his career some years ago, he was slated for a scene that required a dress suit. He didn't own one. Charles Rogers, the producer of the film, told Joel to go ahead and order one and to forget about the bill.

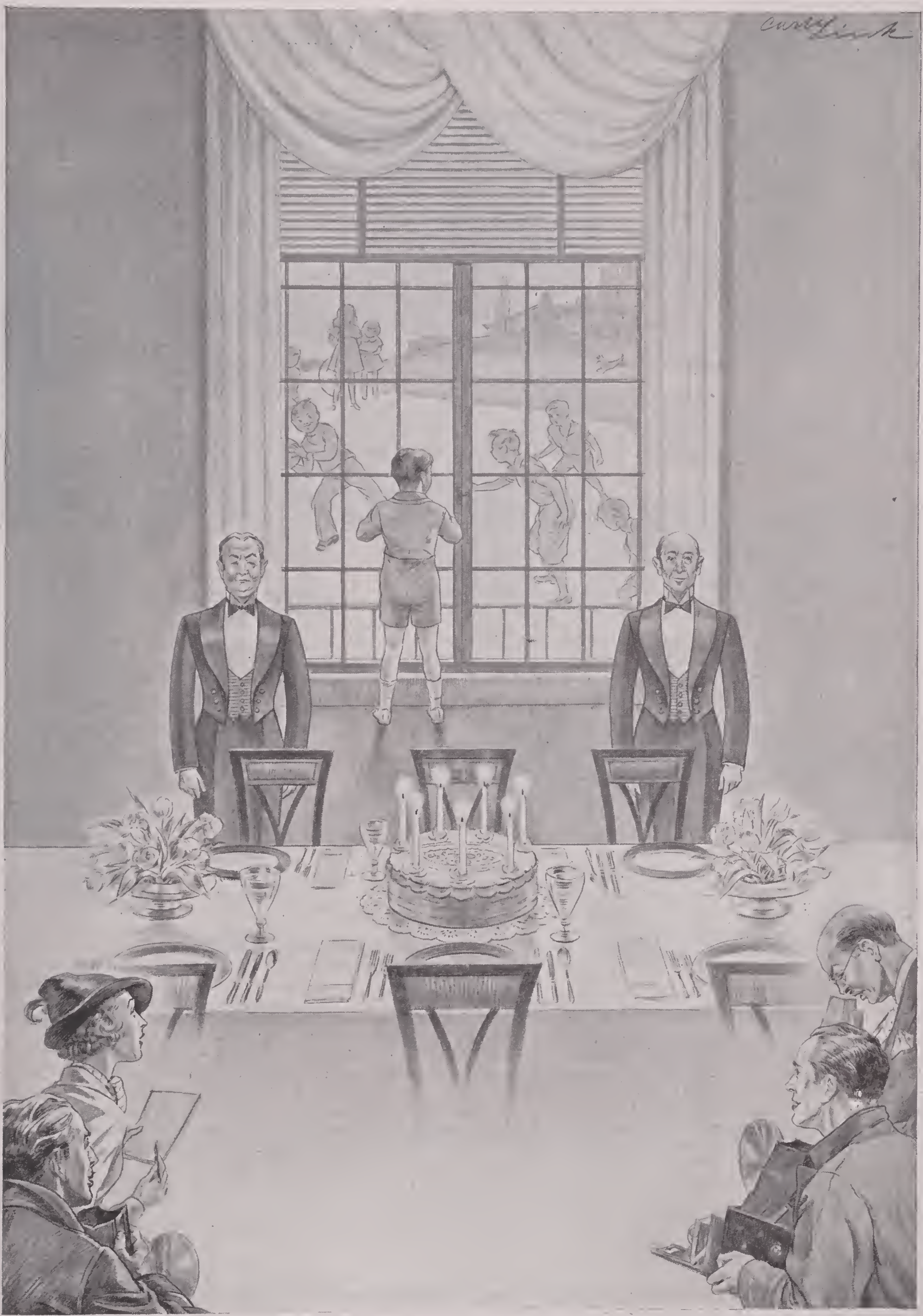
Recently Joel, who is very much in demand since "These Three," was offered parts by three different studios. The least interesting role was the one Charles Rogers offered him. But Joel knew that Rogers had recently taken over Universal and that he was naturally terrifically anxious to make good. So Joel went to Universal.

Of course, there had to be some drama in it. The very first scene called for Joel to wear a dress suit. He dug out the one Rogers had bought him.

THEN there's James Stewart. He's doing something I've never seen any other newcomer to Hollywood do. He's being completely natural about the movie girls—and are they eating it up.

It's not a gag that most of the movie girls are lonely. For all their beauty, their fame, their money—or maybe entirely because of those assets—they get stymied. The average young man they meet is either less important or less wealthy than they are. This produces a neat inferiority complex in the gentleman and he doesn't invite the girl out. Either that, or he is the wrong kind of guy who goes for the girl just because she is important and rich. And the average movie girl sees through that.

The blythe Mr. Stewart seems completely unaffected by either attitude. He acts as though he thinks he is still at Princeton. Down there, I wager, when he saw a pretty girl he got himself properly introduced, and then proceeded to get a date. He does just that in Hollywood. He takes his current success with enough modesty and great good cheer. He has money enough. He is important enough. So he fixes dates for himself with Virginia Bruce or Betty Furness, or Margaret Sullavan, or whomever pleases him at the moment. Currently he has been dating Ginger Rogers, which has Hollywood screaming "romance." But I think it's just Jimmy dating a new girl. He is just being himself—and he probably will never learn that remaining oneself is Hollywood's greatest miracle.



"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR——"

Movie Mirror, junior

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, Guest Editor

HOORAY!

Here we are, boys and girls, at our first meeting. Maybe not personally, but through the Movie Mirror Junior page, which is being written by a different boy or girl star each month. Isn't it exciting? I'm sure you're thrilled—just as I am.

Really, I have it all over you, because I am not only writing this, but enjoying it as I hope you will. You see, I want to be a writer when I grow up, and this is my first real opportunity to write anything to be published.

I say, talking about writing, I'm sure Betty Turner would like to have your ideas about our page, too. I say *our* page because it *is* ours. So write and tell me how you like the page this month.

Before I go any further, perhaps you would like to hear a little about me. Well, to begin with, I'm English. I am twelve years old and was born in Wilshire, England.

I never had any real moving picture experience before I came to Hollywood, but I did several amateur and benefit performances on the stage in England. I was ten years old when I arrived in Hollywood. I have been in the U. S. A. for about two years now and I love it.

Shortly after my Aunt Cissy and I arrived in New York from England we read notices in the papers about Mr. Cukor looking for a little boy to play David Copperfield and so I said to my auntie:

"Let's go to Hollywood and try it."

She said, "Well, we were going to Hollywood anyway, so we might try when we get there."

So Cissy wrote a letter to Mr. Selznick. Then when we got out here, I went to see Mr. Selznick and he said I was just suited for the part. That made me very happy and the next day we started working on "David Copperfield."

Even before I could read, my Aunt Cissy had read the book "David Copperfield" to me and it was always one of my favorites. Now I would like to play "The Prince and the Pauper," which is another of my favorites.

Working in pictures is a great deal of fun. I get up about seven o'clock in the morning and then I have to dress and have breakfast, and go to the studio. Usually it is about eight fifteen when I start for the studio. I get into my costume and if necessary put on make-up. I had to wear make-up in "David Copperfield" but have not used it in any other picture.

I go out on the set with Miss Murphy, my tutor. She is Irish. If I do not have to work in a scene immediately, we go into my dressing room for school. We have a little schoolroom of our own. I have school five hours a day and work only four hours a day.

When they need me on the set, they call and Miss Murphy puts down the time I am working and the time I am studying.

I study arithmetic, American and English history, geography, French, spelling, grammar, drawing, and tap dancing, from Mr. Gould on the studio lot. I like history best.

The resident school teacher of the studio, Miss MacDonald, has other boys and girls who are working on the lot from time to time, and I have fun with them.

Then we have luncheon at the studio cafeteria, or in my dressing room. In the afternoon we usually have most of our shots. Around six I go home for dinner.

After dinner Aunt Cissy helps me study my lines for the next day. If I am not working on a picture at the time, I may read or do whatever I like. Seven-thirty is bedtime, if I am working. Just a bit later, if I do not have a morning studio call. It is really a special privilege when I am allowed to stay up late enough to go to a movie.

I enjoy going to the movies very much, as I know you do. I like Jessie Ralph (Peggoty in "David Copperfield"), Dolores Costello, (Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"), Charles Laughton (especially in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Les Miserables") and Freddie March. In fact, I like them all.

I love sports, such as horse riding, swimming, tennis, baseball, football, and all sports in general.

Listening to the radio is another favorite pastime of mine. Some of my favorites are Jimmy Allen, the Hon. Archie, Elmer Goes to Hollywood, The In-Laws, King Cowboy and Eddie Cantor.

My dog is a cocker spaniel, and his name is Concol. Constance Collier gave him to me, so that is why I have named him Concol.

The people I have worked with at the studio have all been so nice to me. After we finished "David Copperfield," Mr. Cukor gave me a nice new make-up box. Mr. Brown, who directed "Anna Karenina," gave me a very fine model airplane. Tay Garnett, director of "Professional Soldier," gave me a riding crop, and John Cromwell, who directed me in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," gave me another riding crop.

I have had so many nice presents from people that I cannot begin to put them down here. After a picture, the cast usually gives me a gift, also.

It would be very instructive, I think, to find out what kind of pictures you would like seeing me do soon. I have already said that I would like to play in "The Prince and the Pauper," but perhaps you would like to see me work in a picture from a book I have not read. If that is so, I wish you would write and tell about it.

I would also like to know what picture I have played in you thought was the best. Making every one of them was fun for me.

It has been lots of fun writing this to you, too, but I'm afraid I must close.

Goodbye, and thank you a lot for your attention.

Freddie Bartholomew.

(*Continued on page 90*)

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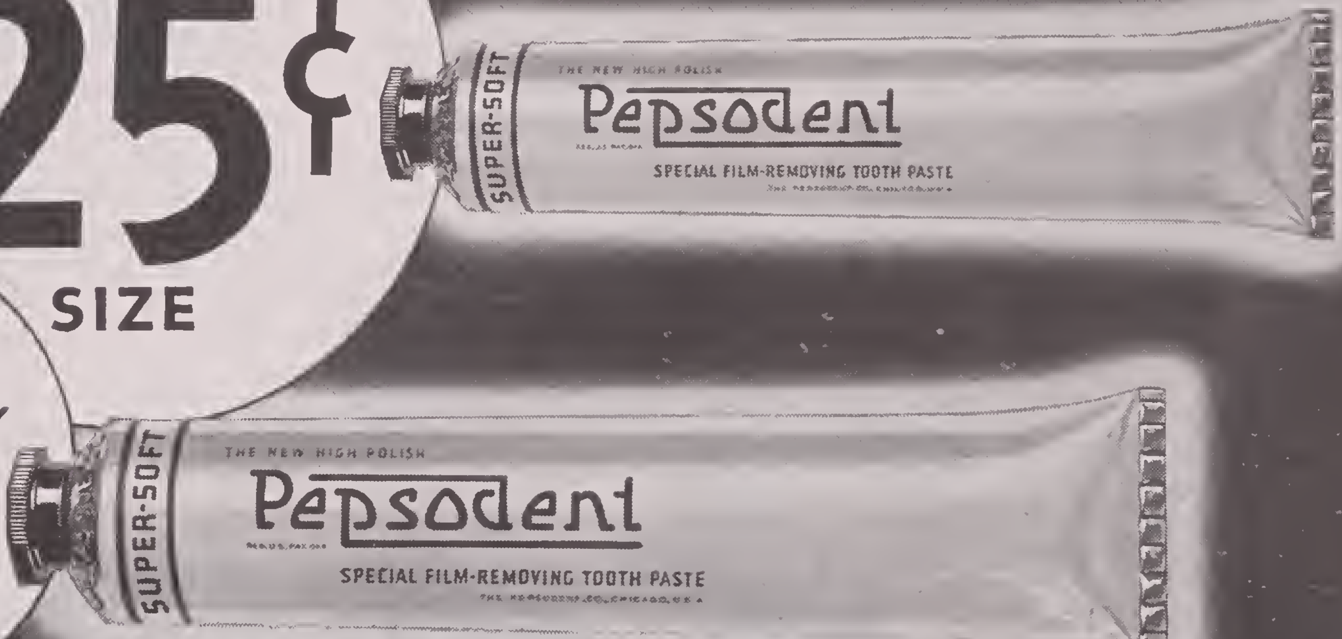
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A BIG NEW 25c SIZE TUBE

FORMER 50c SIZE NOW ONLY 40c

Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known . . . Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

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3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!

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HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!

SPEAK for YOURSELF

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Wisecrack Critics

I often wonder at the patience of the motion picture industry. There are millions of dollars spent, and thousands of people employed in the making of motion pictures. A hundred million people in the United States are entertained. Yet any player or any film is at the mercy of anyone who can get his words into print or be heard over the radio. There are many professional critics whose judgment is sound and whose verdicts are just. But there are also many others who write best when they are panning some actor or film and who wisecrack their way to a certain kind of fame. Such critics are dangerous. They may amuse, but they certainly don't help the public in choosing pictures and, furthermore, they damage the picture industry. And when they do that they strike at the public's greatest recreation!

H. V. Thurman,
Ashtabula, O.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Soft Harmony

Orchids to Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins for their sportsmanship in making "Wife versus Secretary" and "These Three." No longer are the Negri-Swanson feuds popular, and are we fans delighted! To see our favorites fighting to act with each other, rather than battling to outdo the other, is really good news. These four women have taken steps that are making their admirers want to brag them sky-high. Few Hollywood actresses are "big enough" to do it! The rest of you glamorous gals had better take these ladies' advice and get off the loud pedal, because the soft one makes the sweetest melody which is far more pleasant to hear.

Gordon King,
Randolph, Neb.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

That Nelson Eddy Question

Nelson Eddy's "jinx"? Looks more like a law of balance at work. The producers have a prize so big they don't know how to handle it. The long wait before his zoom to fame was like the lull before the storm. They tried to stir up a breeze and loosed a whirlwind. After their long search for the dark and handsome, our gusty surge toward the golden singer has probably got them rocking.

Guess our enthusiastic pat on the back packed quite a wallop. But they will get their footing soon and see that Nelson doesn't have to sing all the time to please us, and his singing anywhere doesn't need the story to explain it, if we have to *wait* for all that. We will take what we can get and like it, just so *he* is there.

It isn't natural to have every picture of any star as perfectly the top as "Naughty Marietta." We don't expect it and the producers know they can't do it, though "Rose Marie" is grand. Meanwhile, I wait in confidence for them all to regain their balance and just let us see and hear him as often as may be.

Beulah M. Barker,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Perfect Team

When an actor is found who has: that adorable smile of James Dunn; that funny "squint" of Fred MacMurray ; the voice of Bing Crosby; the "tall, dark and handsomeness" of Bob Taylor; the dancing feet of Fred Astaire; the wistful seriousness of Henry Fonda; the sophistication of Leslie Howard, and the acting ability of Ronald Colman—

And an actress who has: the aliveness of Carole Lombard; the sweetness of Janet Gaynor; the sophistication of Myrna Loy; the dancing feet of Ginger Rogers; the beauty of Claudette Colbert; the sex appeal of Jean Harlow; the figure of Jeanette MacDonald; the originality of Miriam Hopkins; Kay Francis's smartness, and the acting ability of Norma Shearer—

Then there will be the perfect team! But, until two such persons are found, give me Bob Taylor and Janet Gaynor. They're the top!

Dorothy Barrett,
Charlotte, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Two Views—

You know how it is when you get to counting your blessings and all that, you sorta get to comparing yourself with well-known folks. Well, the other day, I got to thinking and my thoughts were summed up thusly. In all appearances, the movie stars are fairy princes and princesses with oodles of money and not a care in the world. But I know better; their lives are a turmoil of love, hate and passion.

I have been married and my husband still holds my hand in the show, after three years! We find our love more complete every day. We are poor, though, but that doesn't worry us because we get along fine. Our baby boy is all the so-called "child wonders" rolled into one, and we wouldn't exchange his tiny self for all the stardom in the world. We're far richer than all the movie stars, and we wouldn't exchange our little heaven for anything they can offer.

Mrs. George T. Hubbard,
College Park, Ga.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

—of Hollywood

When I came to Los Angeles from Kansas a year ago, I did not think "home life" existed among the movie people. However, upon personal observation, I find they really like to live a normal life and do really normal things, if people would alone "let them be." When I attend the theater, I find Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone there, holding hands and seemingly perfectly thrilled at some performance. I have seen Joan Bennett, with shell-rimmed glasses, shopping for little things for the house, unaware of someone watching who wishes she could do the shopping for her. I have seen Marlene Dietrich take her daughter, Maria, almost as tall as she, and Leatrice Gilbert (John Gilbert's daughter) to a matinee performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," getting a great thrill out of their excitement. I have seen Paulette Goddard spend an entire Saturday afternoon in a dog show, with the two Chaplin boys, home from military school. I have seen the younger generation, composed of Paula Stone (who is very popular in Hollywood), Pat Ellis, Tom Brown and others, spend a most enjoyable evening in sweaters and slacks, roller skating, bicycling or attending the circus. I have seen Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, practically every Friday night, entering the Legion prize fights, dressed in sport clothes, mingling with the average American families.

I would like to pass on this happy and contented side of Hollywood life. I have seen it myself, on all sides of me, day after day, so believe it!

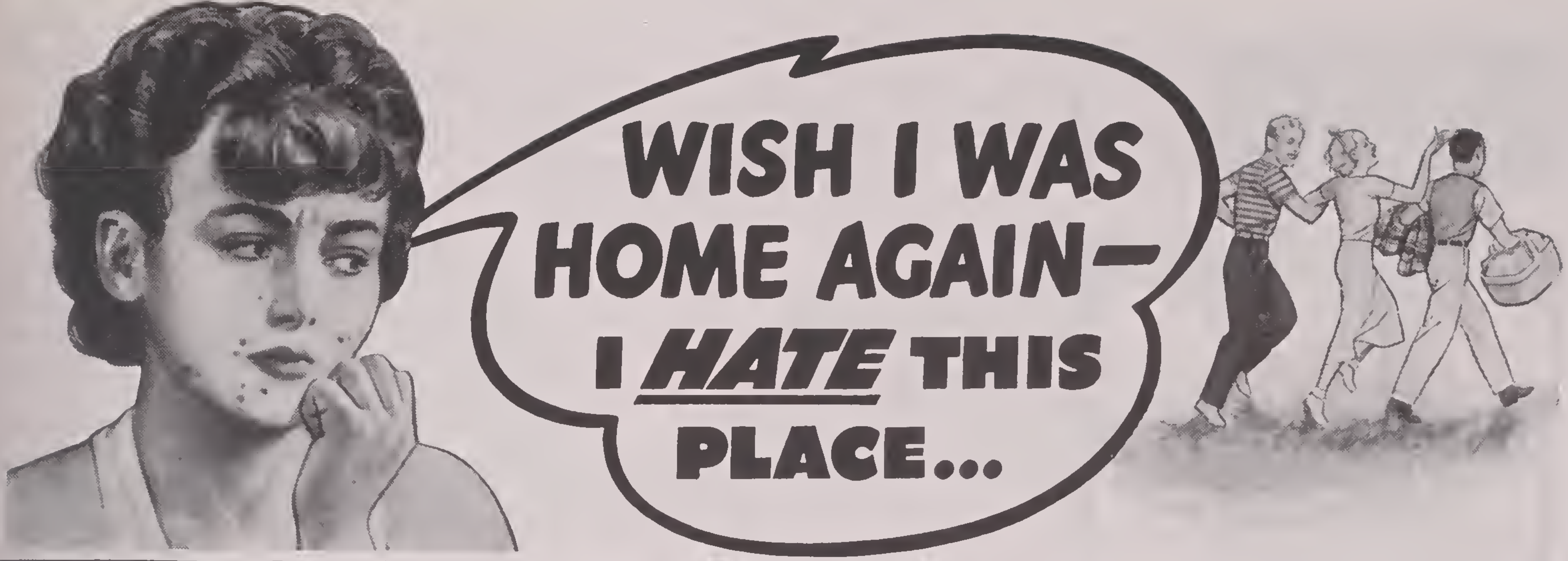
Elcy Oberdick,
Los Angeles, Calif.

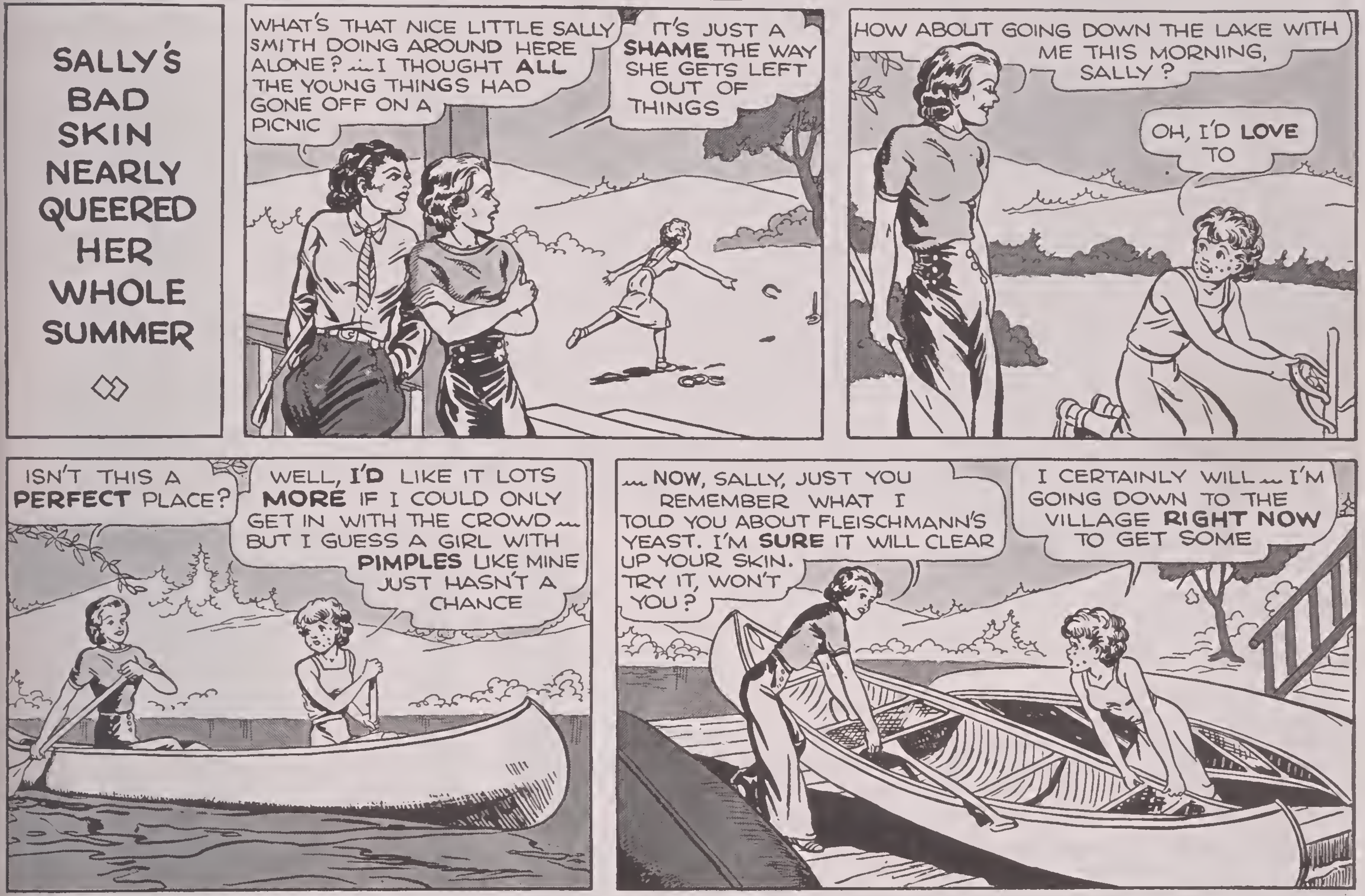
$1 PRIZE LETTER

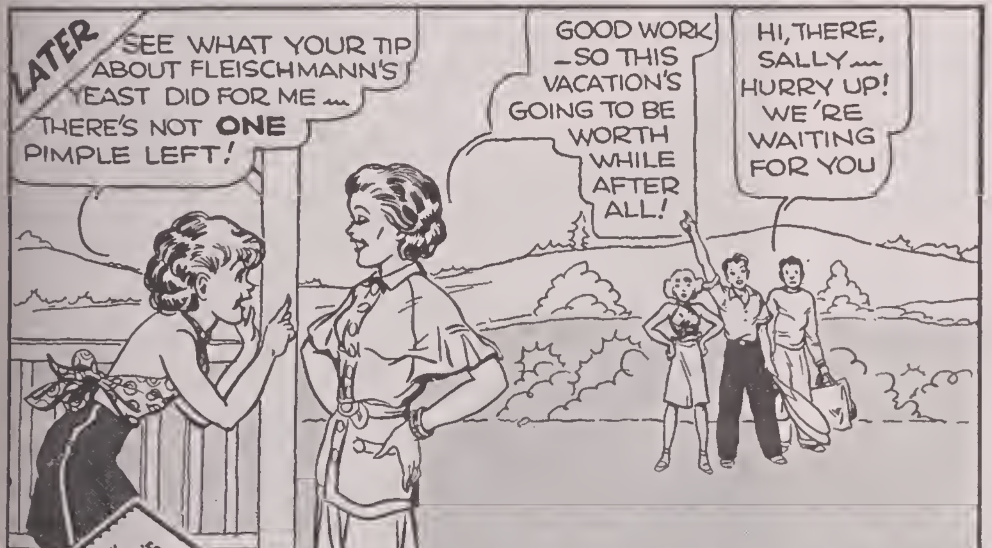
Gary Cooper Redeemed

If the judges who choose the year's

(*Continued on page* 10)


WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN— I HATE THIS PLACE...


SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? ... I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC
IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?
OH, I'D LOVE TO
ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?
WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD ... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE
... NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?
I CERTAINLY WILL ... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME


LATER
SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME ... THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!
GOOD WORK — SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!
HI, THERE, SALLY ... HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU

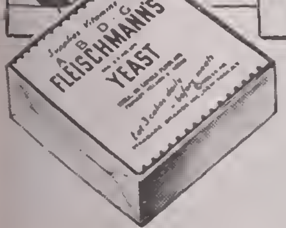
Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

. . . REDUCE . . .
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!
"REDUCED 9 INCHES" writes Miss Healy
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips and Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All
SUMMER is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE
We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE ...at our expense!
SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES *Ugly Bulges!*

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* . . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 288, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________*State*__________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

(*Continued from page* 8)

best picture don't rate Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" as No. 1 for 1936, then I say this: "Judges, you're pixilated!" I have been an admirer of Gary Cooper since his horse opera days, but every time I saw poor, uncomfortable Gary as the menace in a bedroom scene or as the heavy lover with some scorching clothes horse, I'd say to myself, "Gary, get out of those monkey clothes and get back in your own element before you lose your admiring public."

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was tailormade for Gary. Just a big yahoo who wrote poetry and stumbled over garbage cans—a grand evening's entertainment! Furthermore, Hollywood should see by this time how to end the depression, as far as the movies are concerned. Just call in director Frank Capra. The little touches he puts in keeping his pictures from dragging and getting dull. He's truly an artist.

Harry Haugh,
Tulsa, Okla.

HONORABLE MENTION

I am mighty thankful that I am living in a century that can produce such perfect screen entertainment as "The Great Ziegfeld"—C. L. Mersich, San Francisco, Calif.

Why introduce comedy into films in such small proportions and why comedians in such small roles? Comedy can teach; it can also preach; it proffers education and sermons in such pleasant forms as to render both painless. Let us have more good comedy and more and more comedian-stars — Ina Roberts, Cleveland, O.

Come on, Hollywood! Give us Dickens' immortal Mr. Pickwick! And give us W. C. Fields in the title role, for who could better portray the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the jocular Pickwick than the modern screen's greatest comedian? — Nellie G. Allred, Greensboro, N. C.

We are in need of Constance Bennett and her particular type of glamor now, of all times, more than ever. Miss Bennett has never been false unto herself nor to her public; she has been kinder, more generous, than the highly proclaimed "good Samaritans" of Hollywood—J. G. Harada, Honolulu, T. H.

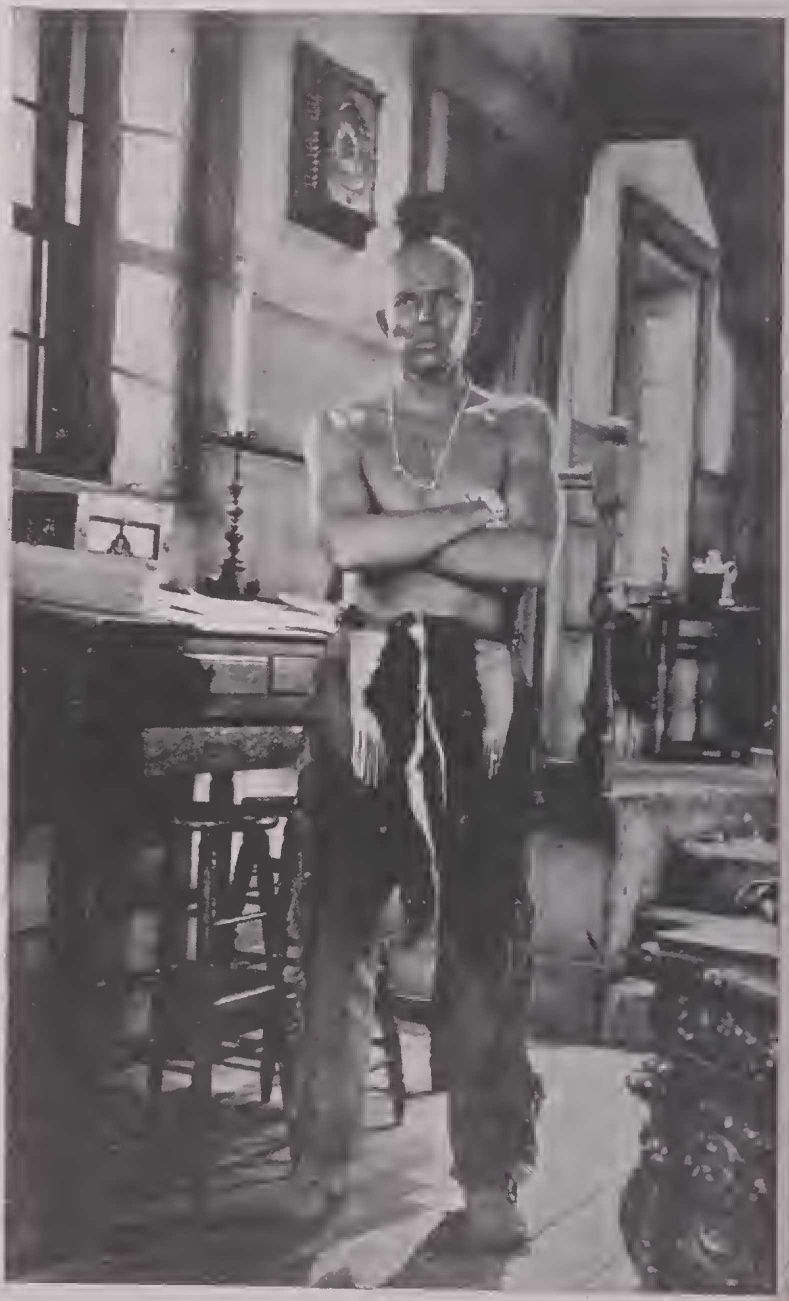
I'm looking forward to seeing Bette Davis and George Raft in pictures—E. Propesco, Quebec, Can.

Who's to blame for so many pictures that start in the middle or with the closing scene of the story and then back up and give the events leading to that last scene?—Beverly Scott, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Writing fan mail isn't much in my line, but we chaps up in camp all went to town to see "Rose Marie" and it was great; "our" scenery down to a frazzle and Nelson Eddy makes the best movie "mounted" I ever saw—Cy. Conn, Ymir Consolidated Gold Mines, B. C.

My grievance against Hollywood is that some of the most talented actors are so infrequently seen on the screen; I'd like to see more of Walter Huston, Greta Garbo and Henry Wilcoxon . . . and less of Dick Powell and Carole Lombard—Donald Winters, Washington, D. C.

You'll never guess the identity of the aboriginal gentleman below! It's really Bruce Cabot, in costume for his role in Reliance's "The Last of the Mohicans."



"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESSES A TRUTHFUL EX-WIFE

"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

"When my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, *reckless* ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed, "Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.) . . . when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.

Lysol Disinfectant

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant. Dept. MM8
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*______________________________
*Street*______________________________
*City*______________*State*____________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Loretta Young and her latest best beau, Eddie Sutherland, with Wesley Ruggles at the Victor Hugo.

On or off the "San Francisco" set, director W. S. Van Dyke and Clark Gable are the best of friends.

HOT NEWS: The new romance is **Ginger Rogers** and **James Stewart,** who are being seen places every night since Ginger separated from **Lew Ayres.**

June Knight is now holding onto the arm of **Tommy Lee** whenever she is seen out; rumor says "marriage" for the actress and the handsome young automobile and radio mogul.

Battle for the custody of little **Freddie Bartholomew** reopened in court with mother and aunt in on the tussle.

Sonja Henie, famous ice skater, is asking $300,00 for her act in pictures. She has been entertained recently by **Harold** and **Mildred Lloyd** at the Trocadero where they renewed a friendship that began in St. Moritz some years ago.

Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller, Nils Asther and **Anna May Wong** all tagged by the government for back income tax.

When the home of the **Lee Duncans** was robbed of $500.00 in jewels, **Rin Tin Tin, Jr.,** their famous watch-dog actor, slept through the entire night without so much as a mild bark.

Lew Smith, soda jerker at M-G-M cafe for the past three years, has been signed for pictures at last. He will only take leave of absence from his soda fountain to appear in "Women Are Trouble." He will portray a soda jerker.

Mary Astor threw a cocktail party to celebrate still another story of hers sold to a national woman's magazine.

ZaSu Pitts has left for Europe. Her first ocean voyage.

Edna May Oliver has gone to Europe, too, but it's only one of many trips for Edna May.

Margaret Sullavan is definitely out of "The Luckiest Girl in the World" because her arm has not thoroughly healed. Universal is allowing her a vacation to recuperate and will have a story ready for her and **Henry Fonda** upon return.

Jean Harlow and **Bob Montgomery** will be teamed in "Love on the Run" for M-G-M.

Virginia Bruce, Luise Rainer, Pat Paterson and Adrienne Ames were among the guests at Oliver Messell's farewell party before he went to London.

Carole Lombard gets two months' vacation as soon as "My Man Godfrey" is completed and she vows she is going to stay right here in Hollywood having the time of her life just goin' places and having fun rather than "tripping" some place.

Bob Taylor, when asked to give a writer a story on when he will marry **Barbara Stanwyck,** said, "I am not planning to marry anyone for quite a long time to come."

The love story finis has been placed on the romance of **Hoot Gibson** and **June Gale**—now it's **Hoot** and **Mary Lou Dix.**

Bob Taylor's secret plans have leaked out: He's planning to build a French Colonial home in Beverly hills. This type of house is **Barbara Stanwyck's** favorite.

Ronald Colman and **Herbert Marshall** have built a ranch hotel near Santa Barbara and business, especially with Britishers on week ends, is really rushing.

The publicity department has spent this week taking **Lotus Liu** (M-G-M discovery for "The Good Earth") around Hollywood for introduction to the press. She's half English and half Chinese and what a figure!

Fay Webb was finally granted a divorce from **Rudy Vallee** and $100 weekly until such time as she re-marries.

Sara Haden's home

was visited by robbers and her $5,000 pearl necklace and other gems are missing.

Young **Richard Ince,** son of the famous producer, eloped with **Charlotte Buford,** but Mamma Ince says she will have it annulled because Dick is only twenty and not twenty-two, as he stated.

Bruce Barton has donated $2500 to **Mary Blackford** which has brought the smile back to the face of the gallant little actress who is fighting for her life after an automobile accident that fractured a vertebrae in her neck and threatened paralysis.

* * *

INSIDE note on the way Jean Parker's new marriage is progressing: She's actually studying shorthand two hours each night, in order to help husband George MacDonald write screen plays at home.

If you've ever studied shorthand you'll recognize this as cooperation. But co-operation.

* * *

REMEMBER last month when we told you that Hollywood was waiting with a glint in her eye for Doug Fairbanks to arrive with his bride, the former Lady Ashley? We predicted a bit of a social war between friends of Mary Pickford and pals of Doug.

Well, Merle Oberon was the first to break the frozen ice. Merle has never before entertained on a big scale, but she just gave a whopping party in

Janet Gaynor seems free and happy these days; here Hymie caught her on her way to, of all things, a movie!

"It's amazing how quickly *Camay works its Magic*"

ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Betty Drewry

(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

THE minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of *your* complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—*definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

honor of her good friend, the new Mrs. Fairbanks.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD and Robert Taylor didn't speak to each other the first day of shooting on "The Gorgeous Hussy." In fact, a noticeable coolness existed through the second day as well.

Joan tossed horseshoes while Bob did his stuff before the camera. And while Joan was working, Bob would retire to a corner and talk to Jimmy Stewart, or some visitor on the set.

They say Joan was a little hurt because Bob didn't come up and say something nice about working in her picture. And "they" also say that Bob felt that Joan, as star of the picture, should have assumed the lady's prerogative and spoken to him first.

Let's hope somebody solves the problem by introducing them before they go into the love scenes!

* * *

WHETHER you know it or not, one of the least publicized, but one of the wealthiest actors in Hollywood is none other than "everybody's friend," that gentleman from Texas, John Boles! While bigger box office names have been Rolls-Royce-ing their way into the poorhouse, Johnny has been planking it away.

This year isn't going to do him any hurt, either, what with a Paramount contract calling for $50,000 per picture and personal appearances scheduled at $10,000 weekly.

Sonja Henie, at the Polar Palace skating exhibition, drew an impressive lot of movielites, among them Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien (right)—

And Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Virginia Bruce—in fact, the film stars there had to take as many bows as the skaters themselves!

Gloria Swanson and Herb Marshall were at the rinkside, too, in spite of the rumors predicting the end of that romance.

HER THREE LOVERS were under secret orders to murder her . . . . .

Secret Agent

starring
MADELEINE CARROLL
PETER LORRE
JOHN GIELGUD
ROBERT YOUNG

From the play by Campbell Dixon
Based on the novel, "Ashenden",
by W. Somerset Maugham

DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Coming Soon to
Your Favorite Theatre

A GB PRODUCTION

BRUCE CABOT and Phillip Reed were ordered to cavort on the beach for ten days to acquire a needed coat of tan for "Last of the Mohicans." On salary, too.

* * *

WHEN Anita Louise and her pretty mother return from their present European vacation, they will probably both become brides!

Anita's mother, Ann Beresford, will step toward the altar with David Blankenhorn (who was once married to Irene Rich). And if you believe all the whispers wafted your way, Anita will say "I do" to Ross Alexander!

There was talk that Mrs. Beresford didn't approve of this match in the beginning.

But now that she is in "luff" herself it's different.

* * *

PAT PATERSON is completely nuts about her mother-in-law who is visiting in Hollywood and so we were all taken aback (well, anyhow, surprised) when we learned that Pat had forced the studio to bar the lady from the set of "Spendthrift." We asked her how come:

"I'm supposed to be talking with a thick Irish accent in the picture," Pat

Another picture from the Polar Palace — Bette Davis, chatting with a friend. The gal hasn't changed a bit, since winning that big award.

Here's one of the very first informal pictures of Jean Parker and George MacDonald that's been taken since their return from their honeymoon in the Sierras.

"How can I be More Attractive?"

a thousand women a day write Ginger Rogers

To requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of loveliness for every woman lies in color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius."

GINGER ROGERS
in RKO's
"Follow the Fleet"

Powder Magic

"POWDER in your color harmony shade gives you more beauty than other shades," says Ginger Rogers, "because it is created to enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and dramatize your individual type." Max Factor's Powder, $1.

Hollywood's New Lipstick

"MAX FACTOR'S Super-Indelible Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring, lasting color," says Ginger Rogers, "by the magic of its color harmony shades." $1.

A Rouge Secret

"SCREEN stars," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge because the color harmony shades add an exquisite, lifelike color that gives new appealing beauty." Try it and note the difference. 50¢.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.
25-8-4

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE____________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)* Light ☐ Dark ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

explained, "and when I talk to Charles' (Boyer) mother—who can't speak a word of English—the director says my Irish brogue sounds slightly Paris. So Mama Boyer had to go."

* * *

WHEN, and *if,* Claudette Colbert steps into the role of "Joan of Arc" for Warner Brothers, there are going to be two broken-hearted actresses in Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford.

The lovely Crawford once said, "The story of the life of Joan of Arc is the most dramatic woman's story in all history. To portray it on the screen is not only an ambition with me—it is a prayer!"

* * *

YOU'VE heard that currently-popular song: "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" Well, obviously Marlene Dietrich hadn't!

While she was making "The Garden Of Allah" on location, an Arizona newspaper man flew up to interview the inscrutable lady. He asked her question after question and got nothing from Dietrich but a raised eyebrow or maybe a shrug of the shoulder. After an hour of this, the gentleman from the press decided to gag it up a bit. Looking her square in the eye, he inquired seriously:

"Miss Dietrich, 'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?' "

And without turning a hair, Marlene replied: "I do not know. I have never been there. But I hope to pay a visit to Dixie some day."

Top, Harlow with a very grown up Jackie Cooper, on the way to a benefit. Next, an unusual grab shot of Frank J. Ross and his wife, Jean Arthur.

Here's how to keep up with the first families of films!

Below, left—Mary Astor and George Oppenheimer; it's romance! At right, Bing Crosby takes papa and mama to Victor Hugo's for an evening's outing.

MERLE OBERON has the most expensive telephone habits in Hollywood. And it's all because of her conscience!

Whenever the studio wants Merle to pose for publicity pictures, or grant ten or twelve interviews, or any one of a number of other things she doesn't want to do, she dodges it by packing her bags and fleeing to Palm Springs, or Santa Barbara. But no sooner is she safely hidden in her hotel room than a guilty conscience begins to make Merle's life miserable.

So she calls five or six people at the studio making abject apologies. And just recently she called four different writers and gave them the interviews they had asked for over the long distance phone!

* * *

WILLIAM WYLER, Margaret Sullavan's ex, spent twenty-four hours in the local bastille for doing forty-eight miles per in a twenty-five-mile zone, and the boys down at the station don't care if he never comes back. Not that the director wasn't a model "guest" . . . but that confounded telephone.

Every half hour a very soft, very low, very worried little voice would inquire: " 'allo! I wish to inquire about Mr. Wyler? Ees he all right?"

And just like a hospital telephone girl, the desk boys would answer: "Oh, quite all right," or "He's resting easily!" just as sarcastic as all get out!

Maybe they'd have been a little nicer if they had known they were talking to Luise Rainer!

Nope, Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable haven't gone arty. Those berets are for wear in the open roadster.

ARE you interested to know who was at fault in the separation of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres? You'll have to decide for yourself after we tell you what Ginger said when we called her up for the lowdown.

"I have nothing to say," said Ginger sweetly. "I wouldn't want to hurt Lew."

* * *

WHEN Garbo finished her last picture for M-G-M, she refused to talk about a new contract—saying that she was going to retire. Mr. Irving Thalberg became very determined, though, and finally (with the aid of $250,000 a picture for bait) got Garbo on the dotted line for two more.

Now that she has returned, Greta has already made the statement that this is her "last trip to Hollywood." When she has done these two, she is retiring: ". . . while I am still popular," she concludes.

Where have we heard that before?

* * *

THE gossip hounds were thrown off the track completely when they found out that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was talking business to Miriam Hopkins. He wanted her to play in "The Last Minstrel." That was fine. Business.

Then came the announcement that Miriam Hopkins had turned down the offer. The gossip hounds were, by this time, so lulled into sense of false security that they failed to follow up the story. They forgot to notice that Miss

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

POND'S SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

NOW you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless!... Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun... Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars,* 35¢, 70¢. *New big boxes,* 10¢, 20¢.

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

2 MORE NEW YORK BEAUTIES are telling you

"Listerine Tooth Paste keeps teeth looking their loveliest"

JANICE JARRATT

[*Below*] CARROLL BRADY

Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:

"Listerine Tooth Paste? It's simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen."

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:

"The camera is merciless . . . so a model can't take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming."

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Summer's Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined *Glider lock* *Choice of colors*

AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST

This offer good in U. S. A. only

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

Hopkins and Mr. Fairbanks continued their little *tête-à-têtes* long after the business had been talked over and forgotten. We've got a hunch something's up.

* * *

THE owners of the famous China Clipper refused to cooperate with the studio making a picture by that name, according to the rumor, and the studio is faced with the problem of building another Clipper for the film. The movie moguls have been dealing with the Army and Navy so long that they were flabbergasted with the refusal.

But still another page of film stars at the Polar Palace—what a night that must have been for the autograph-hunting fans! In the circle to the left are John Barrymore and Elaine ("Ariel") Barrie. Below, in another rink-side box, the Spencer Tracys.

* * *

MOST Hollywood news commentarians who found it impossible to pin Jean Harlow and Bill Powell down to a definite wedding date have been content to point to Jean's beautiful home with: "Look at the new trees—the new playroom and the new gardens. It's a cinch Harlow isn't going to move out and over to Powell's for a while yet."

Little did they know that Jean was merely sprucing up the place to catch the eye of some unsuspecting buyer. And, whether it was the trees or the playroom that turned the trick, Jean's house is now sold. In other words, the only known objection (extra house) to their marriage is now sold.

* * *

WHILE driving through San Diego, we stopped to watch a movie company from Hollywood make a few location shots on the beach. The picture, we learned, was "Yours for the Asking" and the man who will hold himself so cheap is none other than George Raft. When Director Hall got the cameras all set for the next shot, he found that three men (not members of the company) had stationed themselves right in line with the lens. He asked them to move. They refused on the ground that it was a free country and they could stand where they pleased. Director Hall called for Mr. Raft and told the camera man to shoot. There will be, then, three rather important extras in the picture when it reaches your eyes. The three gents who stood their ground for patriotic reasons were:

Groucho Marx, Charlie Ruggles and writer Norman Krasna!

The skating star of the evening, Sonja Henie (in her "Dying Swan" costume) with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler Jolson.

Of course, Kay Francis (smartly dressed as ever, in gray with red accents) was there with Delmer Daves.

* * *

THE newest angle on the Carole Lombard-Clark Gable romance is that Carole's mamma doesn't approve!

And the latest development in the Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck coupling is that Frank Fay doesn't approve!

* * *

HIGHLIGHTS on the Leopold Stokowski concert: (No this isn't the cocktail party Joan Crawford gave for him, but a month later when the noted conductor actually brought his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra to Los Angeles for two concerts) Lili Damita looking simply ravishing in a flame colored gown attracting more attention than her idol husband, Errol Flynn. . . Remember Eleanor Boardman? She was simply "too, too" in a small hat simply reeking with Paradise feathers . . . Josephine Hutchinson and her husband were conspicuous by not dressing, but Josephine looked awfully trim in that dark blue dress with the Kelly green hat . . . A fake "Joan Crawford" getting plenty of attention until the real Joan showed up—then the impostor gave Joan the dirtiest look you've ever seen for ruining her fun; Joan and Franchot were the only friends the great conductor would see during intermission . . . Hardly anyone recognized Norma Shearer in the gold-leaf hat she wore. It completely hid her Juliet coiffure.

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS

HARRY RICHMAN hasn't been gone from Hollywood long, but like *that* Rochelle Hudson has Dick Cromwell eating out of her hand and they seem to have it bad.

Freak Hollywood thefts: Someone stole the gears and gear shift out of Lila Lee's car the same day another thief replaced all the tubes in the tires of George Raft's new car with old patched ones.

Funny: Don Alvarado lost a swell job in "The Last of the Mohicans" because he was "typically foreign" and they wanted an American and not a Spaniard playing the role. Don is a native born American whose screen name and past performances have stamped him too well.

Since Connie Bennett announced her separation from her Marquis while in London, may we look for her to do something definite about Gilbert Roland with whom she seems smitten these many moons?

Soon after Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles separated, Arline went into the hospital for observation. Now that she is ready to leave, the studio has handed her a nice role in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"—which will be directed by Wesley Ruggles.

* * *

CHILDREN can be a problem. Joan Blondell's two-year-old youngster, Normie, likes airplanes. And so every morning he comes trundling into his mother's room, routs her out of bed, weeps lustily until she is dressed, and then accompanies her in the car to a nearby air-port, where they sit for an hour watching planes land and take off.

This before breakfast, if you please. At six o'clock! So if Joan looks sleepy in her next picture, you'll know why.

* * *

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER bought what is probably the fastest stock speedboat in the world, a 25-footer that can slip through the briny at 40 land-miles per, Johnny says.

But what's nice about it is that he takes the craft out to smooth water, sets it going at a reasonable speed, then dives in and races it!

* * *

FUNNIEST coincidence of the month: Florence Ryerson gave a double birthday party at her Canoga ranch for Edgar Allen Woolf—writer—and O. O. Dull, producer, both of whom were born on the same day. And during the festivities word came from the help that in quick succession the Angora cat had had six kittens, Florence's cow had given birth to a calf, and ten ducklets had hatched with much fuss and to-do from their eggs.

Power of suggestion, maybe.

* * *

IT was a hot day and Cary Grant was dripping under his make-up and so was Stanley Morner. There was half an hour before the next take—and standing beside a stage was one of those old-time army motorcycles, with gas in it.

"How does a nice ride in the fresh air sound to you?" Stanley asked Grant. "I can run the thing, and there's a side-car on it."

So in and on they got, and went chug-chugging gaily forth into the heat. You couldn't guess what happened three miles out, of course.

Yep! The motor said its prayers and quietly expired. They drew straws, plucked from the dried and dusty fields, to see who'd walk the mile to a phone.

And it was Cary, the guest, who lost!

* * *

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT had promised that if he ever gave up his New York apartment he would lease it to Harpo Marx. The other day he decided to take an extended trip and wired Harpo his plans. "Just one condition," he wired. "Dorothy Parker named this place 'Wits' End', and if you take it must be rechristened 'Half-wits' End.'" Harpo has taken the deal under consideration while he thinks up a fast retort.

And still more stars who were at the Polar Palace that night—left, Eddie Lowe with his recent bride, the former Rita Kaufman.

Happy and glowing from their vacation trip to Bermuda, Gary Cooper and his wife, Sandra Shaw, were also at the big skating exhibition.

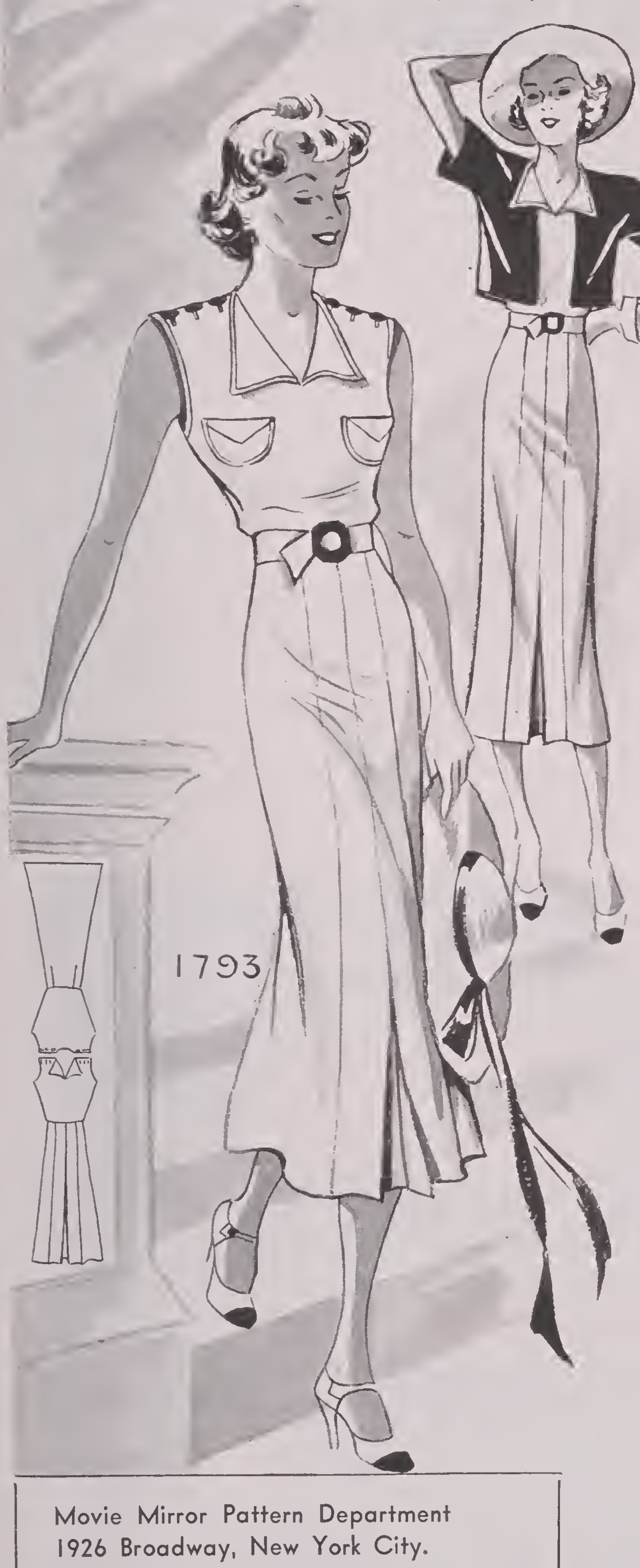
An informal shot on the "Gorgeous Hussy" set brings us the star, Joan Crawford, and her leads, Bob Taylor and James Stewart.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

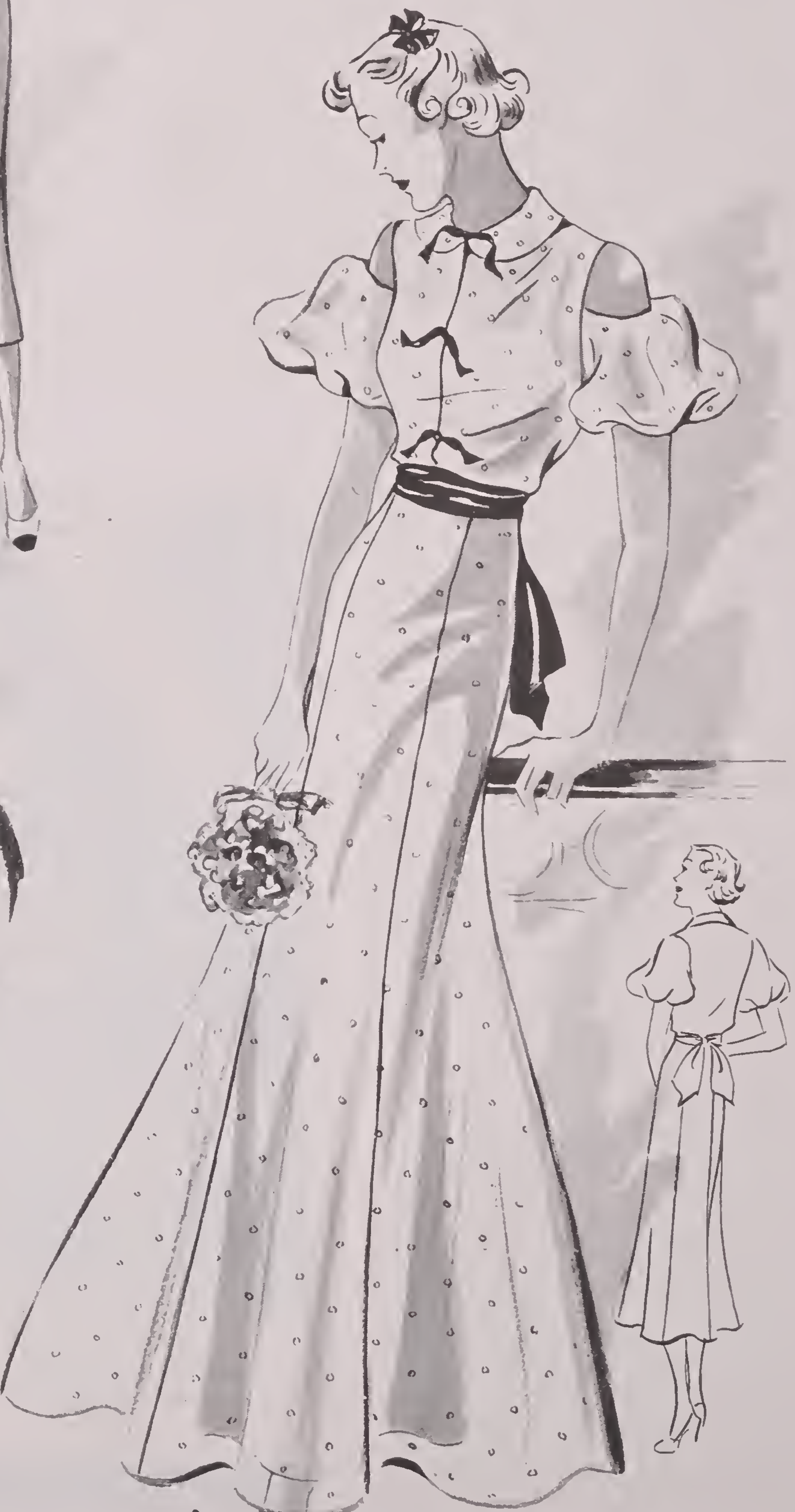
All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin.
(Coin Preferred.)

Style No. 1793—YOUR SPORTS ENSEMBLE. Indispensable for the vacation wardrobe is the trim tailored dress with buttoned shoulders and rever neck. Two breast pockets add to its sportsy look. The front of the skirt is cleverly gored to snug the hips and give you a tall appearance. A kick pleat at center front provides easy fulness to the hem, without detracting from its slim straight line. The wine color of the linen bolero jacket is repeated in the buttons and belt buckle of the dusty pink dress. Mediterranean-blue jacket over white tub silk, and gay cotton challis print are also smart. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Pattern, price 15 cents.

Style No. 1805—OLD WORLD AND CHARMING. Plump shoulders need be nothing to sigh about when there are fascinating dresses such as this one to show them off. This youthful and graceful model is delightful in crisp organdie, net, dotted swiss, chiffon, voile prints or eyelet batiste, polka-dotted glazed chintz, challis print, etc. It may be street length with the sleeves set into the shoulders as seen in back view. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Pattern, price 15 cents.



1793



1805

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please find enclosed................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

....

....

....

Name..

Address..

Cooking Department

NO one dreams of questioning that what and how we eat have a profound and far-reaching effect on what we are, what we can do, and what we *do* do!

But for how many of us is not diet control a matter of thoughtless habit, until a real illness, or wide deviation in our weight forces us to change? How many of us have stopped to analyze our eating habits, stopped to take time to find out personally and individually just what our food and how we eat it, is doing for or against us!

Grace Moore has, and I think that is undoubtedly one of the vital factors in her astonishing ability to cope with the fascinating but exhausting life of an opera, concert, and motion-picture star.

I had planned this month, for the cooking page, to have one of Miss Moore's justly famous menus, and sure enough, here it is. But I know we all need to be reminded from time to time, to look to our eating habits, and Grace Moore is such a splendid and inspiring example of what common-sense and determination can do along these lines, I think what she has to say about this is important.

As you know, Miss Moore, with her husband (for she is really Mrs. Parera) is on her way to Europe, where she and Mr. Parera plan to spend several weeks in beautiful old Casa Lauretta, their beloved hide-away in Cannes.

When I saw Miss Moore, she was just leaving, happy and enthusiastic over the trip. I knew she must be looking forward to the feeling of relaxation, pleasure and general blessedness that comes when you sit down to the first meal, in a place you love, with the man you love, at the beginning of a well-earned vacation. So this was the menu for which I asked her, just what she would be served then.

"What will we have for supper?" Miss Moore said. "Why—"

But I interrupted her: "You plan to arrive late in the evening, then?" I asked. For to me, and I'll wager to you, too, an opera star's "supper" should mean an elaborate buffet served around midnight.

"No indeed! We'll arrive late in the afternoon, and supper will be shortly after that." And she gave me this simple menu:

Supper at Casa Lauretta
A good soup, probably vegetable
An omelette
At least one green vegetable
A simple dessert

"Your voice is the first thing about you to suffer when your peak of energy falls," Miss Moore continued. "Being even the tiniest bit under par will show in the voice long before it does in the face. I know that all screen stars must guard their health, but we singing stars must take extra precautions about ourselves, because of that so delicate adjustment of the voice to physical energy.

"I've made a study of myself, of what is good for me. I've had to work out diets and regimes individually, because of course what is fine for one doesn't work for another at all! It's the only way to keep the velvet in my voice, that extra something without which the finest, most perfectly trained voice in the world, fails to reach the hearts of people.

"I need those weeks of rest at Cannes, and I must have plenty of sleep. To realize the full recuperative powers of sleep, you must eat an early, simple supper. I don't know about others, but this is true of me. So this little menu I've given you is really the kind of thing I shall have almost every night."

Few of us lead the dynamic, colorful existence of a star, but there isn't one of us who shouldn't ponder this statement of Grace Moore's, review our diet and regime and do a little quiet experimenting. By this, I don't mean starting out with revolutionary changes, nor going on trick diets. I mean using just plain common sense, and this business of a simple, early supper is a good place to begin. It's perfectly possible that your insomnia, indigestion, or even bothersome complexion troubles, may be traced to a too heavy, late dinner.

You'll notice how vegetables are stressed on Miss Moore's menu. Her chef, Antoine, being French, is accustomed to menus rich in vegetables and salads. The estate of fifteen acres furnishes quantities of garden-fresh vegetables and fruits for the table, so these wonderful health and beauty builders are always available.

If you haven't a garden, or if you aren't near a really good market where you can be sure the produce is ripe and fresh, you can still have fine vegetables and fruits when you want them (and that ought to be all the time!) with all their flavor and health value intact, by choosing (*Continued on page* 98)

Grace Moore and Valentin Parera, her husband, with a friend at Casa Lauretta, where they will be served the delightful supper menu described in this article.

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

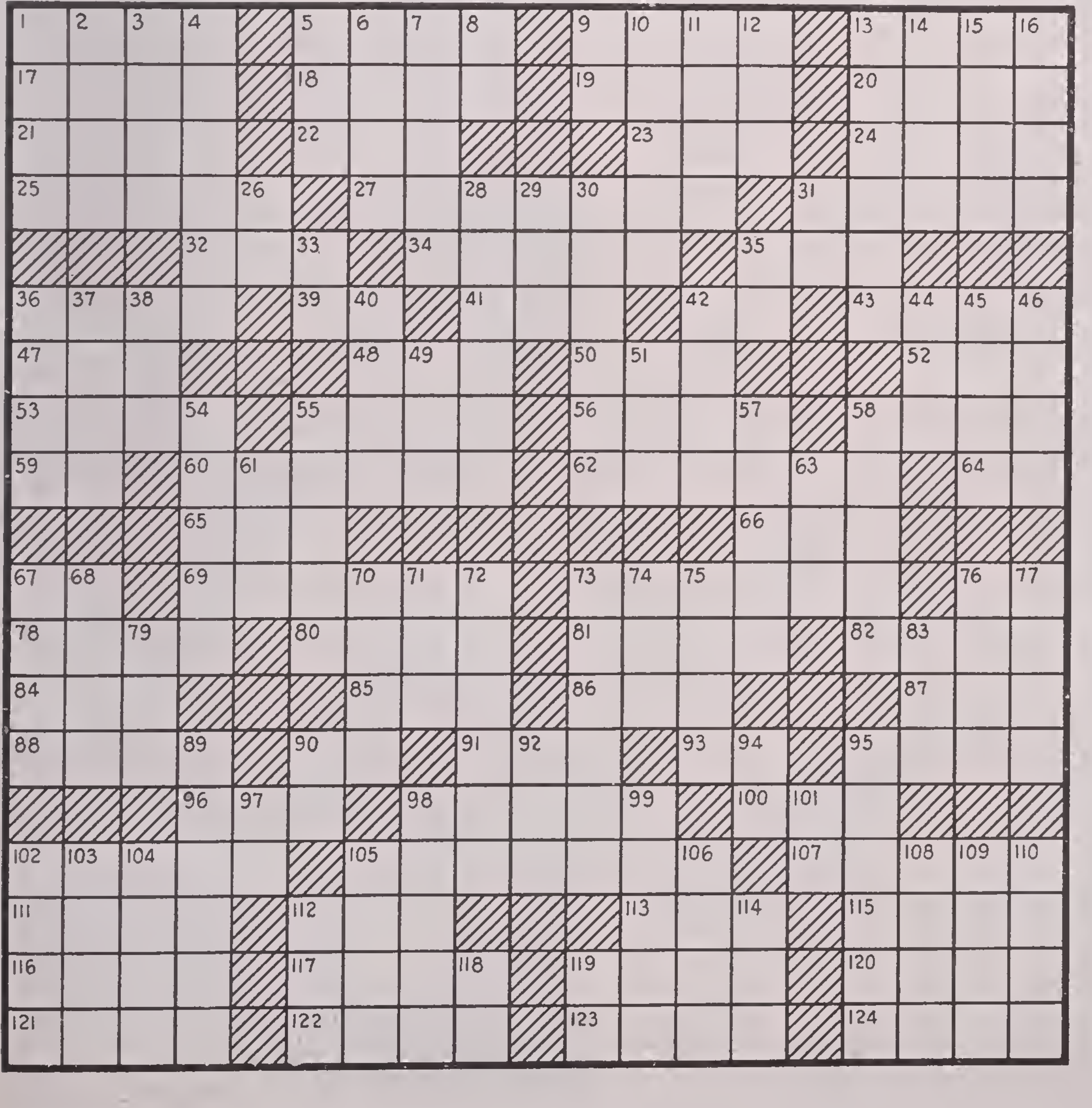
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Star of "Klondike Annie"
5. Augments
9. Recedes
13. Co-author of "Mutiny on the Bounty"
17. A melody
18. Uncommon
19. Run away
20. "- - - -'s Irish Rose"
21. She starred in "Love Song"
22. Actor's prompt line
23. Feminine name
24. City of divorces
25. Star of "Here Comes Trouble"
27. Co-star of "A Message to Garcia"
31. She's in "Here Comes Cookie"
32. Not even
34. She stars in "The King Steps Out"
35. He glorified the American girl
36. He was in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady"
39. "The Melody Lingers - -"
41. He's in "The Great Ziegfeld"
42. Mrs. Norman Foster (init.)
43. Creator of "Mickey Mouse"
47. Joan Bennett's role in "Little Women"
48. Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
50. Strike
52. By birth
53. To emit vapor
55. Russian mountain range
56. Maud Adams' native state
58. She's in "Chatterbox"
59. She's in "Don't Gamble With Love" (init.)
60. Star of "Sutter's Gold"
62. Our revered comedian
64. He's in "Rose Marie" (init.)
65. Decay
66. A negative
67. Star of "The Singing Kid"
69. Inventor of a moving picture projector
73. Mrs. Cedric Gibbons
76. Laurel's partner (init.)
78. Bebe Daniels' husband
80. "Harmony - - - -"
81. A ship's hail
82. He's the original crooner of screen and radio
84. High mountain
85. The "G" Man in "Man Hunt"
86. Manuscripts (abbr.)
87. He's in "Collegiate"
88. Necessity
90. He's in "To Beat the Band" (init.)
91. A snow runner attached to the foot
93. He rides Tony in "Westerns" (init.)
95. Weight allowance
96. He played in "Crusades"
98. Marine vessels
100. She will reappear in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"
102. He's in "Show Them No Mercy"
105. Gary Cooper's home state
107. Abundant
111. He's in "The Great Ziegfeld"
112. He plays Hobbs in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
113. Finish
115. Bucket
116. A farm building
117. Units
119. He stars in "Love on a Bet"
120. Untruths
121. "Auld Lang - - - -"
122. Loose earth
123. A Scotch hillside
124. She's in "Romeo and Juliet"

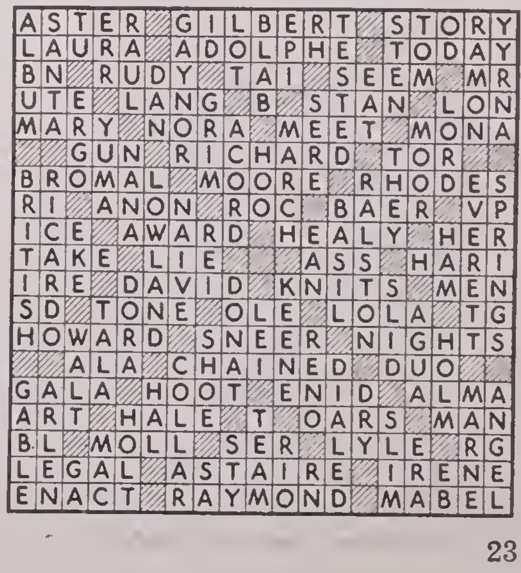
VERTICAL

1. "Flirtation - - - -"
2. A great lake
3. Window ledge
4. Co-star of "Small Town Girl"
5. Part of a circle
6. Smear
7. "I - - - - - Too Much"
8. She's in "Strike Me Pink" (init.)
9. Authoress of "Show Boat" (init.)
10. He's in "Two in the Dark"
11. He plays horror parts exclusively
12. "China - - - s"
13. Co-star in "Wife versus Secretary"
14. He's in "Two in the Dark"
15. Fishing accessory
16. Comedian with the trick knees
26. One of the quints (init.)
28. Co-star in "Under Two Flags"
29. Large serpent
30. She's in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
31. She's in "Brides Are Like That" (init.)
33. Perform
35. Star of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (init.)
36. She was the star vamp of the old silents
37. Adrienne - - - -
38. "Cock - - - d World"
40. Laughton's role in "The Sign of the Cross"
42. Male deer
44. Star of "The Lady Consents"
45. Grant the use of
46. Hal LeRoy's dancing character
49. She's in "Rendezvous at Midnight" (nickname)
51. Japanese statesman
54. You will see her in "Devil's Squadron"
55. To the time when
57. Co-star of "The Moon's Our Home"
58. Mary - - - - -
61. He's in "The Preview Murder Mystery"
63. King (French)
67. He's in "A Message to Garcia"
68. He's in "Boulder Dam"
70. Coarse hulled Indian corn
71. "- - - Way Ticket"
72. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
73. Wife of Errol Flynn
74. Exclamation of inquiry (pl.)
75. Mislaid
76. River in Germany
77. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. - - - -"
79. Unclose (poetic)
83. She's in "Riffraff"
89. Name of "The Country Doctor" stars
90. He sang "A Pagan Love Song" (init.)
92. "Krazy - - -"
94. She's in "The Great Ziegfeld" (init.)
95. She's the greatest of all child stars
97. "Dinner - - Eight"
98. Pat Patterson's husband
99. A contemptuous insinuation
101. Lucy in "A Tale of Two Cities" (init.)
102. Woody spikes of corn
103. Absent
104. City in Switzerland
105. Star of "Dr. Socrates"
106. Chinese girl star
108. Recompensed
109. Legal claim on property
110. Noted party thrower of New York and Hollywood
112. "The Man Who Played - - -"
114. Joel McCrea's wife
118. He's in "Riffraff" (init.)
119. He's in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (init.)



MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in May, to Lester Keene, 136—18th Ave., S. E., St. Petersburg, Fla.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



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B	N	▨	R	U	D	Y	▨	T	A	I	▨	S	E	E	M	▨	M	R
U	T	E	▨	L	A	N	G	▨	B	▨	S	T	A	N	▨	L	O	N
M	A	R	Y	▨	N	O	R	A	▨	M	E	E	T	▨	M	O	N	A
▨	▨	G	U	N	▨	R	I	C	H	A	R	D	▨	T	O	R	▨	▨
B	R	O	M	A	L	▨	M	O	O	R	E	▨	R	H	O	D	E	S
R	I	▨	A	N	O	N	▨	R	O	C	▨	B	A	E	R	▨	V	P
I	C	E	▨	A	W	A	R	D	▨	H	E	A	L	Y	▨	H	E	R
T	A	K	E	▨	L	I	E	▨	▨	▨	A	S	S	▨	H	A	R	I
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G	A	L	A	▨	H	O	O	T	▨	E	N	I	D	▨	A	L	M	A
A	R	T	▨	H	A	L	E	▨	T	▨	O	A	R	S	▨	M	A	N
B	L	▨	M	O	L	L	▨	S	E	R	▨	L	Y	L	E	▨	R	G
L	E	G	A	L	▨	A	S	T	A	I	R	E	▨	I	R	E	N	E
E	N	A	C	T	▨	R	A	Y	M	O	N	D	▨	M	A	B	E	L

Is the Flynn-Damita MARRIAGE CRASHING?

Read this electrifying story and see if you can decide the argument agitating all Hollywood these days

By HOWARD SHARPE

So far, Lili and Errol have been inseparable—even when they're disagreeing! But how long will it last?

HOLLYWOOD is toying fiercely with a brand new speculation this month.

It's pretty sure that someday—perhaps years from now, perhaps sooner—handsome, lean-limbed, completely romantic Errol Flynn will say goodby to Hollywood's comparatively unexciting sound-stages, and return once again to the lush jungles and the slow-moving safari and the dream of buried treasure he loves so well.

You, knowing Errol, know that to be true.

He himself has admitted it to be true.

But what neither Hollywood nor America knows (nor does the tall Irishman, in all probability) is this:

Will Lili Damita follow him there?

Will lovely little Mrs. Flynn exchange her present mansion of rare woods and soft rugs and electric magic for the green mansions of dreary Africa? Will she leave her career, her friends, her home, to follow her husband and his wanderlust to the end of the earth?

That's a question that Hollywood answers in two different ways.

"Yes!" shouts one contingent defiantly. "Lili would follow that husband of hers into the deepest jungles in the world if he asked her to—and love it!"

"No," remarks sagely the more cynical assemblage. "Miss Damita is a civilized woman who is already aware that she has married an Edgar Rice Burroughs hero, a stalwart young savage who doesn't know when or where to light. When he can't stand the quiet ways of modern life any longer, and needs must go wandering off again on his restless quest for adventure, then gorgeous Miss Damita will say, 'God speed you, Errol. Bring me a piece-of-eight and a pirate's skull—but find your little souvenirs alone. I stay here.'"

Thus Hollywood. Each side has its arguments. Each side is composed of intimate acquaintances who (*Continued on page* 65)

Lili and Errol at the West Side Tennis Club on one of his afternoons off from work on "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

They laugh together, play together, fight together, but Hollywood wonders: Will Lili follow Errol to find the destiny he seeks?

The Home Life of OUR MRS. TONE

Gardenias and gingham aprons! Symphonies and scrambled eggs! Come with us on a personal visit to Joan and Franchot!

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

I REALLY don't know who she is. Or where. I know only she signed her name Faith, and whether it be a name or a wholehearted trust, I have no way of knowing. But she did so want to know more about Crawford, she wrote. Oh, not just the usual glamorous things that are written about Joan and her marriage but about her home and that part of it she carries around in her heart.

"More about Joan," is the way she put it, "and how she lives."

Well, to begin with, little Faith, what do you say to trotting in for Sunday night supper with Crawford, the glamorous? You might, now mind no promises, be allowed to open the kidney beans. If you aren't all dressed up fit to kill George Raft, that is, for you'll find Joan more than likely in one of those classy little gingham numbers that only Franchot, the two dachshunds, and the boy who delivers the groceries on cook's day off, are lucky enough to see.

They come, those dresses, from one of our not too swanky shops down in Los Angeles, all made to Joan's measure. In fact, on a certain shelf in this busy shop repose two bolts of gingham. These, my dear, are labeled Crawford gingham and are dragged down only to make Joan's little house dresses.

Now back to the kidney beans. It's a recipe of Franchot's grandmother and an especially loved one for those six o'clock suppers. There will be much dashing about with grated cheese and chopped green peppers and, after all these ingredients are placed in the casserole, Joan will salute it all with a dash of tabasco. It's Sunday night supper's hot dish; salad and cold meats complete the meal.

The faint stirring about the next morning along about six will not be the birdies outside the window get-

ting next to the fact that it's daylight. It will be Joan, herself, arising for her day's work. Face washed, then comes the bed making. Oh yes, Joan makes her own bed, mind you. Tucking in the sheets and pillow cases and smoothing it all down too grand for words.

And don't ask me why. She just does, that's all. Every day of life, too.

Then down for a bite of breakfast and a dash upstairs to say good-bye to Franchot who needn't rise so early because he has no curls to bother with. With Alice, the colored maid, clutching the lunch pail, the metal one full of waxed paper and things, she is off for the studio, the dogs barking after her and the Finnish housemaid and Swedish butler standing at the window looking after her, love shining from their eyes for their beloved mistress.

For this, Miss Faith, is the home love has built and you're in it. Catch what you can of it, young lady, for it's a rare and wonderful thing, even in Hollywood. Especially in Hollywood, as a matter of fact.

With Joan gone, the cook picks up the little memo Joan has left on her dressing table the night before. The one that is found there every morning and says at the top, "This Is To Remind You." And then come the reminders. If it's Saturday it is likely to say seven for dinner, cocktails first, and then the menu written out. And then, along about seven with the guests almost due, there will be an anxious waiting for Joan. The house will be filled with the air of suspense. The atmosphere will hang heavy with it.

And then, a sound of wheels—the car. Commotion, relief, joy, as Bennett, the chauffeur, grins widely as Joan flies in, her hair whipping madly, her lunch pail fairly bursting asunder in the rush. The dogs promptly go cuckoo, tearing round and round and coming out between the butler's dumbfounded legs while Joan takes the stairs two at a time. In two shakes her hair is lathery from its evening shampoo (yes, every evening regularly her hair is washed) and then into a hostess gown and downstairs just as the guests are announced.

And then the dinner table. Joan, her face with its freckles shining with cleanliness and sheer beauty, her silver gleaming, her linen perfect, but all, all of it my dear, *offset by the huge white bathtowel wrapped around her shoulders to protect the hostess gown from the dripping hair.*

Chili then is served at midnight. (*Continued on page* 84)

Above, Franchot's and Joan's lovely home in Brentwood. Opposite page, Mr. and Mrs. Tone "at home." And are they happy? Just look at those two flirting with each other—in public, too—at a recent Mayfair ball!

Another Movie Mirror scoop! Clark lets us in on his feelings for Miss Lombard

VISITING the great Gable (he'll slap me down for that one) in his dressing room, is a far, far better thing than I have ever done, as Colman sighed, while getting his head chopped off. Better, that is, for Gable. For now that I think it over, I carried in far more information than I carried out. In fact, I went in practically bent double with a gorgeous collection of scandals and romances and miscellaneous misinformation gathered from hither and yon—all about the popular Mr. Gable.

About all I came out with was his expressed wonder at what had become of old-fashioned parlors. The kind that were opened up only when preachers came in for Sunday dinner.

But when I think of the joy and perfect delight with which Mr. Gable received my glad tidings as to his reported doings here and there on the village green, I can't feel too badly at my getting the little end of it. You see, the man had been tied up to a stuffy old sound stage making "San Francisco" so long, he hadn't heard a single one of his goings-on. Oh, he'd read snatches of them in the papers but what are snatches he's read in a paper to a he-man?

So I gave.

First, I gave him the low-down on his affair with Lombard. I told him just what stage it had reached (and was I goose-pimply?) and what he had said and she had said. I even drew pictures to illustrate.

He practically choked to death he was that delighted at the progress he had made. Said never, never would he have believed he was that good. But that was nothing. I had him even better later on.

To begin with, he said that his friendship with Carole was built solely on her good sportsmanship, her grand sense of humor, and ability to take it as well as dish it. And that was that, and was as far as it went. But I could see his mind was still in the old-fashioned parlor so I persisted.

We traced the Lombard business to its source.

That grand gal, Carole Lombard, is his constant companion these days. Just what part does she play in his plans for the future?

Gable Answers that

—and learns a lot about it himself!

By SARA HAMILTON

It began with a ham. Carole sent it to Clark with his picture pasted on it. Clark retaliated by sending Carole a huge pair of shoes because she kept stumbling. Not so funny but clean, anyway. It seems there was a lull in the activities then, if you go in for lulls, and then came this Valentine's Day and the now famous Ford from Carole to Clark.

He's still trying to think of a comeback and *it's not* marriage. It's a good way to get even as I pointed out but he turned the suggestion down flat, so that's out.

As to escorting her home from the first Mayfair party where Carole was hostess—no, he didn't. Clark said he merely walked in, saw another actor he'd had a row with (Note to Editor: Am running this down for scoop.) and because he didn't want another row he merely went across the street to his hotel and went to bed.

He did not take Miss Lombard home from the Mayfair!

As to taking her for a ride in the repainted Ford, yes. Why should his spine be jolted loose in the thing and not hers?

'At-a spirit.

His secret divorce, the one he and Mrs. Gable got in Mexico, pleased him more than anything I told him about. He loved the way we had it all arranged for him and said, boy, it certainly had saved him a lot of time and bother, only he refused it on the grounds (unreasonable, these pampered movie stars) that it wasn't true.

"I should like to see either Mrs. Gable or me attempt to obtain a secret divorce, anywhere," he said and I thought so would a million others, mostly blonde.

So he's still married and not even planning an immediate divorce.

He didn't say, you notice, Mrs. Gable wasn't, however.

Anyway, we both went into the parlor thing again and I came out with this bit of something.

He's absolutely not in love. *(Continued on page 70)*

What does Clark hope to get from life and love and marriage? Only he can answer these questions — and he does, very frankly.

Romance Question

Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland are perfect in the superb film version of "Anthony Adverse."

Their fine work in "The King Steps Out" will win still more fans for Grace Moore and Franchot Tone.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ Anthony Adverse (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Edmund Gwenn, Claude Rains, Louis Hayward, Gale Sondergaard.*
It's About: *The birth, life, success, marriage and disillusionment of a famous character from contemporary best seller fiction.*

Perhaps no picture has been quite so eagerly awaited by such a great number of people as this one. Those who have read the book, and there are millions, will not be disappointed. Combining such fine story material with beautifully drawn characterizations and exceptional photography, you will find a film of rare appeal. Some may say it is too long; we thought, if anything, it was too short. We would have enjoyed knowing each one of the many characters just a bit better.

Fredric March, as the grown-up *Anthony*, gives his role life and reality. Mr. March has long been trying to avoid costume pictures; we're glad the studio was so determined in this case. He is perfect in the role. Olivia de Havilland, one of the truly beautiful girls on the screen, plays *Angela*, the cook's daughter who marries *Anthony*. Her performance is on a par with that of March—which means practically perfect. Two exceptional character roles are filled by Edmund Gwenn and Claude Rains. Neither actor has ever given a better performance. Gale Sondergaard as *Faith* will leave you hating her completely. The remainder of the cast, in particular the little girl who portrays *Angela* as a child, is so perfectly chosen as to be absolutely believable. And little Scotty Beckett draws a real round of applause for his work as *Anthony's* son.

Our only criticism of this otherwise fine picture is the cutting. In order to get it down "to size," *Anthony* skips about the face of the earth so rapidly that one gets no opportunity to *know* the people he meets.

Your Reviewer Says: Here it is at last. Don't miss it!

✓✓ The King Steps Out (Columbia)

You'll See: *Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, Walter Connolly, Raymond Walburn, Elisabeth Risdon, Victor Jory, Frieda Inescort, Herman Bing.*
It's About: *A prince who goes on an all-night lark, incognito, and falls in love with the sister of the girl he doesn't want to marry.*

A grand story full of romance and studded with riotous humor gives Grace Moore a chance to show how much she has learned about acting since "One Night of Love." This is grand musical fare with no attempt to force a fantastic story, merely going merrily along getting as much fun as possible. The score is excellent and Franchot Tone and Walter Connolly head an exceptional supporting cast.

The prince (Franchot Tone) is about to be forced into marriage by his tyrannical mother, the empress. He decides to have one last fling and steps out incognito. While on his night of fun, he meets Grace Moore who is anxious to make the prince fall in love with her because she is the sister of the girl (Frieda Inescort) who is being forced to marry him. The comedy and romance that are strung together from the time of their meeting until the fade-out make this superlative entertainment. Whenever Grace Moore feels like singing, she just sings, which is much better than trying to make some silly reason and place for it, as has always been done with singing stars in the past.

Miss Moore shows a much finer sense of comedy and acting ability than ever before and is in fine voice. Franchot Tone will gain many fans by his excellent work. "Stars In My Eyes" and "Madly In Love" are of hit calibre and are but two of six songs sung by Miss Moore. Walter Connolly, Herman Bing, Frieda Inescort, Victor Jory and the rest of the cast are all

Our own Robert Young and Britain's dancing darling, Jessie Matthews, score in GB's "It's Love Again."

Don Ameche makes an astounding film debut and Jean Hersholt is just as grand as usual in "Sins of Man."

well above par. Direction and photography, fine.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand musical picture. You'll love it.

✓✓ It's Love Again (GB)

You'll See: *Jessie Matthews, Robert Young, Sonnie Hale, Ernest Milton, others.*

It's About: *A girl who wants to get on the stage, a columnist, mistaken identity, and love.*

England may very well be proud of pretty Jessie Matthews, for here without the benefit of a very good story, cursed with poor photography and ugly costumes, the girl carries this film and makes it as delightful entertainment as you can find.

Jessie plays a dancer who is determined to get in a London revue, no matter what getting the engagement demands of her. She meets Robert Young, a columnist who is inventing a character *Mrs. Smythe-Smythe* for whom he pretends the most amazing adventures. Jessie decides to cash in on the publicity by saying she is the non-existent *Mrs. Smythe-Smythe* and then the fun—most of it dancing fun—begins.

Sam Coslow and Harry Woods have supplied Jessie with lovely songs to sing. There are only three in the whole picture but they are all sure to be hits, particularly the theme song, "It's Love Again."

Your Reviewer Says: For the songs, for Jessie's dances, and for Jessie herself, this must be seen.

✓ Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jean Hersholt, Don Ameche, Allen Jenkins, J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Shoemaker, DeWitt*

(*Continued on page* 91)

What would you like for amusement this month? A great costume picture? Okay, there's "Anthony Adverse" exquisitely done, exquisitely played, with Fredric March starring. A really romantic musical? Then Hollywood offers "The King Steps Out," a really enchanting film with Grace Moore in lovely voice and Franchot Tone at his best. Want something heavier? Go to "Sins of Man." It's very somber, but magnificent. In the same class is "Fury." Both will make you think. You'd like a new co-starring team? There's Bob Taylor and Loretta Young together in "Private Number" and they're thrilling. Bored with all that, you say, and still asking for something absolutely different? Go to "Green Pastures." Nothing like it has ever been done on the screen before. In fact, in no month before has Hollywood ever offered such varied fare for your approval, and all excellent.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

San Francisco Nights: **Ralph Bellamy and Marguerite Churchill have leads in this melodrama about a brilliant young lawyer who gets into trouble getting a night club singer out of trouble.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

The Devil Doll: **Plenty of mystery and excitement to look forward to in this murder yarn with a new twist. Lionel Barrymore is the persecuted banker who meets a weird doll maker in jail. When freed they get their longed for revenge and more.**

PARAMOUNT

Rhythm on the Range: **From reports on this singing comedy you'll love Bing Crosby as the Arizona cowboy who takes part in a New York rodeo and attracts attention of rich society girl, Frances Farmer. The girl has to play second fiddle to a prize bull in Bing's affections. Lots of fun in a transcontinental boxcar.**

Yours for the Asking: **In this one George Raft is a small time Florida gambler who turns Dolores Barrymore's palatial home into a night spot and moves into the owner's heart. Ida Lupino plays Raft's discarded moll.**

HAL ROACH

Our Relations: **Laurel and Hardy have twin brothers in this new film and we hear it's twice as funny as any picture they've ever made. Reported hung at sea for mutiny, gobs Laurel and Hardy turn in in port to find their long lost twin brothers and become involved in many hilarious incidents.**

20TH CENTURY-FOX

To Mary with Love: **With a strong story of human appeal, this Warner Baxter-Myrna Loy picture looks like fine entertainment. It's about the depression's effect upon the love of a once wealthy Manhattan couple.**

WRITE TO GLORIA MACK: For help in all your beauty problems: a lovelier skin, a new coiffure, special exercises for the figure that needs them. You'll want too, the list of vital beauty aids described in the article, and how to choose and use your perfumes in a sophisticated way. Remember your letter will go directly to Gloria Mack's own desk, for this is a really confidential service. There isn't any charge, but please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Be as athletic as you wish, in any season, advises Jean Parker of M-G-M, but don't forget that daintiness is essential to feminine charm.

Summertime is BEAUTY TIME

By GLORIA MACK

DURING the spring and summer, I can answer your letters light-heartedly, because this is the season when I know it's going to be easy for you to follow beauty suggestions. Here in Hollywood, we don't have real winter, but where most of my mail comes from, there are months and months when cold weather, steam-heated rooms, the inclination to eat heavily and to dodge exercise, all make it harder to keep yourself in tip-top form.

Now that summer is here, it's a different matter. And I want every one of you to avail yourself of these months when Nature will help you, when the sun is high, and the days are warm and sweet and fragrant.

Don't let anyone tell you the New Year starts in January!

It doesn't!

It comes for you the morning you put away your winter clothes, the first morning when you find yourself pausing on the doorstep to breathe in the new air, and to look at all the little new grass, and the silly, eager little buds that have arrived on the trees over night. That's the real New Year for Nature, and let it be so for you. Greet it with a fling and a laugh, and a chin held high, and watch your beauty resolutions almost automatically fulfilling themselves.

Days that stimulate to exercise the girl who wants to lose; days that soothe to recuperative rest the girl who must gain; days and nights of romance and vacation time that are a potent incentive to look and be our most utterly charming; new clothes, and the modern magicians who make our cosmetics brewing lovelier, subtler dressing-table magic for the lucky modern girl! I tell you, this is when a beauty editor enjoys her work.

If I go on like this, I shall be bursting into song right here at the typewriter, and the rest of the office will wonder what in the world has happened to the Beauty Department now. For my office is an exciting place.

Being in touch with so many, many hundreds of you readers, keeps it so. (I answer every single one of your letters myself, you know, and it takes time.) Then there is the constant thrill of the new beauty aids coming in, such fun to try out, so practical, so perfectly packaged they adorn any dressing-table. And after that, the deep satisfaction of having just the right thing to recommend in answer to your questions.

In a moment, I'm going to tell you about some of the things on my desk right now, that you'll find yourself needing these summer days, but so many of you have been kind enough to tell me you enjoy my monthly "open letters." I wanted to show you some of the reasons why I enjoy writing the articles. The best, finest reasons of all, are the cherished letters which come to me from girls who have been able to help themselves be more attractive, and happier, just from something I was able to write. *That* is a thrill!

Many of these letters have been from girls who definitely lacked conventional beauty, but who were quick to see that other aspects of beauty may be so emphasized that the lack ceases to be apparent. And an outstanding aspect of real beauty is daintiness—that fastidious care of yourself which ninety-nine men out of a hundred will mention in their description of an Ideal Girl. This

(*Continued on page* 89)

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de together.

Joel McCrea

Remember Joel's and Joan Bennett's fine work together in "Private Worlds"? Well, they're teamed again in Universal's "Two in a Crowd." There's another interesting story about that film, too, and you mustn't fail to read it in "The Hidden Hollywood" this month.

Jean Arthur

Four years ago she left films for Broadway, discouraged—and returned to stage a heart-warming comeback in more suitable roles. She's now happily settled in Hollywood with her husband, Frank J. Ross, and will star next in Columbia's "Purple and Fine Linen."

James Stewart

Hi, "Rowdy"! That's the name of his role as one of Crawford's four leading men in "The Gorgeous Hussy"—and we think it rather suits this very popular but natural and unaffected new actor. After this film, he'll play opposite Eleanor Powell in M-G-M's "Easy to Love."

Ruby Keeler

Here's that grand exclusive portrait of Mrs. Al Jolson her fans have been clamoring for! Right now, Ruby's taking a rest—playing golf, enjoying days of leisure with her husband and little Al, Jr., and deciding whether it's to be New York or Europe for that vacation trip.

COULD Your Love

By KATHERINE ALBERT

At last! The touching true story

SITTING in Virginia's cool white living room, facing each other but not daring to let their eyes meet, they decided it would be "best" for Virginia to go to New York. The decision might have been easier had George given her strength by holding her hands in his. But they were afraid of that gesture. They might forget what was "best."

George simply said he thought it was right for her to go and then he made some sad little wisecracks like "get the Eastern situation under control" and "give my regards to Broadway."

If George had put on an act, if he had been very dramatic and said, "I can't give you up. I can't let you out of my life," the parting would have been more easily borne. But that isn't George's way. He doesn't know how to be dramatic. It embarrasses him to do an emotional scene even before the camera.

But there wasn't any camera. This was real. This was a little tragedy so poignant that the most sensitive actor could not have given it reality. And George knew he wasn't a sensitive actor. All he knew, that night as they sat there, was that he loved a girl named Virginia Pine, a girl who understood and loved him, a girl who had stuck by him in spite of everything.

"In spite of everything" covered months of heartache. For there was George wanting to protect Virginia, wanting to stand between her and all life's cruelties, yet legally unable to do so. George, loving Virginia, was already married to someone else.

It had been over two years now since that night they met. They had loved each other for a long time. They had known the comfort of good companionship, the benison of tenderness. Also, and quite as important, they had had fun together. And now George must give her up.

For it wasn't fair, he knew, to bind a young, lovely, charming girl like Virginia to him when he was so completely bound himself. Virginia should have a beautiful home, a devoted husband, a life with a future. There was no future he could give her.

Yes, her grandparents were right. Virginia's grandparents liked him. He could tell by the way they called him "Georgie" and welcomed him into their home and their hearts. But they were older and wiser than he and they had said to Virginia, "You're wasting the best years of your life. You aren't being fair to yourself, keeping every other man away when George can't marry you. You aren't being fair to your little girl who needs a father's guidance. How can things go on like this?"

Of course they were right. George knew it. Virginia knew it. And that's why they were sitting in this room now making decisions, formulating plans. Virginia would go to New York. She would get work on the stage. Work, George explained to her, helps you forget about things.

"Anyhow," George added, "we've probably been seeing

SURVIVE THIS?

behind one of Hollywood's greatest romances—George Raft and Virginia Pine

too much of each other. You'll find some guy in New York . . ." But as he said it he knew he was lying.

This way was best. They were doing "the right thing." Let Virginia try New York. Let her forget him. They said goodbye quickly. That was best, too.

As Virginia settled herself in New York and rang up old friends she used to know and said, airily, "Oh, yes, it's grand to be here. Oh, yes, you need the stimulation of New York after Hollywood," she tried not to think at all. But when the heart is involved the mind will not be silenced.

She remembered the night she and George met. She thought, "If it had been love at first sight I could have guarded against what followed. If it had been only a physical attraction I could have stopped it. It would have been easy, then, not to see George again."

But that wasn't the way of it. Their relationship was based on something much more substantial than the emotional slap in the face known as love at first sight. These two were drawn together by a common desperation.

Virginia had attended a big and very noisy party at the Colony Club. She was the new girl in town and all the Hollywood boys were giving her a big rush. Virginia was glad. It kept her mind off her trouble, the necessity for a divorce from her wealthy Chicago husband. So she was gayer than a summer print (or seemed to be) and more sparkling than the champagne she drank.

As she raised the slim glass to her lips she saw over its brim the face of a lonely looking young man at the other end of the table. He was not drinking and he seemed to be appraising her, yet his look lacked the calculated admiration the other lads gave her.

Later in the evening George Raft was introduced to her. "Are you having fun?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. And then, suddenly, she realized she wasn't having fun, that she was creating a false gaiety which his knowledge of life allowed him to recognize. "Well, sort of fun," she amended.

"I know you're all dated up and everything," George said, "but if you're not busy tomorrow night I thought we might have a quiet dinner together."

"A quiet dinner." She didn't know you could have one in Hollywood. But she liked the idea. She hadn't been having fun, not really. And George was the only one who knew it.

So she accepted his invitation. They dined, went to a movie and he delivered her to her door before eleven o'clock. Virginia, although a trifle stunned, had to admit that, short as it was, it was her most pleasant

(*Continued on page 66*)

George and Virginia have passed —with flying colors—one of the greatest possible tests of true love. Center, with Virginia's little daughter, Joan, for whom George would make any sacrifice.

SOME WOULD CALL THESE STRANGE OCCUR

"UNCANNY" "OCCULT" BUT— Bette

By JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR

"THERE just isn't any other way to account for the continuous procession of breaks I've had ever since I decided, while still in finishing school, to become an actress."

Bette Davis looked at me very seriously across the tea table. When she declared she'd been born under a lucky star I believed her, even before she went on to pile instance on example. When Bette looks you squarely in the eye she could make you believe her father was an Indian Maharajah, her mother an Eskimo, and her charming self to have been born in Timbuctoo!

We had been discussing the fact that she plays so convincingly those out-of-the-ordinary roles. I'd wanted to know how a young woman, most conventionally brought up, had found it possible to depict so realistically such characters as a Cockney girl of the streets, a murderess who loses her reason, a chronic alcoholic, and an idealistic little desert rat, to mention only a few of the varying personalities Bette has seemed to live on the screen.

"I can't account for it at all," she told me, "except that I was born with a fiendishly vivid imagination and it enables me, once I am assigned one of these unusual characterizations, to go right ahead and feel as if I actually *were* the person I'm playing. Something gives me an insight into how the woman—vain, shallow, desperate, insane with hate and passion, or merely ignorant and drenched with dreams—would act in the various situations in which the story places her.

"It is just luck that I can do this. It's all, in fact, a part and parcel of the miraculous luck that I seem to meet at every turn. Positively uncanny, but true."

"But how about 'hard work and perseverance?' I platitudinized. "Aren't they supposed . . .?"

"Stuff and nonsense," she answered. "Of course I work hard, but so do plenty of other people for whom things *never* break. I tell you my case is nothing but plain old-fashioned *luck*—and I'll prove it to you."

Bette briskly ordered more tea and settled forward with her elbows on the table to convince me that this luck business wasn't just a gag. She explained that she isn't superstitious and doesn't believe she

RENCES IN THE LIFE OF BETTE DAVIS

"WEIRD" "A LITTLE SPOOKY" Calls It Luck

has a patron saint or a fairy godmother. She never has her fortune told or consults astrologers, but *just the same* . . .

"To begin with," she bombshelled, "I've got a psychic mother. She has figured frequently and importantly in my colorful career of strokes of luck. I certainly would never have had any career at all if she hadn't saved my life the very summer after I'd decided to work toward the stage. It happened this way:

"We were vacationing in Kennebunkport, Maine. I had driven to a dance about ten miles away with four boys, all older than I. Mother and a boy cousin of mine had gone to the movies. Suddenly, about nine o'clock, right in the middle of the picture, Mother turned to John and told him she wanted him to leave immediately, take the car, drive to the place I'd gone dancing, tell me she was very ill, and bring me home at once.

"When Mother tells you to do things you do them, and John lost no time. When he found me and pulled the line about the 'illness' he winked, so I wouldn't be worried. But we went home pronto, arriving there well before midnight.

"About two o'clock my four earlier escorts started for Kennebunkport. Their car was hit by a truck and all of them were in the hospital for several months! Don't ask me how Mother knew enough to send John after me, but you can see why I don't trifle when she has a hunch. And I often think back to that night as the first of a series of lucky happenings that followed in close succession.

"While I'm getting stories about Mother off my chest, there was the time I was going up to Rochester, from New York, to understudy and play a tiny part in 'Broadway,' which George Cukor was doing in stock.

"As I got on the train Mother handed me my copy of the play that she had been looking over. 'Now Bette,' she said, 'I want you to learn the entire part of Pearl (the lead) during the rehearsal period. Also the other part you will see I've marked. I have a definite feeling that one of the two girls playing those roles is going to sprain her ankle during the first matinee after you open.'

"I laughed until I cried. But, because I had plenty of time on my hands, I did learn those two parts thoroughly (neither was the part I was *supposed* to understudy) during the days before the play opened.

"Well, you won't believe me but I give you my word that 'Pearl' sprained her ankle during the first Wednesday matinee. She managed to get (*Continued on page* 96)

How does a nice girl like Bette do such grand work in "ugly" roles like that of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage" (top)? Frankly, Bette can't explain it—but she tells you why she honestly thinks she was lucky not to get the Academy Award for that job! Right, when Bette was acting in summer stock in New England.

Bob Taylor had to Learn to be Popular

The boys at college who thought Bob was a sheik and cared only for clothes should have seen this picture of him (left, above) when he was eight months old! Above, Bob with two of his best friends in college days, Gerry Wiebe and Russell Gibson. As the "Harmony Boys" of Filley, Nebraska, this trio played the violin, piano and 'cello, respectively, to earn money during their summer vacations. Gerry is teaching violin now in his home town and Russell is with a big national orchestra.

THIS is the story of a boy who had too much. The story of a boy who has always been known as the handsomest boy in wherever-he-happened-to-be. A boy who always had spending money, a car of his own, a fond mother and father to lavish affection on him, good clothes, good taste—a boy who had every physical and material advantage the world had to offer, handed to him on a silver platter.

To those of us who started life with none of these things, this sounds like a perfect set-up. We are apt to be envious and resentful of such a boy. What could he know about struggling and striving? We have to fight every step of the way. A boy like that finds fame, fortune, friends, falling in his lap!

But that was not the case with Robert Taylor. Bob found that having too much was just as great a handicap as having too little. There were many times when he would gladly have changed places with the poorest boy he knew.

Up until the time when Bob was ready to go to college, Bob's friends—all except one—had always been well-to-do boys like himself. The one exception was Gerry Wiebe. Gerry's people had no money. The others, however, like Bob, came from the town's best families. They too were used to dressing well, eating well, riding well, spending well. Like Bob they were planning to go to an expensive eastern college.

But Bob never went East to college. At the last minute he announced he had changed his mind, and was going to Doane instead. Doane College was just thirty miles away, at Crete, Nebraska. The student body was made up almost entirely of boys and girls from Nebraska farms. It was inexpensive and had no prestige. Bob's friends thought he was crazy.

All except one, that is—and that again was Gerry. Gerry didn't think Bob was crazy. He knew he was the finest friend a fellow ever had. If it hadn't been for Bob, Gerry would never have been able to go to college. Bob had persuaded his father, a kindly doctor, that it would cost no more to send *two* boys to a near-by inexpensive college than it would to send one to Yale or Harvard. Gerry and Bob were going to college together!

Ever since the sixth grade the boys had been inseparable. When Gerry took up the violin, Bob learned to play the 'cello, so they might be musicians together. Their one great dream was that some day they might play side by side in some great symphony orchestra. That's why it was one of the happiest days of Bob's life when they started off for Doane together.

But what unhappiness it had in store for him! What a turning point that day was for Bob!

Now it happened that corduroys and sweaters were what the Doane boys usually wore. It was all they could afford. Yet Bob arrived on the campus that first day, dressed immaculately in white flannels and a smart blue sport coat. That, even such a little thing, started him off on the wrong foot completely. The girls took one look at Bob and reached for their compacts. The boys took one look at Bob and wondered who the heck he thought he was!

The cold shoulder grew even more cold when the news spread around that Bob and Gerry weren't living in the dormitories but had taken an apartment in town instead,

How Bob conquered a hostile college crowd and, incidentally, paved the way to his later screen success

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Above, three-months-old Bob with his adoring father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Brugh, who gave their son everything money could buy—but he had to earn happiness for himself, in his own way.

and that Bob had his own car. That was news at Doane, and not welcome news, either. Feelings fell to the freezing point. Why didn't he go to a rich fellows' school where he belonged!

For the first week or so Bob was completely innocent of the unpleasant commotion he was causing. He and Gerry went blithely about their business of getting settled, choosing their courses, and continuing their friendship. Bob never wondered why no one welcomed him. Why no one steered him toward a fraternity. Why no one sought him out as a new friend. He didn't even realize that he was missing these things.

Until one night about a week after he had entered the college.

At meal time it was the custom for the boys to gather in a room off the dining hall, and wait there for the dinner bell. On this particular evening Doane's star track man, Tom Reid, was holding the center of the floor, when Bob and Gerry walked in. Tom suddenly stopped in the middle of his story. He faced Bob squarely and said, "Well, well, here comes handsome! Boys, boys, where are your manners? Don't you recognize the best dressed man on the campus when you see him? Look at him! God's gift to woman. A man who neither smokes nor drinks. An A-1 student. A plutocrat of plutocrats. Gentlemen, I say *bow* to the King of the Campus!" Tom made an exaggerated bow, and the others followed his example.

There could be no doubt about the seriousness of Reid's mockery. It was not something to be laughed off. It was not gentle kidding among good friends. It was hate. Bob flushed to the roots of his hair. His hands made fists at his side. Gerry grabbed him as he (*Continued on page 97*)

"Beautiful lady," he smiled, "am I going to have the pleasure of sitting opposite you this evening while we eat, or do I get the icy mitt again? You'll have me thinking there's another love in your life if you keep this up, and I assure you I wouldn't like that."

Picture Frame-Up

By S. GORDON GURWIT

IT was a great chance that Hazel Hartley took—but it was a great opportunity that she wanted. Sick of her little job as a clothes model in New York and convinced that she was good movie material, she literally deceived her way into Hollywood. With the help of a friend whose boss had just bought out a controlling interest in Mammoth Films, she prepared false telegrams and letters of reference which opened the studio gates of the great company for her. She and her friend, Madge Collins, were received with open arms—after the first interview with J. L. Hostinger, the West Coast executive, when he satisfied himself that the "new boss's sweetie" wasn't so hard on the eyes.

The man whose name she used was Harold Farwell Howe, whom they had never even met, and that name worked magic for them wherever Hazel and Madge went in Hollywood. But the two girls knew that the magic spell would last only so long as the famous Mr. Howe remained in Europe and stayed away from California! They simply had to prove that they were something more than frauds and chiselers before he learned of them and their deception—and even then Howe had a reputation for being hard to deal with. But with screen and voice tests turning out satisfactorily, and with Jennie back in New York to intercept any messages about them that Hostinger might send to Howe, it began to look as though their deception might justify itself by succeeding.

Madge's film ambitions were short-lived, for she fell in love with one of the cameramen on the lot and preferred becoming plain Mrs. Bill Parsons to achieving fame on the screen. Hazel, however, remained true to her ambitions and worked hard, resenting the gossip that labeled her as "the girl who knows Howe." She was a bit worried by the kind attentions of Warner Hilton, Mammoth's most popular male star, for she wondered what he would think of her if he knew the truth. She was a bit more than worried when work stopped on "Hearts Aflame," in which she had her first bit part. Soprana, the star, was seriously ill. But Hazel was absolutely stunned when the famous director, Von Pachman, came to her and asked if she were willing to tackle Soprana's role so that Mammoth could finish the picture!

FOR a long moment Hazel stared, and color surged to her cheeks.

"You mean—" she asked, unbelieving.

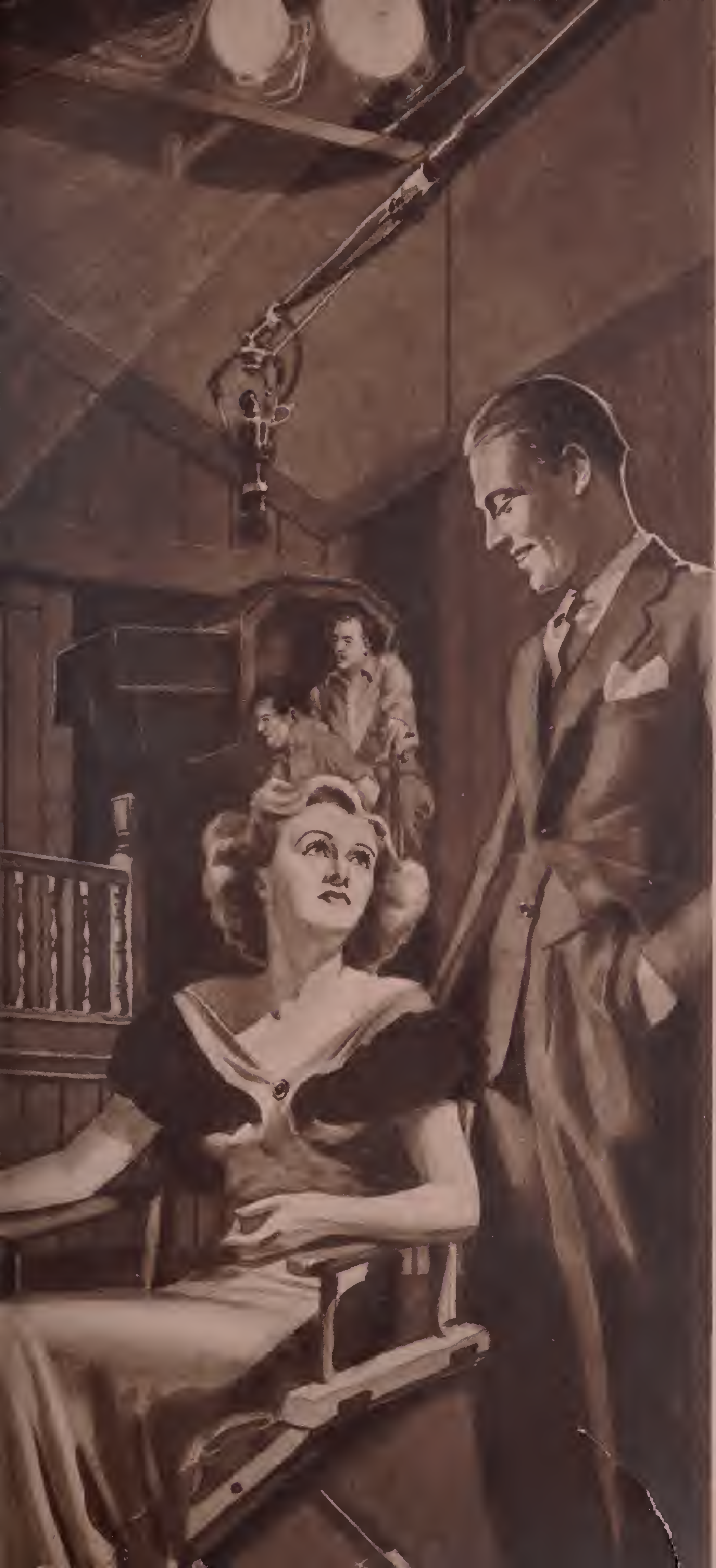
He nodded. "Soprana is out of pictures for at least two months. We can't wait that long for this picture. Fortunately, it's just at a place where it won't be too costly to re-shoot the first part. We *must* go on! This picture is scheduled and advertised. I've watched you and I think that if you work hard you can make the grade in Soprana's role. Will you try?"

"Will I—" she began, and gulped. "Of course, I'll try. I'd break my neck, if necessary, to make good in that part. I think, too, that I could work well with—"

"Yes," he finished, knowingly. "You'll work well with Hilton." He arose, impatient, picked up his hat. "Suppose you report on stage five in the morning? I'll have the script in your hands within an hour. Go over the first five scenes. We'll try them over tomorrow. They're short. The longest ones come near the end and are harder, of course. And don't stay up too late studying. Remember that the camera detects fatigue and tired eyes. Well, I'll see you tomorrow. Stage five—nine o'clock."

He stalked out unceremoniously. And Hazel sat and looked at Madge as if in a trance, her eyes starry with

MOVIE MIRROR'S enthralling novel of a lovely girl who was willing to risk everything in the world in the hope of becoming a great screen star



happy emotion, her cheeks flaming.

"Well," smiled Madge, "by every tradition of fiction and the stage, this is just what should happen to the virtuous and beautiful heroine. And I'm sure you'll make the grade."

"Wasn't he a peach to give me the chance?" breathed Hazel.

"He's nobody's fool," answered Madge, indirectly. 'And, unless I'm completely goofy, the look in his ex-ray eyes says that he's fallen for the beautiful Hazel."

"Oh, don't be funny! Von?"

"No one else! Whom were we talking about? Von's human, too! You're doing right well by yourself, m'love. First Warner Hilton topples, and now this ace director. Lor' lumme, what a gal!"

But Hazel wasn't listening. Her eyes were dreamily fixed on far distant horizons. "Madge," she said, softly, "Madge—if I can only make the grade—it means stardom!"

Madge shrugged. "I've heard you referred to as 'the girl who knows Howe.' Show 'em, kid!"

Hazel reported the next morning on stage five for a series of silent tests, the usual routine shots: coming into a room, walking toward the camera, smiling, turning her head in closeups. Von wanted to study all the angles and experiment with lighting all over again. He completely disregarded her first screen tests. Then, they put the sound cameras on and shot several scenes from "Hearts Aflame." The story called for Warner Hilton and Hazel in several love scenes, and under Von's expert coaching and direction, the highly dramatic lighting key he ordered, something vital began to take place and permeate the atmosphere of the studio.

Hazel forgot who she was, where she was; she looked up at Warner and remembered only her lines; and they coincided with what was in her heart.

Von kept her at it all day, until she was ready to drop with strain and fatigue; and she marvelled at Warner's ever ready professional enthusiasm for his work. It was like a tap that he could turn on at will to full orchestral pitch. She wondered if he felt any disturbance, such as she felt, when she was in his arms and his lips brushed her bared shoulder.

That night, she slept as one dead. They all (*Continued on page* 72)

ILLUSTRATION BY

COLE BRADLEY

The only thing Paul takes seriously is his work! Below, with his wife, Bella, in one of those gay moments his friends know so well.

MUNI'S Really a Clown!

By BEN MADDOX

This great screen tragedian is an astonishingly different sort of person in private life

PAUL MUNI could stand the strain no longer. He had been growing angrier every minute. The conference of studio bigwigs, assembled in the den of his ranch home, was practically at the table-pounding stage. And he, himself, led the argumentative uproar. After all, this was the sixth story treatment that had been prepared for his forthcoming picture. It was still terrible!

"Come on out and take a dip!"

His wife, splashing in the pool in the front yard, called loudly. She had a hunch his temper was about to give way. They had been fussing in there for hours; it was five o'clock and they might as well quit for that day.

When Bella's voice carried into the smoke-filled room, the screen's great actor stood up and bowed elaborately.

"Gentlemen," he said, smiling broadly with a suddenness that was startling, "shall we swim?"

With a courtly gesture he waved them through the door that opened to the garden. Then, as they hesitated, he stepped forward. He had on one of his best business suits, and was formally attired even to his gold watch in his vest pocket. Nevertheless, he proceeded to walk straight over to the pool and, without a quiver, he strode directly into it. You can imagine the gasps!

But the real point is that every trace of rage had vanished instantaneously. Muni was roaring at the stunned expressions, and the amusement was general when he began kicking up his trousered heels in the water with all the gay abandon of a country kid at the old swimming hole.

He isn't a nut. There are no eccentric twists in him. But Paul Muni does possess an unsuspected sense of humor, and it makes him actually very different from what you probably fancy him.

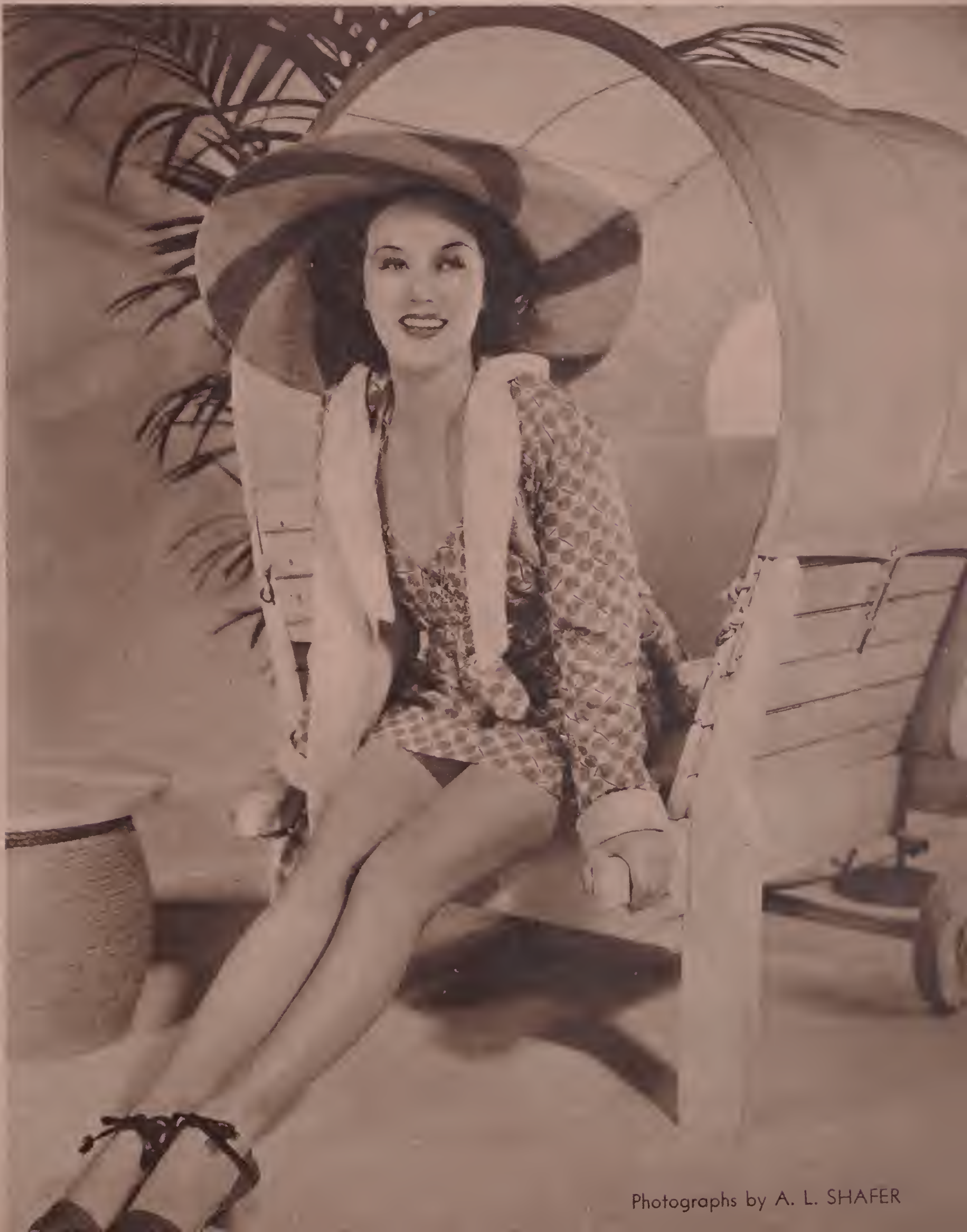
It's true that he is deadly serious where his work figures, in his efforts to extract the finest from himself and his business associates. Yet he is no more impressed with himself than he is with the pretentious people he runs into.

His fondness for fun had been (*Continued on page* 87)

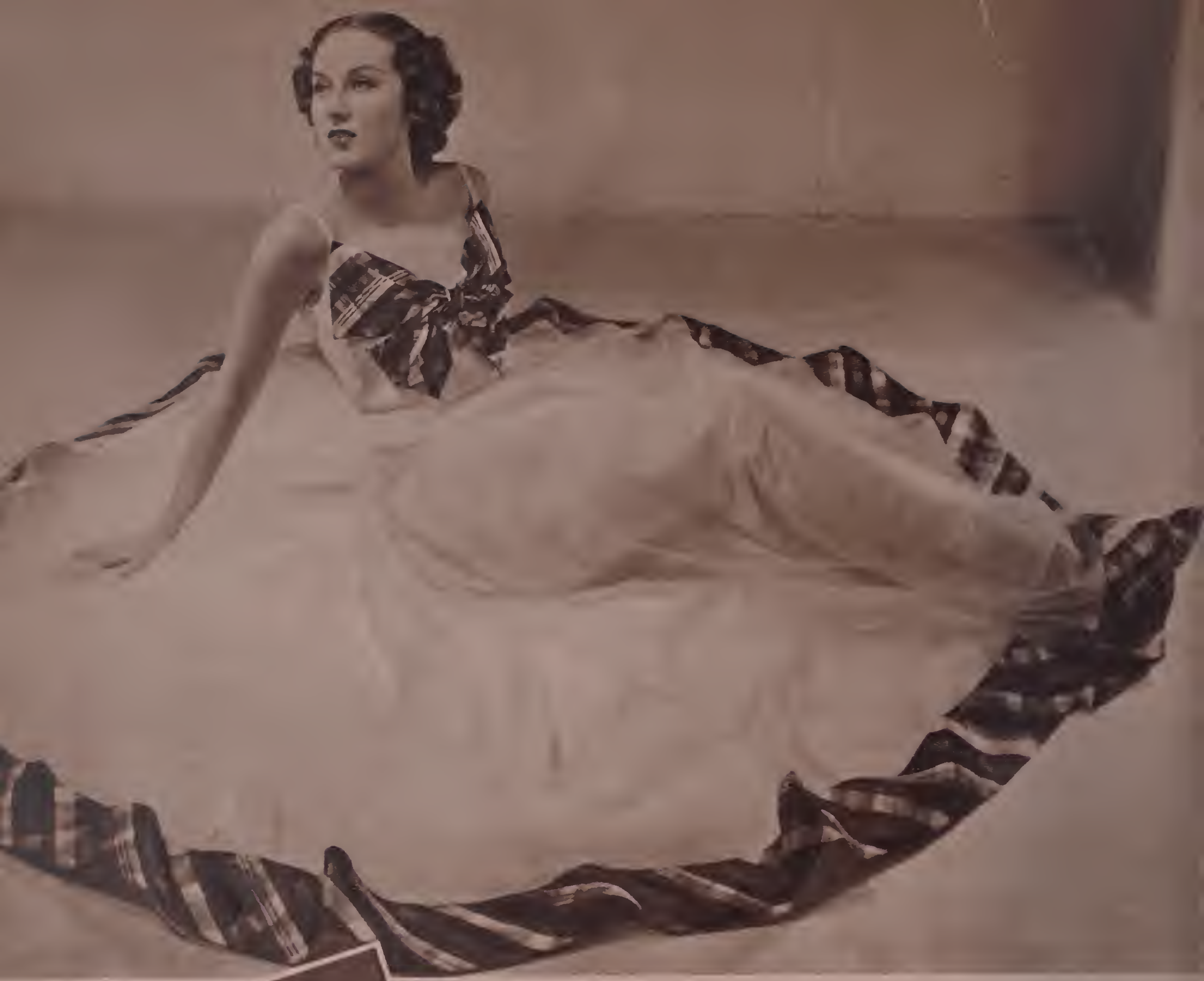
Star Fashions

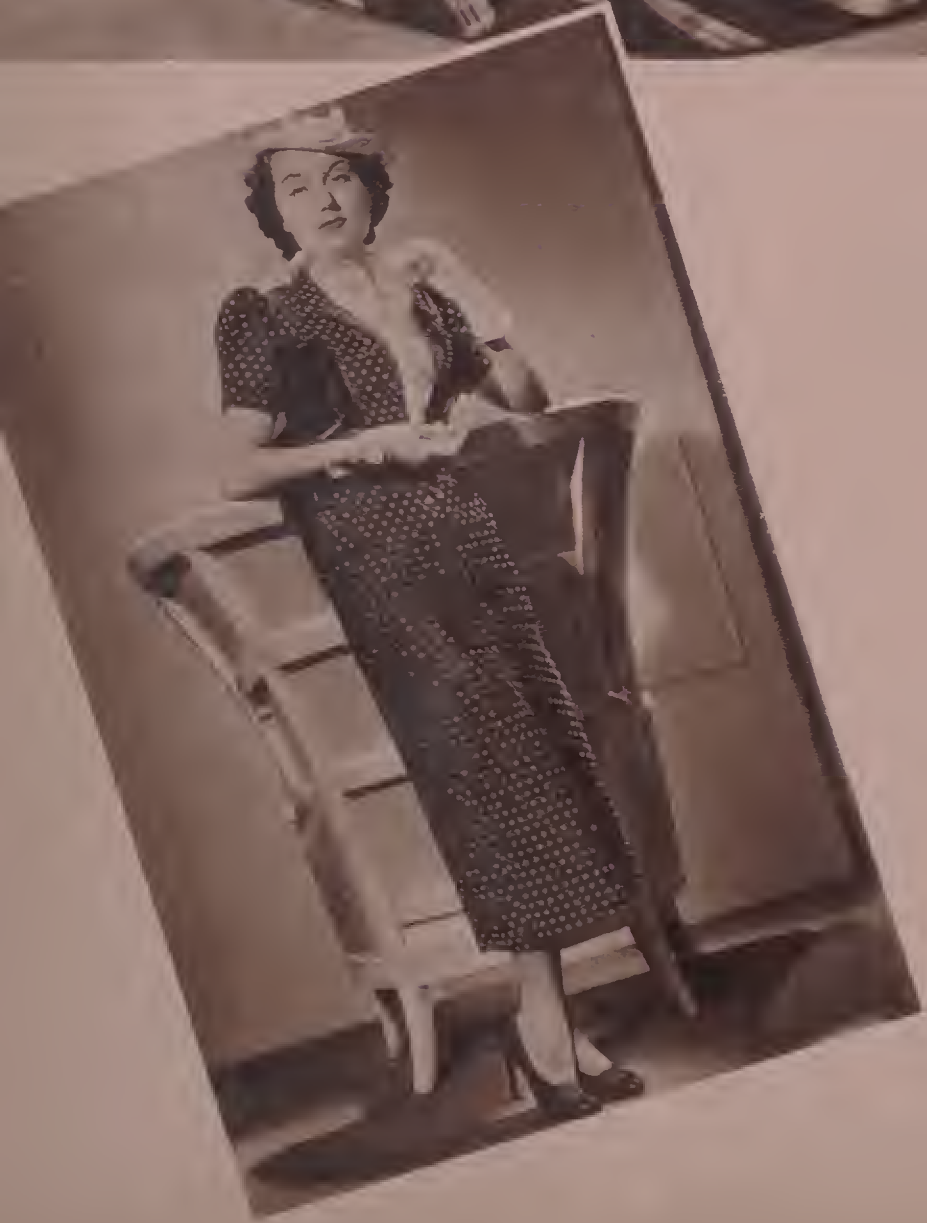
By GWENN WALTERS

Fay Wray, now under contract to Columbia, plans wisely for her summer sports and relaxation. Her clothes for these carefree days are fashion-wise—simple, practical and easily packed. The beach costume, below, of red and white matelasse cotton is shaded by a mammoth hat of natural straw with circular stripes of red. The terry cloth lining of her fingertip length box jacket folds back to fashion the collar and cuffs and assures plenty of warmth after a swim in the backless, skirted playsuit. The crocheted sandals are of red string.

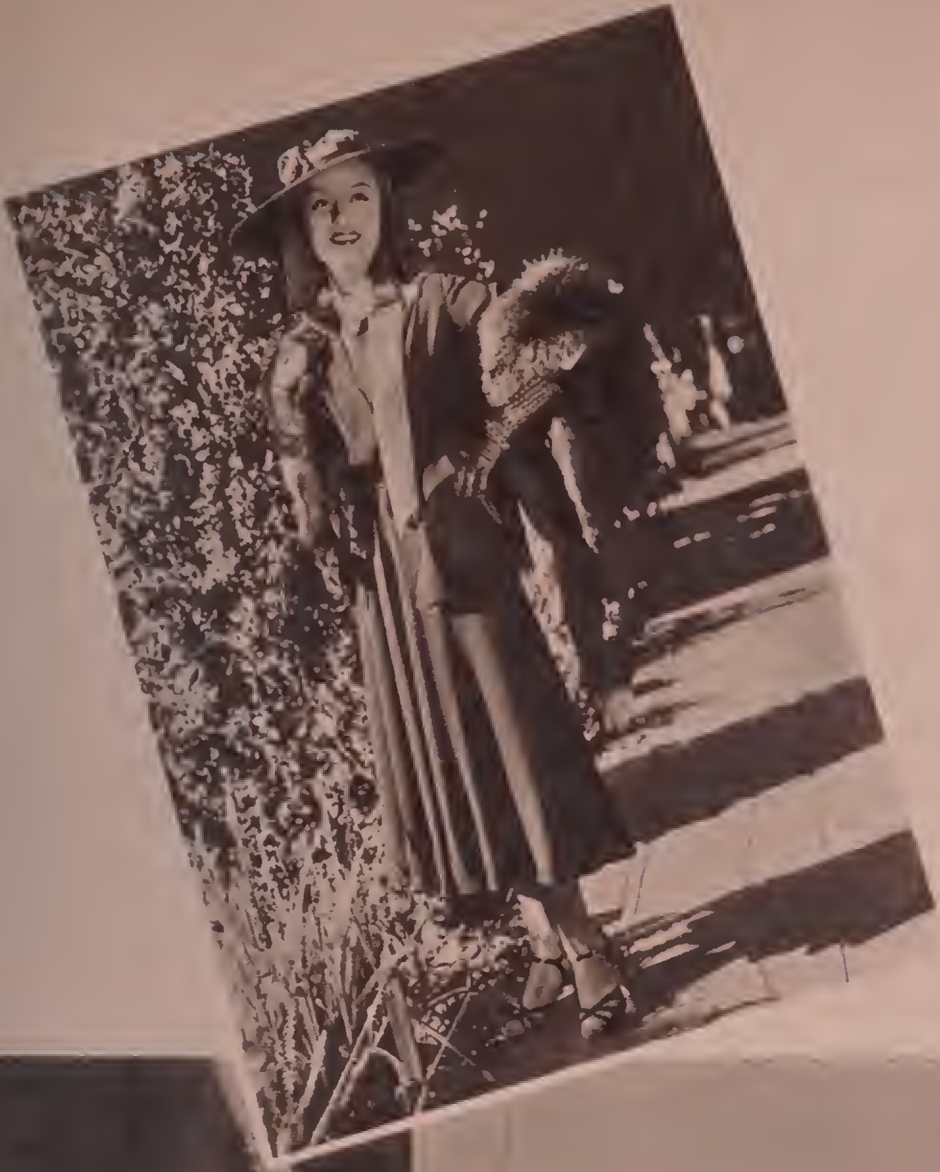


Photographs by A. L. SHAFER

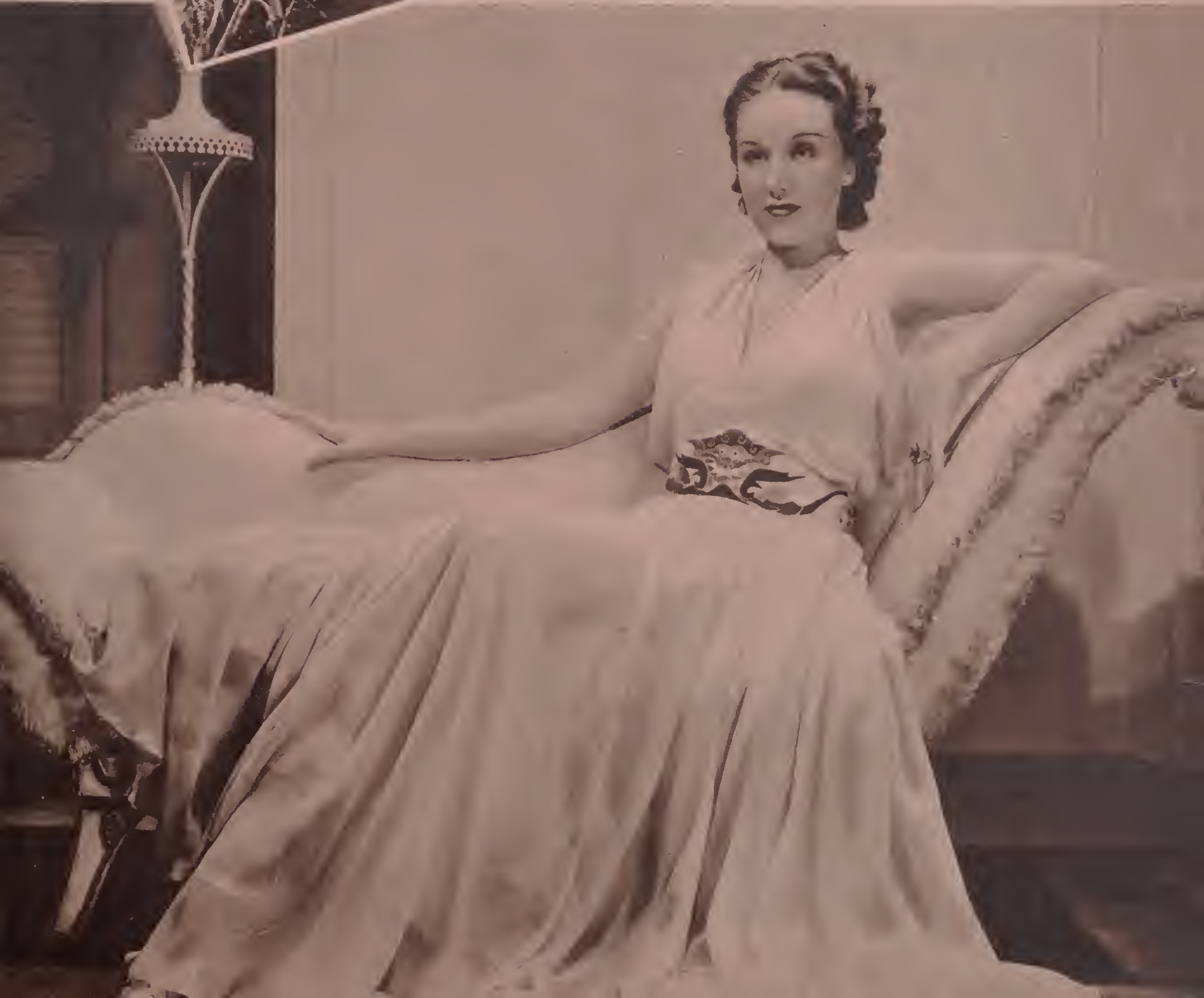




Taffeta is the darling of the hour, from morning till night. Above, you see it in a gay red, white and blue plaid on the swirling hemline and decolletage of Fay's dramatic evening gown of white net. You know there is taffeta underneath the frock, as well, because it murmurs at every graceful movement. For daytime, taffeta frocks have become increasingly important. Fay has selected one of black with a white circular motif, at left. The pencil-slim skirt has a peplum jacket with a well-defined waistline, perky sleeves, and a tailored collar with a neck ruffle of old-fashioned eyelet embroidery. Black chenille dots spot the narrow veil on her white felt hat, which has a jaunty bow of grosgrain.

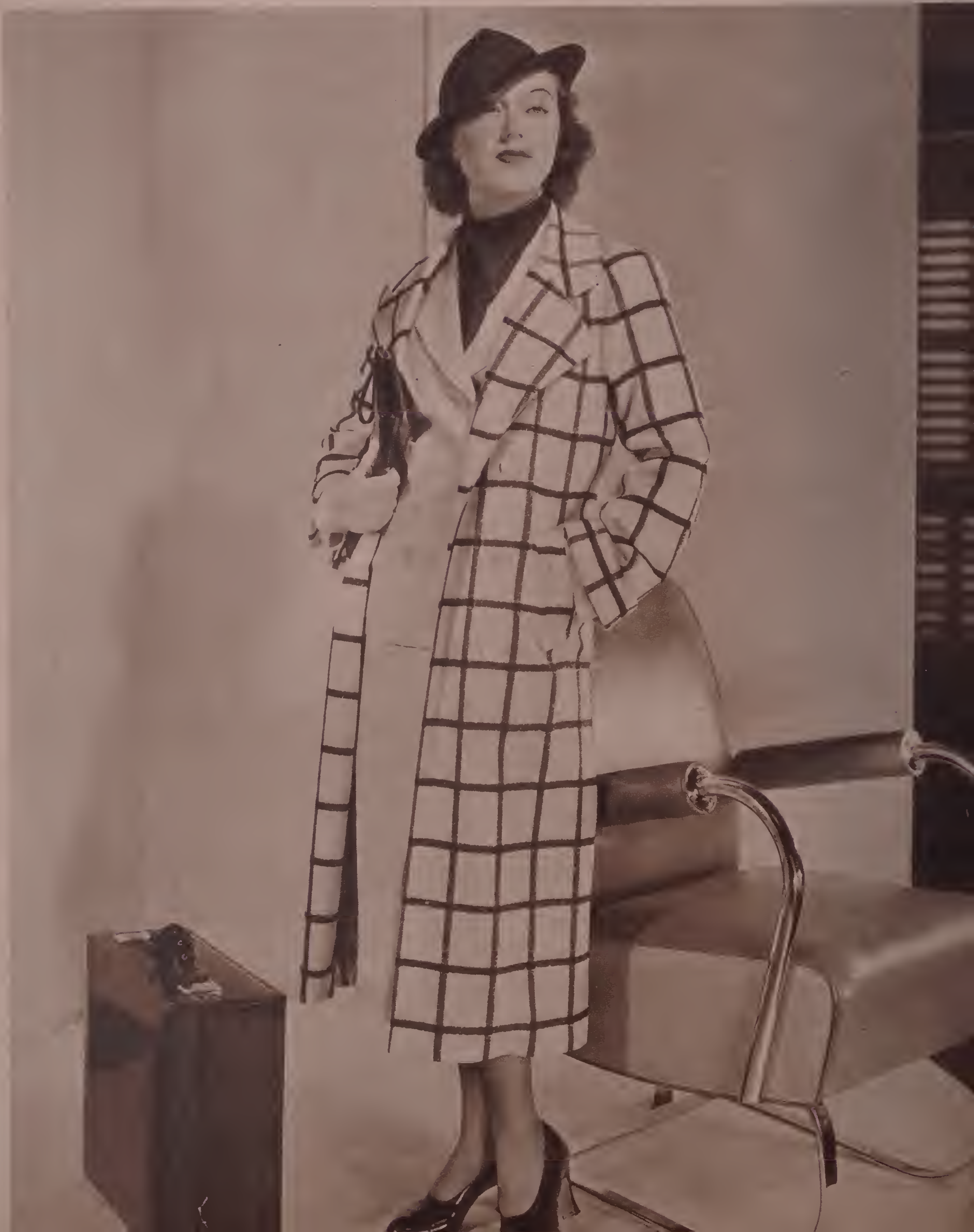


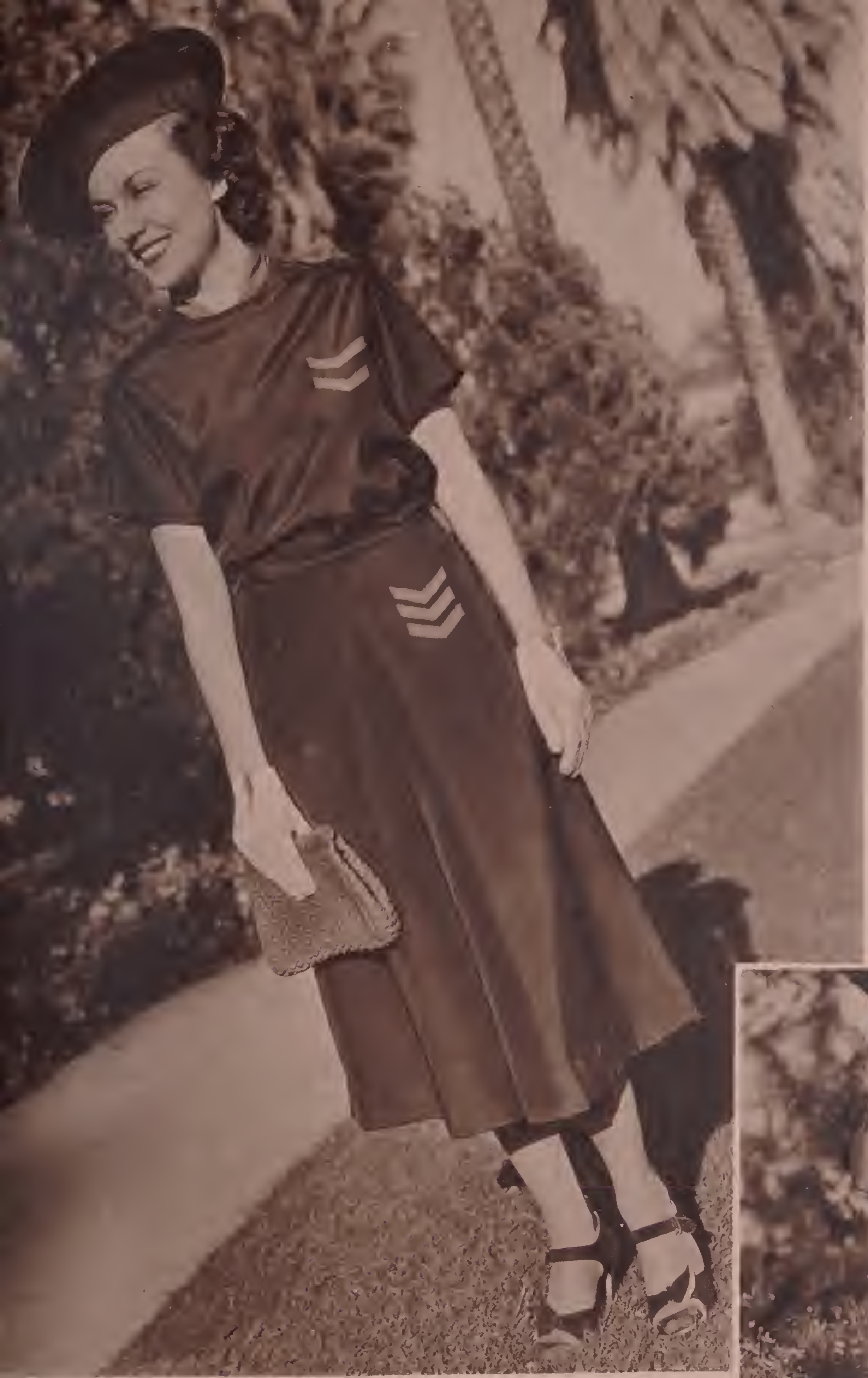
When Fay spends a summer evening in town, you'll always find her dressed in black. There is youth and chic in her frock of heavy crepe, at left, with its short, circular skirt falling in soft front draperies and its surplice blouse with tailored sleeves. A soft crush belt wraps twice around her waistline and ends in a bow on the left side. Her picturesque hat is of shiny black straw, with pink roses and royal blue velvet ribbon. Fay completes this costume with double foxes, hand-crocheted gloves and a darling bag of net ruffles. Devastating in its filminess, Fay's turquoise chiffon evening gown, below, is girdled by a matching suede belt adorned with a Chinese dragon in red, gold and green leather.



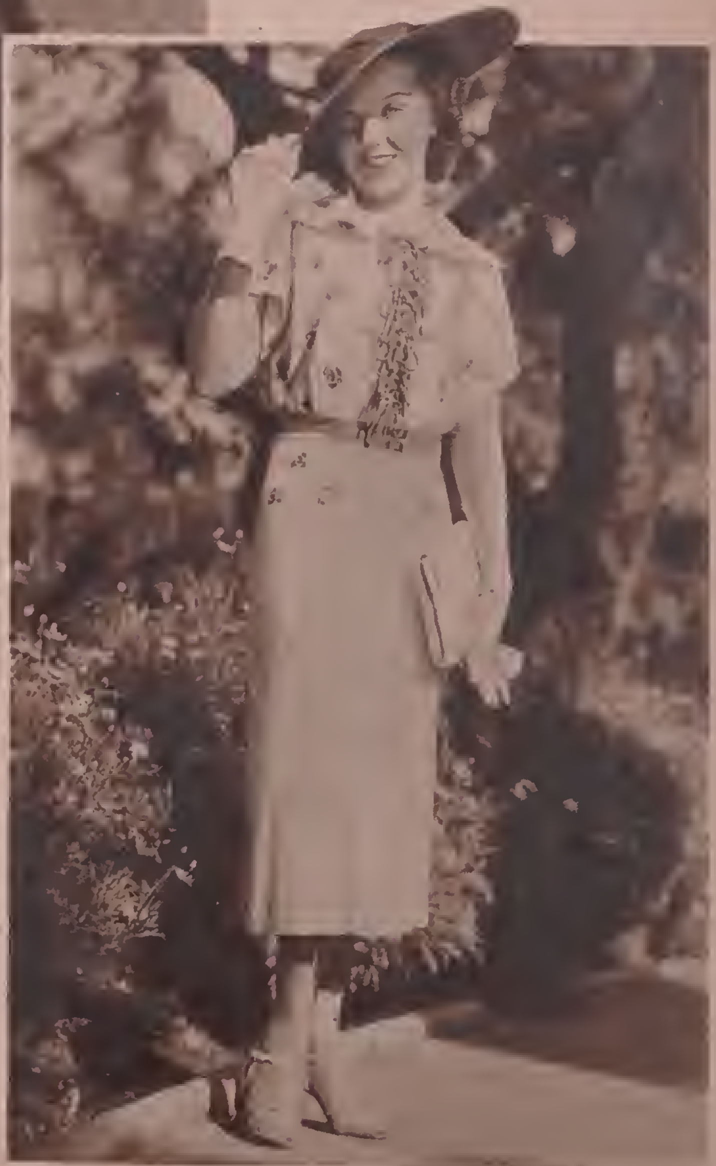
Ready for one of her numerous trips, Fay wears one of the season's newest topcoats of white camel's hair with an oxford gray check. Beneath the coat is a smart double-breasted suit of white gabardine. Both the suit and the topcoat have white pearl buttons for fastenings. Fay combines this outfit with black accessories for travel, saving her gaily colored scarves and gloves for wear after reaching her destination.

Don't forget to plan your entire early fall wardrobe well ahead of time! If you'd like advance fall fashion tips, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California





Culotte frocks, a favorite style with Fay, are now the rage. This one of navy sharkskin, at left, has chevrons, neck scarf and both shoulder and skirt zipper fastenings of red. Fay wears a French sailor hat of navy felt and grosgrain, white gloves with red zipper closings and a navy matelasse leather bag. The red toes of her nude hose peek through the open-work of her navy blue suede sandals.



Red, white and blue, a stunning holiday combination, were selected by Fay for a spectator sports costume (right) of white crepe. The blouse is embroidered in red and blue and has spaghetti bows and belt in the same shades. Her large picture hat of blue baku boasts a band of red grosgrain. Her bag is of old-fashioned soutache braid.

How to Make Good on Your First Date

Miriam Hopkins (lower left) learned an invaluable lesson from experience. Alice Faye (below) emphasizes again one of the most important—and most easily forgotten—points of all.

Have you ever wondered why that simply stunning new man never called again? Let these stars tell you how to make a good first impression last!

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

HOW many times has this happened to you? You met him, he asked you for a date, then he never came back any more after that first date and to save your life you couldn't figure out *why*.

You thought everything had gone off perfectly. Because when he left he said, "Well, goodnight, dear. I'll give you a ring." He said it convincingly, too. He held your hand much longer than he would have had to to give it a strictly Emily Post-ian shake. He told you again that he'd had a swell evening, called back "Sleep tight!" from the bottom porch step, then stood a moment watching until you'd disappeared inside the door.

Goodnights like that make you feel so *sure*. You know. You bubble up to bed with the glorious, glittery feeling of conquest, confident that another male has sentimentally, so to speak, bitten the very dust at the toes of your little gold sandals.

But all that was ages ago. Last month, last Christmas, last summer. And that tyrant of a telephone out in the hall has yet to produce the first tinkle of the ring he was going to give you.

And that hurts, that does. It completely punctures your ego. It makes you feel as if you aren't very cute any more, so every other time you have a first date with a new

Carole Lombard (left) has an effectively simple tip for you, while Loretta Young (above) was astounded when she discovered why one young man never dated her again.

man you find you're lots less confident of your charm, more self-conscious. All because you never could figure out what that mysterious something was you'd done that kept *him*—and others, too—from coming back after the very first evening with you.

It's a big problem and it's one that every girl has now and then no matter how popular and pretty she is. But it doesn't have to be a problem any more. Because I've found out from four of the loveliest stars in Hollywood (who've had more beaux than you and I'll have put together if we stay single until we're sixty) a technique for making first dates mature into second ones. It's swell. It's non-failable. A movie queen would sooner be caught bustling a bustle than actually pining for the buzz of a bell. If her first dates fail to play a return engagement she knows why. And because she knows why she knows what to do.

Loretta Young, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins and Alice Faye all admitted to me very frankly that they'd known, too, the awful experience of making a fiasco of a first date—more than once, most of them. But because they're in a profession that makes a study of charm they've dug beneath the surface to find the reason why, and accordingly learned their lessons. They were perfectly willing to pass their findings on to you.

So without a single wound to your vanity, a scrap of worry or one minute's waiting for the phone to ring you can handle your next first date with the technique of a veteran *femme des affaires.*

Listen to Loretta Young on the subject:

"Whenever you can't for the life of you discover why someone hasn't come back the second time it's usually some reason so trivial—to you, anyway—that you've just overlooked it. Nevertheless, something that's trivial to you can be awfully important to the person you're dating. I learned that a long time ago and I've never let myself forget it since.

"Ted—I'll call him that—lived two blocks up the street from us. I was barely fifteen and he was a senior in a big eastern college, so of course I was flattered to death one summer when he asked to escort me to a fraternity dance in Los Angeles. Mother let me go and we had a glorious time and from the way Ted acted—well, I thought I'd made a pretty big hit with him.

"But he never asked me to go out again. He'd grin and wave nicely enough when he drove by in his car now and then, when we met at the same parties he'd chat with me about my pictures and dance with me, but that was the end of it. And his disinterest nearly killed my fifteen-year-old pride.

"It just so happened that a year or two later he became quite a beau of Polly Ann's and a good friend of our whole family's. By that time I felt I knew him well enough to ask him, for my own enlightenment, something I'd always wanted to know. So one afternoon I said to him casually, 'Ted, what did I do that soured you on me that night we went to the dance?' At first he stalled but finally I got the amazing truth and it was this: 'Loretta, you made me twiddle my thumbs in the living room for one solid hour before you came down and *it took all the sparkle out of the evening!*'

"So it was simply that! I'd never even thought of it but I had leisurely primped and powdered and curled away my chances for a successful evening. Needless to say, I've never since kept a date waiting unless it was absolutely unavoidable. Girls ought to remember to be on time, as small an item as that seems. A half hour's extra dressing may make you look more attractive to *you* but you'll just naturally look awful to your date if he's had to endure that long a session talking cops-and-robbers to little brother Willie, or shifting about nervously under the abstract gaze of your dad, or re-reading every ad in the evening paper for the fourth time. After one ordeal like that no man's going to let himself in for another.

"You wouldn't be late for a business engagement and a date's just as important!"

Miriam Hopkins practices a very strategic piece of technique for making a success of (*Continued on page* 101)

What friendship

MY grandmother, charming and sage, used to say to me, "From everyone in this world there's at least one thing we can learn. Different people, you'll find, will have gifts for different things. But always about that for which they have a gift they'll have an infinite wisdom."

I learned about friendship from Jean Harlow. And I think you can too.

For years Jean has demonstrated her gift for friendship, not by the great number of her friends but by the quiet splendor of certain fine relationships.

"People," she insists, "aren't our friends just because we've known them all our lives or because their family knows our family. Such people we may like well enough. Over a period of years undoubtedly we'll form certain ties with them. But there it's likely to end; there won't, necessarily, ever be that spark which Italians call *simpatica* and scientists explain as some manner of chemical attraction.

"However, meeting other people we'll sense a bond at once and so recognize these people for our potential friends. Because of some little thing they do or don't do. Because of the particular way they smile at something or shriek at something."

We were sitting, Jean and I, in the sun room of her formal white house which tops a hill the color of the petunias which blanket its steep slope. And Jean, in white silk pajamas, in a tremendous white chair, was consuming quantities of the indescribable sandwiches in which her cook excels.

Apropos of what she had said about knowing some few people we meet in the course of a lifetime as potential friends the same second we lay eyes on them, she told an amusing

Means To JEAN HARLOW

"Where there is jealousy there can't be any friendship worthy of the name. For those we love we ask the best. Always!" Were you thinking of Bill Powell, Jean?

One of the best-liked, most regular gals in all Hollywood tells how she's learned to keep a friend and be a friend in all the stress and strain of a movie career

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

story about an interviewer and herself. Her studio advised her this girl was an important correspondent. Therefore to meet her Jean discarded her favorite costume of pajamas and dressed in a peach velvet tea-gown which swished in a little train. She swept into the gold and white drawing-room where the girl was waiting. She extended her hand in the manner approved by the best directors. Introductions over, she said, "I'll ring for some tea." She was, you see, playing it safe.

"No tea for me, thank you very much," said the interviewer.

Their eyes met. Between them there flashed one of those quick, searching looks. By it each recognized the other as regular. There was no further need for formality or pretty speeches.

Today, so Jean tells me, she and this girl are excellent friends. And when Jean calls anyone her friend she means to be taken literally. Usually she is very chary of the use of this word; she's far too straight-from-the shoulder to go around kidding herself about the truth of any relationship, aware that while we meet dozens of people with whom we are friendly there are only a few who ever are friends.

"I often think," Jean said, "that it's mostly of their weaknesses that we love our friends. Certainly we can't ever honestly say 'She always looks nice and she knows the right thing to do, that's why I like her!' In fact as far as my own friends go I might say of practically every last one of them, 'So-and-So's a fool, *but such a fool*'—but I love them!"

Very carefully she ate around the olive ring which adorned the center of her sandwich. "You know," she said, "I doubt if in the entire English language there's any word more loosely used than the word 'friendship.' And I doubt there's any relationship more loosely used, either. In a love affair, for instance, we're always apprehensively aware of the frailty of human contacts. A love affair we nourish and cherish. And how! But friendships—even though they so often prove the most enduring of all human relationships—we strain in dozens of ways or else we stick them up on a shelf, so to speak, and neglect them."

I asked how she thought we were most likely to strain our friendships.

"Mostly, I think," she said, "by taking advantage of friendship's intimacy. By prying, failing to realize that if friends want to tell us anything they're quite capable of doing it without any nudges from us. By forgetting that irrespective of how fond other people may be of us they still have their own lives and that, therefore, there must be times when it can't be convenient for them to have us barging in their front door. By feeling called upon to offer scads of advice or criticism—I can't decide myself which is more dangerous. In other words, to put it all in capsule form, I think it's by forgetting that tolerance and understanding are the two qualities upon which human relationships are most likely to thrive and without which they're most likely to suffer that we jeopardize our friendships."

She wouldn't agree that jealousy is another danger.

"How can it be?" she asked. (*Continued on page* 99)

Queen

# of Hearts

The tragic drama of one of the most romantic queens in history is brought to life by Katharine Hepburn in RKO's film version of Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer Prize play, "Mary of Scotland" (yes, it's the same role Helen Hayes created on the stage). On the opposite page are two views of Katie as the ill-fated Mary Stuart, who wanted the throne of England and lost her own Scottish kingdom, and a first glimpse of Fredric March as the Earl of Bothwell. Above, a tender scene between the two whose love plunged Scotland into revolt and ruin. At left—one of those prankish tricks of fate cast Florence Eldridge, Freddie's wife in private life, in the coveted role of Queen Elizabeth, Mary's most dangerous antagonist! Below, lovely Mary, Queen of Scots.

They NEVER Lose

By VIRGINIA MAXWELL

Proving that the glamorous great of filmland have embarrassing moments—even as you and I—but they know how to come up smiling

Illustrated by FRANZ FELIX

WE'VE all had 'em. Those terrible moments when we hoped the floor might open and we could gracefully drop through. Out of sight, to blush alone.

But just suppose, in the face of these awkward moments, you were a movie star with the press of a nation waiting to print all the little, terrible, beautiful, interesting, tragic and humorous things that happen to you every day. Then you'd indeed be on the spot.

Yet nowhere in the world are people trained for poise as are the stars of Hollywood. The eyes of strangers are upon them every time they set foot in public. And the amazing thing is that I have yet to see a movie star lose equilibrium in the face of a plight which would easily floor the less-poised of us.

Let me tell you some of the embarrassing situations which I have seen happen to the biggest stars. And how graciously they carried off what might have given you or me the hysterical jitters.

There was the day, for instance, when quite unaware that I was coming over, Norma Shearer's maid ushered me into a little reception room to one side of the Thalbergs' suite. It seems that Irving was in conference with some executives in the drawing room. The baby was asleep in the nursery and the maids, butlers and secretaries, were occupying most of the other rooms.

When Norma came out to the reception hall, she smiled amiably and said, "Let's see, we'll want to talk where it's private." So she opened a door off the main foyer and we ducked away from the conference arguments, into Irving's bedroom.

Well, if ever you saw a small boy's room after a rainy day's fun with his pals, you might imagine a little of the disorder of that room. Neckties flung over the backs of chairs, socks on the floor, suspenders hanging on the dresser mirror, the daily newspaper flung down and scattered about. It would have tested the poise of any hostess, especially a star who always makes it a point to appear at her best.

"Mercy!" Norma laughed. "It looks as if a cyclone had hit Irving's room. Let's get out of here where we can *relax*." And so, silently closing the door, we made our way down the hotel corridor until we found peace and quiet in the very much smaller suite of Norma's sister, Agatha.

Here we sat and chatted quietly. But the memory of Norma Shearer's remarkable social grace in the face of a situation which might have embarrassed another woman to speechlessness has always remained as a memo I meant some day to relate to Emily Post.

Then there was the time Mary Pickford showed such *savoir faire* in the face of such trying circumstances.

Just about the time of her break with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary was giving a party to a group of newspaper friends. Everyone invited was especially requested in advance *not* to ask Mary any questions concerning her marital difficulties. This was not to be an interview *en masse* but just a social little party for her friends.

So the gang assembled. About thirty of us in all. And as we sat around that mammoth room waiting for Mary to appear, she opened a side door and slid into the room with a cheery, "Hello everybody."

Everyone smiled and nodded. But no one spoke. Not one of the so-called learned gentlemen and ladies of the press wanted to be the first to speak up. After all, how silly it would have been for one small voice to inquire "How are you today, Mary?"

No one spoke. That deadly silence, dreaded by all hostesses, ensued. It seemed stifling, preventing the slightest word which might start a friendly, informal conversation. You know how that is; we've all thrown parties at some time or other when we wished to heaven some one would break the ice and say something.

Mary walked around and shook hands with everyone. To each she had a word of friendliness. It went something like this: "Miss So-and-So, how nice seeing you again. And, Mr. So-and-So, you're looking just the same as ever."

Remarkable that Mary could think of so many different things to say to thirty people. Yet no one could say much. After all, there was only one subject in everybody's mind.

There are many amusing examples to show how various screen stars cope with sudden mishaps, but only Mae West could have handled the situation the way she did when she ran out of refreshments just as she was showing Hollywood what a real party should be like!

Their POISE

Everyone wanted to know if Mary was unhappy. If she was going to divorce Doug; if she was going to remarry.

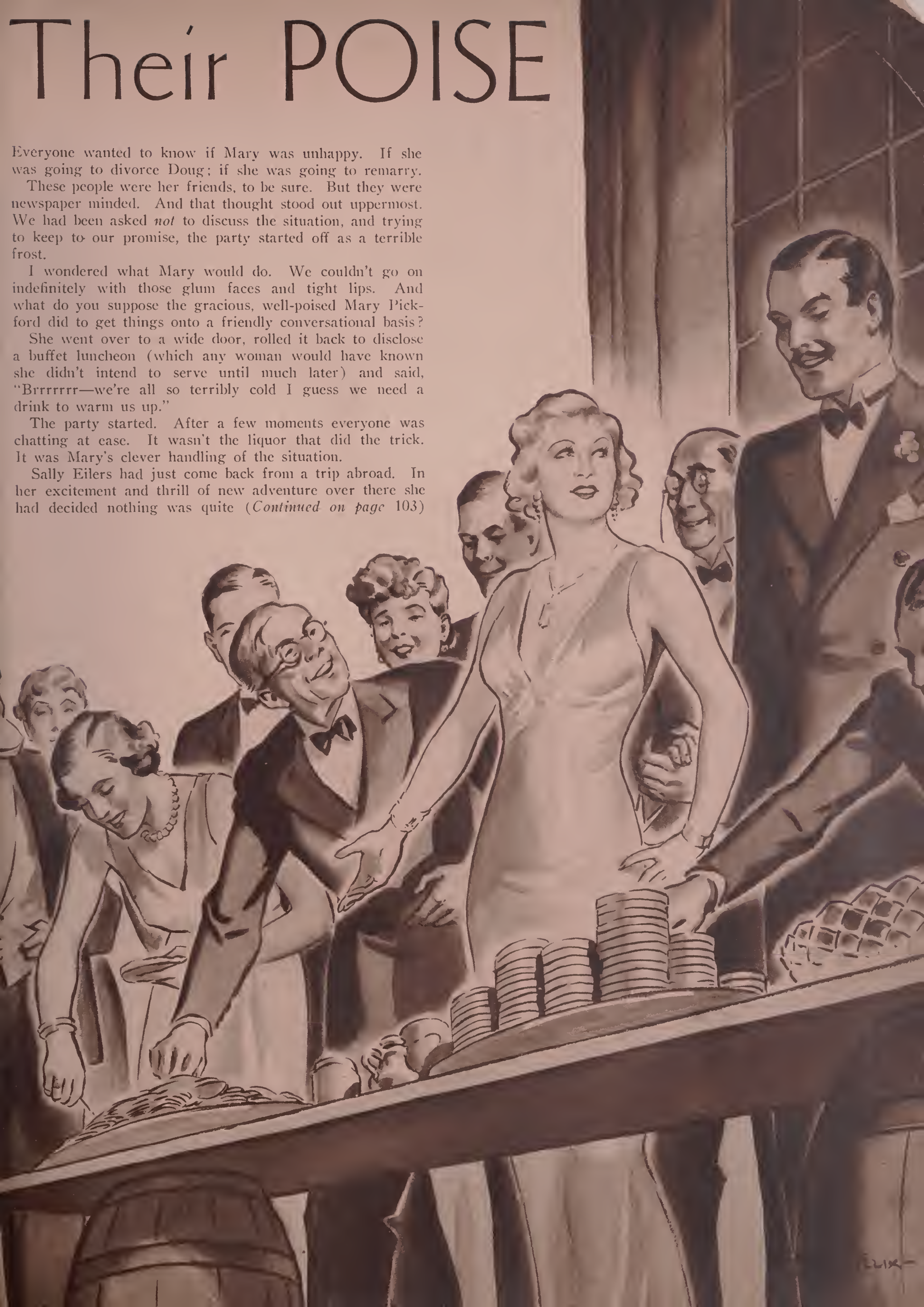
These people were her friends, to be sure. But they were newspaper minded. And that thought stood out uppermost. We had been asked *not* to discuss the situation, and trying to keep to our promise, the party started off as a terrible frost.

I wondered what Mary would do. We couldn't go on indefinitely with those glum faces and tight lips. And what do you suppose the gracious, well-poised Mary Pickford did to get things onto a friendly conversational basis?

She went over to a wide door, rolled it back to disclose a buffet luncheon (which any woman would have known she didn't intend to serve until much later) and said, "Brrrrrrr—we're all so terribly cold I guess we need a drink to warm us up."

The party started. After a few moments everyone was chatting at ease. It wasn't the liquor that did the trick. It was Mary's clever handling of the situation.

Sally Eilers had just come back from a trip abroad. In her excitement and thrill of new adventure over there she had decided nothing was quite (*Continued on page* 103)



The Tragic LIFE STORY of a Happy Man

Joe's family means much more to him than his fame. Below, with his daughters, Elizabeth and Katherine. On the opposite page—with his son, Don, and his protege, Mike Frankovich, and with his second son, Joe, Jr., and his wife, who shared the early struggle for a real home and financial security.

JOE EVAN BROWN and Kathryn McGraw were married at the City Hall, New York City, on December 24th, 1915. Prevost and his wife were their witnesses.

If Kathryn felt any anxiety about their future life (since the Orpheum contract had fallen through they had exactly $116.75 in the world after Joe bought the plain gold wedding band) she gave no hint of it as she continued to bolster Joe's sagging spirits. It didn't matter for himself that he seemed to be in a rut professionally, but he wanted to do so much for Kathryn. He wanted the only girl he had ever loved to have everything in the world to make her happy.

And what was he giving her? A ten-cent honeymoon on the subway to a home made up of two very small, very shabby rooms on 43rd Street, and a future that was apparently leading nowhere. Joe was a young man. But he had been in show business ever since his childhood. He felt if he was ever to be getting anywhere it should be now. Even when Prevost signed a ten-weeks' contract with the Loew circuit at the more or less prosperous salary of $175 weekly for the team, Joe was not content. It was just more of the same old thing. Both Kathryn and Joe had family obligations to keep up. After the money was spread around they had precious little of it left.

It hurt him more than all the whippings and beatings and broken bones he had known through his entire life to see Kathryn scrubbing over their cheap little apartment, laughing over the linen (insultingly marked "Stolen from the Yandis Court"), going along week after week with no new clothes, and then months on top of that, because what they could spare for clothes had to go for Joe's stage wardrobe.

For the first time in his life Joe was mentally low, heartsick and discouraged.

At the end of their second precarious year of marriage, when he learned a baby was on the way, his great happiness at the news was almost overshadowed by his worry about Kathryn's health. When he was away from her on tour he was so beside himself that he gave scant attention to his work and both he and Prevost knew the act was suffering because of his mental attitude. Kathryn wasn't getting enough sunshine, or the right kind of food, or the right kind of care. She was separated from her family and her friends.

A few months before the arrival of their baby, Joe made his decision. He was giving up show business! He was a failure, anyway, so what difference did it make? He'd take Kathryn back to Toledo and get a regular job there and have a little home and bring up his family right, like other

Concluding the biography of Joe E. Brown, who was born to make the world laugh, though he had to fight through pain and poverty and heartbreak for his birthright

By DOROTHY MANNERS

men! It seemed a shame to walk out on Prevost, good old "Pre," the best friend he had in the world. But he had obligations now. He had others to think about besides himself.

Because he knew Kathryn wouldn't hear of his giving up his work because of her and the expected baby, he fibbed about his plans. He told her they were just going back to Toledo until after the baby was born and that he had received a "wonderful" offer from an old friend, Clem Minninger, to accept a "position" with the Electric Auto Light Co. Why, in no time at all he'd be general manager of the darn plant. They'd make a fortune and retire, or something. And then if he wanted to go back in show business, he'd back his own super-stupendous Broadway productions. This was partly true. Minninger was an old friend, and he had offered Joe a job at $4.00 a day working in the Auto Light factory as a hired hand.

So the Browns went back to Toledo and Joe's career as a business man. Minninger was really a good friend, because as Joe would grow dissatisfied with one job, he'd move him on to something else, until finally he held a minor job in the offices of the organization. But his heart wasn't in Electric Auto Lights. The only lights that ever had, or ever would, mean anything to Joe were footlights or, impossible dream, his name in big lights over a theater on Broadway.

Joe finally quit the electric company to take over the management of a bowling alley in Toledo. On Christmas Day, their first son, Don, was born.

"I'll never forget the thrill of looking at my first son," Joe says, looking back on the figure of the nervous man who had paced a hospital corridor half the night. "When I saw him I knew that any sacrifice I could ever make for my family was a cheap price to pay for the joy they meant to me.

"For the first time since I'd broken with 'Pre', I was really happy. I felt like my old self again. I'll never forget the ride back from the hospital on the street car. I told everyone of the passengers about my baby, and even told the conductor and motorman. When I had to transfer to another car I was tickled because that meant a fresh crop of passengers and a new crew to hear the details of my marvelous son. I didn't mind that people laughed. It was the same kind of laughter I had known in the theater. The only thing that burned me up was when the motorman of the second car started telling me about *his* kid!"

Joe didn't even mind when the owner of the bowling alley fired him as manager, probably because he took out too much time at home measuring his son's chest expansion.

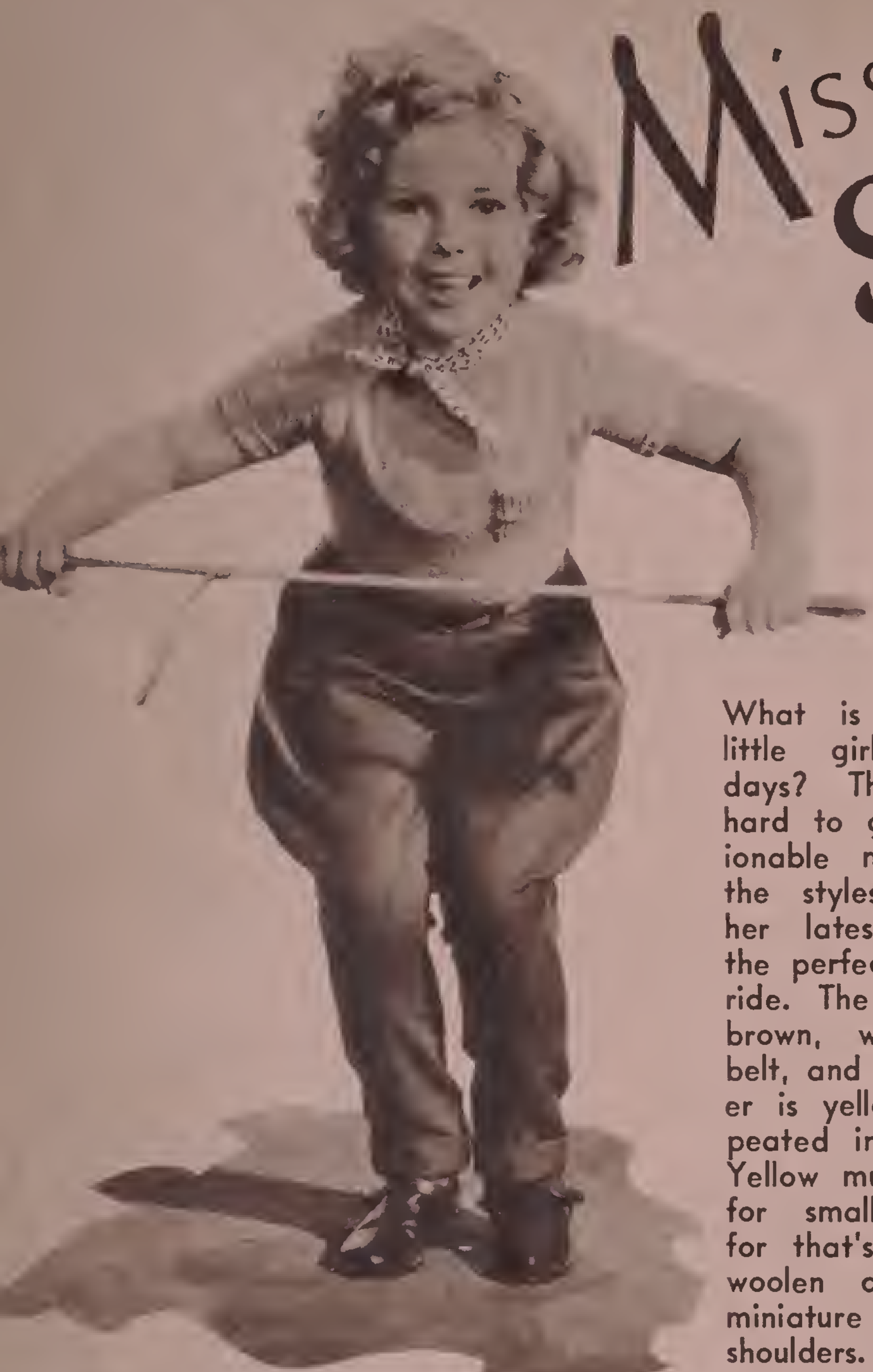
When Don was six months old, Joe wired Prevost he was coming back to the act!

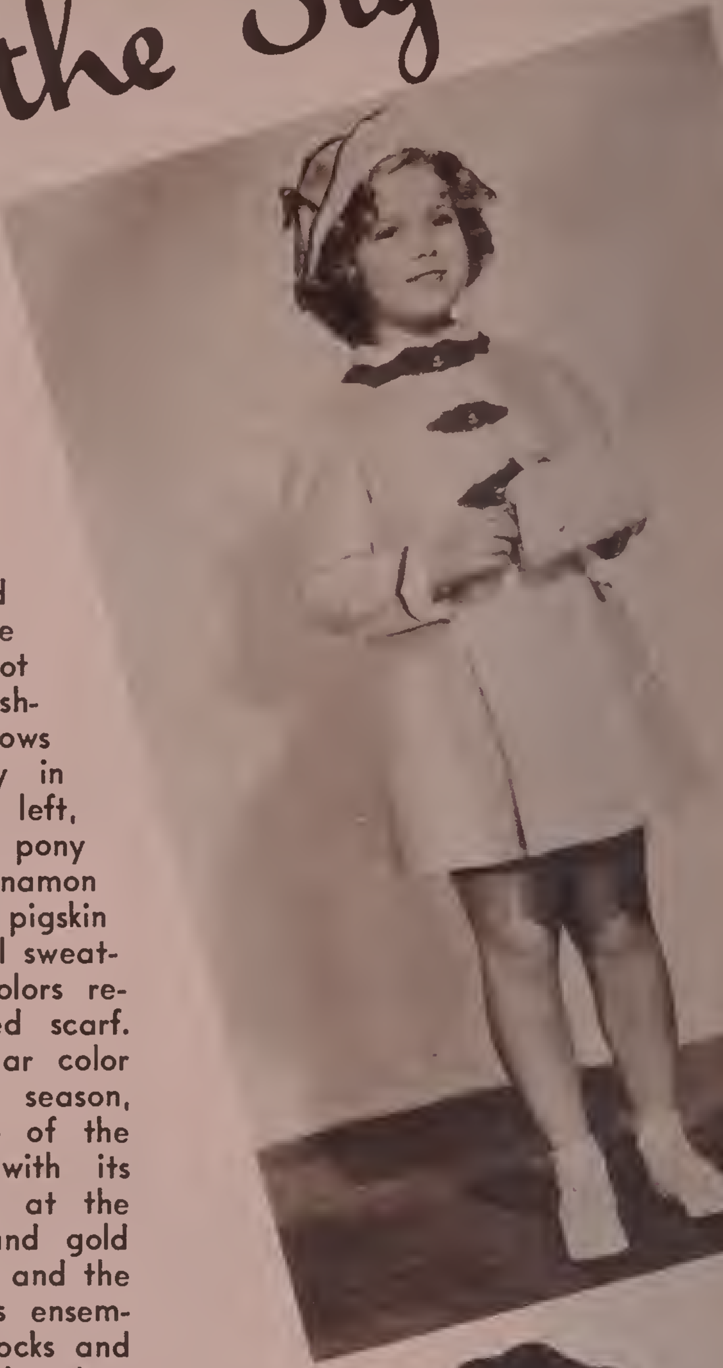
The old routine started all over again. Long, unimportant tours in second best houses; meals off lunch counters; shabby theaters, shabbier dressing rooms. Only Joe's outlook had changed. He was fired with ambition, though by this time he was convinced he had no future as a comic-acrobat and that he would have to make a definite break from the work before he could get anywhere. He saved every dime he could get his hands on, because he was not sure that it would be easy for him to get a job with a regular show. But when Joe, Jr., their second son, was born, Joe decided that now was the time to make the break.

There were a few hundred dollars in the bank to stake Kathryn and the two babies to a summer in the country. And before that summer was over, Joe had given up a salary of $150 as his part of the act with Prevost for $75 per week as a comedian with a burlesque show. Joe was really second comedian with the burlesque stock company, but at the end of the first show's run, he scored such a marked hit that Jacobs and Jerome, the managers, signed him for five years as first comedian.

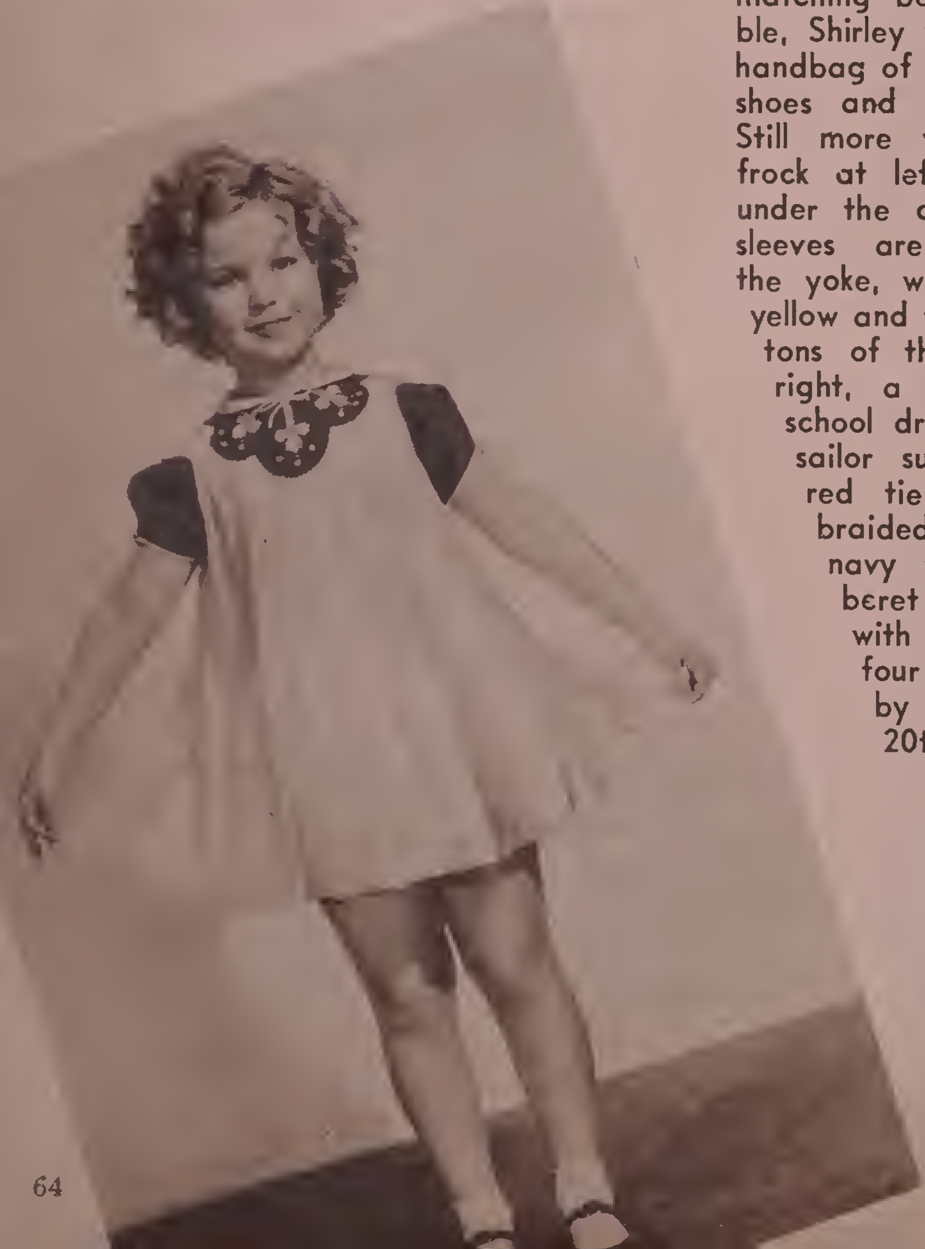
The tragedy of that was that the ink was not yet dry on the paper when John Cort, one of the most important (*Continued on page 80*)

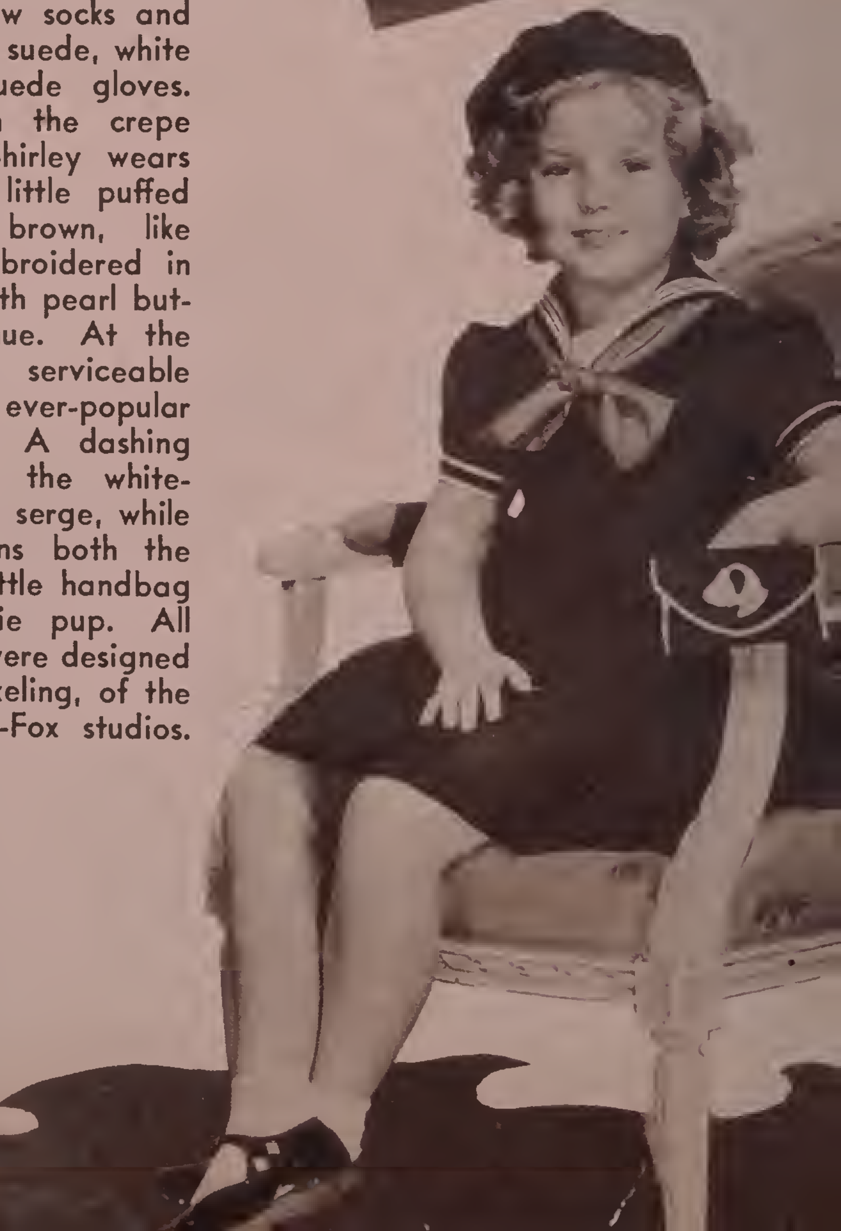
Miss Temple Sets the Styles





What is the well-dressed little girl wearing these days? That's certainly not hard to guess, for the fashionable modern miss follows the styles set by Shirley in her latest pictures. At left, the perfect costume for a pony ride. The jodhpurs are cinnamon brown, with a natural pigskin belt, and the shetland wool sweater is yellow, with both colors repeated in the tiny printed scarf. Yellow must be the popular color for small sub-debs this season, for that's also the shade of the woolen coat at right, with its miniature cartridge pleats at the shoulders. Brown piping and gold buttons trim both the coat and the matching beret. With this ensemble, Shirley wears yellow socks and handbag of perforated suede, white shoes and eggshell suede gloves. Still more yellow — in the crepe frock at left which Shirley wears under the coat. The little puffed sleeves are golden brown, like the yoke, which is embroidered in yellow and trimmed with pearl buttons of the same hue. At the right, a smart but serviceable school dress in the ever-popular sailor suit design. A dashing red tie brightens the white-braided navy blue serge, while navy felt fashions both the beret and the little handbag with the Scottie pup. All four costumes were designed by Gwen Wakeling, of the 20th Century-Fox studios.





Is the Flynn-Damita Marriage Crashing?

(*Continued from page 24*)

know whereof they speak. Each side is equally sure it knows the true situation.

But there are these things to consider, and they represent all the facts of the case:

Errol has told his friends, his studio and his wife, and meant it, "I am a wanderer. I've always allowed impulse to guide me, I've never stayed very long in one place, I've got something within me that insists on movement—excitement—change.

"When I get tired of making pictures I'll pack up and go somewhere else, do something else. I don't know where or what.

"But I'll go. And nothing on earth can stop me."

Not even—and this is your correspondent's comment—Lili Damita.

Not that she would try. She must in all probability understand that no mere protest of hers could overcome the great urge within Errol Flynn that makes him an adventurer.

The foundation of this thing has been built up through too many years, has been rooted in too ready a soil, for anything on earth to change him now.

IT began—you will remember some of this from previous stories about him—when as a young but already venturesome lad he persuaded his professor father to let him come along on an expedition to Tasmania. What he found in that strange land may have amounted in material terms to ruins or bones or rare flora; but more than these things, he discovered the lure of unexpected happenings, of things past to be uncovered and brought from the earth.

He discovered, at the age of ten, the opiate of travel and search and danger. He is still, and unto death will be, an addict of excitement. That peculiar but understandable lust nagged at him through youth and adolescence, so that it was necessary for him to be an outstanding trouble at school and the abiding scourge of every headmaster he encountered. Three of them, one understands, expelled him in succession.

So he caught a boat, just as its anchor was sloshing up out of the water, and rode contentedly behind the mast to the China Seas.

What happened after that is entirely incredible. Also true, fortunately for the premise of this story. Because the unbelievable history of his exploits is parcel and part of your understanding of the present Damita-Flynn marital situation. It is at once the answer and the reason why the lovely Lili will have to choose between comfortable, civilized, sophisticated Hollywood, and the dankest of lost dark continents; why she must choose between a normal, conventional life at home, and a great love which she would have to follow willy-nilly across the globe. . . .

Errol came from the China Seas to New Guinea to find gold. There was no gold. So he stayed, anyway, boxing professionally for a while, policing the (to say the least) uncultivated districts for a while, doing odd and thoroughly distasteful tasks for small recompense.

After that he bought a schooner, wrecked it, went into the interior rather stubbornly and with fools' luck found the gold that wasn't supposed to exist; bought another boat and wrecked it.

I could go on indefinitely, but why? If you haven't read the story you can imagine it—you can imagine the things he must remember now, as he lounges before his polite fireplace at home.

Long, sweating treks through the dense jungles; nights filled with sound and lit by the low stars; sweeping, primeval brush pungent with dawn; the high, brilliant sun and the constant menace that peers from uncharted, poisonous places.

These are the formulae of royal adventure. These are things known by few men, and not soon forgotten.

Errol Flynn is one of those men. He neither would nor could trade one how-do-you-do with death for the transient fame and the million dollars he can collect from Hollywood.

You know pretty well the outlandish chance by which he got into pictures. You remember that two English travelogue photographers encountered him in the wastes of South America, saw a tall, bronzed, hard-muscled youth, liked what they saw; tested him and offered him a film contract.

Of course he accepted. Of course his first picture for the foreign company was terrible. Of course he came to Hollywood.

And in Hollywood lived Lili Damita.

She loved, and married him, when she had not the slightest idea in the world that he would make "Captain Blood" and become a screen sensation. She married him—merely because she loved him—when he didn't have a penny.

That's one of the arguments you'll get today from that portion of Hollywood which insists that Damita loves her Irishman enough to change her life and her personality for him. And it's a pretty swell argument, you'll admit.

Theirs was no ordinary, wishy-washy romance. Naturally, Flynn being Flynn, it had to be a little insane and a little novelesque. They had to hate each other at first, and in the best short-story manner build their loathing into sudden, fiery love and a madcap elopement. Yuma is a prosaic place, but for the short period of time they were there it must have breathed with new and pulsing life.

Not only because of Errol. Lili is hardly an antiseptic personality. She interested—in a big way, if you believe the columnists—the best bachelors in Europe. Louis Ferdinand, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany. Carlos, Alphonse of Spain's most eligible heir. Prince George of England. Others.

SHE is—her most intimate friends will tell you this, even if you haven't realized it already—completely vibrant, inherently gay; and to these qualities she adds the pleasant spice of temper and stubborn insistence.

A perfect bride for Errol Flynn of Ireland and the world in general.

Observe the two of them, in so many ways alike, so entirely at odds in others. Both tempestuous, sure of themselves, full of the vibrant joy of living. Both excited with this business called life, both completely cosmopolitan and to a degree sophisticated.

But Errol a man's man, and Lili a man's woman. Errol steeped in and caught by the unpolished ways of the noisy hinter-

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and his new bride (Lady Ashley), above, at Cafe Lamaze, are now living in Hollywood—which is something of a predicament for old friends of both Doug and his former wife, Mary Pickford!

lands; and Lili a polished, glamorous star whose environment has been and must always be the Continental drawing room and the Parisian salon.

They have, to seal the first and to combat the second, a common possession. It's called Love, spelled with a capital L, and it's the main hold-out argument of the "Yes, they will stay married" faction.

This much you must know, to the contrary of what you want to believe: that only a week or two ago Errol suddenly decided he would like to go to Australia again as soon as he finished his next picture. He told Lili about it one night at dinner.

"You'll have a marvelous time, I know," Lili told him over the filet mignon.

HE took a mouthful befitting his manly status in this man's world. *"We'll* have a good time, you mean."

Lili shook her head positively, and one can picture the first fiery glint of rising temper in her eye. "No," she said.

"Yes," insisted Errol, munching stolidly.

"No!"

"Yes," insisted Errol, still munching stolidly.

"I will not go to Australia with you. I will not wade through those infected swamps and tear my skin on those thorny bushes. I will not push my way through jungles with cobras and things swinging down out of branches at me. You may go if you like. I stay here!"

I may have taken a liberty or two with this conversation, but its intent and content were identical with the foregoing. Errol, one is told by those who know, finally persuaded Lili that Australia was a nice-ish sort of place with cities and street-cars and automobiles and even a night-club or two; quite naturally she'd decided, from his accounts of the interior, that the continent was entirely composed of brush and pygmies.

And the entire incident was merely another of the Flynn battles, with a kiss-and-make-up ending. Comic, as a thing to look back upon, to the casual observer.

But it had this importance: that Lili forgot her objections as soon as she knew Australia had bath-tubs in it. Before that, the answer was a most emphatic "No!"

And Errol Flynn will not always be satisfied with cities like Sydney with all modern improvements. He's got bigger and more romantic plans, having to do with the afore-mentioned safari and buried treasure.

He wants, above every other ambition, to write and to write well. But a career of writing, despite its usual connotation, does not necessarily mean hours of silent scribbling in an arty little English cottage somewhere.

Errol can write no matter where he is or what he is doing. He has told his friends and Hollywood so. And it is record fact that he did not have to quit pictures in order to finish a screen play (which Warners bought forthwith) or his own autobiography, at which sundry publishers are nibbling curiously.

There are two sides to this debate, then, on the question: "Will the Flynn-Damita marriage last?"

For the affirmative:

Lili married Errol when he had nothing at all but his own personality and a slim, $125-a-week prospect.

She has loved him terribly from the beginning, and he has loved her; each is willing, in a measure, to sacrifice a great deal for the other. Lili has changed her personality, she has settled down to the life of a woman married and completely bespoke, she has agreed to spend the "quiet evening at home" of song and poetry because that's what he prefers.

Those of you who have changed suddenly from an existence of gaiety and bright lights to one of small dinner parties and silent games of poker must understand what a gift this concession was from Lili, whose name spelled champagne and Viennese cabarets and New York roof-top supper-clubs.

She did that for Errol, because she loved him. And she subordinated her own career to his, because she loved him.

People at the studio, habitues of preview-nights, Hollywood photographers, will vouch for this: That she cannot conceive of the usual activities, the usual publicity stunts, without Errol as her companion.

He went to Mexico for a time last month; she attended the preview of "Anthony Adverse" alone. Men with cameras asked her to pose. She refused.

"I'd rather wait until Errol can be with me," she explained succinctly.

She wants with all her heart to follow her husband to the far reaches when he asks her to. She'll undoubtedly try with all her heart to make a success of this thing, because she happens to have loved and married a wanderer.

But (and here the negative enters the combat with loud cries) she loathes the more uncivilized phases of adventure. Naturally. Her entire life, her entire upbringing, her entire environment have been things of glitter and chromium and expensive perfumes. You must by now have formed a picture of her, riding bumpily in a sedan chair borne on the shoulders of glistening blacks—aching and tired and mussed and still smiling—slowing the march, wearied to death, hating all adventure and all jungles and all sedan chairs.

And yet you know that Errol must return to this. He has told you so himself.

The refutation and the decision in this debate must rest with the principals. You may, of course, decide now. But remember——

Errol Flynn and Lili Damita have a love greater than most loves, as well as a problem greater than most problems. They represent, together, two of the finest people in Hollywood. Whether or not a difference in basic temperaments can destroy their marriage is a moot point; but I would wager my soul that so long as either of them lives they will love each other.

Which, in the last analysis, is the most important thing anyway.

Could Your Love Survive This?

(*Continued from page* 41)

evening thus far in Hollywood.

A few nights later she asked George to "a quiet dinner" at her house.

That was the night he met Virginia's daughter, Joan, then two years old. Without any embarrassment or without any of the coos and clucks that most people reserve for small children, George sat down on the floor and began to talk to the child. Instantly Joan liked him. It was love at first sight with the baby. He showed her his watch and was immensely interested in her toys. When, at last, Joan was dragged away to bed there were unashamed tears in George Raft's eyes.

So it began, the romance of George and Virginia, with companionship and understanding. Both had known misery and despair yet their suffering had taken different paths. Virginia had had wealth, admiration and gaiety. But that was not enough. She wanted something more valiant to fill her life.

George had known what it was like to shift for himself ever since he could remember. He had battled the kids down on Hester Street and had learned the art of physical defense early. He did not know how to protect his soul from being hurt.

He had known all sorts of women, or thought he had, until he met Virginia. She was "different." And all sorts of women had flocked to the cabarets where he danced the Charleston, admiring his patent leather hair and his lithe, fleet body. He had come to pictures a nobody, a night club entertainer, and had suddenly shot to stardom before, he felt, he was ready for it.

Hollywood baffled him. People spoke a strange language. For amusement they played tennis and golf and went in swimming. George, who had led the febrile night life of Broadway, could not fathom these sun worshippers. To them he remained a mystery.

For the actors he had a great respect. George thought he could not act at all. He admired his associates but he could not talk to them. So he drew within himself, developed an inferiority complex that was a little dandy and said to himself, "What's wrong with me? Before I came to Hollywood I was an okay guy. I try to be an okay guy now but nobody seems to like me."

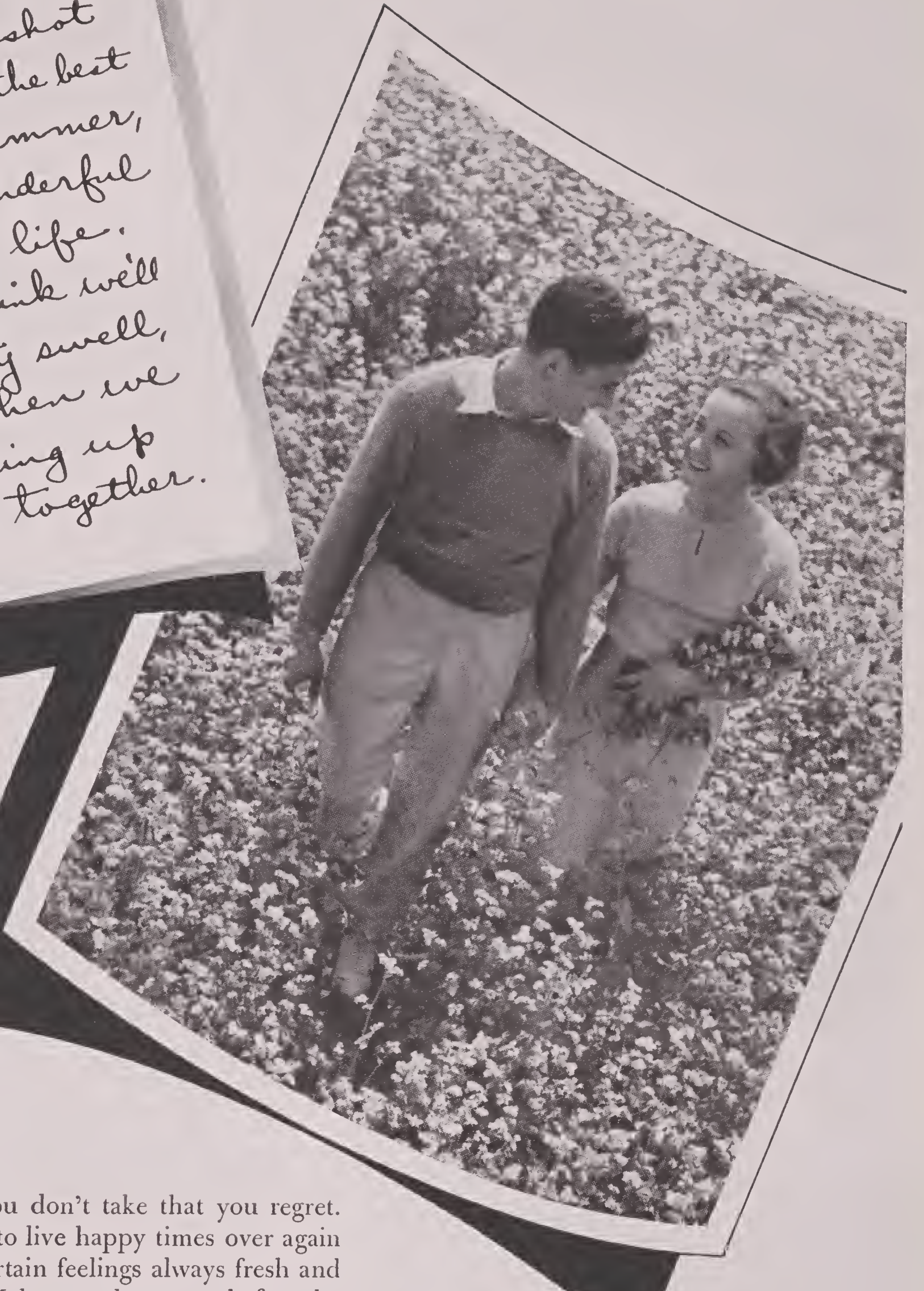
A magnificent confusion had settled down upon George. Then there was Virginia—a beautiful, lovely woman. She would let him talk. She understood things about him that no one had ever understood before.

Realizing his need for human companionship she taught him to play bridge. She insisted that he go to the races with her. (He had given up the tracks a long time ago.) But mostly their moments together were spent in George's long roadster, driving down the ocean front, watching the waves pound into the shore, talking, planning—or not planning at all.

Afternoons it was fun to take Joan for an outing and to watch her eager little

(*Continued on page* 68)

— the snapshot
brings back the best
day of the summer,
the most wonderful
day of my life.
Makes me think we'll
look pretty swell,
darling, when we
go walking up
the aisle together.



IT'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again—keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX
2¼ × 3¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V620

**Accept nothing
but the film in the
familiar yellow box.**

(*Continued from page 66*)

face as she reacted to new experiences. Or it was nice simply to go to a movie with Virginia and hold hands in the dark. They needed little outside companionship. They were quite complete within themselves.

How idyllic, then, if they could marry. But standing between them was a shadow no sunshine could dispel. Standing between them was (and is) George's wife, who refuses to give him a divorce.

Virginia found New York gay, glamorous, exciting. The stage, she discovered, would welcome her if she would give it a chance. The shops displayed gorgeous new clothes for her adornment. There was a snug little cocktail bar around every corner. New York, people had said, was so stimulating after Hollywood.

When Lily Pons (up front, above) was in St. Louis, taking the city by storm with her operatic singing in "Lucia di Lammermoor," she took some members of her fan club there for a ride on an elephant at the zoo.

Virginia agreed, thinking about George—what she was to George, what he was to her. It wasn't as if they never had a single quarrel—what couple hasn't had? George, for instance, hated to see Virginia take even one cocktail. His respect for the right sort of woman is so profound that anything he considers unwomanly gives him actual pain.

He disliked it when Virginia danced too often with another man. She could tell by his face when she had done something he did not like. And when she had been wrong she always apologized. But mostly George made the first overture. In fact, George was too apologetic about everything for his own good.

"It's so strange," Virginia said once. "People who see him on the screen, in the sort of roles he usually plays, cannot realize how gentle and tender he really is, how protective of the people he loves."

He was always brutally frank. He could not bear a lie and Virginia had to stop all the little feminine evasions, the white fibs in which girls so often indulge. But she had never told him a falsehood since she had known him. And he repaid her with complete honesty. But always, if there were difficulties, a messenger would arrive with flowers or candy or some small gift and when George won at the races Virginia sported some pretty new bauble the next day.

But it wasn't the little gifts, the small attentions, that made her love him. It was the tenderness, the gallantry which was an innate part of his nature.

Once someone had suggested that maybe one of the reasons George seemed so desirable was because he was inaccessible, because of that marriage which could not be dissolved. But this was not true and Virginia knew it. No, this was real love—lasting, abiding love.

George had definitely proven his love for her when it was discovered that a divorce would be possible only if he should make a prohibitive sacrifice. George was willing if that were the only way he could marry Virginia.

But Virginia refused that alternative. She was afraid, afraid to have that sacrifice on her conscience. In years to come that might stand between them. Someone might mention it and it might ruin the love and understanding they knew.

THERE were wonderful theaters in New York. Everyone dressed for dinner, dined at some smart restaurant and appeared at the theater laughing and chatting between acts.

It was ironic, Virginia thought, that so many people who don't love each other any more are married, that so many people marry when there is no love in the first place—for money, for convenience, for any number of reasons. Yet there were George and she, loving each other so devotedly and unable to marry, unable to have the thrill of starting a home, picking out furniture, arguing over the color of the walls—except there would be no argument; George would simply say, "Whatever you want, baby, is okay with me"—having small dinner parties for their friends.

Usually when such thoughts came to her she could call George and ask him to take her for a long drive. Just his presence would free her from bitterness and despair.

But in New York George's gentleness, his kindness, his protection were gone. It had been "best" they both thought—"best" for them to be separated, to discover whether or not they really loved, to see if, perhaps, there were some other man for Virginia. "Best" indeed!

But nothing was best when she and George were separated. Futile and hopeless as their relationship was it was more than nothing. A starving man does not spurn the half loaf.

"You're wasting the best years of your life," her grandparents had said.

Wasting them? Why, the only years, the only days, the only minutes that were wasted were the ones spent away from George.

NO, she could not go on like this. And one day she found herself ordering a ticket to California, packing her bags, sending a wire to George announcing her arrival in Hollywood.

There he was, standing beside her at last and she knew that no separation could "cure" her, that there could be no other man in her life. If no divorce were forthcoming then it must just go on like this.

She looked at his face. Tears of delight at seeing her again stood in his eyes. She watched him bustling with her luggage, she heard him asking her if she were all right, solicitous about her welfare. She looked a little tired, he thought. She must get a lot of rest. Well, how was Broadway? How about those other guys?

She was back at last. Back with the man she loved. The situation was not any different. George was still married. Nothing to be done about that. But she and George belonged and if there were any gallantry left in the world they were the ones who must be gallant. They two!

When Joan saw George her face broke into a delighted smile. Why had she been such a fool, Virginia wondered, as to imagine it possible to give up what companionship, what love was allowed her.

"Wasting the best years of your life."

Well, if this be waste, then let them be wasted. Nothing was right when they were apart.

Virginia and George are together again. And some day, some beautiful day when George is free, the two of them . . .

No, Virginia must not dwell too long on that possibility. They must take what they have now and make the most of it. What they have is very beautiful.

MARIAN MARSH'S SECRET LOVE STORY

Changed from just another beautiful girl into a fine dramatic actress, Marian reveals the exciting cause of it all in the September MOVIE MIRROR, out July 24th.

"Use Cosmetics all you like, but *guard against* COSMETIC SKIN my easy way"...

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Star of Columbia's "The King Steps Out"

Follow glamorous Grace Moore's advice. It's the way to complexion beauty...

"I REMOVE MAKE-UP with Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin flawless," says this famous star. Why does she trust her priceless complexion to such a *simple* care? Because Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin.

Do you begin to see the tiny blemishes—dullness—enlarged pores—that mean Cosmetic Skin? Start using this soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale rouge and powder.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap—before you renew your make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed. The girls men like are girls with lovely skin!

Gable Answers That Romance Question

(*Continued from page* 29)

But he's vulnerable. And wears a swell yellow sweater.

"If I fell in love six months from now I'd get married," he told me, honestly. "Or six years. But not till I fall in love, *And I'm not in love now.*"

Then, I don't know what it was that came over me, but I had the bright idea to ask what kind of girl he might fall in love with.

"She's got to be a good sport," he said emphatically, "and have a sense of humor."

Now whom does that remind you of? Ah, hah, blonde, in Ford, remember, getting spine jolted? A good sport and a sense of humor.

Well, well, well. Don't tell me we're back where we started from.

But what had me stumped was this bachelor home of his. It had him stumped, too. He had heard only a faint rumor about it, so I went over it, room by room, for him and he was delighted at the way we, in Hollywood, had furnished it. All but the living room. It was then he expressed his wonder about an old-fashioned parlor and the preacher waiting for chicken dinner in its musty, crayon-portraity atmosphere.

We both had grandmothers and parlors alike so we grew quite chummy over this and decided to turn the living room into a parlor when he got a house.

AND then he told me the kind of house it's got to be.

It's got to be small. Not more than six rooms. Just a bungalow with maybe a white fence around it and a knotty pine parlor, and a kitchen, a room for guns and boots and things and another room to sleep in. And that's all.

When you come right down to it, with all the show and swank and elaborate homes with buttons that, pushed just once, bring down four beds, eight highballs and the third act of *Il Trovatore,* it isn't so bad, this yen for a small home with simple things.

And who's to run this miniature menage of Monsieur Gable?

Just Ballinger. No one but Ballinger. All by himself.

Gable says himself he couldn't at first believe it wasn't the name of the butler in Act I, but no, it's his real name. He once belonged to Bobby Ames and when he died, Ballinger came on to Clark. And serves him well and faithfully. As Clark says he sees nothing, knows nothing, tells nothing, and that counts in Hollywood with Gable. Anyway, he'll get to do everything for Clark in the new bungalow. The paragon cooks, too, Gable says, and swell.

And, oh yes, he isn't even buying a place. He's got his eye on one, just like he described, that he'd love to rent but the man says "N-n-no."

He's not buying because, as sure as you live, somewhere in the future someone who's a good sport with a sense of humor is waiting for Clark Gable. He's that kind of man, Clark is.

Oh yes, we carried in the exciting news that he's going to be reunited with Mrs. Gable. We carried it right out again in the ash can.

"Would I be hunting a small house of my own if we were?" he asked.

"Certainly not," was what he said then. "Certainly not." Just like that.

Of course, I wanted to find out more along these lines but the presence of the little sass-box from the publicity department kept cramping my style, sitting there and, like Poe's raven, not saying a thing. Not even "Nevermore."

"Are you here to keep me from biting Mr. Gable or Mr. Gable (I dream too much) from biting me?" I wanted to know of her, and, for reply, I nearly got put out before I got around to finding out how Mr. Gable reconciles his love of outdoors with his constant presence indoors where some party is going full blast.

Cesar Romero's one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, but he seems just a bit more serious about Betty Furness than any other girl, even visiting her when she's away on location (above).

Indeed, no sooner does one get reconciled to the fact that Mr. Gable is off somewhere shooting a lion or a skeet, than up he pops next week in the rotogravure, all dressed up, head man at some party.

Which one, I wanted to know, was the real thing. The mountain-tramping Gable or the monopoly-playing house guest.

"It's this way," Mr. Gable explained. "A party is about the only place I get to see my friends collectively. After being tied up with a picture for weeks, going to bed early every night, I welcome a chance to be with them again." Usually in full dress by the way, and you should see. There should be a law. He looks that grand.

"But I'm going out socially less and less from now on," he said. He didn't exactly say so, but now he's a bachelor I guess he feels playing the social game is less imperative.

Anyway, from what he said the full dress can expect to be laid away in moth balls from now on, except for state occasions.

Gable will take himself and his gun off more and more into the wilderness hot after some bear, and not one with a sense of humor, either.

He reads fan magazines and loves to see what we say about him and Harlow and Montgomery and Cagney and all the gang. And trying to make out to him you're a card when it comes to writing is so much wasted time. He's read you and he knows better. And let that be a lesson to you.

He doesn't know I know, but he reads the astrology books, too. Is sick, simply sick, on the days they hint he'll never rise in the world. Goes off in a corner by the hour over it. Feels there's no use trying. That's all. No use.

Days the stars prophesy it's a grand one for making contacts, he's delighted and immediately makes contacts with the prop men or some extra, or a bum outside the gates who promptly lifts five dollars from its nesting place in Mr. Gable's pocket.

He's elated. It's been a grand day for contacts.

And, oh yes, here's something that was cleared up for me that's had me worried day and night for a long time.

I found out what became of all those turtle-necked sweaters that Gable flattened us out with last year.

They're scattered all over the length and breadth of the country on homeless, jobless, undernourished young boys who somehow made their way into that simple and enormous heart of Clark Gable's. He handed out turtle necks till he, himself, had to finally reach for a scarf to hide his Adam's apple.

"What about these rows with the publicity departments we read about from time to time?" we asked him.

HE grinned. "Lady, I've had no rows with any publicity department, believe me.

"I've been a bit upset emotionally in the past, maybe, but not over any department of the studio."

We knew, and again he didn't know we knew, what those emotions had been. Clark Gable, for all his breezy forthrightness, does not cut contacts easily. Nor pull up the roots of marriage with a gay little how-have-you-been and do-come-over-sometime business.

Don't believe it.

Even after his marriage was all over, he kept forgetting things he'd left behind. One at a time, you see, he forgot them.

"My fishing rod, Rhea," he'd phone. "It's in the storeroom closet. Guess I'll come over for it."

Mrs. Gable would be there when he came. She never dodged Clark or the issue but met them squarely.

He'd linger. Loath to leave the quiet comfortable home she had made for him but realizing that the urge for freedom to live his life his own way, was too strong to resist. Making it impossible for him to stay.

Next week it would be the tennis racket he'd forgotten, and boyishly he'd return time after time.

For all the grand and genial host he proved to be this gladsome morning, I knew, too, that at black intervals he was seized with moods of indigo. Slipping off into a corner somewhere without a word.

People in Hollywood understand this about Gable and wait for the cheerful days. Flags, I understand, are unfurled like fury all over the place.

His other moments of complete silence come when he's hurt about something. And don't think he hasn't the capacity to be hurt as easily as you or I. There's little shouting or screaming around from his corner about it, however. He'll just sit quietly in his corner (if only I could keep the guy out of corners) and brood over it. Saying nothing.

A kind word of apology changes the whole picture. "I'm sorry, Clark," they'll say and for Gable, at least, it's all over.

Director Van Dyke claims all the adoration of all the women in the world couldn't have kept Gable on the top of the heap if first he hadn't been an actor. A darned good actor. "You don't know why he's good," Van Dyke says, "but when he plays a scene, you believe it. And that's the test. Furthermore, he doesn't allow any preconceived ideas about the part to stand in the way of the character you want. Gable gives the director the portrayal he wants."

A LOS ANGELES milkman tells a little tale about Gable that might give you a keener insight into the man behind the sport coat.

It seems he was hustling around the back of Gable's house (not the new one he hasn't got yet) and there, on the back porch, sat a man, his head bent over a dog that lay very still in his lap. Hearing a step, the man looked up. It was Gable. His eyes were brimming with tears and in his arms lay his chow dog, dead. Crushed by some passing motorist.

The milkman took off his white cap and looked at the man and the dog, alone on the back porch, and then quietly went his way.

Anyway, I just thought I'd tell you.

His one ambition when he and movies bid farewell, is to put two rolls around the middle of his tummy. Like the rest of the men in his family. He thinks his dutchman's pipe, the one his father gave him, would be much more becoming resting cozily on the upper roll.

"I've never really been able to carry out one plan I've made in years except my South American trip. That one really materialized."

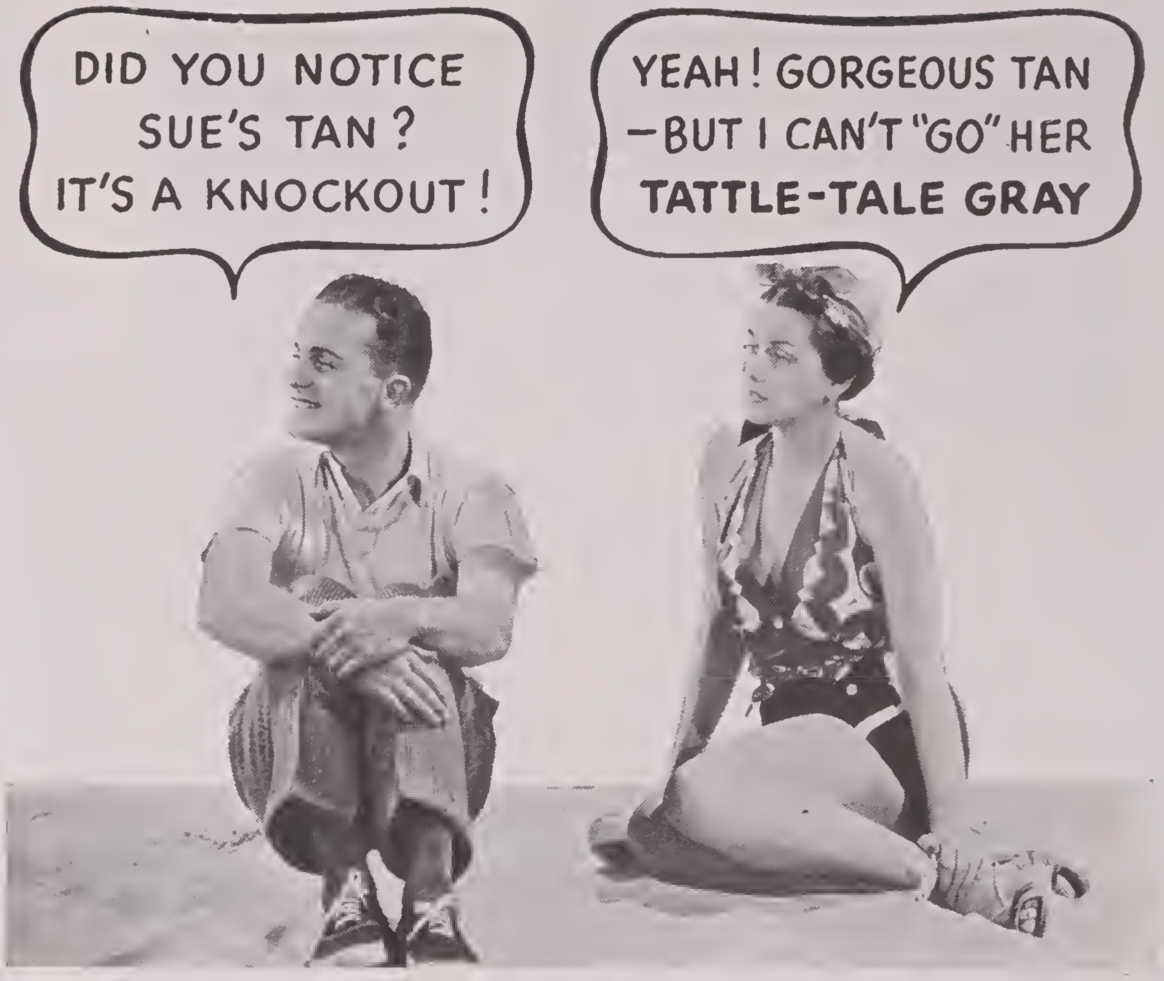
And still he's happy in Hollywood. And thinks making movies is just a bit on the up and up.

"I haven't a grievance in this world against anyone," he said suddenly out of a clear sky and a clear conscience.

"I'm at peace."

And somehow looking at him there, comfortable with his pipe and chair and Ballinger, you believe it.

For the first time in a long, long time, you know Gable is at peace.


DID YOU NOTICE SUE'S TAN? IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
YEAH! GORGEOUS TAN —BUT I CAN'T "GO" HER TATTLE-TALE GRAY

"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of meowing behind her back?"
"Don't worry, darling. I *will* tell her, first time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—but your clothes *do* tattle about you. It's not your fault. I know you aren't careless. But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash clean, and the clothes say so."

"Now you just change to my standby, Fels-Naptha. That *richer, golden soap* is *so packed with naptha* dirt practically flies out. Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands because every bar holds glycerine."

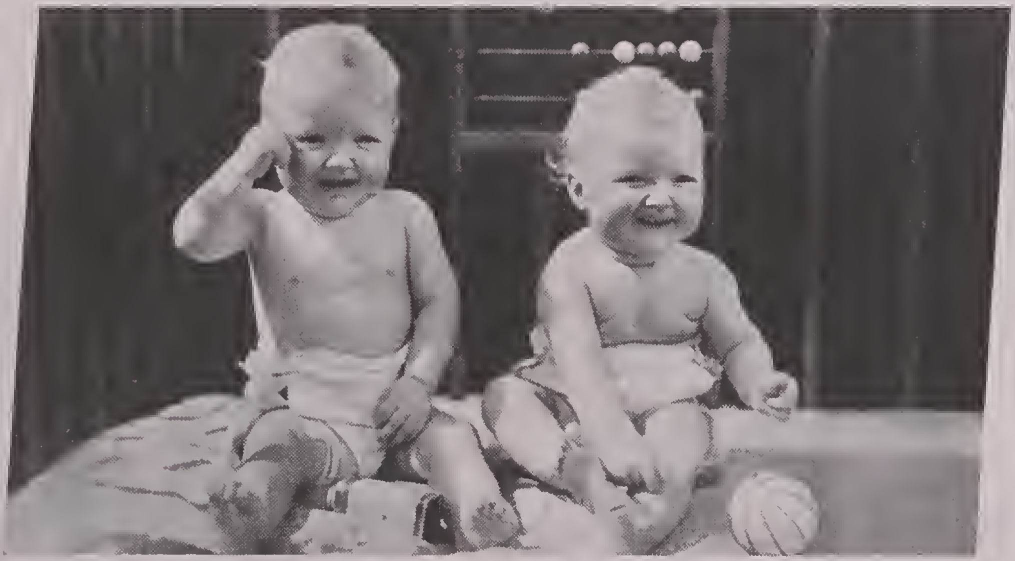
"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner so we can see how perfectly grand her linens and things look now."
"Boy, one of *her* dinners is something. You'd better go tipping off *all* your friends to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

● *"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found ... a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!...I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!..."*

● *"Empty!... We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."*



● *"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!... the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"*

• • •

Johnson's Baby Powder
Boratéd Talcum

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Picture Frame-Up

(*Continued from page* 47)

met in the big projection room the next morning to have a look at the tests. A movie camera is a curious instrument; it can transform an ordinary girl into a raving beauty, or make a wash woman of a beautiful girl; but it was prodigal to Hazel.

The lights snapped off and the scenes began. Hazel stared with drumming heart and repressed breath, watching the miracle of herself appear and talk and act, and she couldn't believe it.

She sat between Von and Warner, and suddenly Von took her hand and her fingers closed upon his in a tight, crushing grip. Von patted her hand. He stared at the screen, keen-eyed.

Warner appeared on the screen, handsome, eager; no sign of acting apparent in his case. But Hazel caused the sharp-eyed director to gasp with surprise and delight. She had, in the cleverly arranged lighting, an allure, a glamor that was undeniable and that meant box office to Von. She was young and witching and like a resonant keyboard, affecting the emotions of those who watched her as primally as music; and her voice was as lovely as her face. Von was a connoisseur of emotions and could savor the last exquisite drop of any tender situation. His direction revealed it. When the lights went on again, Hazel sat as one hypnotized. Von turned to her.

"Lovely!" he said, tensely. "My hunch was right!"

"Hazel," said Warner, warmly, "you're simply marvelous!"

FROM then on the picture moved with an exuberant dash and verve. Whisperings around the studio began to forecast a record breaker. Warner Hilton worked with a heretofore unsuspected artistry; and Hazel lived and breathed her work every waking and sleeping moment.

The story of "Hearts Aflame" concerned a little imposter who wins the love of a rich young man; and Hazel didn't have to be an actress to feel the part. At times, she laughed inwardly, with a ghoulish glee, at the thought of what would happen if they suddenly found out that she, too, was an imposter; that she, too, had fallen in love with a rich young man, Warner Hilton. But, no one would ever know that, of course.

Von worked like one possessed; Von coached her at home and at the studio; Von called in the make-up artists. He worked for endless hours with Hazel and the camera men, studying special types of lighting for her, its intensity, its volume, and finally decided on a high pitch of brilliancy. Von made an actress and a distinct screen personality of Hazel in record time; and Warner taught her other things in the scenes of the picture.

"It's all over the place," said Madge one evening, "that you and Warner Hilton are that way about each other. Are you going to marry the man?"

"Well, I've heard that it's polite to wait until you're asked."

"You should make up his mind for him, Hazel. I suppose he's had a hundred love affairs."

"Shouldn't wonder, Madge. And yet, he's never married. That's something of a record for a young and handsome star. He probably hasn't met the right girl yet."

"Oh, yes he has, but he doesn't know it yet!" Madge shrugged. "Give me Bill," she smiled, quietly. "Just plain old Bill." She eyed Hazel for a moment in silent query. "Will you be busy over the week end?"

"I don't know. Depends on whether Von wants to work through or not. Frankly, I'd rather work. My time grows short," she finished, meaningly.

"What's going to happen," mused Madge, "when old man Howe gets home? Sooner or later, he's going to learn about our little venture, especially if he decides to come here. Have you any defense planned, Hazel?"

"Not a thing! If we keep up at this speed the picture will be finished in the next few weeks, and that will just about end our three months. After that, I haven't a plan in the world. Either I'll make good and there'll be a place for me in the moving picture world or I'll go home and model clothes."

It proved an enthralling, exciting week for Hazel. The picture went ahead at a feverish rate, Von pushing everybody with a merciless hand. Warner Hilton came to see Hazel often, and made various attempts to carry on the love scenes that had been left behind on the studio lot, but though Hazel loved the touch of his arms she invariably refused them.

ON Saturday, Madge disappeared from the little bungalow, and the Sunday newspapers carried the surprising announcement that Madge had eloped with the Mammoth camera man, Bill Parsons. The two had caught a plane to Tucson, Arizona, and had been married. Then, they were to fly back so Bill could be on the job Monday morning.

But something went wrong. A forced landing in the wilderness delayed them, and Bill's absence held up an important picture. The net result was an argument between Bill and the Mammoth executives, and Bill, in his direct, colorful diction told them where to head in. Whereupon they bought up his contract and told him he was through.

"You're right I'm through!" said Bill, to Hostinger. "You can't tell me just when I should get married, and my wife's more important than Mammoth. As for your claim that I delayed the picture, that's nuts! The picture is no good anyhow. It needs disinfecting. It's a flop before it opens. You'd be money ahead to scrap it now—but you wise guys know better, so go ahead! Have the office make out my check—I'm going on a honeymoon!"

"We'll buy up your contract," said Hostinger, calmly. "And we'll manage to get along without you."

"Maybe I'll bear up under the shock of parting, too," agreed Bill.

The next day, Bill took Madge to Palm Springs for a brief honeymoon, leaving Hazel in the bungalow all alone except for the maid of all work—a buxom colored girl—a luxury Hazel had insisted upon as soon as she began to get a regular salary ample enough to afford it.

They held a family conference before

Health history

OF A CLAPP-FED BABY—

RICHARD BURKE
FANWOOD, N. J.

Richard—aged 4 months

He is just about to embark on his first big adventure on the journey from jolly babyhood to sturdy boyhood . . . He'll soon have his first solid food! How will he take to it?

Richard—aged 7 months

Richard loves his Clapp's strained foods. The texture is just right—finely strained, smooth yet not too liquid. He had Clapp's Wheatheart Cereal at 5 months, and later Clapp's strained vegetables and fruits.

Richard—aged 11 months

Isn't he the picture of health? For 3 months he's had free range of the whole Clapp baby menu—16 foods, each one added to the Clapp list at a doctor's request. He's added an inch and a pound to his health score every month.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of *every baby* who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M8-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES

SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.
FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.
VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.
CEREAL: Wheatheart.

Accepted by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods
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CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

IT WAS JUST A *Radio Romance*- UNTIL...

GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE TIP
MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

they left, the three of them, Madge hovering around the adoring Bill.

"It's this way," said Bill. "Splendide wants me to come to them and direct. It's my big chance. These people here at Mammoth are in the dumps on account of going into the hands of the receiver; they're afraid to try anything new. They stick to the old hooey and the public's tired of it. There's only one director here who knows his business and that's Von. The rest are dead from the neck up. It's no place for an ambitious young fellow like me!" he grinned. "Madge and I want to live right here when we come back, Hazel, and we're counting on you staying right on with us, of course."

"Perhaps I'd better not," objected the bewildered Hazel, who simply couldn't get used to the idea of Madge being a married woman. "Two, you know, is company, and three—"

"Yeah," interrupted Bill, waving a gigantic arm, "three is a bum program picture with the old hooey filling up the cracks."

"Of course, she'll stay right here!" decided Madge, who knew the state of Hazel's finances, despite the adequate temporary salary she was drawing from Mammoth. She looked meaningly at Hazel and continued, "We'll be gone about two weeks, and when we come back, we'll all live here together. Bill's work at Splendide doesn't begin until January, so we'll have plenty of time to have a lot of fun together and see things."

HAZEL was all alone in the little house after that. She felt lonesome and alien and worked harder than ever before, earning the unrestrained praise of Von, who was a glutton for work. She refused all invitations, preferring to rest after her days on the studio lots, and a quiet dinner prepared by the colored girl.

"If we keep up this pace," Von told her, his intensely black eyes alight, "we'll hardly lose any time from the original schedule, and we'll have a much better picture. There's something I'd like to point out to you. Will you have a little time tonight?"

"Something about the picture?" she asked.

"Well, something like that. I want to go over those fast-spoken lines in the next scene. They're fast, but they must be spoken distinctly."

"Suppose we say eight o'clock?" she said.

"At your place?"

"Yes. Will that be convenient?"

"Why not let me take you to dinner first? I think you have been working pretty hard these last few weeks and you need a change. I suggest a little ride to get some mountain air, then we'll go to a place I know in Altadena for a country supper. That'll refresh you and then we can go back to your place and take up the work again. Does that sound all right to you?"

"Splendid! I'm sure I'll enjoy it."

Later, Warner came over just as she got through posing for a solitary shot, while the fussing camera man picked out all the "hot spots" from behind her.

"Beautiful lady," he smiled, "am I going to have the pleasure of sitting opposite you this evening while we eat or do

I get the icy mitt again? You'll have me thinking there's another love in your life if you keep this up, and I assure you I wouldn't like that."

Her heart thumped suddenly. There was something in his eyes, and something in his voice that always caused her blood to flow more swiftly, despite the lightness of his words.

"I'm sorry," she said, and she was. "Von wants to go over some of the scenes with me before we shoot them tomorrow; and I have promised—"

"Von?" he asked. "Is that blood-and-iron Prussian falling under your magic spell?"

"How silly, Warner! He simply wants to go over a scene or two. You see, I haven't the experience you have."

Warner smiled faintly. "He wouldn't do it for Soprana. I always thought he was woman-proof. Simply goes to show what a beautiful girl will do to almost any man!"

She laughed. "This is strictly business!"

"Oh, yeah? What kind of business? Well, shall we make it tomorrow night?"

"I'd love to," said Hazel warmly.

"Remember," he cautioned her, in a seriocomic impressiveness, "that I get worked up to a fury if there's another man in the picture. I'm jealous. Don't you turn me down tomorrow night!"

"I won't!"

"Okay. Dinner with me at eight, or does life begin for me tomorrow at eight-forty?"

"After dinner at my place, Warner."

She watched him walk away with his jaunty air, handsome head set at a rakish angle. This was the young man who had endeared himself to millions of movie fans; who had fluttered the hearts of countless girls in countless cities and towns; and here was she, Hazel Hartley, actually going to go out with him tomorrow, actually numbered among his friends. She wondered if the serious undertone in his voice meant anything.

"Ready?" asked Von, at her side. "Come out through the Elm Street side, Hazel. I'm using the roadster."

She sat beside Von and thought of Warner Hilton, and a musing smile was on her lips.

"Thinking about nice things?" asked Von, noting the smile.

"Something awfully nice!" She flashed him an illuminating smile. "Tell me, what do you think of the picture?"

"'Hearts Aflame?'" He chuckled. "Do you really want to know? Well, it's one of the best box office attractions that was ever made at Mammoth, or I'm no judge!"

"Von, am *I* making good?"

"I'd say so, casually speaking."

"Suppose," she wanted to know, "suppose it proves to be a good picture; suppose I make good in this one. What can I hope for?"

"What? Almost anything within reason, Hazel. What do you want?"

"I want a secure place in the motion picture world," she said, tensely. "I don't want to be given chances and referred to as 'The girl who knows Howe.' I don't want Howe to have anything to do with my success, if any, just because I first came here as his—"

"Well, listen to me a moment," inter-

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She found the lovelier way

to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

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You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty.* For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering* loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

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THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Make Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

rupted Von, flashing her a side glance. "If you think I picked you for this part because you are a friend of Howe's, you're mistaken. I am not noted for that sort of gesture. Quite the contrary, in fact. I picked you, Hazel, because I thought you had something, and I was right. Ten more Howes wouldn't and couldn't influence me. Would it be news to you to learn that I am one of the largest individual owners of Mammoth? And a member of the board of directors? The only one on the Coast?"

"You are?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes. I bought in at the same time Howe did. Get this into your very ornamental little head, my dear. What success you attain in my pictures will be because you have ability, not because you happen to be a friend of the great Howe. It will be because you *know* how—without the final 'e'."

"And am I really making good, Von?"

"Yes," he nodded, gravely, "you really are. If we finish 'Hearts Aflame' with the same pitch of enthusiasm we are putting into it right now, it will be a smash hit. I shall immediately request that a new story be found for you and I'll direct you. Does that make you any happier, Hazel?"

She clutched at his arm. "Von! Really, Von? Look at me! You wouldn't say that if you didn't mean it?"

"HARDLY," he answered dryly. "People who know me will tell you that I never make empty promises—or empty threats."

"You're a dear!" she said, and there were sudden tears gemming her great topaz eyes. "I do want to make good, more than anything else in the world."

He patted her hand briefly and swung the roadster toward the foothills.

Later, when they sat in the dimly-lit dining room of the fashionable road house, his eyes were on her in a keen scrutiny.

"The hard work hasn't hurt you a bit," he decided. "You seem to thrive on it."

"That's because you tell me such nice things," she beamed.

"I must, sometime, congratulate Howe on his ability to pick movie material," he went on, lazily, his eyes on her face in covert avidness. "Who would believe that a crusty old banker would have enough discrimination to send you to me! I thought bankers only had eyes for compound interest," his eyes flickered, "or is it a compound interest he feels in you, Hazel?"

"Hardly that," she answered, ill at ease, and ventured, "Have you heard from him? Is he expected out here?" Her breath seemed to cease as she waited for the answer.

"I haven't heard a thing. None of us, out here, knows him. I understand he's coming out later, when he returns from Europe, in about a month or so."

"Will 'Hearts Aflame' be finished by then?"

"It'll be finished in a week, my dear, if you continue to work as you have been working. You and Hilton work well together."

"Yes," she said. "He's nice."

Von raised his eyes slightly and a quirk gathered around his mobile mouth.

"You like him, Hazel?"

"Of course. Everybody does. Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity. He's a very fine actor. Very clever and very handsome. His work in this picture is exceptional, due, I think, to the inspiration you furnish."

"Do you think so?" There seemed to be something Von wanted to tell her and didn't quite say. Was he trying to warn her that Hilton was always acting? If so, why? Could it be, by any chance, as the sharp-eyed Madge claimed, that Von felt more for her than a professional interest? Ridiculous! Von was the ace director of Hollywood, a very wealthy man, one of the owners of Mammoth, in fact, a man who had seen a hundred breathtaking beauties come and go, who could summon a score of lovely women to his side by crooking his finger.

"If," Von was saying, "you are interested in a career, you must always remember that the wrong kind of alliance is the worst hurdle in a professional woman's life. The life of a woman star is short enough without additional handicaps to cut it shorter. Is that *paté* good?"

"Excellent," she smiled. What did he mean?

And that evening, in textures as faint as the walls of a soap bubble, and as colorful, Von paid her a flattering and insidious court. He made love with the consummate ability of the trained amatory tactician, the ease of the steeled campaigner of a thousand boudoir intrigues, some of them, according to rumor, as colorful as pages out of the "Decameron."

HE left her later that evening, with a quiet good-night, and she went to bed, mentally rehearsing the scenes he had gone over with her, conscious of a new power and confidence that he gave her in herself. Not once did she think of Howe. The past began to seem to her as if it had never been.

When Madge came back from her honeymoon, radiant and lovely, they arranged the little house into new quarters; and Madge and Bill gave a house warming party that brought many of the Mammoth people and some from Splendide and the other studios.

That same day, they had their first news of Howe. Madge saw an item in a Los Angeles newspaper. As the banker had become a movie magnate, he was interesting copy to the film colony. The newspaper stated that the millionaire banker was on his way to Vienna, to visit a specialist, and that he would soon return to the United States to visit his new interests in Hollywood.

"A breathing space," said Madge. "By that time, you'll either be a star or you'll be Miss Cinderella, at five minutes after twelve, with the coach gone and you in the middle of the ballroom in your shorts! Isn't this a swell house-warming party?"

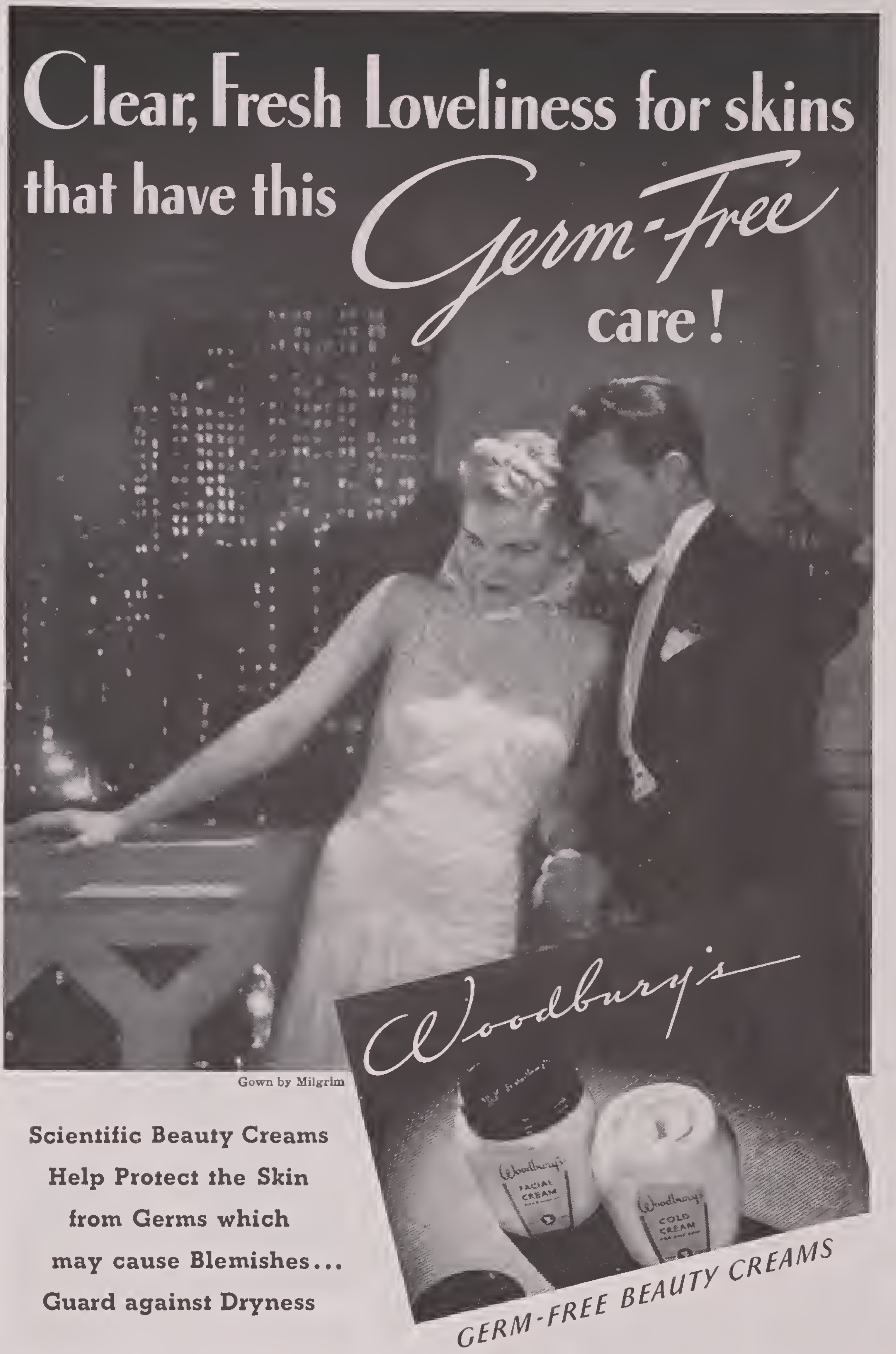
"I wonder which it will be?" mused Hazel.

"I'm told that your picture will be big box office. Even Bill says so, and he knows."

"I hope so."

"And what of the fair-haired Warner?" asked Madge. "No talk about a solitaire yet? I see him dancing over there with a blonde."

"Don't be silly! Nothing like that. We are just good friends, nothing more. There's a letter from Jennie in my room.



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SUDDEN temperature changes, dust from the air, the germs which cause blemishes... all are at work to mar your complexion. Yet you can keep your skin moist and clear with Woodbury's Cold Cream.

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Why, you may ask, does Woodbury's Cold Cream fulfill its beauty task more quickly, more surely than others? First, because an exclusive ingredient keeps it free from germs to the very bottom of the jar!

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And how much more this delicate beauty cream has to offer! Down deep into the pores it goes to clear away the dust and waxy secretions that make the skin dull and sallow. And Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to defeat aging lines, to keep the skin moist. Element 576, a second important ingredient, aids in combating skin dryness.

You'll need Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream, too, to protect your skin from wind and dust. It's a fluffy foundation cream that makes your rouge and powder look ever so natural! Each of these lovely creams only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Do try them!

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Q-347 • PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LASSERRE, PARIS

She says all's quiet on the Eastern front. So far, everything seems to be safe and sound."

"One hit on the way, a possible run and maybe no errors," nodded Madge. "The fireworks will start after Howe gets here. By the way, Bill says that after this picture is finished, he can do a lot for you at Splendide. That'll put you out of reach of Mammoth, and everything will be just lovely."

"What did you tell Bill?" demanded Hazel.

"Everything," acknowledged Madge, unblushingly. "The whole story. No use starting our life together with that between us."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He couldn't. He howled. Laid down on the floor and laughed until he was purple in the face. Said you should have been a lawyer."

"Isn't that just dandy! He won't tell, will he?"

"No, Bill's one of us. He says Hilton's working harder than ever before on this picture, but you're stealing it, regardless. Ain't we got fun?"

Hilton came over at this moment.

"Let's dance," he said to Hazel; and, to Madge. "She's the only one I enjoy dancing with." His eyes twinkled. "She knows how!"

NOW, what," murmured Madge, to herself, softly, as she watched them dance away, "did he mean by that crack? And how does he spell 'how'?"

It was the next day, after a particularly hard grind on the set, that Hazel went home, dog-tired, feverish with the thrill of the work she loved, conscious of a febrile elation. She was making good.

Madge and Bill were out. A hot bath was in her mind, and she was undressing, when the telephone rang.

In answer to her "Hello" came a strange baritone, impatient, snapping each word.

"I want to talk to Hazel F. Hartley," said the voice. "Connect me with her at once."

"This is Miss Hartley speaking," she said. "What can I do for you? Who is this?"

"Oh, so this is Miss Hartley, eh? Well, Miss Hartley, I want you to get into a car and come to Beverly Hills at once."

"But who is this?" she demanded, failing to place the alien voice. "Why should I do that?"

"Now, my dear young lady! I'll explain all that when you get here. It would, perhaps, be best if I did not do so over the phone. Write this down. This is the address." The voice gave the address and Hazel instinctively wrote it down on the telephone pad. There was authority in the voice, but she threw down the pencil and snapped:

"I'm not in the habit of being ordered to go here and there by strangers, and unless you tell me who you are—"

"Perhaps," rasped the irate voice, "you'll climb down from your high horse when I tell you that I am Mr. Howe's attorney—and I want to see you at once!"

Her heart seemed to drop into her shoes in one sickening plunge. Darkness whirled before her eyes and her throat was full. What did this mean? Would she be exposed as a fraud? Had Howe found out about the use of his name? Had something gone wrong in the office, in New York? In one second, a thousand dire consequences swept before her mental eye with a searing anguish; the humility she would suffer at the studio; the sneers of her new friends.

"I'll—come," she gasped and hung up. She sat down abruptly, as if her legs would no longer support her, eyes wide with a dawning terror. Exposed as a fraud! Her chance would be gone before it fairly began!

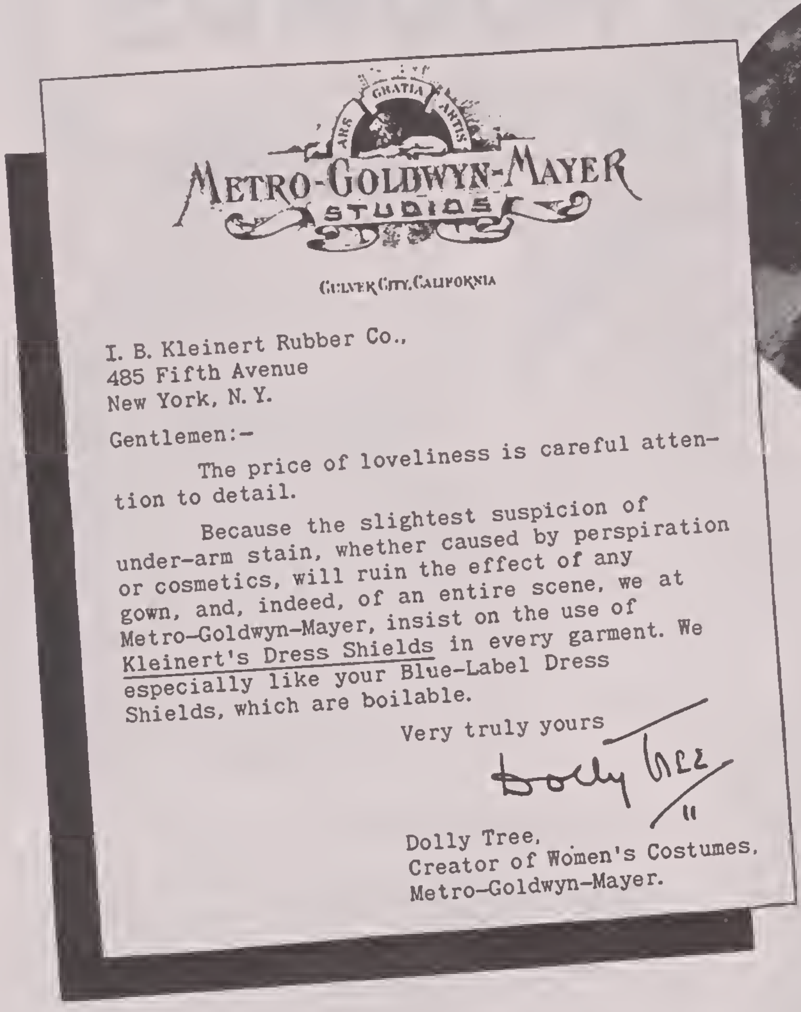
But, wait! Suppose she went to this attorney of Howe's and pleaded for a chance. Abased herself, and begged for the chance to make good. Success was so near now! Surely, no one could be so hard-hearted as to deny her this chance.

SHE dressed again with feverish speed. She remembered that she had a date with Warner, but that would simply have to wait until this more pressing matter was straightened out—one way or the other. She wondered what Warner would say when the news broke. If it did. She would plead. She would beg, to gain a little time—two weeks at the most. Whoever this man was, he was no fiend; he must be human with a little of the milk of human kindness in his nature. If only Madge and Bill were home. Apprehension began to tug at her heart strings.

For the first time, Hazel realizes the enormity of the fraud which she has built up. But does she realize too late? What is in store for her as she answers the summons of Mr. Howe's attorney? And, meanwhile, what of Warner Hilton? There's more drama—and a tremendous surprise—to come in the September issue.

Even stars like John Halliday and Eleanore Whitney can't wait until they get home to read their favorite fan magazines (Movie Mirror and Photoplay, of course!). Here they are on Hollywood Boulevard.

Kleinert's DRESS SHIELDS are HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES



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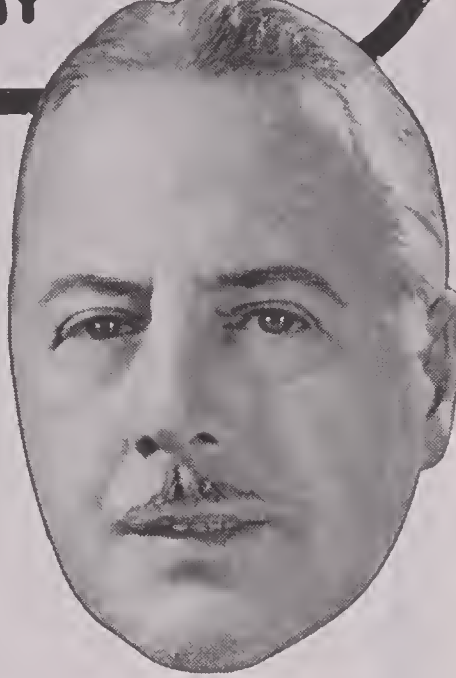
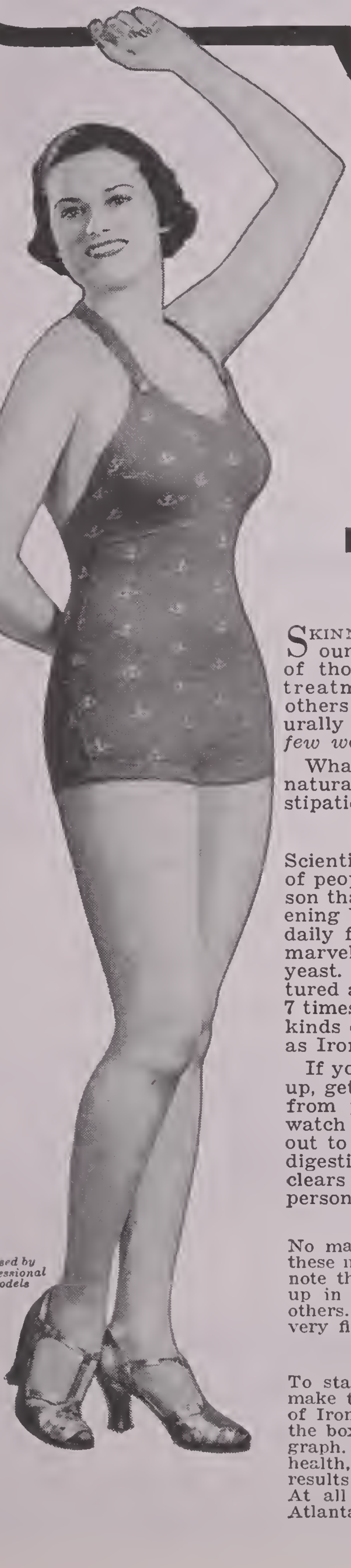

READ HOW SKINNY GAWKY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW QUICK WAY



Thousands gaining normal attractive curves —in just a few weeks!

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

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The Tragic Life Story of a Happy Man

(*Continued from page 63*)

producers on Broadway, offered him a chance in the road show version of the season's hit, "Listen Lester."

The sales talk Joe put on to get out of his burlesque contract was terrific. It took him exactly six weeks to bring Jerome around to his way of seeing it, and when the burlesque producer finally gave in, Joe was so grateful for the concession that he arranged with Cort to finish out the season with the cheap company! In the meantime he learned the lines and rehearsed Hansford Wilson's role in "Listen Lester," getting ready to step into the part with the first road company.

Then out of a clear sky he received an unexpected call from Cort.

"He wanted me to step into the role in the New York show at once, *that night!*" Joe explains. "I couldn't believe it! My break at last, after all these years! There may have been happier men in the world, but I could not believe it."

In order to understand Joe's overwhelming joy, and the deep heartbreak that was to follow, it is necessary to remember the long, hard road he had traveled to this point. He was not a stage struck amateur getting his break after a season or two of discouragement. The stage had never been glamorous to Joe. From his childhood it had been hard work, almost slavery at times. He had gone hungry, because he wanted to be an actor. He had forfeited all the carefree happy days of his boyhood. He had been beaten and cuffed around behind the painted scenes of his profession. He had been a small timer, a nobody for years. And now, out of a clear sky, he was suddenly chosen for the leading comedy role in the biggest hit show in New York.

It was unbelievable!

IT was too much happiness to come all at once, he argued to himself, as he arrived at the theater at four o'clock in the afternoon to make-up for an evening curtain at 8:45. He didn't mind that he was hours early! He wanted to be there on the stage of the "big time." Here were no cheap dressing rooms, lined with torn pictures of girls in tights. He looked out over the dark house, with its luxurious seats, its fine carpets and beautiful lights, through tears he could not keep back. He wouldn't leave the theater to eat dinner. He couldn't have eaten a bite, anyway.

Hours went by. The other actors were coming in, calling "hello" to the doorman. Several of the players came by Joe's room, congratulating him, and if there was anything odd in their manner, he was too happy to notice it. Almost curtain time now! Well, he didn't have to hurry. He'd been made up and in costume for hours. He heard the overture once. And then, funny thing, they played it again! Suddenly the footlights went out, the house lights came on! Actors standing in the wings waiting for their cues shrugged, started slowly back to their dressing rooms.

"What's the matter?" Joe wanted to know, but everyone hesitated to explain to him. Maybe they didn't have the heart.

After all, they had been expecting this strike from Equity, this strike that told all the experienced Broadway actors to quit playing. Everyone but Joe had known that was the reason Wilson had stepped out, and why Joe had been recruited for the part in the first place!

Even now something happens to Joe when he looks back on the heartache of that moment. He remembers standing there in the dressing room, long after the house had emptied, staring at the walls, too heartsick to take off his costume.

It was so bitterly cruel to come so close to your goal, and then to have everything you've worked for jerked from your hands because a producer expects you to scab on an actors' strike. So, it wasn't because he was a funny guy, and the big shot producers really believed he had a future. It was a political move. They expected to open shortly, he'd heard that much, and they expected to open with actors who did not belong to Equity. He could still do that. He could still have his "big night" on Broadway—with ashes in his mouth! But what of Kathryn and the children? He owed them something. What did he owe Equity in comparison? Yet these actors were striking for something they believed right for all actors. They were working for the general good of the only profession he ever really loved. And Joe did love it!

All night long he walked the floor of a dark room trying to decide what to do. He didn't have a cent to his name. What little he had saved out of the burlesque show had gone to keep Kathryn and the boys at a little farm upstate during the unbearable hot summer months. They needed all of it. Before dawn he made his decision.

THE next morning be borrowed sufficient money to join Equity and cast his lot with his fellow actors.

The Equity strike lasted for weeks, and those weeks are indelible in Joe's memory. He went hungry most of the time. There were times when free meals furnished by Uncle Sam, for entertaining invalid soldiers in nearby hospitals and camps, were all he would have to eat for days. It was ironical to be summoned into the presence of big producers trying to break the strike—and these men were usually at lunch or breakfast just by way of torturing him, Joe thinks—and have them beg him to go to work. And starved as he was, he'd stand there and refuse. One producer told him, "Here's the golden opportunity of a lifetime, and you won't take it. You aren't big enough to get away with this attitude. It will break you. You'll never get a big time show again."

But even threats to end his career would not change his mind, and to add to his deep unhappiness, he received word that his father had died. Joe borrowed money from Equity to reach Toledo, and the morning papers, the day he arrived home, carried the story that the Equity strike was over. This, of all times, was the one day he should have been in New York!

His career might have ended there, a sad epitaph on the fate of a Small Time Guy whom Fate chose to cheat out of his one big opportunity. Certainly Joe was discouraged enough to give up. He returned to New York without hope, a beaten man, a finished performer. The "big

Listen in, GIRLS!

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"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

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Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable *odor* of perspiration, and not *the perspiration itself*.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

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boys" would be through with him now. He'd muffed his chance to make a hit with them. He'd even muffed his chance to prove he was a good comedian. Perhaps they'd never thought he was.

Joe had been in New York just a few hours when his telephone rang. It was John Cort's office. Mr. Cort wanted to see him right away. He wasn't surprised. Probably Cort wanted to cancel that road show contract with him, now that he hadn't played ball.

He walked into the great producer's office waiting for Cort to let the ax fall. Cort looked at him a minute. "Been pretty rough going?" he suggested. Joe just nodded dumbly. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

"All right," said Cort, abruptly changing his tone. "Now you listen to me. I'm not taking you back because I like you, or because I think you're the world's greatest comedian. But you're a good one, and most of the others are awful!" Without knowing it, John Cort had handed Joe far more than a piece of contract paper. He'd given him back his belief, not only in the rightness of things, but in himself.

Joe toured that season with the road show of "Listen Lester" and his success was so marked that Cort brought him back to New York. At last, after all these years, the breaks were coming! And from that time on Joe's wagon was hitched pretty consistently to the stars.

HE did "Jim Jam Jems," featured with such well known players as Harry Langdon, Ned Sparks, Marie Wells, Frank Fay. He was in five or six hits in as many seasons. And yet, Joe is the only actor who came to Hollywood from Broadway who has not tried to create the impression that he was Broadway's greatest stage sensation. "I did all right on Broadway" he grins, "but I was never a riot. I was not even a star." Modest words, those, considering that when Joe went into "Twinkle Toes," the show that brought him to California on tour, he was earning the large theater salary of $1500 weekly!

"I wish you'd do me a favor in this story," Joe requested when we had come along this far in his amazing career, "and correct the impression that I came to Hollywood at the time of the talkies. That isn't true. I'd played silent pictures two years before talkies were made."

Strictly speaking, Joe's camera career began in New York where he was tested by every large film company in every conceivable role, including tragedy. It is his private opinion that he must have made four or five feature length films in tests, but nothing ever came of them. Joe was crazy to get into pictures. He believed they were his real field. But no one else shared this idea, so Joe continued to do shows, and take tests, on Broadway. After a year or so of this he, too, became reconciled to the idea that nothing was doing for him cinematically, and practically abandoned the idea. When "Twinkle Toes" landed in Los Angeles and three film companies called him up for tests, Joe was not even flattered.

He certainly was not expectant. But he made the tests. Why not? He'd made fifty odd or so—what difference did a few more make? He was, however, completely bowled over when the old FBO (now

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

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KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

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ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

SUMMIT
8 MILES

RKO) studio offered him a contract! This wasn't according to Hoyle. But who was the eager Mr. Brown to look a gift horse in the mouth?

For the first six months of his contract Joe played dramatic and near tragic roles. He was always the heartbroken clown who lost the girl he loved to the handsome hero. In his first three pictures, "Hit of the Show," "Crooks Can't Win" and "Circus Kid," death scenes were written in just so Joe could die effectively and sadly.

Hollywood had not yet discovered the "funny guy" who was to rank as the biggest money maker on a major lot because of his ability to make people laugh. But Joe was happy with his movie career, and happy with his life in Hollywood.

Strange that the world's glamor town, the city of false fronts and make-believe, should become the first real home he had ever known. Kathryn and the two boys were happier in Hollywood than they had ever been. Their lives were regulated and normal. Every day when he would come home from the studio Joe would pitch ball with Don. The entire family went to neighborhood picture shows in the evening and wound up the festivities with an ice cream soda at the corner drug store. If there were any little neighborhood societies or clubs organized, the Browns were among the first to join. Later, this was to lead to the fact that Joe E. Brown became a civic presence in Hollywood, a man who belonged to a community as well as a profession.

AND in the meantime, his career soared by leaps and bounds. The talkies brought two amazing developments to the screen, the microphone and Joe E. Brown's famous mouth. When he opened it audiences rolled in the aisles. Joe played "On With the Show" and "Song of the West" for Warner Brothers, who immediately put him under a long term contract. Two years later, when he had become the biggest box office draw on the lot, the original contract was torn up and rewritten to the mutual satisfaction of all.

Today Joe is a tremendously wealthy man. Two little daughters, aged five and three-and-a-half, respectively, have come to add to the great store of happiness that has crowned his life after so many years of tragedy and privation. His home in Beverly Hills is one of the most beautiful in the film colony. And it is never still from the voices of his own happy children, or the college kids who drift in to see Joe about getting them with one of the big leagues, or about a job in the prop department at the studio. (It has been said that Joe has put more ex-football players to work than any other factor since the depression.) He is one of the few actors, and one of the few people, of whom it can truthfully be said: "He is a happy man."

"When I look back over my life," he told me, as we shared our last appointment for this story, "I am glad of everything that has ever happened to me. There is a line in Edna Ferber's novel, 'So Big,' that I shall never forget because it just about sums up my philosophy of life. The line is: *Just remember that everything that happens to you is sheer velvet.*

"That's a wonderful thought. If you believe that, you can't harbor resentment

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Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

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But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

or hate or malice toward anything or anyone. I have so much to be grateful for that I completely forget the other things in my life. I have found more than my share of happiness in my family, my friends, my work. I feel that I'm in the grandest business in the world, and I hope they let me stay in it until I have to be wheeled on to do 'Lil Mousie!'"

And so do we, Joe!

The Home Life of Our Mrs. Tone

(*Continued from page 27*)

Chili beans? Oh yes, and people sleep afterwards, too, or Joan is as hurt as the dickens about it. Some evenings it may be hot buttered pop corn. Great bowls of it with everyone popcorn from head to foot.

But the evenings when there are no guests and just the two sit alone after dinner, are best. The victrola peals forth an opera as they sit and listen, playing one measure over and over to study the inflection of just one word. Maybe in the midst of it Joan will remember a dress that is much too long in the front and while *Madame Butterfly* tears out her heart from the radio, Joan tears out her hem from the armchair and soon her needle will ply back and forth to the strains of a too lovely melody.

Sometimes they just talk. Or plan ahead. What they'll make of their voices. And sometimes they'll go way beyond dreams of new glories and triumphs to a time when all the fire and frenzy of life are over and there will be just the two of them alone from the world, in the world together.

Comes a Sunday and you think now here's going to be a day. With Joan and Franchot free from work surely jamborees will take place like mad. Not like your house, Faith, with papers and roast beef and nothing else.

Well, here's what you'll do at the Tones'. Servants will be gone and the house will be very quiet way out there in Brentwood. After breakfast Joan may decide on a sunbath, fifteen minutes on the tummy and fifteen on the back. And then a game of badminton with Franchot and a swim and, of course, the usual shampoo.

Now comes a rite that is never omitted; hail, storm or thunder. The household bills are gone over at a great rate for not a bill, large or small, enters or leaves that Tone menage without being checked over by Joan. The gas bill, the light bill, the food bill, charge accounts are all, every single one, duly noted and checked. The fact that chicken has gone up nine cents a pound (and you thought you were being stifled back home by the chicken-going-up thing, didn't you, my dear?) is terribly noted and commented on.

Joan is against it. Nine cents a pound is a heck of a note if you ask her, and even if you don't. Salaries are paid by check, special fan letters are answered and all household accounts, however trifling, are taken care of. There is no haphazardness about it. Joan Crawford is the keeper of her house.

Every bed spread, every piece of linen, every silver knife, fork or spoon is as much a part of Joan Crawford as the curve of her brow and the glamor of her name.

Every petunia that lifts its face in the Crawford-Tone garden, every nook and every cranny of that home and garden is as much a part of her living, breathing being as the lights that flash her name from gleaming marquees and the sexy swish of her ultra swanky gown.

Little homey, homely things are, pathetically odd as it seems, the very foundation of her life. The rest merely the trimmings that catch the eye and, maybe, hold it.

Days too gloomy or cold for a swim or a sunbath, the big renunciation scene takes place in the bedroom of our Miss Crawford. Whether it is a better thing to give up the box of blue ribbons she's never worn and make place in the dresser drawers for the new step-ins is the problem. For you can count on it, dresser drawers are cleaned like perfect fury. Every pin, every nail file, every ribbon has its place in the scheme of things with Crawford. There's no guessing or screaming downstairs to Alice "Where is this or that," for Joan knows. All, all are neatly catalogued, with the petunias and the price of chicken, in the utterly amazing mind of this woman.

Servants, her present staff of four, at least, have been with her for years. "The only grief I've ever had with servants has resulted from my being too kind," she once told me. "Immediately they took advantage and decided it was their home to run, to manage, to possess, as they pleased."

I'M laughing. Crawford's home is Crawford's life. Try running it, funny face, and see where you get with Crawford knowing every single button that's off every single garment and why and when and where.

There's very little dropping in with a "Hi, Joan. Hi, Franchot. Just driving by and thought we'd stop." Or any of the usual transformation of a Hollywood home into a roadhouse thing.

The Crawford-Tone home is a place in which two people live. It's not only a physical living, remember, but a spiritual living that goes on within those four walls. You'll go when you're asked, if you choose. But, otherwise, you'll stay put in your own backyard or go to the Trocadero.

Certainly it won't be to the Tones'.

After the bills are settled and paid, and several checks that have no place in bills but are destined to find their way into some needy life in the usual Crawford manner, are hidden away from prying eyes, the singing lesson is on. Two hours of it. And then the daily shampoo and off to the kitchen where the kidney bean fracas is in full bloom again.

Maybe a picture will be run in the evening or maybe it's just music. But at nine-thirty Joan will be in her room writing menus on the "This Is To Remind You" slips for next night's dinner and also suggestions for her own and Franchot's lunch pails next day.

Can you see where a cog has in any way slipped in the smooth-running home

"Keep an eye on the sun" says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

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● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1

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of a famous Hollywood lady in pictures?

Fan magazine day is a grand rush to see who's first, with Bennett, the chauffeur, leafing madly through the books for pictures and stories of his mistress. Let one crack of criticism creep into the pages against Joan and the kitchen pow-wow among the servant four is on. Dire threats and mutterings against any and all writers fill the kitchen to overflowing. Feathers and a tomahawk on the staff are all that's needed for a good old-time massacre. They're that loyal.

"We want everyone to really know her," Alice, the colored maid, whispered to me one day on the set. "Cause if they knows her, they loves her."

You'll notice, as you linger about, little Faith, not a speck of dust about the place. Dust is the obsession of her life. Spotlessly clean must be everything about her. Even her drinking cups are carefully wrapped in waxed paper. Her big eyes fairly leap about in their all-seeing-dust-on-things complex and jolly darned well do the servants know it.

Her home is clean. Really clean. And her life as full of little ups and downs as your life and mine. It's made up of moving pictures, not the screen kind but the daily living kind that fill every woman's days in every walk of life.

Thursday night, servants' night off, means house dress and omelets. In the midst of a busy stirring about the kitchen one evening the doorbell rang. With spoon in hand, Joan, the glamorous girl of the screen, dashed madly to the door while the omelet sizzled.

"Telegram for Joan Crawford," the boy said, very matter of fact. "Sign here, please."

JOAN signed, the spoon still clutched tightly in her left hand. "Thank you very much," she called, and it was then the boy looked up.

He looked at the dress, the spoon, at the face that's known around the world.

"Gosh," he breathed, "it's you," and dashed like a turkey for his bicycle.

And there was Christmas, of course, the big-time gala day of the year. And what of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on this thrilling and exciting occasion?

Nothing. Or hardly anything. The servants were given the day off and Joan got breakfast. The family dinner party and gift-giving had taken place the night before. Joan washed her hair, as usual, and Franchot was reading in the library. The 'phone rang presently and a friend from New York, a noted playwright, announced his arrival in Hollywood. "But it's Christmas and you're alone," Joan said. "Come on out."

The three sat and talked until about five.

"Will you stay for dinner?" Joan asked, mentally picturing the stripped turkey of last night's dinner.

He stayed and the three went into the kitchen. In two minutes the visitor was shelling peas at the kitchen sink. Joan was elbow deep in a pan of potatoes and Franchot stood before the open broiler with a fork waving gaily in his hand discussing the relative merits of the Theater Guild and the Theater Group between Joan's screams of, "Franchot, the steak."

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The steak got itself turned midway between the Guild and the Group.

Outside windows were lighting up with Yuletide cheer. Crowds of cocktailing groups were moving from one gay, hilarious open house to another. There was cheer, a little false, some of it, but cheer, cluttering up the town from end to end.

There was another kind of cheer, in the town of Hollywood, too. It was in the kitchen of Joan Crawford. Potatoes were getting creamed, peas were bubbling and a steak was sizzling in a broiler while three people talked, laughed and ushered out, like real people in real homes, all over the world, the day of peace on earth.

OF course, it isn't all peace, all tranquility, all calmness. Things do happen in the quietest of families. There was the day Joan was particularly anxious to make a grand impression on a very imposing guest. She had donned her very best Hattie Carnegie gown. Lights were soft. Music was low.

It was Easter. That morning the chauffeur had brought in two baby ducks, one for Joan and one for Franchot. They were tucked safely away upstairs with food and water.

Seven o'clock and all was serene. And then it happened! Bedlam! Down the stairs trotted Pupchen with one baby duck, dead. Franchot was at him like a bolt of blue just as the doorbell rang. The dachshund made one wild bee-line around the room, leaping for Joan's skirt. The Hattie part completely tore itself away from the Carnegie end of it, while Joan shrieked. The guest stood open-mouthed in the living room doorway.

The script of "The Unguarded Hour" lay near at hand. Franchot seized it and went after Pupchen with a whoop.

Scene 3, page 5, fairly leaped out of the script into the visitor's face. "The Unguarded Hour" flew from Franchot's hand just as the butler announced dinner. It caught him midriff and—well, it was no use after that. The visitor eyed them suspiciously throughout the meal. Convinced they were either wild or mad or both.

So, of course, things aren't always as calm as last year's tornado. But nearly. For in those strong, capable hands of Joan Crawford (notice them some time) rests the reins, not only the ones that guide a career on and on to unsuspected heights, but the reins that guide a home on and on to unsuspected happiness.

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It's that John Barrymare-Elaine Barrie mix-up—May and December with a dash af July hat-cha thrawn in. At first it had all the earmarks af a newspaper-made comic opera ramance, but naw . . .

Well, yau'll find a vivid authentic account af the whale amazing stary in the September MOVIE MIRROR, an sale everywhere July 24th.

Muni's Really a Clown!

(*Continued from page* 48)

wholly overlooked by the one-track folk of the movie colony. Of course he relaxes, and quite as intensely as he concentrates on his job of acting. He is a perpetually fascinating person who discards one mood for another, frequently. And I can assure you that when Muni unbends he does so with a thoroughness that's extraordinary.

I wish you could be around him for awhile. You'd get an entirely new perspective on this master of emotions.

As soon as he switches into his lark-loving frame of mind, anything's liable to happen. Bella Muni steels herself to stay in a constant state of breathless wonder. Sometimes she thinks he'll surely be caught behaving so absurdly. What then?

If the desire to be merry seizes him when they're on the street, he usually starts to mimic whoever's ahead of them. His superb mockery has the two of them in stitches.

SHE despairs for his reputation when they get anywhere near an elevator. Muni is apt to enter with the weight of the world apparently on his particular shoulders. That won't be any pose; he's naturally a worrier. But the excessive dignity of the average elevator occupant is almost invariably too much for him. So quickly he's up to his familiar stunt of making believe that he is trying to bite the delicate pink ear of the lady standing sedately in front of him. Bella is positive that some woman is going to turn and shriek in horror at the sight of an individual on the verge of gnawing her ear off! Luckily, this catastrophe hasn't occurred yet.

Away from the routine of his career, Muni is as spontaneous as he is studied with his parts. He hates to make a move, so far as films are concerned, that he hasn't pondered over at length. But his lighter actions are emphatically not planned in advance. They aren't time-clocked. Most of all, they're not for effect.

In the seven years since Muni arrived in Hollywood, he has been to the Cocoanut Grove but twice, and to the Trocadero only once. He doesn't attend the fashionable previews and his name is conspicuously absent from the society columns. You seldom read interviews with him.

As a result, even the rest of the stars have assumed that here is a royal recluse. But the notion's all wrong!

Paul Muni is not unsocial. On the contrary, he enjoys his fellow creatures. He would go out a lot more if he could observe without being watched. He delights in inviting interesting acquaintances to his home, and I'd rate him as one of the most engaging conversationalists in all Hollywood. He has obviously devoted considerable attention to a variety of subjects, and he can be remarkably keen with his slow wit.

Few have heard of this human side of Muni because he isn't given to relaxing where it'll garner the most publicity. He is rarely quoted, but merely because he isn't an exhibitionist. He likes nothing better than a spirited talk-fest; but he is dumbfounded when confronted with requests to tell how love came to him!

And certainly he is indisputably genuine. He never dissembles. An inner force seems to make him be frank. Thanks to this inability to conceal his honest opinions, you know precisely what he thinks.

As a host he is graciousness itself. He is proficient at anagrams, insists upon taking on everyone once he's at the ping-pong table, and is pretty smart at pinochle. The popular game of Monopoly has captured him and he buys and sells with a vengeance. He'll indulge in poker if allowed to go at it with his tongue in his cheek.

Each change of mood in Muni is a complete transformation. Fortunately, he has won a wife who adapts herself to his current tempo. This is really Bella's secret for making theirs an especially successful marriage. Whenever he wants to have fun, she's ready to join him. Without delay or discussion.

To do this she's had to deliberately submerge a number of her own tastes, and be willing to eagerly acquire an appetite for his enthusiasms. I don't swear that she's crazy about all of his hobbies. She isn't. She misses the glamorous yesterdays in New York, and the acting she used to do herself in the theater. But she's gallantly made the jump, as she describes it, "from city swallow to meadow lark."

The Munis are of Hollywood, but they aren't in it. They would be bored living up to the local glamor customs. Anyway, Paul has been bitten by the ranching bug.

He grew up in crowded cities and California was his first chance to escape from apartments. So his residence is a charming Spanish farmhouse in the center of a walnut grove, twenty-five minutes' drive from the Boulevard. There he has all the comforts and none of the drawbacks of civilization. He has a radio in every room and no trolley clanging by.

ON week-days, when he returns from the studio, he'll sit down to dinner and ply Bella with a dozen questions: "Is the irrigation system functioning as it should? Did they put up that fence along the south end? What report has the hired man made on the new oranges?"

As many a wife with an impetuous husband can guess, a number of his impulses wind up in the lap of the missus. On Sundays, Muni rushes into his farm clothes and dashes over to the citrus acreage that he's bought. Recently he announced that he'd decided on more land. At that Bella drew the line. She has all she can do running the two pieces of rural property they already have!

She is bearing up quite admirably at billiards, incidentally. Muni wasn't content until he had a pool table and it wasn't twenty-four hours before she was his number one pupil. Whenever she comes home and neither Muni nor the butler is in sight, she heads for the billiard room. There she finds them and is tactfully quiet if a difficult shot is about to be made.

I might as well disclose that Muni didn't do so well by his vivacious, dark-eyed mate when they took up golf. He persuaded her that it was a crime not to take advantage of the sunshine and of the rolling golf course that sprawls on the hills on the highway into town. There was

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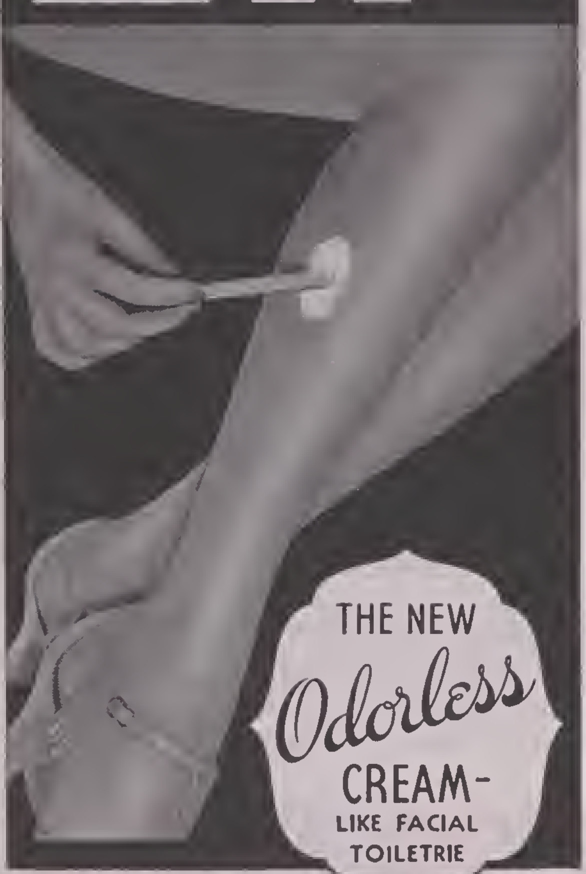

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nothing to do but to invest in a full array of clubs and a bag for each of them. After a week he lost the urge. But Bella is still at it, when she can sneak spare hours!

You hardly expect a man who's superconscientious about the details of his profession simultaneously to be an inquisitive adventurer. Yet Muni detests the idea of being tied down, and he's an ideal companion for the jolliest sort of trips.

Two years ago he and Bella were vacationing at Highland Inn, in Carmel.

"How about spending our remaining time in Russia?"

Bella didn't blink an eyelash at his proposal. "Grand!" she exclaimed. And in a fortnight they were on the Atlantic, bound for the mysteries of the Soviet.

ALL their traveling is like that, no sooner contemplated than begun. On this jaunt Muni had his experience with the collegiate raccoon coat. A lawyer friend in New York had loaned it to him for exceptionally cold weather. In Warsaw he donned it.

"They had never seen that kind of fur," he remembers, mirthfully. "The people stopped in their tracks and their grins turned into such chuckles that I had to hurry back to our hotel and take it off. So I learned what will strike them funny in Poland!"

He abhors de luxe junkets. "Why bother to travel if you intend to segregate yourself from native manners?" he asks. The Munis sail first class, but when they disembark they mix with the typical citizens.

An evening they had at a Parisian cafe in the Montmartre is an illustration. They wore their oldest things and sat at a table in the inexpensive balcony, where only beer was served. The floor show was a garish affair. But what intrigued them was a door into a private banquet room.

"I shouldn't allow you in," stated the waiter, frowning at their garb. A tip fixed that. "But you'll have to order champagne inside!" admonished the astounded soul, evidently classing them as peasants on the loose.

Today I can vouch for his being happier than he has ever been. The powers that be, awed by his proved box-office draw, are letting him have more intelligent plots; they're not so anxious for him to stick to what is to his taste distressingly trite.

My strongest memory of this truly superior star focuses on a recent noon when we lunched at the Garden of Allah. I was lifted far from egotistical Hollywood outside by his unparalleled humbleness.

"I don't understand how I get by," he vowed passionately when I'd led him into an analysis of his acting. "I have only ordinary personality. No looks. None of the flashiness that goes with the theater!"

Abruptly I realized that he was a prime example of that saying: "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." Paul Muni is instinctively emotional, but he laboriously creates his compelling characterizations. Craftsmanship is his recipe for rising from the ranks.

But whatever he accomplishes, he'll not be lured into hauteur. He continues to drive a Ford to work and he prefers chatting with the members of his company to being aloof in one of those elegant portable dressing-rooms. And often he listens to jazz and revels in chocolate sodas.

He bounded into his manager's office not long ago. I chanced to be there. In a trice Muni was standing on a desk. The next minute he was posing as "The Thinker."

THE crude kind of ribbing doesn't appeal to him, but you ought to have been on hand when he secured his sweet revenge on Vince Barnett, Hollywood's unofficial jokester. Muni had a prop boy hold sneezing powder behind the for-once earnest Vince, when the ribber was attempting to be dramatic in a scene. Every time Mr. Barnett reached his big moment he sneezed.

"Can't we have any cooperation? Is this the way to make a debut?"

As Muni raved, Vince apologized more and more profusely. They kept re-taking, and the "insulter" of dozens of celebrities was near tears as he spoiled his opportunities. Finally the presumably irate star nonchalantly remarked, "Now will you kindly stop administering the sneezing incentive, and may we have some film in the camera?"

The man behind the genius is a regular fellow. He likes to progress. But he likes to play, too.

Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's French starlet, had a lot of fun when William Wyler took her for a wild ride on the famous motorcycle ex-wife Margaret Sullavan gave him. He's had so many tickets for speeding that the judges threatened him with a 30-day sentence for "the next time"!

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How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women!

AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO ADD LBS. QUICK!

Seedol Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich, Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES
3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 902, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Summer Time Is Beauty Time

(*Continued from page 32*)

daintiness every girl can and must have.

Now this department is nothing if not practical, so we'll get right down to fundamentals on this problem, and begin with soap and water! Do you know how to keep the complexion free of the excess oil and dirt which results in blackheads? Do you keep your hair clean and fragrant with the natural perfume which healthy hair has? Do you use a good stiff body brush and lathers of good soap when you take that daily bath? Have you found out yet about the water-softener which is so inexpensive but so delightful that you can luxuriate in it every day without being extravagant? Do you realize the extreme importance of keeping lingerie and stockings always fresh, and how easy it is, with certain types of soaps?

And now we come to two safeguards of daintiness, the importance of which is emphasized during the summer: Protecting ourselves against the possible disagreeable effects of healthy perspiration, and removing superfluous hair. We'll take them one by one.

In the first place, you *should* perspire. If you don't, it means there is something wrong, and you must see your doctor. But there is no reason for going around with stains under the arms, and with, shall we say, an aroma, which proclaims sheer carelessness to every healthy nose!

THERE is a type of dress-shield to suit everyone, and every occasion. Don't just buy shields. Find out about this practical variety—the different shapes, the different weights, all of them designed to give maximum protection with minimum weight and visibility. There's even the little net bodice with shields in it, so they don't need to be put into a dress, for the very busy girl. Keep these protectors regularly washed. Did you know they are even making shields you can boil? And have you seen the little rubber aprons which protect the backs of sheer, summer frocks from wrinkling?

Then there are any number of excellent deodorants which you ought to know about, and the lotions to check excessive perspiration locally. These last you use at home, of course, but some of the best of the deodorants are put up in the nicest little boxes, creams and powders for you to carry in your purse like lip-stick and face powder. One of them even looks like a lip-stick, and these certainly are just as essential to true beauty as any cosmetic could be.

Now about that unwelcome hirsute adornment on the legs and under the arms, which is particularly conspicuous during the summer, in evening gowns and bathing suits. Let me warn you never, never to use a razor. Don't say, "But I tried a depilatory once, and it smelled, and was messy, and took ages, anyway." I know all about those first crude, even dangerous depilatories! But have you tried one of the really good, modern ones? If you haven't, you have a surprise in store. Compared to the old ones, they are like a streamlined 1936 car and a 1912 model.

***New* GLAZO puts old-type nail polishes in the discard**

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

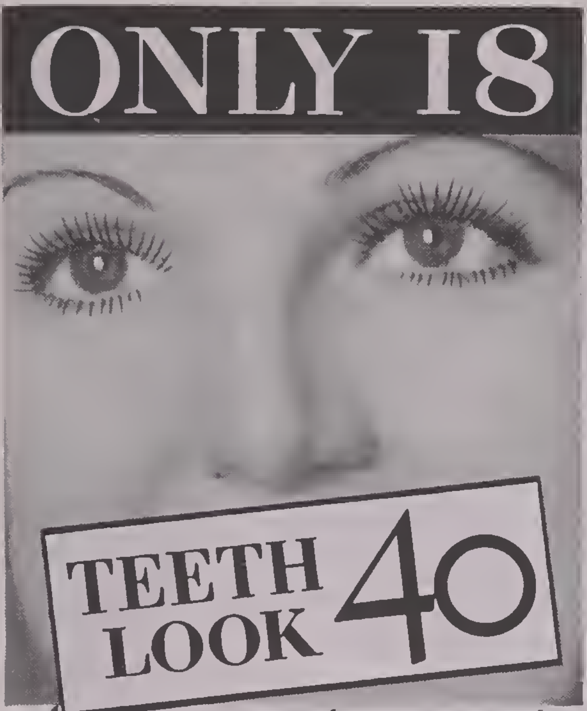
For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET



because she used a HALF WAY tooth paste

Half way dental care is simply gambling with your teeth. Even in youth, soft spongy gums are the warning of disaster ahead—lost teeth, dental ruin.

There is no excuse for taking this chance. You *can* use a tooth paste that whitens your teeth and *Safeguards Your Gums* at the same time. Forhan's was perfected by a famous dental surgeon for this *Double* protection.

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's does both jobs at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Notice how much better Forhan's makes your whole mouth feel right away. You'll soon *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Begin using Forhan's today.

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH
by Doctor R. J. Forhan
SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY
NEW YORK

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS

BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

Shampoo-Rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

And they are quick, pleasant and effective.

There are several different principles used in making depilatories. Some are creams, some liquids, and then there is the famous one which isn't a depilatory, but an epilator, which means "hair out" instead of "hair off." This is particularly good for use on the face, and for delicate skins. You should experiment till you find the one you can handle the easiest, and which seems best for you. But remember, if you are thoroughly dainty, and have the slightest need for it, you will use a depilatory regularly, not only in summer, but all the year round.

We *have* been practical, haven't we, but it's these practical means which lay the foundation. And now let's go romantic all over the place! Let's think about perfumes. The right perfume for *you*, rightly used, accents the appeal of an immaculately groomed girl in an indescribably lovely way. It is the last touch, the final enchanting word in the spell your personality can weave over others.

Each one of us has her own pet way of using perfumes, but there are loads of enchanting new ways in which they can be used. One of the nicest, I think, is to use a powder which matches your perfume, and there's a splendid powder which uses the same scent you can buy in pretty bottles—a grand idea.

I hope you will shop for perfumes. Don't regard them as an extravagance. They aren't. They belong in your beauty regime, and I know you can find ones you'll be mad about, which will fit your purse, no matter how fat that purse may be, or how slim.

Movie Mirror Junior

(*Continued from page 6*)

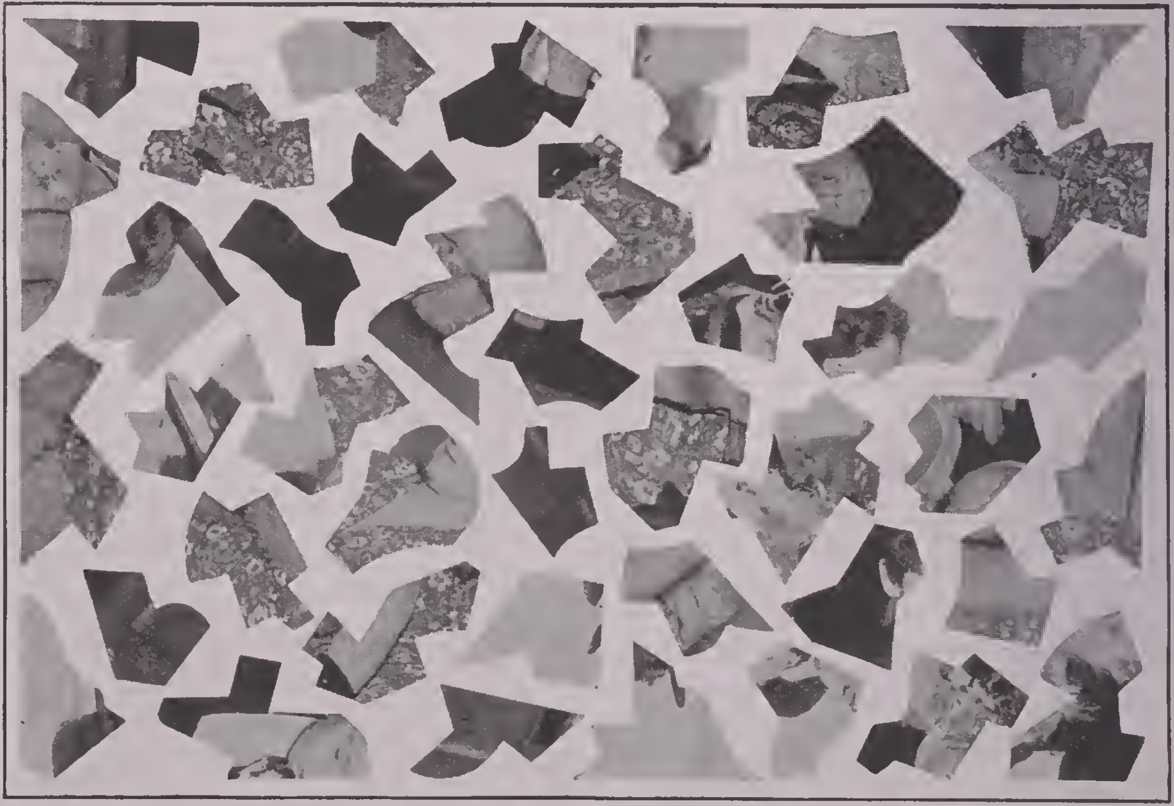
One of the very first things a young guest star conductor of this department wants to know is "What Picture did the Movie Juniors like seeing me in the best?" Next, they ask, "What sort of pictures do you think they would like seeing me in?" Both of those questions are, you'll admit, pretty hard to answer, unless you write and let us know.

Freddie has made some grand pictures. You have, undoubtedly, seen most or all of them. So, write and tell us which one you think is his best to date, also what you would like to see him do next.

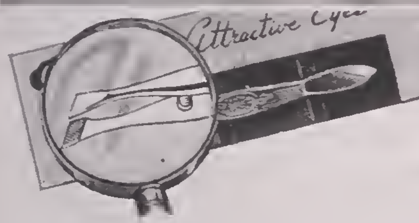
We are also including a cut-out puzzle as usual. Here is a tip—the picture shows Freddie playing with his dog, Concol. His Aunt Cissy is in the picture, too.

Get busy and send in your letter together with the cut-out puzzle. For the twelve best letters, accompanied by the neatest and most nearly correct cut-out puzzles, we will give a photograph of Freddie Bartholomew autographed by him. Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity and interest. Entries will be judged by Freddie Bartholomew and Miss Betty Turner. Their decision will be final.

All letters and puzzles should be addressed to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood California, and mailed before August 5th, 1936.



WELL-TRAINED EYEBROWS CAN BE *YOUR'S*



10c

Well-trained Eyebrows really show the beauty of your expressive Eyes. Wigder Finger Rest Grip Tweezers with their light, easy Spring Tension make "tweezing" effective and pleasant. They quickly take away extra and uneven hairs. Made with the "Lock-Grip", a **Wigder** feature, under the Finger Rest, will not allow the jaws to spread or cross under normal pressure. These Jaws are serrated or "criss-crossed" for positive grip and hairs come-out easily and quickly. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

Wigder quality costs no more
NEWARK NEW JERSEY
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

ITCHY PIMPLES

QUICK RELIEF Or Money Back!

IF FRANTIC with an itching, pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes—due to external causes—don't suffer another moment. One application of comforting **PETERSON'S OINTMENT** quickly soothes—cools tender, irritated skin. Angry redness soon vanishes. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching of feet or cracks between toes—brings seemingly unbelievable results. Itching and smarting disappear. Millions benefited. Try it—you'll be amazed. 35c a box, all druggists. Money back if not delighted. **SAMPLE FREE** from Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. JF-1.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935. C. M. CO.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 31*)

Jennings, Fritz Leiber, others.
It's About: *A modern Job, but with more troubles.*

You will either find this the most unforgettable picture you have ever seen, or you will consider it the most dismal whodunit you ever sat through—depending entirely upon your mood of the evening.

Artistically it represents triumph for Jean Hersholt and for its two directors, Otto Brower and Gregory Ratoff. Waiving all pretenses at stock romantic plot, the story follows the heart-breaking life of a simple well-meaning Tyrolian sexton who has two sons; one interested in aviation, one interested in nothing because he was born deaf.

Hersholt (the sexton) follows his elder son to America to make arrangements for the younger boy's cure; but the aviator dies and the World War cuts Hersholt off from his village and his remaining son. The rest of the picture builds up through the bell-ringer's miserable existence in poverty to a dramatic reunion and a powerful climax.

Don Ameche plays both young men, and will astonish you with his ability. It's his first picture. Hersholt is discovered as one of the best actors on the modern screen.

Your Reviewer Says: It will wear you out emotionally, but it's worth it.

✓✓Private Number (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Robert Taylor, Loretta Young, Basil Rathbone, Patsy Kelly, Joe Lewis, Paul Harvey, Marjorie Gateson, Jane Darwell, John Miljan, Billy Bevan and May Beatty.*
It's About: *The romance and marriage of a wealthy college boy and the maid in the house.*

Here's the high point in romance for the year! Introducing one of the grandest teams since Gaynor and Farrell: Loretta Young and Bob Taylor. And while this may be called "perfect entertainment" for women, we've a strong hunch that men will go for it, too. It is certainly a grand evening in the theater.

Loretta Young, a refined girl from a good family, finds herself stranded without money and takes a job as a maid in a wealthy house. The villainous butler (Basil Rathbone) hires her because he likes beautiful girls. Then the heir of the house, Robert Taylor, comes home from college, falls in love with the new maid and talks her into a secret marriage. When the lecherous butler discovers that there is a baby expected, he plots with the boy's father and mother to break up the marriage. He almost does it, too.

The combination of Loretta Young and Bob Taylor is perfect. Both are sincere in their roles and their love scenes are a model for romantics to follow! Basil Rathbone outdoes himself as the hated butler; never have we witnessed a more thoroughly nasty man on the screen. Patsy Kelly, Joe Lewis and a fine cast do excellently. We hope we get more of Taylor and Young together, they're swell.

Your Reviewer Says: One of our favorite pictures of the month.

It is hard to believe that
FEMININE HYGIENE
can be so dainty, easy and
GREASELESS

BUT IT IS TRUE ● Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, *greaseless*, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are *completely removable with water*. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

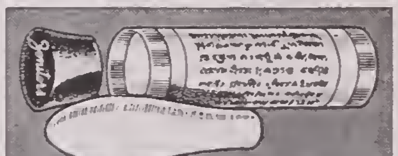
● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Each in individual glass vial



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FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless

Zonitors, 3418 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name..
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Learn Radio In 12 Weeks—Learn by Doing—
Many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK and my "PAY TUITION-IN-EASY PAYMENTS-AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN
H.C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 South Paulina Street, Dept. C6-6E, CHICAGO, ILL.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ..and Look 10 Years Younger

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

FOR PROMPT PLEASANT RELIEF THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE
Alka-Seltzer
BRAND
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Alka-

It makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and otherminor Aches and Pains.
30c AND 60c PKGS. ALL DRUG STORES
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LISTEN TO
The National
Barn Dance On
The Radio Every
Saturday Night
N.B.C. Network.

Earn Extra Money
Sell "EMBOSS-O" Christmas Cards
Earn up to $5 a day with newest Christmas Cards. Sender **embosses own signature in raised gold.** New — Easily done! Sell Assortment of 21 Christmas folders with "Emboss-O" for only $1. You make 100% profit. Extra cash bonus. 8 other Assortments, 50c up. Write!
FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 802 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.
FREE Sample Offer

EXTRA MONEY
$10 to $35 a week
Yes, you — anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.
COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for idea book full of colored pictures telling all about our methods which have made so many people independent. Learn how easy it is to make from $10 to $25 per week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity. *Write Now--It's FREE!*
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-K, Adrian, Mich.

✓✓Fatal Lady (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mary Ellis, Walter Pidgeon, John Halliday, Ruth Donnelly, Alan Mowbray, Guy Bates Post.*

It's About: *A great singer whose physical wiles lead to the murder of her handsome suitor.*

Combining operatic pomp and glory, exquisite singing and a murder mystery in one picture and retaining not only the beauty of the music but the believable melodrama of the mystery is indeed a feat! And, at last, you will see Mary Ellis given the sort of story, direction and photography that allows her to assume her full stature as a star.

Miss Ellis plays the role of a great singer whose fatal gift for luring men is a handicap to her solemn vow to allow nothing to interfere with her artistic life. The story builds slowly, showing her power over several men, until she falls in love with a young, handsome man who is promptly murdered. Of course there are many suspects; but we doubt if you can spot the murderer. During the entire unfolding of this plot, there is some of the most delightful singing we've ever heard.

Mary Ellis, looking more beautiful than ever and singing with full power, will captivate everyone. Walter Pidgeon and John Halliday give exceptional performances as the two men who, though in love with her, are suspected of killing Norman Foster. Guy Bates Post gives a flawless performance as the maestro who would protect his great pupil from life and love. The music and photography are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Should please music and mystery fans alike. See it.

✓Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)

You'll See: *Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, Steffi Duna, Luis Alberni, Victor Varconi, Jack LaRue, Alma Real, William V. Mong.*

It's About: *An 1800 dancing master, shanghaied by pirates, who saves his neck by teaching the early settlers of California to waltz.*

The plot of this picture is fantastic and sometimes unbelievable. The title role is played by a newcomer whose ability to dance is terrific. Charles Collins is his name and we know you will thrill when he does a tap dance up the steps of the hangman's platform. You will laugh at the antics of Frank Morgan as he re-enacts his usual *Batty King* without the usual robes. Steffi Duna is quaintly vivacious and reminds you vaguely of "La Cucaracha"—and you have a hunch that "La Cucaracha" reminded the producers to make "Dancing Pirate."

The picture is important, because Robert Edmond Jones, color expert, has found a new value for color on the screen. Color is used here to point the story to its dramatic peaks and is contrived so cleverly as to aid in telling the story.

Watch closely and you will notice that while the action is unfolding the characters are dressed in shades of blue; yet when the climax is reached, the same characters are dressed in tones of red. Thus color is given dramatic value.

Your Reviewer Says: An average musical made very interesting by the use of color.

✓✓Fury (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Walter Abel, Frank Albertson, Bruce Cabot, Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan.*

It's About: *An innocent man, jailed as a suspected kidnapper, who becomes a revenge-maniac when a mob sets fire to the jail.*

A triumph! A picture so dramatic, using a story so perfectly constructed for tense suspense and action, that it easily ranks with the finest pictures of this or any other year. You won't be able to think of anything else for days after you've seen it.

Spencer Tracy, a nice chap who has always lived a model life, is on his way to another town to marry Sylvia Sidney. He is picked up by the police of a small town and when a "ransom bill" is found in his wallet, he's thrown in jail. The word spreads around the town like a prairie fire. A mob storms the jail. Unable to reach the prisoner, they set fire to the jail and throw dynamite into the flames. An innocent man stands screaming in an inferno! But the dynamite blows off the cell door and he escapes. But what was once a fine man has now become a maniac for revenge. He decides to bring all the mob to trial for murder and hang the lot of them. The story from there on is packed with drama.

Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney create exceptional characters. Walter Abel, the district attorney, gives a fine performance and Frank Albertson as Tracy's brother scores. But it isn't the cast that should get all the credit; the fine story and the exceptional direction of Fritz Lang must share all the honors. There are plenty to share. It is easily one of the greatest motion pictures ever made.

Your Reviewer Says: Every person in the country should see this!

✓✓Green Pastures (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Rex Ingram, Oscar Polk, Eddie Anderson, Frank Wilson, George Reed, Edna M. Harris, Ernest Whitman, Al Stokes and William Cumby.*

It's About: *The famous imaginative story of the old-time Southern negro's idea of Heaven and "De Lawd" with choral backdrop.*

It is almost impossible to reduce the magnificent power, sweep and beauty of this to a few words. In our estimation, this picture is a credit to the entire motion picture industry and should go down as one of the finest and most unusual attempts ever made at artistic entertainment. Directed by the author of the stage play, the full scope of the negroes' fanciful idea of heaven is brought into vivid and humorous reality.

Story starts in a negro Sunday school class. Heaven and *"De Lawd"* are being taught with much ferver. Suddenly the scene shifts to heaven. There are *Gabriel* (watching for a chance to blow his horn), and *"De Lawd"* sitting in his office and some of the more favored of the colored angels sitting on beautiful clouds fishing and smoking ten-cent seegars. From there on, the play brings to life several of the more important stories of the Bible. *"De Lawd"* makes several trips to earth and on each occasion there is much truth com-

Relieves summer teething in 1 minute

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—*Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.*

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

GRAY Hair

If you are dissatisfied with your hair inquire into unique French method **KNOGRAY. Any shade from one bottle.** Not a restorer. Colors roots perfectly. Can't fade. Permits Perm. Wave. **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT** from anything you have known. Free Book. Madame Turmel, Dept. 17-E, 256 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Lewis student writes: "Business Manager and Hostess in Fraternity House. Have attractive suite in addition to salary, thanks to Lewis Training." Write for Free Book.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Sta. ML-8901, Washington, D.C.

FLUSH OUT 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy.

If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 Miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste, poisonous matter may develop, causing serious trouble. Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 Miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

bined with the honest humor and occasional pathos.

You will rave over the acting ability of this all-colored cast! Rex Ingram as *"De Lawd"* is an exceptional actor and a handsome chap as well. Eddie Anderson as *Noah* and Oscar Polk as *Gabriel* (the general handy-man of Heaven) share second honors and make you laugh and almost cry at will. The famous Hall Johnson choir of colored singers sing a beautiful obbligato to the action and complete a perfect picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly different picture! You must see it!

Dracula's Daughter (Universal)

You'll See: *Otto Kruger, Gloria Holden, Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel, Edward Van Sloan, Nan Gray, Hedda Hopper, E. E. Clive.*

It's About: *A beautiful eerie lady who, though dead for two hundred years, roams abroad at night preying on healthy specimens.*

Rather creepy, this. Full to the brim with fog, suspense and horrible goings-on.

Since the death of *Count Dracula,* the great company of the undead have released another vampire to prey upon the world during the dark hours of the night. She is a beautiful lady who calls herself *Dracula's Daughter.* But she doesn't get the kick out of her work that old *Count Dracula* used to get and she wants "release." She picks out a handsome young psychiatrist as the man to help her. Unfortunately (for the lady) the handsome scientist also happens to be a member of Scotland Yard and he soon realizes what he is up against. After two or three young and healthy persons are brought to the morgue with the usual "vampire marks on their now-pale throats," he decides to move heaven and earth to bring the lady to justice. His gorgeous secretary tries to help and falls into the vampire's clutches. Then the chase is really on.

Gloria Holden, as the vampire, is a stately and beautiful girl with a nice sense of eerie suspense and timing. Otto Kruger troupes with all his heart and Marguerite Churchill plays his adoring secretary in fine style. The entire cast is geared to express the horror of the story and they do get a real chill out of the audiences.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for horror fans. Keep the kids home.

✓The Last Outlaw (RKO)

You'll See: *Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Tom Tyler, Henry B. Walthall, Margaret Callahan, Ray Mayer, Harry Jans and Fred Scott.*

It's About: *The oldtimers of the West who get together to outwit the new sheriff and save the girl from the villains.*

A western that should make the usual epic go away and hide. Usual names, yes. But the story is so much better than we have come to expect from western fare that it will be enjoyed by audiences everywhere. Even if you've long since tired of the plot they always use, we advise you to see this one.

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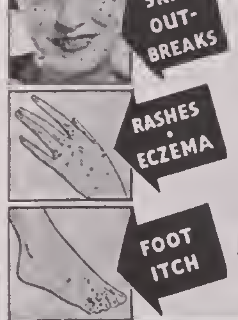

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Carey's daughter. As the story opens, Carey is out of prison and returns to the old stamping ground. A young sheriff with new-fangled ideas is in office and Hoot Gibson is in love with the girl. Now comes a tough band of gangsters who blow the same safe that sent Carey to prison and, with the girl as a shield, they flee to the hills. How the three oldtimers gang up on the gangsters and take them into custody is a thrill with plenty of sly humor.

Walthall and Carey share top acting honors and it was indeed a welcome sight to see these oldtimers strut their stuff. Hoot Gibson was another one we hadn't seen for a long time. Plenty of comedy, too, by that vaudeville team of Mayer and Jans, and Fred Scott sings a take-off on the recent cowboy successes for a round of applause.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell Western that should suit everyone.

Bullets or Ballots (First National)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Joseph King, George E. Stone.*

It's About: *A hard-boiled New York cop who has to be fired from the force before he gets a real chance to clean up the racketeers.*

Lots of fast and furious action, some clever situations and humorous dialogue give Edward G. Robinson an opportunity to give us the other side of the "Little Caesar"—the law. We always liked Eddie when he played cops and robbers; we like him as a cop just as well as a robber.

The story is taken from life. There is, in New York, a tough cop who has always made the racket boys and mobsters tip their hats when he meets them. But because the rackets are running wide open, with plenty of higher-up protection, none of the cops is able to lay a finger on them. Then comes a new grand jury. The tough cop gets fired from the force—and by the very man whom he had always thought would be a real cop when he reached the top. Eddie joins the racketeers for revenge against the way organized society has let him down. Joan Blondell is the beautiful blonde girl who would like to marry him. Eddie isn't the marrying kind so they never quite get together. You'll get a real kick out of the situation where Eddie is thrown into "solitary." The whole story changes at that point and you begin to catch on.

While this isn't the best picture Eddie Robinson has ever made, it's the sort that his fans like to see him in. He does a swell job. Joan Blondell isn't dieting any more and we're sorry. The mobsters, Barton MacLane and Humphrey Bogart, are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Good racket-action stuff.

✓The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Warren William, Claire Dodd, Winifred Shaw, Gordon Elliot, Joseph King and Addison Richards.*

It's About: *The famous detective, Perry Mason, on the trail of murder on the night his own honeymoon starts.*

Warren William breaks down once again and gives the mystery fans a treat with his usual *Perry Mason* lawyer-sleuth on the trail of the latest crime. For real dyed-in-the-woolers, this story should prove fascinating fare; you actually "see" the murder take place and yet you can't guess who the murderer is to save you.

Perry Mason, in this episode, finally decides that he has been in love with his secretary, *Della Street,* long enough. He solves this case by marrying her in the first scene and, ostensibly, leaving for his honeymoon. To foil the well-wishers, though, he returns to his apartment only to run into a mysterious lady who hands him a twelve-thousand-dollar retainer and forces him to take her case at the point of a gun. Of course murder happens, as it always has a way of doing wherever *Perry Mason* goes! His own client is accused. So she accuses him—and almost frames the murder on her own lawyer. All this time, the bride is biting her nails waiting for her husband.

Warren William skates through this "whodunit" with his usual abandon and makes you like it. Claire Dodd, as *Della Street,* does her bit as the bride who waits. The real eye-filler of the cast, though, is the other lady in the case, Winifred Shaw. We predict bigger things for Winifred; she has plenty of what it takes. The rest of the cast is mysterious and adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, if you go for mysteries.

Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Betty Furness, Raymond Walburn, Thurston Hall, Bruce Cabot, Donald Meek, others.*

It's About: *The difficulties encountered by a disinherited playboy in supporting his new bride.*

The witty dialogue, wholesome acting and entertaining comedy found in this little family picture will make you forget all about its familiar plot.

Robert Young gives a nice performance as the playboy son of a railroad president who finds his allowance stopped after he marries Betty Furness, who was once the member of a trio of petty crooks. The young couple start out as farmers, only to have their house burn down. They move to the barn and Bob looks for other work. He is doing splendidly at his new job as mail clerk for a small machine shop when Raymond Walburn and Bruce Cabot, former members of the crooked trio, enter upon the scene and rob Bob's employer. Bob gets the blame, and ensuing complications build to a satisfactory climax.

Bob Young and Betty Furness are a fresh and interesting team of young romancers. Thurston Hall handles the father role with ease, and Raymond Walburn scores solidly as the soft-hearted old confidence man.

Your Reviewer Says: While unimportant, a satisfying comedy picture.

Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Frances Dee, Brian Donlevy, Helen Westley, Henry Stephenson, Charles Butterworth, Sara Haden and others.*

It's About: *The stormy romance of a girl involved in murder charges and the mis-*

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Frances is acquitted of murdering her father by poison, due chiefly to the efforts of Reporter Donlevy and his paper. She runs away from him, however, when he seeks to ghost-write a sensational story of her life and finds refuge with wealthy but eccentric Helen Westley and Henry Stephenson. In a few days she, Frances, is deeply involved in all manner of mysterious goings-on in the household which culminate in two more poison murders being laid at her door.

Batty fun is contributed by Etienne Girardot as a crackpot doctor with "glass hips" and Charles Butterworth as Donlevy's stooge who is "tetched in the haid."

Your Reviewer Says: Provocative mystery plus lots of laughs.

Last Minute News

Cary Grant still is seen regularly with Mary Brian, and this after both have denied any real interest.

Bob Taylor was offered a huge check for one night appearance in a Texas night club but M-G-M refused him permission. Then by way of making it right with Bob, they offered him a ten-day vacation at their expense anywhere he wanted to go. He chose New York and the expensive Waldorf. Barbara Stanwyck saw him off at the airport.

Mary Ellis wins Reno divorce from British actor Basil Sydney.

Dorothy Sebastian wins divorce from William Boyd, plus two-thousand-dollar settlement and ten per cent of Boyd's earnings for three years.

Harry Bannister was foiled in his attempt to stop Ann Harding from taking their daughter to England. He threatens extradition on charges of kidnapping, despite court order allowing Ann custody of the child.

Carole Lombard bought a complete wardrobe for her intended trip to Cuba then had to go to Alaska to make "Spawn of the North" for Paramount.

The Bing Crosbys have at last moved into their brand new twenty-room mansion at Toluca Lake. Plenty of nurseries there, too.

News hounds have spotted Marlene Dietrich doing Hollywood with Clark Gable for several nights past.

Little Carol Ann Beery had her tonsils out and was so pleased that she didn't have to go to school, but she got well so fast her doctor decided she could finish the term.

Ida Lupino lost fourteen pounds during the shooting of her current picture. If it's love, Louis Hayward had better go away for a while.

Owen Davis, Jr., returns to Maine for the starring lead in "Ice Bound," Pulitzer play for 1923, which his father wrote. He'll come back to RKO for more picture work afterward.

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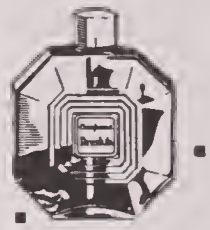

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—But Bette Calls It Luck

(*Continued from page 43*)

through the evening performance, in agony, but collapsed after it. Cukor was tearing his hair, but said we'd wait until morning to decide what to do. He called a full rehearsal for ten o'clock.

"At nine I was in the theater, sitting in the front row all dressed up in my best bib and tucker. Finally he came in. 'Pearl' was no better. He asked me if I could possibly learn most of the part before that night, as he hadn't provided for having the part regularly understudied so early in the run. The prompter would help me, he said.

"I was quite pleased to tell him I knew the entire part and evidently he was fairly well pleased with the performance I gave because he offered me a contract to play ingenue leads for the whole season.

"Mother's intuition was also useful during the first summer I went to the Cape Playhouse, near Falmouth. I'd seen a man in New York who told me to go up there, that I was hired for the summer. But when I presented myself at the Playhouse the director had never heard of me.

MOTHER was with me and we decided to stay. Then, one day, Laura Hope Crews, who was to be starred in 'Mr. Pym Passes By,' needed someone to play a little English girl. All the girl had to do was to sing 'I Passed By Your Window.'

"Jubilant, having promised to learn the song at once, I rushed to tell Mother. Of course there was no music store in Falmouth, so we drove to Hyannis, the biggest town on the Cape. But there wasn't any there, either. As we were walking down the main street, wondering what to do next, Mother suddenly stopped a perfectly strange man and explained our plight. He turned out to be the town organist and to own a copy of 'I Passed By Your Window.' He invited us right up to his house, taught me the song and gave me the music to take home."

Bette signaled for hot water for our tea while we were chuckling over this anecdote. Then she explained that her mother was not responsible for all the Davis luck.

"Oh, no," she said, shaking those nice curls which aren't platinum now but a soft, lovely golden shade. "I've had tons of luck when Mother was hundreds of miles away. She wasn't even in New York the time my cherished dream of playing Hedwig in 'The Wild Duck' came true. That *was* funny.

"When I was still in school I saw that play, and I remarked to a friend that one special reason I meant to be an actress was to play the role of Hedwig.

"Well, a few months after the Rochester stock season I was back in New York rehearsing some little thing at the Provincetown Playhouse in the Village. One night a man sat out front watching the rehearsal. After it was over he came back and asked me if I would like to play Hedwig with Blanche Yurka, uptown! I almost dropped dead, but even that long ago I had learned about my luck, and I wasn't as surprised as some people might have been. But just as glad!

"Even lots of things which have looked like failures at the moment have turned out, in the long run, to be lucky failures. For instance not getting one part I was considered for. I wanted to be in that particular picture *so* much, and wept gallons when I lost my chance. But when the picture was done, and I saw it, it was so frightfully bad that I almost wept again for joy at not being in it."

Bette went on to talk about her early days in Hollywood, when everything seemed to go wrong.

"You know I was a complete failure as a glamor gal," she reminisced. "Universal didn't take up my option and I was packing to come home, having decided that pictures, for me, were out.

"Guess my lucky star had been off on a vacation, but it came back on the job just then. Warners decided to make 'The Man Who Played God' with George Arliss and right out of a clear sky they signed me. You should have seen me *unpacking!*

"That job broke my gelatine jinx and before long I saw how lucky I was to have been a failure at glamor, because—I mean to me, personally—the character parts I've done are more interesting.

"Dream after dream materialized into actual accomplishment. I'd always wanted to do a Southern girl. One day I went to the beach in the rain. Rain has always been lucky for me. When I got home I'd had a call from Dick Barthelmess saying he wanted me for 'Cabin in the Cotton.' Whoops! I dropped so many R's that afternoon we had to sweep them out of the house like leaves.

OH, yes, another disappointment that was really a piece of luck: Of course 'Human Bondage' was one of the big milestones in my life. It was a wonderful experience to play opposite Leslie Howard, and my part in the story was a natural. Anyone doing halfway decent work as Mildred would have attracted attention.

"Some people thought I might get the Academy Award for that characterization but, as you know, I didn't and for a time I felt a little discouraged with things in general. Then I began to see where the old luck came in. If I *had* received the award just then I'd probably have had to play Cockney parts ever since and I certainly wouldn't have liked that.

"I think I was much more fortunate to win the award, finally, for 'Dangerous,' after I'd had an opportunity to do a wider variety of characters. Thanks to Warner Brothers, who give me every chance to avoid getting typed, the widely contrasting roles I'm playing now are continuously stimulating. I loved doing the poor little rich girl in 'The Golden Arrow,' partly because she gave me the first chance I'd had in years to wear gorgeous clothes in a picture. And I'm looking forward to her opposite extreme in the next job, a mountain school teacher tried for the murder of her brutal father."

All the tea was gone and Bette was due at a rehearsal. She was to go on the air that night for her first full-length radio show.

"Wish me luck," she cried gaily as we parted.

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5.25-17	2.45	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.50	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.80	1.15
5.50-17	2.75	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.75	1.15
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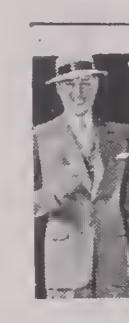

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Bob Taylor Had to Learn to Be Popular

(*Continued from page* 45)

lunged. Then the dinner bell rang, and in an instant the room was empty.

"Forget it," said Gerry. "Let's go in and act as though nothing had happened."

But Bob couldn't forget it. Fresh from the shelter of his own harmonious home, this was his first experience with cruelty and sarcasm. His first great hurt. There he was face to face with the fact that he wasn't liked. It hurt. It hurt terribly. It tore holes in him. He didn't even have to ask why he was unpopular. He knew. Later that night Bob looked at himself in the mirror and realized that even the way he carried his shoulders—up and back and straight—was against him. And the way he had been taught to walk—arrogantly, like a soldier on parade—that too was against him. Then there were those clothes—all those clothes. Bob looked at them contemptuously.

"It's all my fault," said Gerry close behind him. "I feel like a rat. If I hadn't accepted your generosity, you wouldn't be in a spot like this."

Bob wheeled around. "Cut it, will you? If you try to fix me with the boys by telling them about—about how you happen to be here, I'll never forgive you. I'll work it out myself. I want to. Please let me. *Please*, Gerry." He held out his hand. Gerry hesitated for only a moment. He saw the plea in his friend's eyes. They shook on it.

SO Bob set out to lick his battle his own way. It wasn't an easy battle. It was easy enough to give up the apartment and move into the dormitories, and to put his car and his clothes and his charge acounts at the disposal of his classmates, but this only started the ball rolling. There were those—Tom Reid was their ring-leader—who refused to be bribed by any such show of generosity. Bob was still a snob, still high-hat, and still a goody-goody as far as they were concerned.

The fact that he didn't smoke or drink was particularly against him. Of course these were forbidden vices around the campus, but that only seemed to make them more attractive to most of the boys. However it wasn't because of any college law that Bob refrained from drinking or smoking. As he explains it himself, "I didn't smoke or drink because Dad said if he ever caught me doing either—or even *heard* of me doing either—he'd lick the living daylights out of me! And he would have, too!" Bob laughs about it now, but it was no laughing matter then. "You see both my mother and father were very strict, almost mid-Victorian in their ideas. And I had been brought up to obey them. I loved my Dad, but I was afraid of him, too, and I wouldn't have crossed him for the world. But I couldn't explain *that* to the fellows, so they thought I was just being exclusive!"

Bob was so sensitive about it that he developed quite an inferiority complex on the subject. So much so that once when he was inviting a girl to a Demolay dance up at Lincoln, he said very seriously, "I'd

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like you to go with me, if you don't mind going with a boy who doesn't smoke."

The girl burst out laughing. In ten minutes everyone at Doane knew the joke, and Bob was looking for a place to hide his very red face.

But, anyway, of course, she went with him. She wouldn't have missed it for anything. Maybe he didn't smoke, but he danced divinely, and he was the best looking man on the campus. (Try as he might, Bob had never been able to live down that impression!)

The girl had a second shock however when he brought her home, shook hands with her, thanked her for the date, and then turned to go. She was shocked—and disappointed. Decidedly she thought there were limits to being a gentleman. "Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?" she wanted to know.

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," said Bob nervously. "But — however — well — all right." He did.

And that was the boy that others were calling conceited, high-hat, and a ladies' man! How little did they know the real Bob, who was sensitive, shy and modest under the surface.

But it was his surface-self they were judging, and not until they got to know him better did they see the really likeable person underneath. As soon as they did, Bob made great strides, and before the term was over he had been elected president of his freshman class, president of the Doane Players, he was playing in several of the school orchestras, and he had been admitted to the best fraternity.

Only Tom Reid held out against him. But along came spring, and during spring vacation, the Doane Players, Tom and Bob among them, toured the state with their dramatic offerings. As though by accident—but I am sure because Bob planned it that way—the two boys were forced to share a room together in the first town where they stopped. When Bob opened up his suitcase, a pair of track shoes fell out. "What are you doing with my track shoes?" Tom asked crossly.

"These aren't yours. They're mine."

"Oh, so you think you're a track man, too! I guess you think you can be just about anything you want to be around here, don't you?"

"Well, I thought you might help me, show me the tricks. I've got good legs. I can run. Not like you, of course. But if you'd help me."

"*Me* help *you?* That's a good one. Why I wouldn't help you on a bet!"

But just the same, early the next morning Bob and Tom were running together around the streets of that little Nebraska town, and Tom *was* coaching Bob! Bob had learned the final important factor in making himself liked. By appealing to Tom's feeling of superiority, he had him eating out of his hand.

There are a lot of people who wonder how Bob has been able to make such strides on the screen in such a short length of time. He had no theatrical inheritance. He had no theatrical experience. Just amateur shows. Yet in two short years he has risen from a "Crime Doesn't Pay" short to leading man in such pictures as "Broadway Melody of 1936," "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Small Town Girl." How come?

Well, a great actor once said that learning to act was merely a matter of learning to know people. This, at least, was Bob's only training ground. Had Bob never come face to face with what it meant to be unpopular, he might never have been what he is on the screen today. Because learning to be liked meant *learning what other people were like.*

Up until the day Bob went to Doane, his world had been secure. But, lucky for him, it turned topsy-turvy when he went to college. In spite of his material and physical advantages, he knew what it was to strive and suffer.

You've heard it said that all artists, to be artists, must struggle and suffer. You may think it's foolish. But it's not. If Bob ever grows beyond the title of "the most promising young man in pictures" and *fulfills* his promise, you'll know it's because he was just a poor little rich boy with a big problem to lick!

Cooking Department

(*Continued from page* 22)

good brands of canned fruits and vegetables. As a matter of fact, you are safer in buying a good canned brand, than you are in putting up with stale, unmatured, so-called "fresh" produce which any but a first class market will try to sell you.

The French method of making vegetable soup is so long and so complicated, I shan't attempt to give it. You probably have your own recipe, and also your favorites among the splendid canned soups. But here is an easy recipe which makes a delicious soup.

½	onion
2	stalks celery
½	turnip
1	carrot
2	potatoes
1½	quart water
5	tbls. butter
½	tsp. minced parsley
	Salt and pepper to taste

Prepare the vegetables, slicing the onion thin, dicing the others. Mix and cook all but the potatoes in 4 tbls. butter, stirring briskly. Add the potatoes, cover, and let cook for a couple of minutes more. Add the water and boil for an hour, or till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Then put in the last tablespoon of butter and the parsley. Season to taste and serve piping hot.

A "simple dessert" explains itself. I wonder if you wouldn't like to try this real French dessert, one of the delicious little trifles at which the French people are so expert?

Petites Precieuses

4	tbls. confectioners sugar
1½	tbl. flour
1	tbl. peeled, chopped almonds
4	eggs
	Grated rind ¼ lemon

½ tsp. salt
6 canned apricot halves
2 tsp. Curocoa liqueur

Beat together three tablespoons of the sugar, the flour, almonds, salt, and lemon rind, and the yolks of the eggs, for five minutes. (Yes, *five* minutes.) Beat the egg whites stiff, and fold into the first mixture gently for a minute. Butter six individual pudding molds. Place on a pan, and set in the oven for fifteen minutes. Take out, and let them stand for five minutes and then unmold. With a spoon, carefully scoop out the centers, about half way down. Put the apricots through a sieve, and mix the pulp with what you have scooped out from the "little preciousnesses," and stir in the remaining tablespoon of sugar and the liqueur. Fill the hollow centers with this. The original recipe for this called for one teaspoon of Maraschino and one teaspoon of Kirschwasser, but Curocoa is easier to procure and will do as well.

LET PAULINE NELSON SEND YOU, for your own cooking files, further recipes to include in the Grace Moore menu. You'll want some of those distinctly different omelettes, more delicious "real French" dessert dishes, and the names of some of the splendid new canned soups coming on the market.

No charge, but don't forget, please, to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to
Pauline Nelson, c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

What Friendship Means to Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page* 57)

"Where there is jealousy there can't be any friendship worthy of the name. For those we love we ask the best. Always!"

Among other things you don't find Jean collecting names instead of friends. If someone she happens to like and with whom she strikes a spark has a name that's all right. But talking of Carmelita and Carey Wilson, for instance, who live down the road from her and whom she adores, I've yet to hear her mention their enviable social status in the film colony or, in claiming them for her good friends, to mention Carey's outstanding success as a writer. Instead she says:

"They're such good eggs. And it's a miracle, of course, that Carey should have married anyone as swell as Carmelita or vice versa. No one has any right to expect to find such friends in both members of a couple. Matter of fact, until I found the Wilsons I thought there must be some unwritten law against anything like this."

Another of Jean's good friends is the wife of a business associate. When this associate brought his wife to California Jean gave a party for her because she was a stranger. Telling of this party, further to explain what grand eggs the Wilsons are, she said it was four o'clock of the afternoon of the party before she

(*Continued on page* 101)

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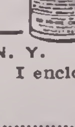

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Eric Murray had sold himself to get a medical education, and now he was paying back his debt—with his own self-respect. That was bad enough. But now there was Mary, and real love! And Mary's expected baby.

How could such a situation work out? The strange and fascinating story of the amazing manner in which Murray's bargain wife met this crisis in her marriage is revealed in full in the new July True Story Magazine. It's a story as human as life itself. Get your copy at the nearest news stand and read every word of it. Today!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

FRED STONE'S OWN STORY—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—THE WOMAN I CAN'T FORGET—THE MAN WHO SET ME FREE—HEARTBREAK IN SING SING—I LOVED A MILLIONAIRE—HER LOVE WAS MY REDEMPTION—I MARRIED A PICK-UP—TEN KINDS OF DEVIL—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY—TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see True Story brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops.

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True Story

JULY ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS

(*Continued from page* 99)

telephoned and invited them to come.

"And it didn't," she said. "as I knew it wouldn't, occur to Carmelita or Carey to be piqued by that last minute invitation. They didn't plead another engagement in a huff. And they didn't think 'She doesn't give parties for us!' They just came and did everything they could to make things go, to make it pleasant and gay!"

Some time after this party Jean learned the young wife for whom she had given it was ill. They hadn't seen each other in the meantime. There had been no return invitation for Jean to call or dine. But Jean had sense enough to know that in settling a new home a young wife easily can be too busy and financially pinched even to think of entertaining. She had liked this woman, liked her tremendously, and that was enough. She refused to stand on ceremony. She telephoned and asked if she might call. And thus she forged another of those staunch friendships in which she excels.

STILL another good friend of Jean's is a girl who works in the studio's publicity department. Jean describes this friendship by saying, "The first time I saw Kay sitting behind her desk and not managing to look nearly as efficient and impressive as she hoped, I thought to myself, 'This is going to be nice!'"

These two now often week-end together, sometimes in Jean's big white house on its petunia colored hillside and sometimes in Kay's little bungalow which clings to one of the palisades which rise beside the Pacific.

Kay has a small son. Sunday is her one servant's day off. But it never is a matter of Kay getting up and bringing Jean's breakfast to bed. Sunday mornings the little boy sets the table while Jean and Kay collaborate on the breakfast with Jean always in charge of the scrambled eggs department. Then after breakfast, while Kay makes the beds and straightens the living-room, Jean holds forth in the kitchen.

"You should hear the scouring that goes on," Kay tells me. "When Jean gets through even the dripping pan on the stove is shined and polished."

Next comes an hilarious scramble down the sandy precipice to the beach, the little boy turning somersaults to work off some of his animal spirits and the two girls laughing over nothing until tears are in their eyes.

Sunday on a public beach! Nothing movie-starish about that. But something very warm and close and friendly. Which is what counts. What if Jean's swimming-pool does lie forsaken and dazzling blue in the sun? And what if there is Bill Powell's pool, the talk of Hollywood, lying in the center of a Greek portico and surrounded by yew trees and flowering gardens, where they all would be ever so welcome because of Jean?

It takes two, you see, to build a friendship; two who, sharing that sympathy which friendship needs for its cornerstone, are willing to give and take, to meet whatever circumstances arise with understanding and tolerance. That's what I learned from Jean Harlow.

How to Make Good on Your First Date

(*Continued from page* 55)

a first date: *She always lets her escort decide how the evening shall be spent.*

"I'll never forget how I happened to learn the value of that," she told me. "It was years ago when I'd just gone to New York to seek a career as an actress. I'd saved up and bought myself the only sophisticated evening gown I'd ever owned and I was dying to wear it. So when the first young man who asked me for a date asked me where I'd like to go—I told him. I wanted to go dancing at a certain hotel near Central Park. It was a sweltering summer night and of course he wasn't so keen on the idea of wilting away in a tux and a stuffy grill room, but anyway we went. I wore the dress and got a tremendous kick out of it. But I never saw that boy again! And I was mighty hurt and sorry afterwards because I didn't know many young men then and I spent a lot of lonely evenings by myself.

"So I'd recommend to girls who want to make a success of a first date: Be sure to leave the choice of the evening's diversion up to your escort! Of course he'll ask you what you'd like to do. He'll probably insist that you name it. But if you're smart you won't. Even if you've been perishing all week to see a show you won't say so. If you're squelching a simply terrible yen to surge out somewhere and dance you won't mention that, either. Because you won't know whether he's really in the mood for a show or dancing, and you will know that if his first date with you is spent doing something he isn't particularly keen about the second date will never be forthcoming.

"So whatever he thinks would be fun—however grand or awful it may seem to you—you'll call it a swell idea. Maybe he'd like a stroll and you're already tottering in torment with new pumps on; but you'll don your most good-natured pair of shoes anyway and strike out like a confirmed hiker. Maybe he's had a hard day and the only thing he really relishes is sitting on your divan all evening. Let him. By midnight you may have developed a starboard curvature of the spine but it'll be a good investment. He'll go home classing you as a rarity among girls. And that's one way of hitting a new high at the top of any man's list of telephone numbers!"

CAROLE LOMBARD made a potent point, something she's tried and found that it works to perfection.

"Whenever I have a date with somebody new I try to be *the best audience he's ever had!* And that means that I see to it that *he* does most of the talking.

"Sounds too simple to be true, doesn't it? But, honestly, I've discovered that nothing is any better strategy despite everything you've ever believed about the value of being able to make a lot of interesting, intelligent conversation. That's

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perfectly true of the *amount* you'll make, or if you're going to date him many times; certainly you couldn't keep listening forever without being a bore. But on a first date, with a first good impression to make, your chances are far better in the cheering squad than they are behind the footlights.

"That may surprise you. It did me, when I first realized it. You know how all girls are—they feel they've got to get across to every new man a few things that are sure to impress him. He must know that you made all the club dances last year, you were voted the most versatile girl in your class, you keep up with best new novels, you just love to walk in the rain, and most of the local celebrities are old friends of your family. He simply *must* be told those little items. I used to think that, too.

"Gradually, though, on growing older and looking back on the dates I'd had that were one-time affairs I realized that every one of those times I'd done too much talking about myself, my ambitions, the career I wanted—me, me, me incessantly without even realizing it. When what every man enjoys more is doing the talking himself! So I changed my tactics and began to practice the definite feminine art of looking interested and keeping a little quiet. And let me tell you it's a strong point in the favor of any girl who can manage it!

"So the next time you have a first date I'd advise you to forget about talking up your own stock and *interview him instead.* Keep him talking about his job, his hobbies, sports—even let him tell you who the next president's going to be, if he wants to. As long as he's in the center of the conversational stage he'll stay thoroughly at ease and flattered. He'll like that. And because he likes it he'll like you."

ALICE FAYE has mastered the technique of hiding her feelings from a new acquaintance. She says, "*If you 'fall' keep it a secret!*" and proves that that's a very cagey thing to do.

"I guess there isn't a girl alive," she told me, "who hasn't fallen for a boy on the very first date she's had with him, and promptly showed it. I've done it myself often enough to learn the reason some of those boys never came back: Men like uncertainty, particularly in the first stages of romance.

"So when you're dating a new man you've got to be a good actress even if it kills you. The role may be a tough one, too. Especially if you discover all of a sudden that here's somebody who loves the same things you do, that he has broad brown arms, a little-boy grin, an engaging wave in his hair—and your heart's turned turtle!

"No matter how big a thrill it would be to show it a smart girl wouldn't let him know right off that she'd unceremoniously tumbled. Not even if he asked her something vaguely sweet like did she guess she could care for him maybe. Nope, she'll be too cagey for that. She knows that if he finds out right away his temptation will be to go home and hang up her sentimental scalp along with the three dozen others in his Bluebeard's Den. And forget it. Because he's a male and males are famous for thriving on a dash of indifference and a whole lot of uncertainty!

"A year later, when his name's en-

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graved on her calling cards, it will please him to death to know she was captivated from the very beginning. But on the first date that little bit of inside dope might make her about as popular with him as a good case of pink-eye. For a man has a way of thinking that every girl who falls for him right off the bat is angling at a bride's bouquet—it's funny but it's true. And no matter how far marriage may be from the girl's thoughts it's always that much too close to his to make him comfortable. He has an inordinate horror of being, as he himself would put it, 'hooked.'

"So the cleverest method to use is to keep a first date guessing about how much you really like him—and a second, third and sixth date, too. If he's serious he'll keep coming back until he finds out. If he isn't serious—well, at least you won't have chased him away before the two of you really had a chance to get acquainted."

So there you are. All prepared, the next time you date a new man, to commit a smooth, beautiful case of sentimental manslaughter. He can't resist you if you're on time and the two of you do something he enjoys and he thinks you're dazzled by his brilliant talk and he privately wonders just how big he went over with you.

As simply as that you can score a four-star hit with a first date. And what's nicer, you can go to bed with the lovely certainty that a second one's as inevitable as tomorrow morning's orange juice.

They Never Lose Their Poise

(Continued from page 61)

so smart as those English sport shoes with the little polished spikes in their soles—perfectly grand for hiking over English countryside, but Sally didn't figure on those slippery floors in modern American hotel lobbies.

Sally's fans had learned of her return and began crowding the doorways along about nine o'clock one bright, sunny morning. Sally knew nothing of it.

Upstairs, she had hopped out of bed, dampened her red-gold hair with the spray from her shower, and with one quick flick of her deft fingers had pressed it into a beautiful wave.

I was waiting to breakfast with her in a little rendezvous off the beaten path. It was one of those rare, crisp Autumn days which inspire sports cloths.

Sally sniffed the air and reached for a tweed suit. Tweed suit—of course that inspired the new English walking shoes. She slipped them on and we started down the carpeted corridor. Into the carpeted elevator. Those spikes sank quietly into the carpet. As we approached the long flight of marble stairs leading from the main floor lobby to the street, Sally caught a glimpse of those admiring fans.

"Heavens," she said, under her breath, "here's where I've got to put on my Sunday manners."

She smiled sweetly at the group and took one step down. Those polished spikes didn't make friends with the polish on the marble steps. They slid over each other

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like Niagara Falls and Sally came tumbling down in a neat Jill spill. She landed, plunk, in front of a bunch of grinning, bewildered, amused people. Quickly she saw how ridiculous she must have appeared. But, unlike you or I, who probably would have ducked for cover, Sally got to her feet, dusted herself off and said, "That's not the way it's usually done, folks. It was only my first rehearsal but the stunt is even more thrilling."

Her crowd of admirers loved it. "Do it again, Sal," one boy yelled. Sally bantered that he wanted too much for his free show. And we moved off as if nothing had happened.

I CAUGHT Dick Powell in a spot recently. I was lunching with a friend at the studio commissary and as we approached the cashier's desk to pay our check on the way out, we saw Dick Powell at the open telephone. Booths are rare in Hollywood. I guess they believe everybody knows everybody else's business, anyway, so why bother with phone booths.

We had to wait in line to pay our check so of course we couldn't help but overhear the conversation at our elbow.

"Please, I tell you it's important. I'm only asking for ten dollars. I've got a date and I've just got to have it. Rush it over to me this afternoon," Dick requested. There was much arguing from the other end. Then Dick went on, "Be a pal, just for this once, will you? I can't keep the date if I don't have the dough . . . okay, fine. Thanks a million."

Dick turned, and found himself looking right straight into the eyes of two movie gossipers—for print. We pretended to appear indifferent but he knew we'd heard. And we knew he knew it, judging from the look of fright on his handsome, boyish face.

"Sounds funny, I know," Dick replied casually after a moment. "Here I am supposed to be one of the richest guys in Hollywood and I haven't got ten dollars to take a girl dancing tonight.

"You see, my financial manager collects my check and allows me only a certain amount for expenses each week. I spent my allowance, not knowing I was going to meet *her*. And here I am with the swellest little date in Hollywood for this evening and not a dollar in my pocket. That was why I was begging so hard for that dough. Anyway, she's worth it—even if it did sort of put me on the spot."

OF course, you probably think Mae West is undauntable, anyway. She's a rough and ready gal who can't be fazed. Yet Mae has her moments, too, when she'd like the folks in the front row to get a close-up of what she is like.

So Mae threw a very informal little party. Now, there are parties and parties among the movie folks, though I have yet to see a movie party that wasn't more "colossal" than anything served at the smartest restaurants. In other words, one sort of gets to expect a movie party to be the last word in swank.

So we hied over to Mae's party and found a set-up as different as Mae is from the traditional Hollywood star. There was a bar, to be sure. It was a board set on two old beer barrels. A bar mirror, flecked with white inscriptions of Mae's own witty remarks, reminiscent of the good old days when a saloon was a saloon and not a cocktail lounge.

"Eat up, folks," Mae urged, in her coaxing drawl. "Here's the free lunch."

There was bologna, liverwurst, ham, cheese, pickles and peanuts.

It was so utterly different from the Continental *hors d'oeuvres* we had learned to expect at these parties that it was positively delicious.

Within an hour the lunch had been wolfed by some of the tuxedoed film executives who hadn't seen a real honest-to-goodness ham on rye in years.

More lunch was needed. No doubt about it. Can you imagine the average hostess going into a dither at not having prepared enough refreshments for her guests? But here's what Mae West did.

"Hey, Tim," she yelled to Jim Timoney, her manager. "Run down to the delicatessen like a good boy and get a load of baloney and plenty of mustard—and don't forget the dill pickles."

The guests roared. They're not sure to this day whether Mae was putting over a kidding act or just being herself.

Filming "The Garden of Allah" is pretty serious business, but there are still moments of off-stage fun when Director Boleslawski (with pipe), Dietrich, Charles Boyer and Basil Rathbone get together.

PERHAPS I should conclude this story with a little close-up of Gary Cooper. Gary, who is known to everybody as the most bashful boy in pictures.

There's no fooling about it, Gary positively suffers when he has to play host. Since he married his very gracious wife, Sandra Shaw, she does the honors beautifully for him, but get Gary Cooper alone and he is lost.

I went to Gary's New York apartment one day to have luncheon with him and try for an interview. Try, I say, for most writers give it up since Gary is so shy about answering questions.

Gary is short on conversation but long on good looks. He was on vacation between pictures at the time of this trip and had got out of bed about fifteen minutes before I arrived. So I wasn't surprised to find the handsome Mr. Cooper in pajamas, lemon-colored silk ones, and wearing a beautifully tailored silk lounging robe over his tall, lean body.

Well, Gary likes English food. So we had a luncheon prepared of all sorts of sharp cheese, toasted crumpets with plenty of jam and butter, cold cuts and old ale.

Everything was progressing as awkwardly as I had anticipated, Gary trying desperately to keep up with bits of small talk about people and pictures, when suddenly the telephone rang.

The instrument was parked on a small table nearby and Gary reached for it easily. That put him on the spot of being directly next to me where I could overhear almost every word the girl at the other end was saying.

Gary listened while this girl announced herself. Then he flushed, blushed, stammered and said, "Oh, thanks for calling me. Yes, I am a little busy just now. Suppose I call you within an hour."

Perhaps being a man has its advantages at times. But at this moment I felt sorry for Gary. He was trying so hard to be chivalrous to the girl at the other end and she was trying just as hard *not* to be rung off until she had that date she was after.

WITH me as an auditor whom Gary suspected of putting into quotation marks every word he uttered, he was the most ill-at-ease telephone talker I have yet had to listen to.

"Yes, yes . . . yes, indeed . . . no. Really? I'm so glad you called me. I'll ring you back in an hour. Well, a half hour then. Yes, I am. I'll be busy for about an hour. No."

I knew by his expression that the girl was cross-examining him about his present company.

"Please," he begged finally, as she kept up the questionnaire. "I've told you I'm busy. I'm—I'm being interviewed by a lady magazine writer. . . ."

"Oh, so that's it, eh? Well, it doesn't sound like it. What are you so flustered about then?" the girl demanded.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, when he finally set the phone down again, "Gosh . . . gosh darn it!"

He didn't know quite where to pick up the threads of our conversation so he picked up the telephone again, called the hotel service, and ordered more crumpets and pots of jam, and when he had hung up this brief interlude seemed to have wiped out the agony of those other moments.

He was himself again instantly, just as if a director had called "cut" and the action had begun anew.

Oh, yes, I suppose I should add that this incident took place a little before Gary married Sandra Shaw. And his marriage chased off all those prospecting girl friends who just wouldn't let Gary's telephone rest a moment.

It's tough to be a movie star and be put on the spot, especially if you are a man. Because men stars *must* be chivalrous regardless. But the women stars *must* remain glamorous. And perhaps that is the way they've built up this marvelous resistance to becoming flustered. That, and the fact that they are all troupers at heart.

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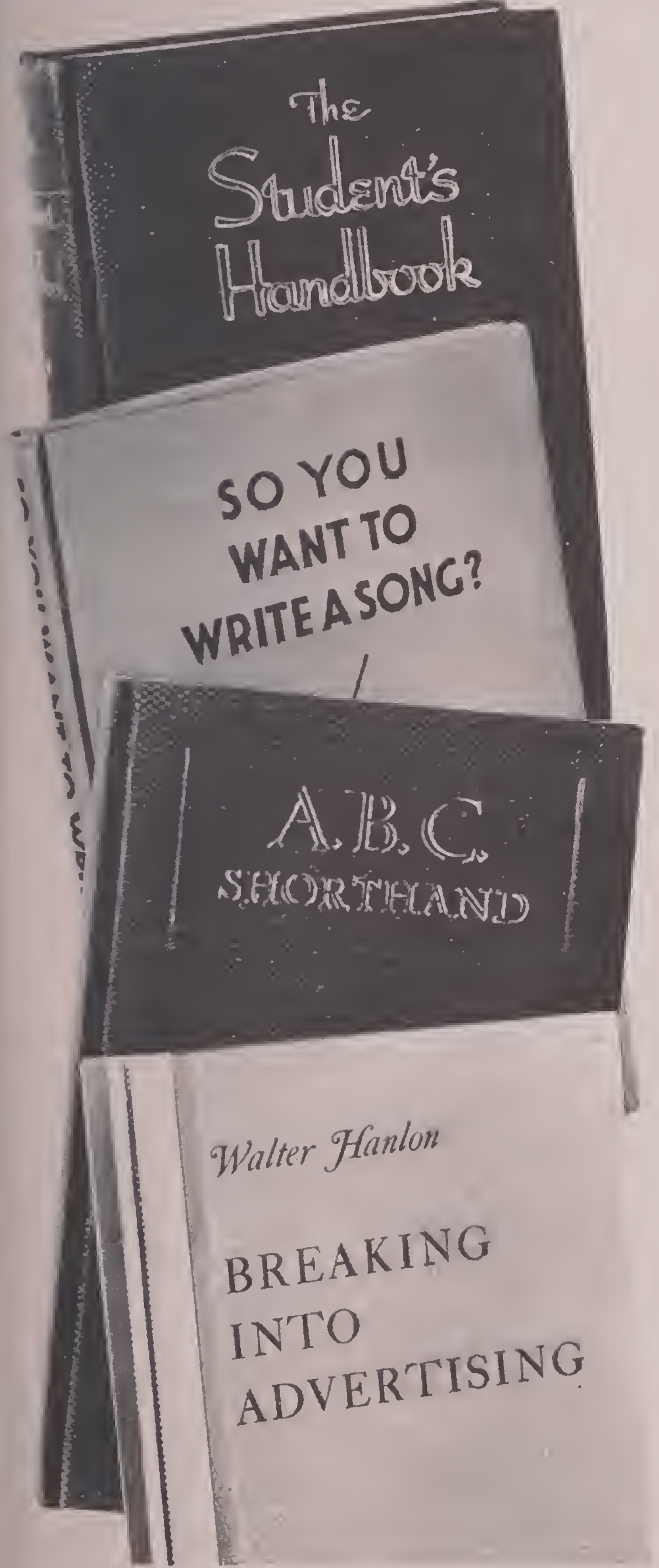

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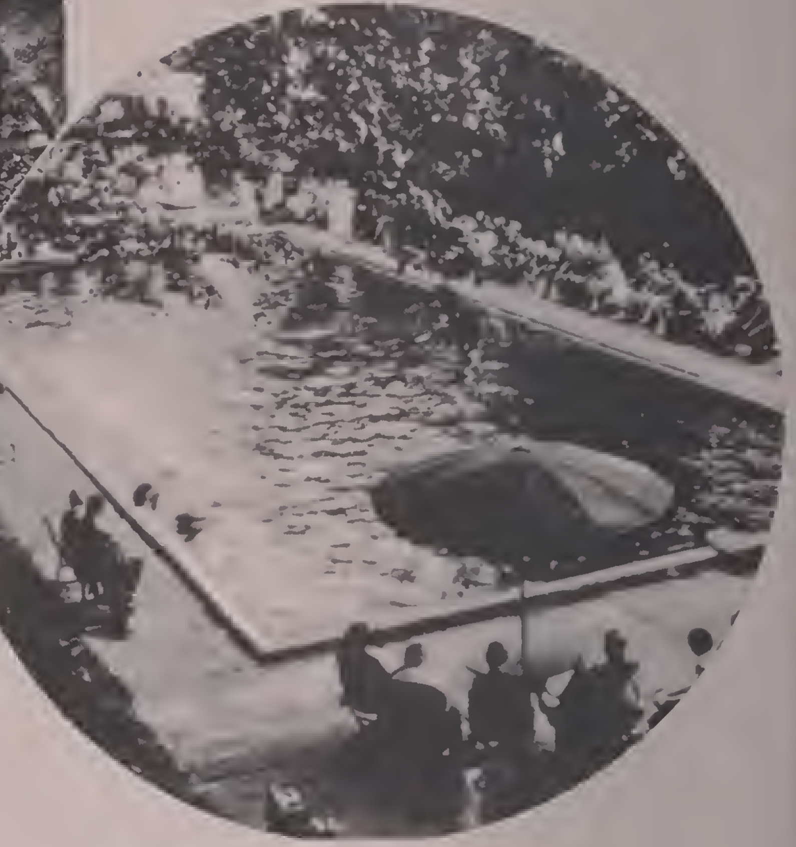


IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. To sufferers from foot ailments Mr. Macfadden announces the opening of a foot clinic at Physical Culture Hotel where excellent results are being obtained. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy over the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service." DANIEL FROHMAN.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready in the early Fall to give the same health building regimens that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

WHAT ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS THINKS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months' stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there.

Sincerely, ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volley ball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

----------MAIL COUPON TODAY----------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. WG-9
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name..

Street..

Town.. State...............

"A Social Crime!"

SAYS POLITE SOCIETY

A SOCIALITE AND A DENTIST CLASH OVER A LAMB CHOP

"A Splendid Idea!"

SAYS MODERN DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

YOU'RE RIGHT—quite right. This is a social crime! The girl is a barbarian—a social outlaw! But before you dismiss her—before you turn the page—listen to the frank opinion of a modern dentist.

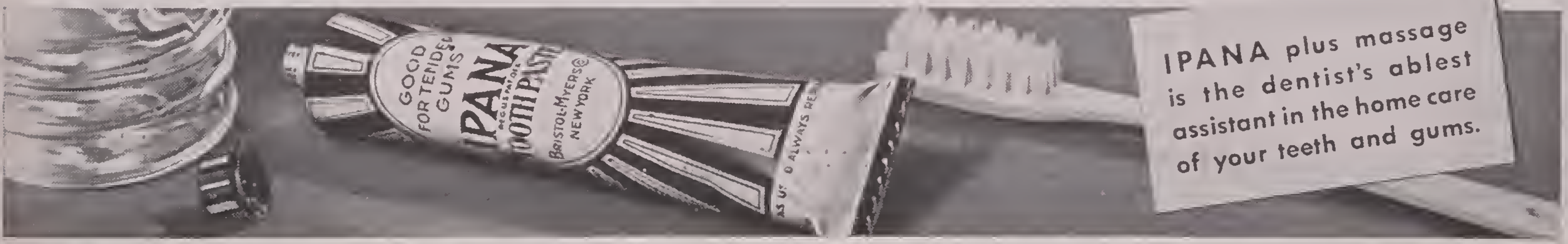
"A crime? Nonsense! I hope millions of people see this picture! It may be shocking to some people but, from my professional viewpoint, it's a perfect lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be a lot less evidence of tender, ailing gums—of that serious dental warning—'pink tooth brush'."

Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitiveness, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

"Pink tooth brush" doesn't always mean that you are in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should be the judge.* Usually it only means gums underworked and over-sensitive—gums that need exercise—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll soon feel a tingle of new circulation—new life. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Young or old—play safe. Even before you have a first warning of danger, adopt this modern *dental health* routine. You'll certainly be far safer from the really serious gum troubles.


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL 9, NO. 4 • SEPTEMBER 1936

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Natural Color Photograph of GARY COOPER and MADELEINE CARROLL
by Jack Shalitt

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

(OUT AUGUST 26)

Merle Oberon—As Her Best Friend Knows Her

Here's the grandest personality story of the year—for Merlie's best friend is Norma Shearer, who gives you the lowdown next month on one of Hollywood's newest and most important young stars. Don't miss it.

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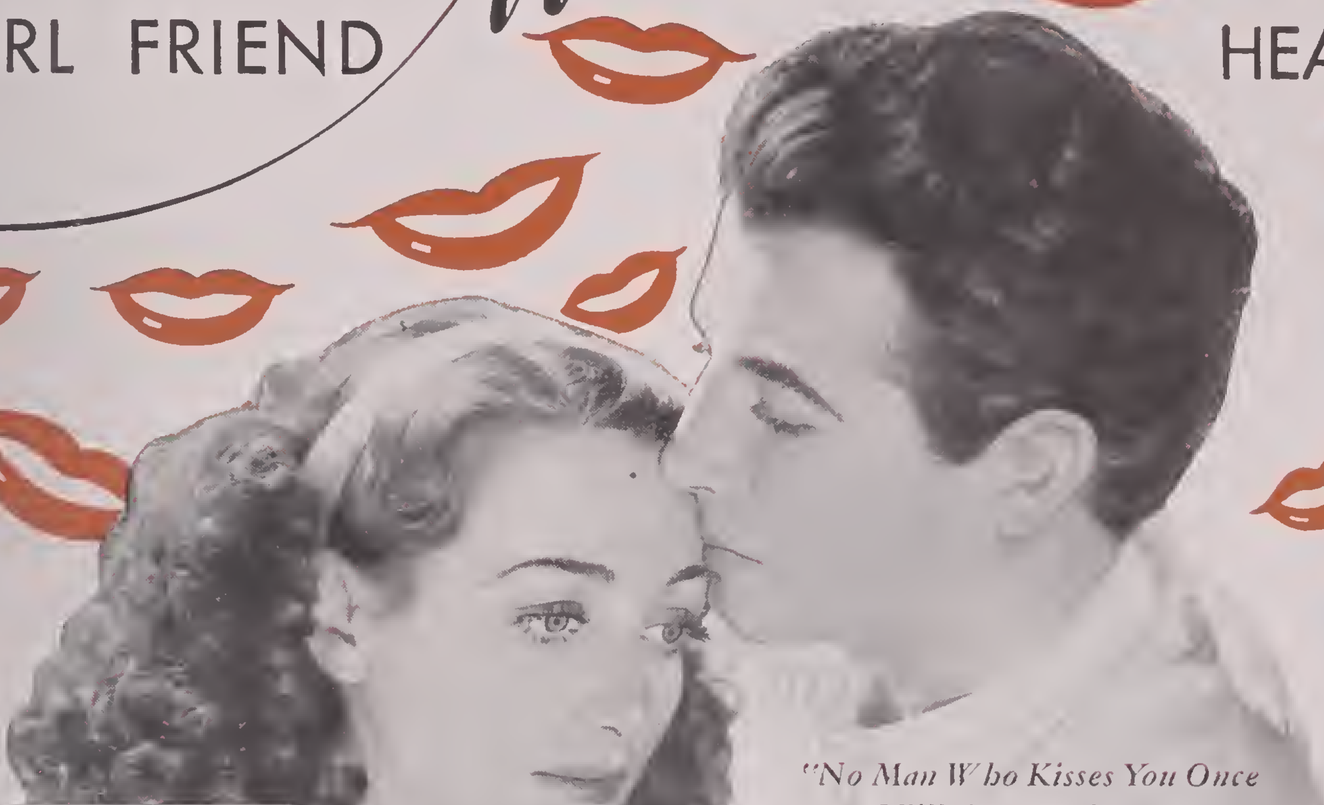
AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND *meets* AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content . . ."

Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas *(both below)*...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone *(above)*.

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Joan **CRAWFORD** · *Robert* **TAYLOR**

IN

Clarence Brown's Production

The **GORGEOUS HUSSY**

LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE

MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

The Hidden Hollywood

It's great to be home in filmland, where everything happens at once—and all that happens is so exciting!

By Ruth Waterbury

I'M back again in Hollywood after fourteen weeks in New York and am I glad! I was hurled across country in that new Super-Chief that seems to go faster than an airplane. (But while the Super-Chief seems to me the finest possible train, I'll still take airplanes). Comes Pasadena, a whole day sooner than trains used to make it, boasting a brand-new station, (they do things fast in California.) There's a gang at the station, from the office and the studios. There are telegrams at the office, flowers at the house. Back again in Hollywood. It's swell—till I get to work.

I HAVE to see Fink for more new pictures. I have to talk to dozens of press agents to find out what's going on. (Mostly they don't tell you.) Four previews come up for that evening. I have to choose which one to go to. (Uh-huh, I pick the wrong one.) It goes on like that all day and suddenly everyone has left the office but me. It is seven o'clock and the phone rings. Joan Crawford calling.

It's like that girl to call in person to welcome me back. I promise I'll pop down to the studio next day and watch "Gorgeous Hussy" in the shooting. And am I glad that I did—for I uncovered a story, one of those Hidden Hollywood stories that seldom get printed.

Ruth arrived on the new Super-Chief, on which Edward Selzer of Warner Brothers was also a passenger.

One thing that is apt to be forgotten about Joan Crawford, because we have so definitely come to accept it, is the amazing loyalty she inspires. The feeling of the public for her has been strong enough to keep her in the front ranks of the movie business for more than ten years. In the last five, in fact, she has been in the lead among the big ten of the acting profession. The same qualities in her that bind the public bind her friends even more closely to her, and, equally, the person who to her is dearest in the whole world, that is, Franchot Tone, gives back this devotion to her a hundred fold. Now for the story:

There is a part in "Gorgeous Hussy" that is little more than a bit. It is just twenty-six lines long, to be exact. But they are important lines and must be delivered by a good and handsome actor since they belong to the second husband of the heroine. The actor in the role must make the audience believe that a girl whose life has been as colorful as Peggy O'Neill's of this story would finally choose him above all men.

But twenty-six lines! It's little more than a day's work.

The Metro casting department went mad. Tried to get actors like George Brent and Ralph Bellamy for the part, but they, and many others, turned it down. Not big enough for them, they said. Production on the picture was at a standstill.

FRANCHOT TONE walked on the set one day, merely to ask Joan if she would be free for lunch. (Franchot with that magnificent performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and that amusing performance in "The King Steps Out" behind him.)

Clarence Brown, the director, said, "That's the one man for the part."

Joan said, "I can't ask him to play it—that little bit."

Franchot said, "If it will help your picture, Joan, of course I'll do it."

Remember, always, that actors are judged by the last picture they have appeared in. Remember how Hollywood, or the world, tends to misconstrue the simplest facts so that undoubtedly catty remarks have already gone around about "Crawford always getting Tone in all her pictures" or "Tone slipping." Remember most of all that Franchot Tone is a very real, very masculine person with the very usual male wish to be important and powerful. Then you will know what his playing that little twenty-six line part means.

It means love, love greater than that for his career. It means love for Joan.

JOAN whispered the story to me as we sat together on the set while they adjusted the lights for the scene in which she peers down and hears Lionel Barrymore as Andrew Jackson make the speech she has planned for him.

"When that great play that Franchot deserves finally comes along," said Joan, "I hope that somewhere in it there's a tiny part that I can play. Because, you see, I want to show people that I know what Franchot did in accepting this role for me. I know what a lovely sacrifice it is. So I hope there's a little role for me in his play so that I can do it to help him and to show people that I, too, can take it."

AT Metro they expect "Gorgeous Hussy" to be the finest of all Crawford pictures.

Having seen it shooting I haven't the least doubt of it.

But now you know how a man in love has helped to make a glorious girl's future even more glorious.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

W	E	S	T	▨	A	D	D	S	▨	E	B	B	S	▨	H	A	L	L
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L	I	L	Y	▨	C	U	E	▨	▨	▨	O	L	A	▨	R	E	N	O
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A	S	▨	A	R	N	O	L	D	▨	R	O	G	E	R	S	▨	D	N
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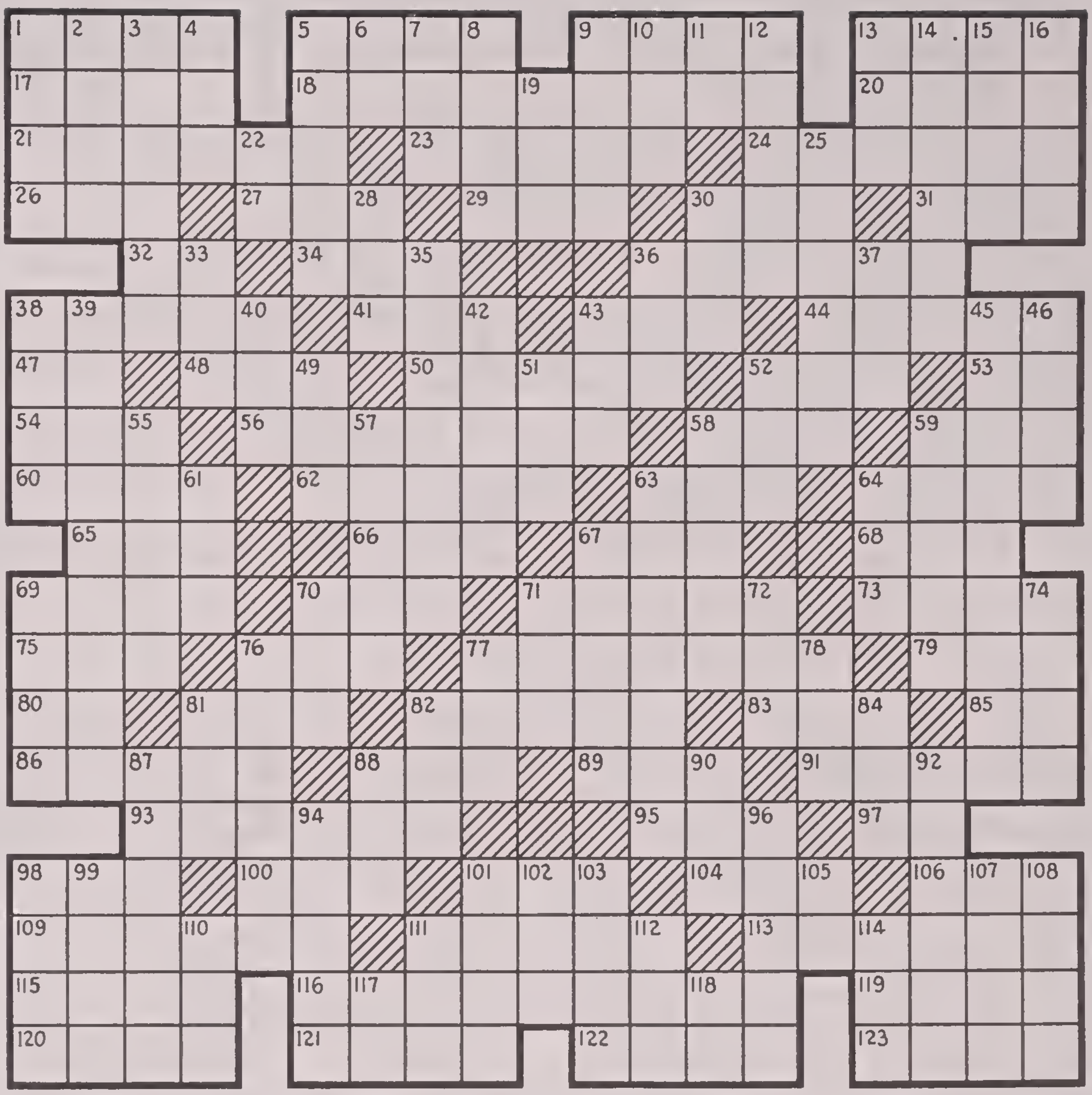
MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in June, to L. J. Raba, Stevensville, Mich.



MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. "One Hour ——"
5. M-G-M player
9. Director of "The Country Doctor"
13. Pain
17. Verbal
18. Erik Valborg in "I Married a Doctor"
20. A plant yielding a blue dye
21. Radio announcer in "Laughing Irish Eyes"
23. Ann Vangarick in "Boulder Dam"
24. Has the leading role in "Sutter's Gold"
26. Decline
27. Perform before the cameras
29. Lizard
30. —— Munson, former screen actress
31. Practice earnestly
32. "Prisoner —— Shark Island"
34. —— LeRoy
36. Directed "Two for Tonight"
38. Edith in "And So They Were Married"
41. Tool for boring
43. "Don't —— Personal"
44. One of the Marx brothers
47. Al Jolson's wife (init.)
48. Jack La——
50. Corsig in "Big Brown Eyes"
52. Vince Barnett in "Riffraff"
53. Miss White's initials
54. Stuart Erwin's name in "Exclusive Story"
56. Trixie in "Thirteen Hours by Air"
58. "—— Master's Voice"
59. Before
60. Blemish
62. Ascends
63. Projecting part of a wheel
64. Gregory Ratoff in "Under Two Flags"
65. Sorrow
66. Disfigure
67. Billie Burke in "The Great Ziegfeld"
68. Batter
69. Star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
70. "The Glass ——"
71. Lt. Rowan in "A Message to Garcia"
73. Be sure of
75. "Brides —— Like That"
76. "Peck's —— Boy"
77. "Doc" Pennington in "Silly Billies"
79. Cora —— Collins
80. "Poor Little Rich Girl" (init.)
81. Rene ——, GB actress
82. Millionaire's niece in "Florida Special"
83. Beverage
85. Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (init.)
86. "—— Big Moment," RKO-Radio picture
88. Apple Annie in "Lady for a Day"
89. "The Captain Hates the ——"
91. Sailor in "Follow the Fleet"
93. Billings in "The Great Ziegfeld"
95. National Recovery Act (init.)
97. Sergeant Hobson in "Sons O' Guns" (init.)
98. Soft food
100. —— Hunter
101. "I Was a ——"
104. Unit of work and energy
106. Fixed period of time
109. Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"
111. The Singing Cowboy in "Moonlight on the Prairie"
113. Appeared with Mr. Hardy in "Bonnie Scotland"
115. —— Cecil was Miss Curtis in "Collegiate"
116. Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet"
119. Had the title role in "The Scoundrel"
120. Observed
121. Musical wind instrument
122. Star of "The Wedding Night"
123. The grocer in "Small Town Girl"

DOWN

1. Philo Vance in "The Garden Murder Case"
2. Street urchin
3. Bob Carey in "The Singing Kid"
4. Large deer
5. He won the Academy Award for 1932
6. Maria in "Anthony Adverse" (init.)
7. "One Rainy Afternoon" was directed by Rowland V. ——
8. Spindle
9. Unite together
10. Small fish (plu.)
11. Appeared with Jeanette McDonald in "Naughty Marietta" (init.)
12. Opposite Joan Bennett in "Big Brown Eyes"
13. Beard of grain
14. Star of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
15. Director of "Give Us This Night"
16. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
19. Fred Walton in "The House of a Thousand Candles"
22. Lucie in "A Tale of Two Cities" (init.)
25. On the contrary
28. Shoe latchet
30. "His Night ——" featured Edward E. Horton
33. "Born —— Glory," GB picture
35. She's a lawyer in "Law in Her Hands"
36. "The —— Commandments"
37. "Beyond the ——"
38. Crafts
39. She's a "Hitch Hike Lady"
40. Christian —— portrays Swenson in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
42. Seen in "Give Us This Night"
43. "The —— Deception"
45. Name of a moving picture studio
46. He is Myrna Loy's fiance in "Petticoat Fever"
49. Wander
51. Robert Light's name in "Ceiling Zero"
52. Walter Brennan in "The Moon's Our Home"
55. Leading lady in "The King Steps Out"
57. Directed at
58. Famous stage, screen and radio actress
59. Opposite Chester Morris in "Moonlight Murder"
61. —— Healy
63. Title of a Warner Bros. picture
64. To weary
67. Turns the eyes upon
69. "The —— Days of Pompeii"
70. Janet Gaynor's name in "Small Town Girl"
71. Huge serpent
72. Clique
74. "Klondike Annie"
76. Mona and Wendy have this surname
77. Distorted
78. Affirmative answer
81. Rita —— appeared in "Strike Me Pink"
82. George McKay's name in "Don't Gamble with Love"
84. Joseph Calleia in "Exclusive Story"
87. Dominion
88. "Everybody's Old ——"
90. "All Men —— Enemies"
92. Karen in "These Three"
94. Her next picture will be "Camille"
96. Bill Jones in "Three Live Ghosts"
98. Made her screen debut in "I Dream Too Much"
99. Plant
101. Inflamed
102. Raise with a lever
103. Large edible tubers
105. "Mister Hoho" (init.)
107. Seen in "Klondike Annie"
108. Confederate
110. Ed —— Sloan portrays Dudley in "Road Gang"
111. Away from
112. "She Loves Me ——"
114. —— Merkel
117. She's the plot-hatching mother in "The Harvester" (init.)
118. Director of "Snowed Under" (init.)

Movie Mirror junior

Virginia Weidler —GUEST EDITOR

Hello Movie Juniors
Virginia Weidler

HELLO, MOVIE JUNIORS:

I am very happy about being editor of the MOVIE MIRROR Junior Department this month. I have so many things to tell you about myself and my work.

I am eight years old and was born in Los Angeles. I have been working in pictures for two years. My first big part was in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which I played the part of *Europena,* the little girl who threatened "to hold her breath until she got black in the face." Do you remember? I had a lot of fun making that picture because when I threatened to hold my breath everybody working on the set with me thought I meant it.

I was cast in a picture when I was only two years old but my bashfulness almost made me lose the part. It happened like this, and was in Mr. John Barrymore's picture "Moby Dick." I was supposed to take my dress off in one scene.

"I won't!" I said, because Mother had taught me that nice little girls didn't do things like that. They offered me candy and ice cream if I would do this just for the sake of the picture. I found out later that I held up work on that picture for half a day before Mother finally persuaded me that actors sometimes had to do things for pictures that people off-stage consider unmannerly. If they don't, the story and picture won't seem real to the audience.

After this experience Mother took me out of pictures and it was not until I was six years old that I got back again in "Mrs. Wiggs."

I live with my parents and five brothers and sisters. Sylvia is 15, Verena 13, Werther 12, Wolfgang 11 and George 8. So you can imagine I have plenty of fun at home. We have a little theater in our back yard where we write, act and direct our own shows. Sylvia and Verena usually design and make our costumes and my brothers attend to the scenery and props. Perhaps this is one of the reasons I can enjoy working so much in pictures, because as long as I can remember we have been playing "acting" in our back yard theater. Of course, Mother was an actress and grand opera star in Germany and she has helped me very much, too.

I will tell you a little secret that I have learned about remembering lines for motion pictures. It may help you in your lessons at school or even help you to remember your lines if you are in a school play.

Before I go to bed at night, one of my brothers reads me the lines I am to know the next day. We say them over and over again. The next morning when that particular scene is shot, I know my lines by heart. But I do something else, too, which may sound funny to you. Before I go to bed, after studying my lines with my brother, I place the script under my pillow and sleep with it there all night.

This method also helps me to learn my lessons for school. Lots of people write me asking when I find time to go to school with so many pictures to make.

I first attended the Lawlor Professional School in Los Angeles, where stage children are educated and also are enabled to continue our careers. Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Frankie Darro, and many others went to this school, too. Since I have been under contract to Paramount studios I have school there, under the guidance of Miss Rachel Smith. She is a grand teacher and I hope I stay at Paramount a long time so that I can keep going to school to her.

I am only allowed to work four hours a day and not more than six days a week, so you can see that I have a lot of time for school.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I really attended a regular country school where the children of all grades knew one another and played together. It was up in Big Bear Valley, California, where we were filming my latest picture, "Girl of the Ozarks." The script called for a country school scene and our director, Charles Barton, thought it would be a fine idea to use a real school and real country children. The principal dismissed everyone from regular lessons for the entire day and the school was turned into a movie set. Gee, what fun we had!

It was also up in Big Bear Valley that I begged Mother to buy a burro for me. I took a fancy to him when he was used in my picture on the mountain ranch location. However, before Mother would buy the burro for me she made me promise that I would take care of him when we returned home. He is just a baby and I have been feeding him from a nursing bottle.

My first pet was a dog that I bought for a dollar from a little neighbor boy. I bought this dog on the day I signed my contract at Paramount. I had always wanted a dog of my own and when I signed the contract my brother George begged Mother to let me have a dog of my own because, he said, "Every movie star has a dog—and now Virginia is going to be a movie star!" Wasn't that nice of George? I called the dog "Putschee."

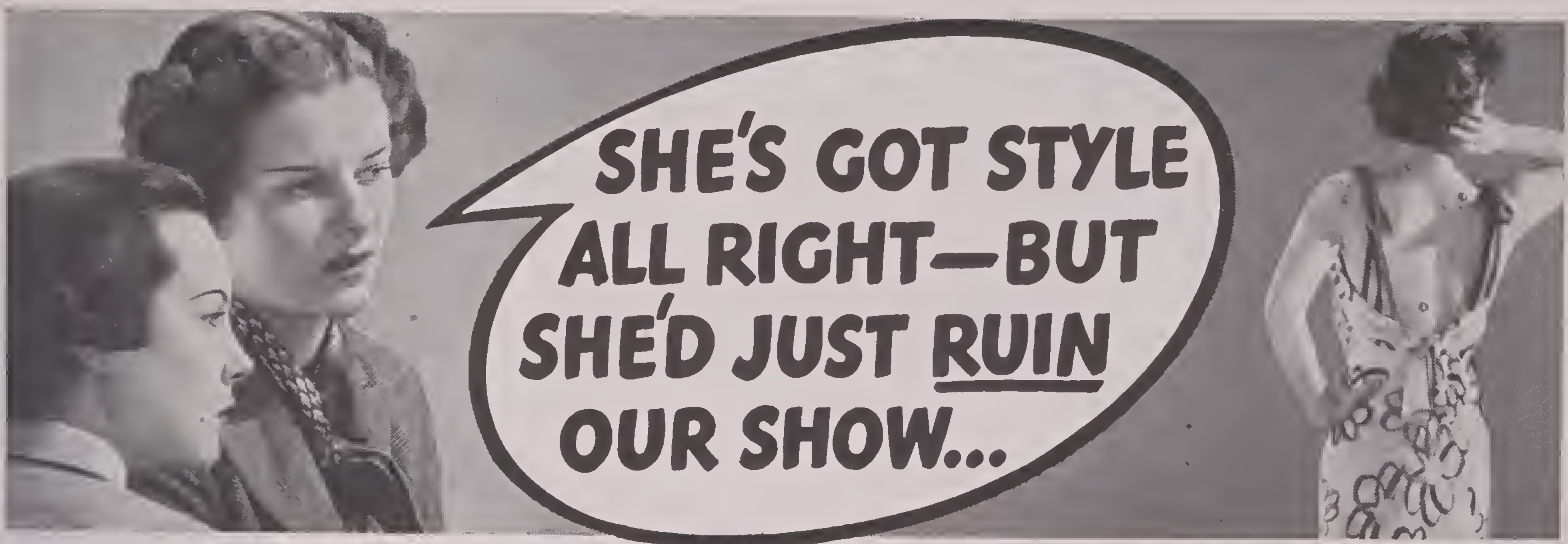
A few weeks after I bought Putschee I was working in a picture in which eight new baby ducks were used. When the picture was finished the director gave them to me. When I took them home Mother thought we should have some grown up ducks to live with them and show them the ways of the duck world, so we bought four big quackers.

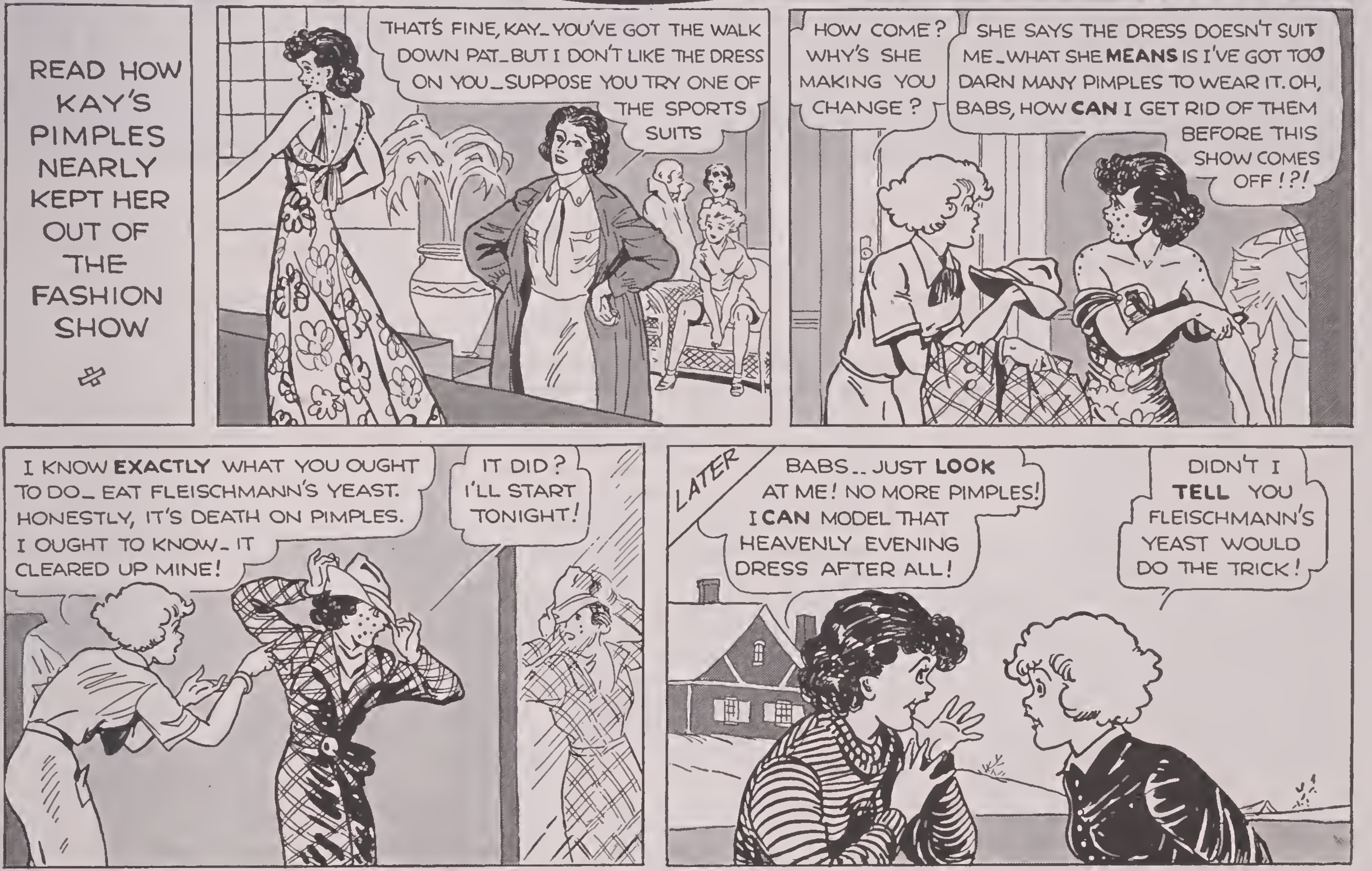
Then we were presented with four white hens. One of them was a pullet. After a couple of months twelve baby chicks were hatched and I had a good start on my menagerie.

The wire cages for my ducks and chickens are down the yard a little way from our theater and my brothers and sisters tell me that the quackings of my feathered pals interfere with the shows we put on, but I like it.

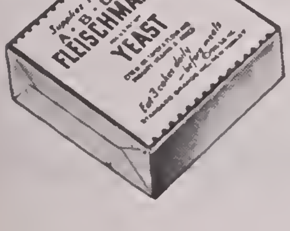
When I was studying for "Girl of the Ozarks" I used to sit out in the yard and pitch my voice above the ducks' voices and rather than being a bother it helped me.

I have only had one sad thing happen about my pets. Two little goats were given to me. I romped and played with them and taught them to pull a little cart. When I was called to the studio to work in my present picture I had to leave Brownie and Kid, as I called them, home alone. They were very lonely. From the time I left the house until I returned for dinner they ran about the yard (*Continued on page 92*)


SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...


READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW
THAT'S FINE, KAY_ YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT_ BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU_ SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS
HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME_ WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO_ EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW_ IT CLEARED UP MINE!
IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!
LATER
BABS.. JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!

WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Speak for Yourself

These youthful 20th Century-Fox contract players speak for themselves by talking with their toes!

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Inspiration

Like so many others in these trying years, who have seen their fortunes and affairs go from a rout to a debacle, I found myself in a dingy room on the wrong side of the tracks. Walking miles through rain and storms, tightening several notches in the belt and looking away from that crispy brown roast chicken in the cafe window.

Then I read about Henry Fonda in the July issue of MOVIE MIRROR, and I realized, as long as self respect is mine, I, too, can carry on until that little break for better times occurs. I shall press the shiny old serge once more, shine the shoes with the run-over heels, and face the world with the red badge of courage that Henry Fonda has given me.

So I say: "God bless Henry Fonda and may blue skies and happiness be his allotment forever after."

Harold M. Davis,
Malden, Mass.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Here Comes the "Show Boat"!

For several days, while "Show Boat" was playing in a local theater, I carefully avoided it because I felt it could never measure up to the stage version we all loved. However, a friend urged me to see it, and reluctantly, I went.

I entered the theater as Paul Robeson was singing "Old Man River" and was so completely captivated that I stopped in the aisle to watch and listen. The entire show was *superb!* Irene Dunne surprised us with a newness of character that was excellent. Her cakewalk would win a prize in Harlem. Allan Jones, as a softened Ravenal, was well cast, and Helen Morgan was touching and appealing, especially with her songs. There was—unusual thing—much applause after she had sung "My Bill." Even Helen Westley, the old sourpuss, was swell. I'm happy I saw it; I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

Paul Marsh,
Cleveland, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Awards of Merit

I'd like to give:

Marlene Dietrich—a bushel of white orchids for her warm and witty portrayal in "Desire." And a spank for trying to mar her lovely face by tampering with her eyebrows.

Gary Cooper—a banquet at the Brown Derby for his easy acting in "Desire" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." And a quart of milk a day until he gains twenty pounds.

Technicolor—a period of suspension until it devises a kinder reproduction of the players' complexions. Poor Sylvia Sidney (in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine") looked as if she had been boiled in oil.

C. Aubrey Smith—a distinguished service medal for rescuing so many weak plots.

Janet Gaynor—more pictures like "Small Town Girl." Also bouquets galore for being a cute actress who doesn't act cute.

Katharine Hepburn—a chin-strap to fasten her mouth closed when being photographed. She has carried it ajar just too, too long.

Greta Garbo—a plot with a cheerful ending.

R. L. Chapman,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Master Comedian

In my humble estimation, W. C. Fields is the best actor of comedy on the screen. His presence saves a poor picture and adds distinction to a good one. Because his understanding of life is profound, his humor runs deep. A laugh with him is a laugh near the heart. Though no mere pie-thrower, he can trip on a rug and we chuckle—not with guffaws of ordinary slapstick—but with full understanding of the pathos of man's frustrated existence.

A. B. Oliver,
Fargo, N. D.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Our Little Girl

I want to tell the world just what Shirley Temple does for the army (isn't about 1,000,000 men an army?) of traveling men. We who roam the face of Mother Earth in search of sales leave our wives and little Shirleys at home, to return to them at intervals much too long, for visits much too short. These lonely intervals are made bearable by a visit to the movies to see Shirley Temple—so like our own little ones. Of course the world would not concede ours to be as lovely, as brilliant, but we *know*. And when the film is over, we take the well-thumbed snapshot from our breast pocket and kiss the wee faces. And, somehow, the ache in the heart subsides. So we also waft a kiss to Shirley Temple, the sign and outward symbol of all child loveliness.

M. E. Karfland,
Jacksonville, Fla.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

It's the Children's Hour!

Is it any wonder that screen stars are seeking the legitimate stage or radio contracts? Figuratively speaking, they are being pushed off the screen. There is a superabundance of eight and ten-year-olds, not to mention the toddling youngsters. Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew have won a place in our hearts, but it's time to stop and consider whether we would continue to pick from the infant class for screen characters.

It must be humiliating to adult stars to have a child steal a picture from them; especially when the said star has worked hard and long for her envious place on the screen. Can one blame them if they seek new fields?

Mary Belle Walley,
Butler, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Huston, the Empire Builder

My only regret in regard to the wonderful film, "Rhodes," is that my mother (who knew him very well) is not alive to see it. Walter Huston has the character and personality perfect; even his voice is just as I have heard it described (quiet, yet forceful).

A marvelous picture, and one that arrived without any "ballyhoo," playing here to capacity audiences, proving once again that the plot, not the publicity, is the thing.

Con. Cowell,
Vancouver, Canada.

HONORABLE MENTION

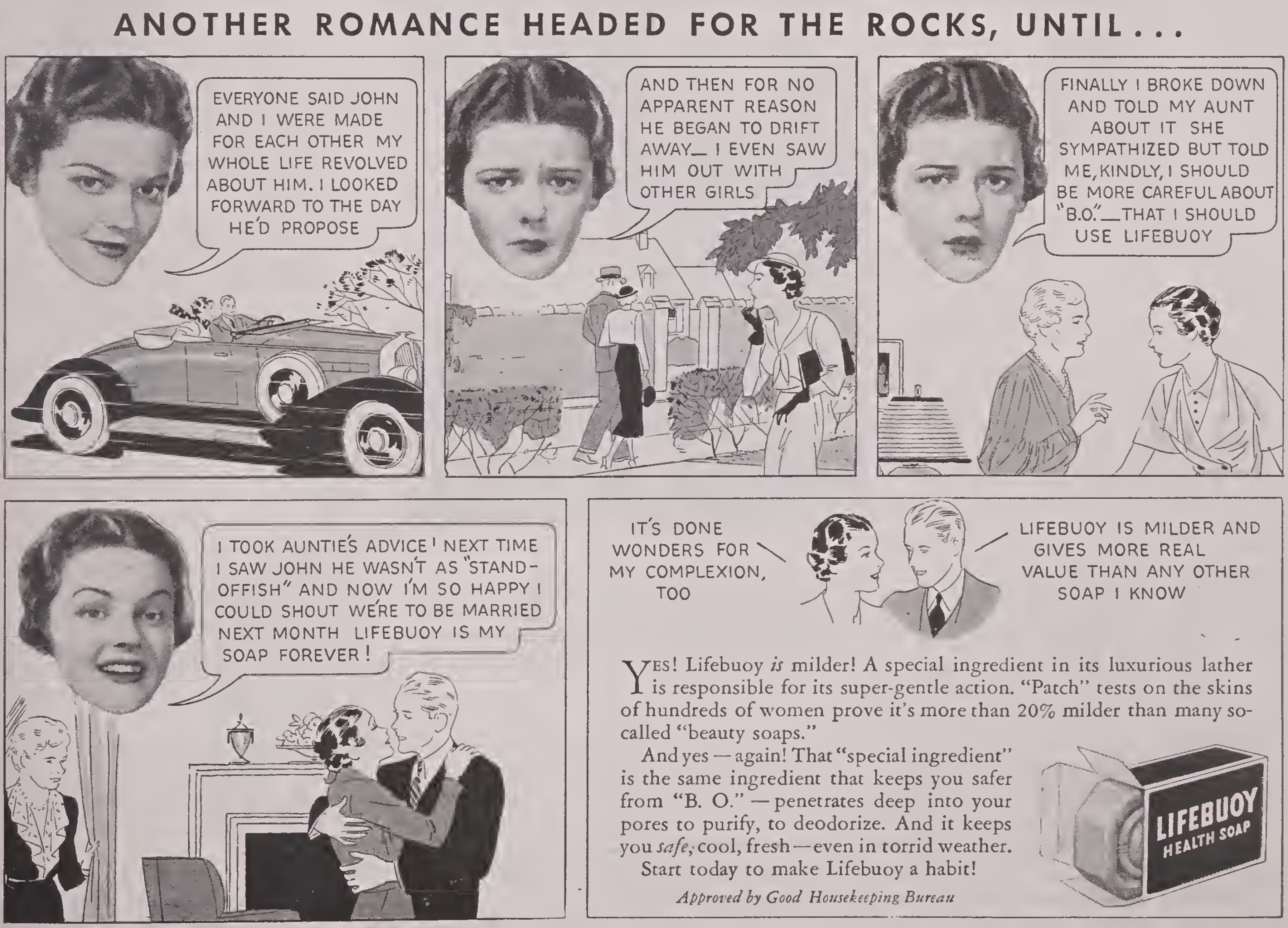
For heavens' sake, don't let Fred MacMurray play a concertina; he's my idea of an all-around athlete and a crude but lovable sort of fellow. More action, Fred—stick to your popcorn and peanuts—E. R. Weaver, Carlisle, Penn.

Why all this talk over happy and unhappy endings to films? An ending should be the logical conclusion of the drama, not a separate entity tacked on to please a certain section of filmgoers who always want a happy ending, no matter how tragic a film may be—Eric Moorhouse, Liverpool, England.

Grace Moore is handsomer than ever in "The King Steps Out" and her voice is as able as before, but I wish she possessed the ability to sing in English. I do wish she would take a few lessons in enunciation from Fred Astaire or Eddie Cantor. Or Paul Robeson. They'd "learn" her English!—Ethel S. Small, Washington, D. C.

One day, after my little niece had been particularly naughty and had had the usual admonishment, she wailed reproachfully: "When Jane Withers acts like this in a movie you think it's cute, but when I do it you think I'm a bad girl"—Mary F. Doner, Seattle, Wash.

When you see a show where the technicolor part is very poor and the plot is very ordinary, you are really aiding more pictures of this type to be made. If people see these poorly filmed pictures and the producers are able to make just as much money on them as on an excellent picture, naturally they will do so. That's why I say "Go shopping for your movies"—Stella Winegar, Brinnon, Wash.


ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL . . .
EVERYONE SAID JOHN AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVED ABOUT HIM. I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAY HE'D PROPOSE
AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON HE BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY— I EVEN SAW HIM OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS
FINALLY I BROKE DOWN AND TOLD MY AUNT ABOUT IT SHE SYMPATHIZED BUT TOLD ME, KINDLY, I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O."—THAT I SHOULD USE LIFEBUOY
I TOOK AUNTIE'S ADVICE! NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN HE WASN'T AS "STAND-OFFISH" AND NOW I'M SO HAPPY I COULD SHOUT WE'RE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH LIFEBUOY IS MY SOAP FOREVER!
IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO
LIFEBUOY IS MILDER AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

YES! Lifebuoy *is* milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

And yes — again! That "special ingredient" is the same ingredient that keeps you safer from "B. O." — penetrates deep into your pores to purify, to deodorize. And it keeps you *safe*, cool, fresh — even in torrid weather. Start today to make Lifebuoy a habit!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Among the prominent movielites in the big Uplifters Polo Field charity game were Charlie Farrell, Frank Borzage and Johnny Mack Brown.

With Barbara Stanwyck and Franchot Tone looking on, Joan Crawford tosses out the first ball to open the big polo game for charity.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS By HYMAN FINK

Joe E. Brown has just discovered that the life of an announcer at a polo game is none too gay—not that he gets much sympathy from friend Bob Montgomery!

HOT NEWS: Despite the story that wealthy producer **Joseph Schenck** is engaged to "a secret lady in the East," he has been seen on three occasions lately with the beautiful **Wendy Barrie.**

Pete Smith, famous producer of clever "shorts" for M-G-M, is starting a motion picture duplicate of the amateur hour. Those who go in for home movies will have a chance to compete and their work will be submitted from key cities for final judgment. Those amateur movies that pass the final test will appear on the screen.

Eugene Pallette, playing an important role in a London film, "Dishonor Bright," suffered a broken leg while performing a difficult scene and has been removed from the picture.

Eleanore Whitney and **Johnny Downs** have it so bad that they take their music lessons on succeeding hours and even do their vocal practicing together. Looks like the real thing.

Fay Wray and **John Monk Saunders** are blessed-eventing.

Conrad Nagel announced to a few friends that his daughter, **Ruth Helms Nagel,** is headed for an acting career.

Bert Wheeler spends so much time in Palm Springs that he decided to build a hotel of his own there—anyway it'll consist of one big building and six bungalows, and he has already named it "The Lone Palm."

Feud: **Marlene Dietrich** and **Virginia Bruce** aren't speaking these days.

Margaret Sullavan's broken arm has refused to mend and since she has a stage play, "Stage Door," to do this fall, it begins to look as though we won't be seeing Maggie any more this year.

New Romances: **Sally (Fan) Rand** and **Antonio Moreno; Warren Hull** and **Patricia Ellis.**

It is rumored that **Merle Oberon** and **David Niven** will marry at last in London this fall.

Marlene Dietrich's trip to Europe and **Richard Boleslawski's** journey to his homeland, Poland, were interrupted when they were both subpoenaed to appear as witnesses in the **Merle Oberon** suit against a movie company for $123,000.00.

The odds are now four-to-one that **Joan Blondell** and **Dick Powell** will be married by the time you read this item.

Melvin Purvis is said to be signing a movie contract to make a serial based on some of his G-Man exploits.

Boyer and Garbo. That's the newest Hollywood teaming. Boyer has been borrowed to play opposite Greta in "Beloved."

Don't ever try to stop **Mae West's** car with robbery or any other shenanigans in mind! Mae has just signed a new chauffeur, Speedy Dado, famous boxer of yesterday.

Nowadays, when you go up the long winding drives of **Harold Lloyd's** estate to the house, you see little signs at intervals saying "Speed Limit, 8 Miles." Because, Harold says, his pet cocker spaniel, Bobby, was run over and killed by a guest who was in too much of a hurry.

Gracie Allen bet on Schmeling to place. Ten bucks. And after the fight **George Burns** came triumphantly to get his ten bucks. And Gracie reniged. George howled.

"But he *did,*" answered Gracie smugly. "He did place—Louis right on the floor!"

(*Continued on page* 12)

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM
POWELL
AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE
LOMBARD
AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady · Gail Patrick · Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette · Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

INSIDE STUFF—(Cont.)

BOB TAYLOR tells this about his first trip to New York.

"No sooner had I arrived at the hotel," smiled Bob, "than I began getting calls from the lobby that various friends and relatives were either calling on me in person or over the telephone. I knew that Mother was in Hollywood, yet she called from the lobby three times during the week! I personally told two 'Barbara Stanwycks' that I was not in. When the third 'Barbara Stanwyck' called, however, I merely told the operator to say that I had left for China!"

The laugh being that the third Barbara Stanwyck was the *real* one calling long distance from Hollywood.

Bob admits he caught it when he got home.

* * *

WHAT with all the gossip column rumors of "new romances" and "pending divorce" for Arline Judge, Arline startled Hollywood quite a bit the other evening when she showed up at Ketti Gallian's party at the Troc with none other than husband Wesley Ruggles in tow! In fact, the amount of back-of-hand whispering that started upon their arrival proved that Hollywood is a place where you can incite more small talk by appearing with your rifted husband than with anyone of a dozen new "hearts."

* * *

At right, Lucille Ball and her fiance, Broderick Crawford (Helen Broderick's son), having a time at the polo game.

Also at the game—Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald (always together) and Mary Brian, just about the only star there without dark sun-glasses!

AFTER all these months, Leatrice Joy is going to sue to break the will of John Gilbert in which he left but $10,000 for the care and education of their daughter. All the remainder was left for his most recent wife, Virginia Bruce, and their daughter. Leatrice thinks the difference between $10,000 and $140,000 is a bit too much to overlook. After all, he was father of both girls.

And Marlene Dietrich is the one who is still in semi-mourning.

* * *

OVER on the set of "I Gave My Heart," Director Archie Mayo, one of Hollywood's champion ribbers, had a delicate scene to do with a two-year-old baby. Knowing that it would be tough to get the kid to cooperate, he decided upon a special technique. Walking over to the crib, he said:

"Now Trucky, in this scene you are going to have to keep your eyes closed all the time. Don't open them even once until I tell you it's okay. And if you'll do that for me, Trucky, I'll give you anything in the world you want."

Trucky smiled his okay. The scene was shot without a hitch. The baby kept his eyes closed the entire time. Archie went over to the baby and said, "Well, Trucky, you surely did a swell job. Now what can I do for you?"

Trucky answered, "Gimme a con-twact."

Meet the Donald Woods family—papa and mama, son Conrad and the new baby, Linda Margaret.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS

Rumor slips the news that Connie Talmadge and wealthy husband, T. Netcher, have taken separate cabins on the good ship Marriage.

Fred Astaire, so thrilled by his first song, "I'm Building Up To An Awful Let-Down," becoming a hit that he's just finished another which he calls, "I'll Never Let You Go." Listen for it.

There are many rumors for Carole Lombard's failure to go on location to Alaska for "Spawn of the North:" (a) "her doctor refused to allow the trip," (b) "the studio was unable to arrange for the necessary Technicolor equipment in time for photographing the running of the salmon." (c) "Carole refused to leave town because of her romance with Clark Gable." Take your choice.

Bob Taylor is sore, now. He hates to be known as "America's Heartbeat" or any of the other handles they're tagging him with. He points to quite a number of actors who have suffered by such drivel.

Garbo finally bought a new car! After driving that old crate for nine years, too. Not only that, she has her colored chauffeur all decked out in brass buttons to match! We're just waiting for the old jaloppy to appear on a used car lot with Garbo's name in lights.

Dick Powell hated the role of Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but it certainly has brought him a lot of luck. He bet on a horse named "Lysander" and it won at a fat price; now comes the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica and there is the name Powell, Richard, in boldface as Lysander in the movie version of Shakespeare's play!

* * *

THAT romance between Alice Faye and Michael Whalen is rumored on one day and off the next. Maybe there is an indication to the true state of affairs, right now at least, in an incident that took place during the filming of "Sing, Baby, Sing."

The scene called for Alice to slap Michael's face.

The first time they shot it, Alice's slap was more of a tap. "Do it again," asked the director, "and please, this time, really hit him!"

Alice hesitated, glanced at Michael, who grinned. So, on the next take, Alice let him have one that started from the floor.

"That was swell!" called the director. But Alice didn't hear him. She was too busy rubbing Michael's face and saying she was sorry. Ah, there.

* * *

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has just paid $22,500 for a book of essays in order to get the title, "Wake Up And Live." A completely new story must be written to fit the title.

* * *

DON'T take those rumors "Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone will do a stage play this year" too seriously. Joan has to have a few treatments yet. Joan can speak her lines perfectly during rehearsal, but when the audience is out there she closes up like a clam and can't utter a word to save her. Crowd phobia, the doctors are pleased to call it. We've a hunch Joan will beat ol' man Phobia into line, though—she's beaten everything else that might have been an obstacle to her success.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Two great pals, Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott, snapped outside the Troc waiting for their car.

FAMILY DOCTORS KNOW THAT VERY OFTEN...

"INCOMPATIBLE"

MEANS- IGNORANCE OF CORRECT FEMININE HYGIENE

For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene... Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

IF YOUNG wives would only turn a deaf ear to "bridge table advice" which is usually more *friendly* than *informed*—and talk to reputable authorities, they would have the advantage of facts and knowledge...They would know that the "Lysol" method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is one recommended by many leading experts.

It is important to follow a method of feminine hygiene which you can use with confidence. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of countless women...probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose.

Lysol Disinfectant

"Lysol" disinfectant is a dependable germicide. It is used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of its reliable, concentrated germ-killing power. "Lysol" has 6 qualities that make it valuable for feminine hygiene:—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. MM9
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name ________________

Street ________________

City __________ State ________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

TEXAS RANGERS
COMPANY

Meet Jim Hawkins, bold bad man of the Wild West when it was really wild—until he learned about law and order from the Texas Rangers! It's the greatest role that handsome Fred MacMurray has ever had, in one of the greatest stories of the West that has ever been filmed—the epic of the brave men who founded the state of Texas and made it the great commonwealth it is today.

The TEXAS RANGERS

Jack Oakie does the best work of his career as Fred's buddy, and Jean Parker is her loveliest as the girl Fred dared to love.

Here's the "Bengal Lancer" of our own America—a drama of high courage, directed by King Vidor from his original story, with a screen play by Louis Stevens. It's another Paramount triumph!

Advertisement

Snapshots with pen and camera of your film favorites and what they talk about and do!

Phil Reed, Ruth Roland Bard, Ralph Morgan (standing), Della Lind, Ben Bard, Gracie Allen and James Gleason at the opening of Ben Bard's new theater.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

TWO young kids won a contest to find the "perfect double" for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and swooped down on Hollywood to see the sights free. When they got to the Astaire-Rogers sound stage of "Swing Time" and asked Astaire to pose with them, they got their first Hollywood kick in the face: Astaire argued for a full hour before consenting.

* * *

IT was amazing to watch the cash customers at the Troc the other dawning. The room was filled to overflowing with stars of all shapes and sizes; but there were only three who came in for the lion's share of gazing: Robert Taylor (with Barbara Stanwyck) James Stewart (with Ginger Rogers) and Henry Fonda fondly smiling at Virginia Bruce. Amazing because none of the boys had been in pictures much over a year and yet they were the biggest stars in the room! And we wonder why it is that every incoming train brings its quota of hopefuls to the movie city!

* * *

RELIGIOUS difficulties, you'll recall, was the reason for the break-up of the Loretta Young-Spencer Tracy romance. Now, again, our beautiful Loretta is faced with the same problem. Eddie Sutherland, the director Loretta loves, offers the mix-up once more and it begins to look as if Love and Loretta Young are not buddies.

* * *

WANDA, local fortune teller, gave forth with a few predictions at a Hollywood party, the other night. Here is Wanda's lineup for fall:

Leslie Howard will reach his goal and become a director.

Henry Fonda is headed for a new marriage during the year.

The same goes for Mrs. Grace Tibbett.

And ". . . something grand and exciting is going to happen to Carole Lombard . . . maybe marriage."

* * *

BING CROSBY, after what seems years of trying, finally won the golf championship at the Lakeside Club! Bing shot a sizzling 73 to win the last round.

* * *

LOTUS LIU is such a gorgeous looking Chinese girl. She had been taken on a tour of Hollywood, just by way of showing her off to the gang before she started playing the role of Lotus, second wife of Paul Muni in "The Good Earth," and never have we seen such a winsome smile or such a perfect figure.

Evidently, though, a perfect figure wasn't enough.

At midnight the day of the first shooting, M-G-M got on the long distance telephone to New York and signed up Sidney Fox for the same role. Sidney packed that same night, took a plane and was on the set next day.

Now Miss Fox is out, and Miss Liu is back again in the role.

* * *

WHAT with Walter Wanger and Betty Furness working on the deal from two different directions, Hollywood is by way of becoming rather famous as a style headquarters. Miss Furness, to win a bet with a hat designer, is wearing every creation he makes for her. The latest looks like an inverted salad bowl filled with radishes, carrots, beets and celery! Mr. Wanger, on the other hand, is bringing famed designer Schiaparelli from Paris to create gowns for "Vogue of 1937."

* * *

THE evening that Marion Davies spent riding the roller coaster and going through the Fun House at the

Errol Flynn, Una Merkel, with Irene Hervey and Allan Jones (who have just set their wedding for August 1), at one of the lovely parties at Pickfair.

Not only Esther Ralston, but her daughter, Mary Esther, and her brother, Carleton, also have roles in "Hollywood Boulevard."

One of the sweetest romances in Cinema City, David Niven and Merle Oberon, at the Trocadero. Note Merle's new sable cape and her tricky little hair ornament.

beach, she had a strange companion—that is, strange to her.

Having quite a few friends down to dinner, Marion had decided that nothing would do but a silly evening riding the chutes and trying out the various concessions. But just as she was about to start, it occurred to her that this was her bodyguard's day off. Would she have to give up her fun, then? No! It seemed that one of the guests would loan her *his* bodyguard for the tour.

The substitute bodyguard receives his weekly stipend from Walter Winchell.

* * *

JUST because Jean Harlow sold her house, it was immediately rumored that she was going to marry Bill Powell at last. But Bill went to work in a picture with his "ex," Carole Lombard, and rumors were then started that Bill and Jean were "cold." Here's the latest: Jean has taken a house just two blocks from Powell's place. Now what?

* * *

WE'RE kinda pleased with Ginger Roger's spunk these days; aside from the freedom she made for herself, there's the new ultimatum she's flung at the powers-that-be. She's tried, for years, to take a long vacation from here to somewhere far off, and has always been thwarted. Now when this

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives

YOUR doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to your children.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
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I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

At the Trocadero: Lillian Lamonte and Fred MacMurray (before the wedding) and Byrnece Macfadden (Mrs. George Metaxa), who's signed an RKO contract. Below, Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, together again, with Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot (P. S.—together again?)

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

picture is finished, she goes to Hawaii.

She goes, by gosh, or *else!*

* * *

WHATEVER effect receiving the prayer wheel from a Tibetan lama had on Katie Hepburn, at least you must know she has traded in her beach-truck for a Ford coupe. Now if they'll only send her the famous bronze Buddha, she *might* be startled into buying herself a Duesenberg.

* * *

THEY have to take Mary Boland's Pekingese, 'Little Slam,' off the set every time the hairdresser comes in to fix Mary's coiffure. 'Little Slam' gets so frantic. And the hairdresser doesn't like the tone of his yapping; she's almost certain he'd sit right up and slap her wrist if she pulled so much as a hair on the Boland head.

* * *

NEWS Item: "Anne Shirley, 18, was graduated from high school yesterday at regular commencement ceremonies. She plans to go on to college."

There's a story behind that—the story of a girl who has slaved herself skinny in pictures, attended regular courses at school, tutored on the set between scenes, and who with deserved triumph "commenced" with all her fellows at just exactly the age she was supposed to.

That's concentration.

That's work.

That's a unique example, in Hollywood.

* * *

HE may be the father of a celebrity as far as the world is concerned, but to the Crosby clan, Dad Crosby is just another member of the family. When Mr. Crosby was chosen, among other well-known fathers, to make a radio broadcast on Fathers' Day, instead of the family being properly thrilled they simply hooted at the idea. Not to be discouraged, Dad went right on, declaring the whole kit and kin of them were jealous of his popularity.

"You'll get up there and start to stuttering, that's what you'll do," Ma Crosby said and took herself off to the movies to avoid the awful consequences. Bing went right on playing golf and Everett went to bed with a cold.

"Huh," said Dad Crosby afterwards, "what do I care? I was the best one of the bunch."

And, according to reports, Dad was exactly that.

* * *

SET STUFF

MARTHA RAYE, supposed to brandish a lighted cigar at Jack Benny during a dialogue, was too conscientious and burned his nose.

Mitchell Leisen gave a party before "The Big Broadcast" started shooting, and the invitations read "Pre-War Bust, while we're still friends."

Akim Tamiroff and Dudley Digges retired from "The General Dies At Dawn" for a few days because the superimposed eyelids they were wearing made welts under their eyes and they couldn't see.

* * *

WHEN Mary Brian reported to the Paramount fitting rooms to try on that wonderful new bridal outfit for her next picture, Cary Grant drove all the way in from Malibu just to see Mary in it. As Mary winsomely paraded by, her long veil flowing, the very air seemed charged with unspoken promises. The place vibrated with it. Or so it

At a Lux broadcast: James Montgomery Flagg and Cecil B. DeMille (standing); Herbert Marshall, Merle Oberon, Rod LaRoque, Crawford Kent. At the right, Johnny Green and Ginger Rogers look at a little cocker spaniel on sale by Irl Sterns, the dog man, at the Vendome.

seemed to the fitters who caught the unhidden admiration in Cary's eyes.

Could this be a preview, one wonders?

* * *

MERLE OBERON likes her men brave as long as danger keeps a good healthy distance from her. When Merle and David Niven were driving through Yosemite recently they suddenly came upon a huge brown bear.

"Oh, please, get out and take his picture for me," Merle urged David, who, though leery, dared not show the white feather. Slowly, with camera aimed, David crept up while the bear sat and watched his advancement with more than avid interest. "Closer, closer," Merle kept calling from the car.

At last the picture was shot and then Niven found the retreating much more difficult than the going had been. He dared not turn his back. When he felt himself within leaping distance of the car, he turned to run for it. But, instead of an open door, there sat Merle safely inside with every door and window locked.

"If that bear had decided to charge," Niven grinned, "I guess I'd still be going for by the time the doors were unlocked Mr. Bear could have done some powerful clawing."

* * *

WHEN Jean Hersholt appeared at the studio for his 429th characterization the director took one look and said, "Too thin. Y'gotta weigh about fifty more pounds for this role."

So Hersholt went away, and when he reappeared two hours later the additional poundage was authentically obvious in his stomach proportions. "What did you do?" grinned the director. "Eat five dinners?"

Jean lifted up his coat. "False stomach," he explained; "I invented it myself."

"We can use that in other pictures of this sort," the director exulted. "It's perfect."

"Not unless you pay me," said Jean defiantly. And produced a sheaf of papers. They were his patent on the false tummy!

* * *

AMATEUR rancher, Paul Muni, is looking sheepfaced under his make-up these days because when California had its thunderstorms in the San Fernando Valley last month he spent an entire night covering up his hundreds of new little citrus trees—and caught one heck of a cold—and next day discovered thunderstorms can't hurt new little citrus trees. They thrive on thunderstorms, insisted the grinning neighbors to whom he explained his precautions.

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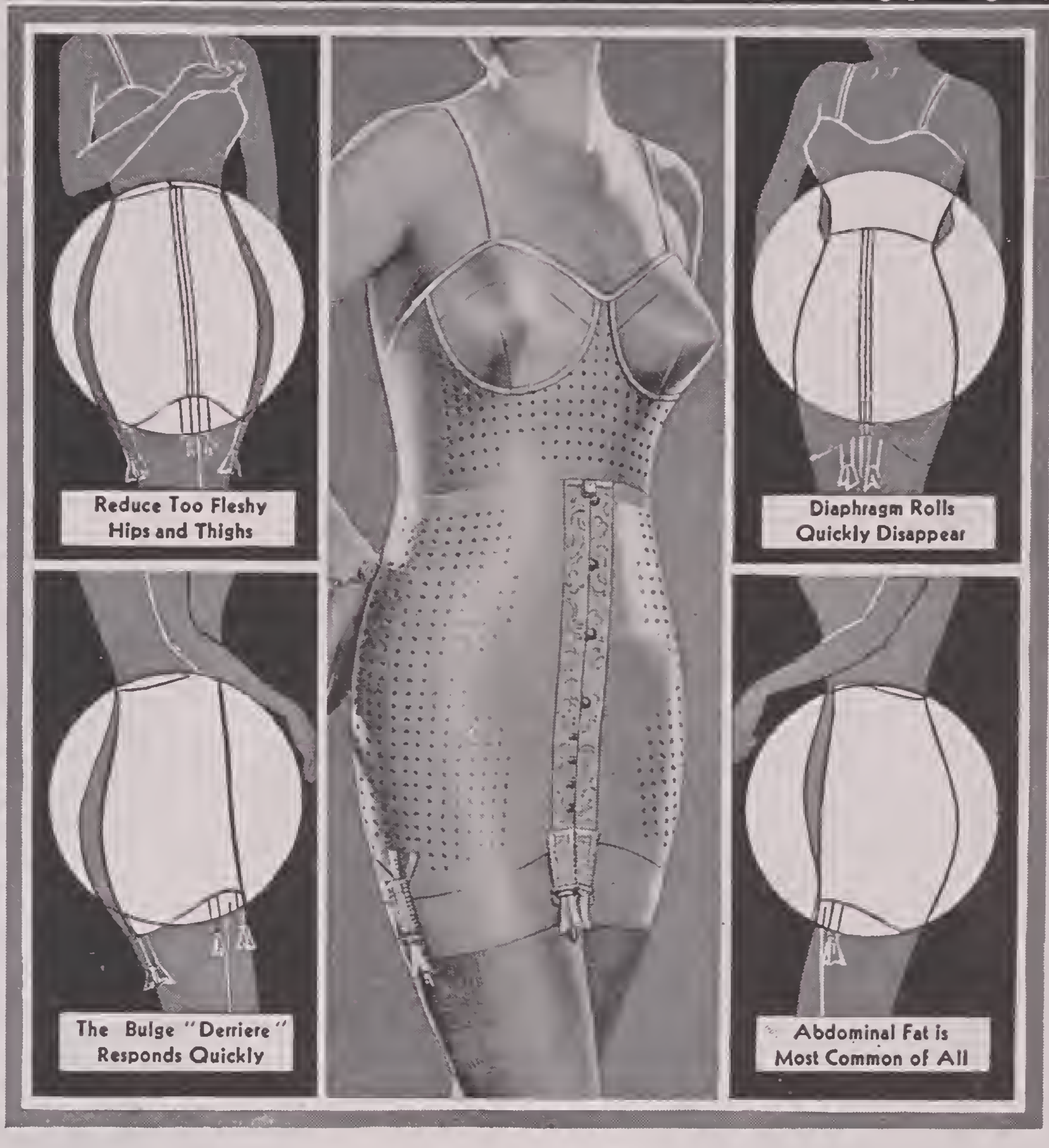
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!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Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

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■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!
■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

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■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

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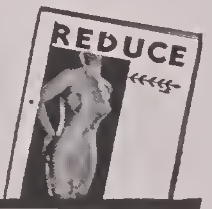
■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



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By GLORIA MACK

Beauty for the Smaller Girl

BEAUTY isn't measured in inches! A smaller girl will be charming or she will be drably uninteresting for exactly the same reasons that an average size, or taller girl may be.

In itself, being short is not a handicap! It is one of your individual beauty problems, yes. It is probably (but not necessarily) your outstanding difference from other people and, like any other "difference," it may be an asset, or a liability. Further on, I'll have more to say about this question of "differences," but first let me recall to your mind some true stories about girls you all know.

On this page is an enchanting picture of Janet Gaynor who wraps up more charm in her five feet nothing than half a dozen ordinary women. Has her lack of height handicapped her? Has it? Yet the beauty suggested in this photograph is developed by applying exactly the same principles which you can use.

Then there's another little girl, just four feet eleven. Probably when she was a youngster, she suffered from being called "shorty" and "half-pint," just as you may have been. Did it get her down? Did she say to herself, "What can I ever do, I'm too little?" She did not. She grew up to be acclaimed as one of the best dressed women, and one of the biggest stars the screen has ever had. That was Gloria Swanson.

And what about Mary Pickford, that scant five feet of dynamic brains, beauty, talent and achievement—"America's Sweetheart"—the big "little" woman?

I could go on and on with these stories about little girls—Lily Pons, Norma Shearer, Eleanore Whitney. No, being short need not act as a handicap to charm, beauty or achievement.

Maybe you're wondering why I'm emphasizing this truism, and taking the time to cite examples. Maybe you are one of the little girls who had escaped the heart-breaking experience of being made to feel ashamed of your lack of height. I hope very much that you are, but many other girls haven't been so lucky.

Last spring I wrote an article for the tall girls, and promised to follow it up with another for the shorter ones. Ever since, I've had the most interesting letters from those among you who are under

Little Janet Gaynor, idolized from the time of "Seventh Heaven" right up to "Small Town Girl," certainly hasn't found being short a handicap!

WRITE TO GLORIA MACK IN HOLLYWOOD YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEM

Let Gloria Mack help you with it, as she has helped so many others to find the right coiffure; to work off that "extended rear" (as one of our readers expressed it); to clear the skin of blackheads; to help you find the right cosmetics for you, among all the fine ones on the market. She writes you herself, you know, and you can be sure your letter will be held completely confidential. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, but there is no charge of any kind.—GLORIA MACK, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

average height. Some of the letters made tears come to my eyes for the pages reflected so much unnecessary suffering. Others said they were looking forward to the "little girl article" because points I had brought out in the first one, about "differences," had made them see a lot of things in a way they never had before.

I'm hoping with all my heart that little girls who have been hurt by cruel teasing and by cherishing wrong ideas about themselves, will find as much comfort and inspiration in what I am writing now, as so many of the big girls wrote me they had found in their article. It's all in seeing things straight, you know, and not warped by prejudice and ignorance.

To be different is not a charm in itself, but it certainly gives you a head start, because beauty is built on differences. And if you are short, you stand out in people's minds just because you *are* different from the average. Are you going to be remembered only as that short girl, or are people going to recall you as lovely, and remember your smallness only as an "added attraction?"

That's entirely up to you. Do you see now, when you really stop to think it out, that there is no reason on earth to worry over, or to resent being below average height? And as a matter of fact, here's something for you to consider if you haven't already found it out for yourself. A really tall girl said to me, "I'm not sorry I'm tall, but I will say that the little girls seem to appeal to the kindness in people. They get more help and attention, particularly from men."

Now just what does "beauty for the little girl" mean? It means exactly what it does for any other girl; no less, and certainly no more. Just because you're small doesn't mean you can't have a good figure. Are you overweight? For shame, to let yourself widen out like that!

Find out what your normal weight should be, and then start a campaign to get down to it, and to stay down. What about your posture? Do you realize that you can make yourself look inches taller (as well as improve your figure and your health) by carrying yourself as you should?

What about your hair? Does it shine with health and is your coiffure exactly right for you?

And what about your skin? Is it free of blackheads, blotches and other impurities? Is it smooth and satin-soft, glowing with health and charm? If not, there's a grand new preparation on the market now with which you can give yourself a *two-minute* oatmeal facial. And I mean just that! It takes so little time for this beauty treatment. All you need to do is mix a little luke- (*Continued on page* 93)

Flatters your Skin in glaring sun!

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

POND'S "SUNLIGHT"
Shades soften the
hard glare of the sun on your face

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond's new "glare-proof" powder shades change all that! Scientifically blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, they soften its glare on your skin . . . Make it flattering! Away from the dark, deadening "sun-tan" powders—Pond's "Sunlight" shades give a rich, glowing look to your tan. Lovely with no tan!

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MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars,* 35¢, 70¢. *New big boxes,* 10¢, 20¢.

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"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

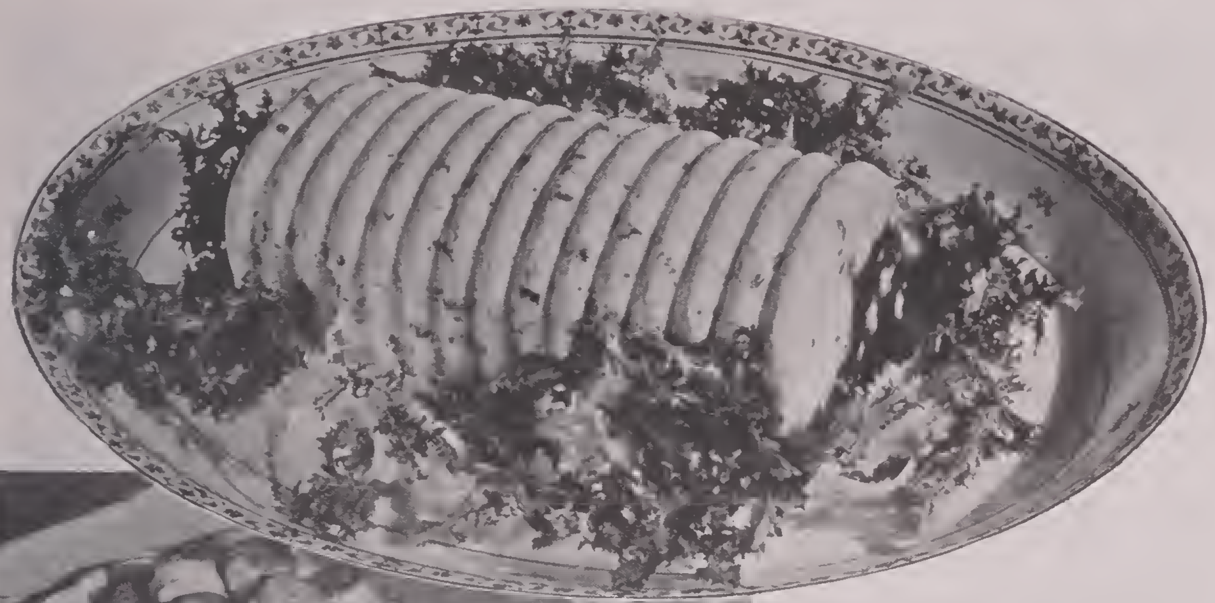
Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON



Desserts aren't the only delicacies you can make with gelatin. Look at these delightful molded salads. Above, tuna fish, and at left, "year-round" salad, served in individual molds with delicious tiny cheese biscuits.

LIKE some other good old proven standbys, gelatin is sometimes taken for granted by even the best of cooks. Now confess, how often have you served your family gelatin recently? Maybe you have coffee or fruit-flavored jelly once in a while, because everybody likes it, and it's so easy to make, and so inexpensive, and during the summer you certainly use the delicious cold, jellied soups; but outside of that, have you ever begun to explore the possibilities of what you can do with gelatin?

We use a lot of gelatin at our house, because there are a couple of children to be considered in planning menus, and gelatin desserts, especially, are just as good for children as they are relished by the grown-ups. So this does away with the children's disappointment at not being able to share in the family's heavy, too-rich dessert.

But don't think of gelatin in terms of desserts only! While of course the list of delicious and exciting sweets you can make with gelatin are simply endless, remember there are many other uses for gelatin.

For instance, here are two dishes I've used over and over again (to applause, let me add). With a hot, nourishing soup, little hot biscuits and jam, cold meats and a simple dessert such as fresh or stewed fruits, it makes an ideal combination for a luncheon which you would prefer to prepare as far as possible the night before. One of the great advantages of gelatin dishes is that they can be made up some time before serving.

LUNCHEON MOLD NO. 1

1½	tbls. gelatin
½	cup cold water
2	cups condensed canned chicken soup
1½	tsp. salt
2	tsp. vinegar
¾	cup liquid from asparagus tips
12	asparagus tips
1	cup chopped celery
12	big stuffed olives

Dissolve gelatin in cold water and let stand for a few minutes, then stir into the soup which has been heated. Add salt and vinegar. Put in asparagus liquid, celery, and olives which have been chopped (if you prefer, simply cut the olives in halves, or in rings, and place in the bottom of the mold with the asparagus tips, as decoration). Now rinse a mold in cold water, arrange the asparagus tips attractively on the bottom, and pour the mixture over them. Let chill till thoroughly set. Little inindividual molds are very pretty, and can be placed directly on each plate when you wish to make serving easier.

LUNCHEON MOLD NO. 2

1	tbl. lemon gelatin
1½	cups warm water
½	cup milk
¼	tsp. paprika
1	tsp. minced onion
½	cup mayonnaise
½	cup grated American cheese
½	cup diced cucumber
¼	cup diced green pepper
¾	tsp. salt
½	tbl. vinegar

Dissolve the gelatin in the warm water and chill. Put together the mayonnaise, milk, paprika and onion and beat with an egg-beater. Wait till the gelatin is slightly thickened, and then beat into this. Combine the remaining ingredients, fold in, and turn into the mold which has been rinsed in cold water.

You always want to give a guest a little something extra, and the delicate flavor of a well-made jellied soup is certainly that. But here's a short-cut (if you haven't already discovered it for yourself) to a reputation as a chef. Use any of the better varieties of canned clear soups as the liquid in a plain gelatin recipe. Let it stand till very firm. Cut in small cubes, pile all sparkling and cool into bouillon cups. Garnish with a slice of lemon, or sprigs of parsley, and you have the perfect send-off for the most epicurean of luncheons!

Have you ever had gelatin candy? This seems to (*Continued on page* 81)

WRITE TO PAULINE NELSON: She wants you to have these other delicious gelatin recipes she has ready for you, including those very special molded salads, and the year-round salad. These came to you as a MOVIE MIRROR service, and there is no charge at all for them. Just remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Pauline Nelson

c/o MOVIE MIRROR
7751 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Has Hollywood a NEW JINX?

A sinister shadow looms over the role of the Grand Lama in "Lost Horizon"

By
CLARK LEE

PICTURE fans everywhere were saddened by the recent announcement of the death of Henry B. Walthall. Those whose memories go back as far as "The Birth of a Nation" will never forget his sensitive and inspired characterization of the Southern Colonel. So well-loved was Walthall in this portrayal that he was thenafter known as "The Little Colonel" to his fans.

Now Hollywood is wondering if Walthall's death is the first manifestation of a jinx which is stalking Columbia's "Lost Horizon," the Ronald Colman starring picture based on James Hilton's novel, in which Walthall was working at the time of his death.

The part of the Grand Lama in "Lost Horizon" was Walthall's most important role for some time, a part seemingly menaced by ill omen even as Walthall's own career had been. Following "The Birth of a Nation," and in spite of the fact that he made history in that film, the movies had not been too kind to Walthall. His abilities, unfortunately, were sidetracked during the early days of talking pictures, and it was only during the last few years that such assignments as Francisco Madero in "Viva Villa" and the minister in "Judge Priest" revealed to a younger generation of movie goers his versatile talents. Then came "Lost Horizon."

The Grand Lama of "Lost Horizon" had been ordained to live scores of years longer than man's usual span, to live until a successor worthy of him could be found. Then, and then only could he die. It was during the playing of this role that death came to Walthall.

With the picture unfinished, Columbia was hard pressed to find an actor who could step into Walthall's role. Ronald Colman, with his typical generosity and understanding, urged that his friend Albert E. Anson, desperately ill and in need of a job, be considered. Columbia, remembering Anson's work with Colman in "Arrowsmith," gave him the assignment. When he began work, Anson was so weak that it was necessary to film his scenes while he was lying down.

Then Anson died, died with only a few of his scenes completed, and with many more still to be made.

No wonder Hollywood rumor whispers "Jinx."

Two men, assigned in turn to play the part of a man who dies, each dying before he can complete his assignment.

No wonder Hollywood rumor is beginning to whisper "Who will be the next one?"

That there must be a next one, so far as the picture is concerned, is assured. The role of the Grand Lama is an important one and must be completed. But who among the Hollywood players who are ready to take chances—and in no other industry are there more—will be ready to take what may be his last chance, the chance to step into dead men's shoes?

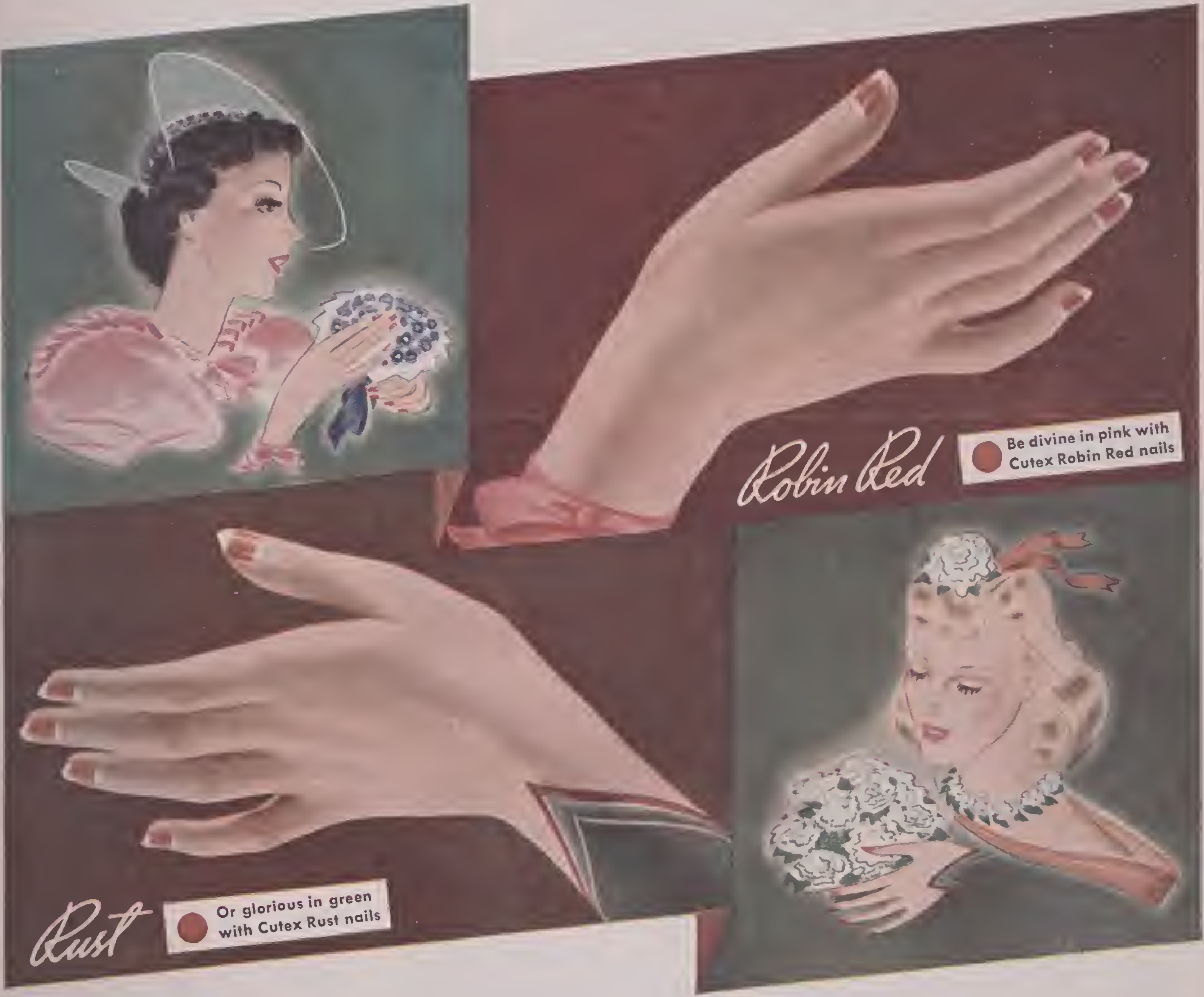
Will he escape the curse, outwit the jinx that has apparently dogged his predecessors? Will he even dare to play the part? Or will he be so in need of an important role, for financial or comeback reasons, that he will be forced to take the chance? No one knows.

But Hollywood wonders, and whispers "Jinx."

Is tragedy destined to follow Henry B. Walthall's sudden death?

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades



Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails

Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. *Cutex Rose* is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken . . . it's usable right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York,
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CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
RUST
CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
CRÈME POLISH
RUST

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
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(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Robin Red ☐ Rust ☐ Rose ☐ Ruby ☐ (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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...the swimming at Pebble Beach...Los Angeles for late parties...tailored clothes...*swing* music...Santa Anita for the races...the contemporary American themes in painting...lapis lazuli...Parma violets...dining at Victor Hugo's—a Camel between the entrée and the salad...*coupé au marrons*...Camels again...and to top off—amusing savouries, in the English manner. "How *natural* it is to smoke Camels between courses and after dining," *says* Mrs. Hollingsworth. "They are so delicate in flavor, so delightfully mild. Camels stimulate my taste, really aid digestion."

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MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
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In Victor Hugo's Charming Garden Room, Camels Are "The Outstanding Favorite!"

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MYRNA Gets Married!

The heart-warming inside story of a great romance that only Hollywood knew about before the recent marriage of our Miss Loy to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

By IRENE STORM

The very personifications of peace and contentment on the morning of their simple, unpublicized marriage ceremony, Myrna and Arthur pose for their only exclusive wedding picture on the grounds of their new home at Bel-Air.

OVERNIGHT one of the sweetest (though it was beginning to look like one of the most hopeless) romances in filmland has become the happiest marriage in Hollywood, with every chance in the world of staying that way. For, on June 27th, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., associate producer at Paramount, slipped away to Ensenada, Mexico, where they were married by Justice Jaime S. Pardo, in the presence of only two witnesses—Shirley Hughes, Myrna's stand-in, and Ray Ramsey, a studio friend of Arthur's.

For years, Myrna's fans have wondered why their "ideal wife of the screen," the glamorous star whom every husband has so vociferously admired and every wife has so longingly envied, had never married in real life. There was a story there, they were sure, and a tragic one. Unrequited love? A schoolday sweetheart who had died? What memories of the past or fears of the future kept this lovable girl aloof and apart from all the front-page romances in her profession?

But Hollywood knew the story and silently sympathized. They have known Arthur Hornblow for a long time, and they knew, too, how much Myrna loved him—how much, indeed, he had counted for in her life, as well as in her heart. It was Arthur who first encouraged Myrna to break away from the Oriental, siren-type role in which she had become typed and who inspired her to go on to greater heights in an entirely new series of characterizations. It was Arthur who shared with Myrna her quiet evenings at home with fine books to read, great music to hear, exciting ideas to discuss.

A perfect companionship, though they couldn't even mention the love in their hearts. Arthur was married. True, he had been separated from his wife, Juliette Crosby, for well over a year before he met Myrna, but they were not divorced. Not until just this spring, although Arthur and Myrna have been in love now for several years—almost since their first meeting, when Arthur Hornblow, Jr., at that time a production executive for Samuel Goldwyn, interviewed her for the role in "Arrowsmith" which gave Myrna her first opportunity to break away from the characterizations in which she had previously been typed in her career.

Today, all the sadness is wiped out and only a glorious happiness remains. When Myrna met Arthur, she met her destiny. Undreamed-of success, complete understanding, deep love—all these he has brought her and to these he has now added a home, the beautiful estate which he has built for her in Bel-Air, where they will live after their brief honeymoon (for both are busy, important personages in the industry and must get back to work) at the Mexican ranch of Frank A. Vanderlip, the banker.

For all this, Myrna has shown her gratitude by her faithful friendship and patient waiting. Now comes their reward. Arthur and Myrna have entered their promised land. Two very fine people who deserved the best there is in life have found it, in each other, and being what they are they will never let it go.

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS and their Movie Money

By HOWARD SHARPE

With Jean Hersholt in his wonderful characterization of the Dr. Dafoe personality in "The Country Doctor," Dorothy Peterson, as their nurse, points with pride at Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, pictured from left to right.

I SAW, yesterday, the photograph of a check for $250,000—one quarter of a million dollars—made out in effect to those five little chips off the old Dionne block known affectionately in America as "The Quints." It was signed by 20th Century-Fox and represented down payment for their services in three pictures, to be made over a period of three years.

Down payment, you understand. Besides that they'll receive ten per cent of all net profit on the productions. And "The Country Doctor" grossed a million and a half.

I know that sounds like the dullest of financial reports culled from the records of a major studio, but in itself it represents the answer to the question you have been asking so persistently during the last few months: "Little Quints, what now? What of the future? What will become of you when you cease to be prattling little freaks of nature and become ordinary human beings?"

Hollywood knows the answer. The Dionne Quintuplets became Movie Stars (the capitals are called for; they're the highest paid in the business) on the night "The Country Doctor" first flashed on a preview screen in Hollywood last spring. They'll continue to be screen luminaries so long as they remain the world's eleventh wonder, because from the picture theaters of the country comes their greatest fame and from the strong boxes of California comes the greater part of their wealth.

They are already embroiled in the endless trials and troubles that surround every ranking star within a month after the word gets around: Adverse publicity, strained family relations, financial difficulties.

The motion picture story of Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne is a fascinating one. It's a history of fierce and long drawn-out battles between the greater companies of Hollywood over possession of a disputed contract; of a tremendous gamble taken against the odds of death by a group of shrewd executives who seldom gamble; of the greatest piece of diplomacy in movie annals; and of all the complications that necessarily arose through the international importance of five baby girls born of one mother in the bleak backwoods of the North Country.

Primarily, however, it's the history of a fortune that is building so inexorably that in a few more years the Quints will be the richest girls in all the world. They can thank this little Pacific Coast universe of camera and celluloid for that.

Soon after the first Board of Guardians was formed for the Quintuplets, money began to dribble in from philanthropists and interested donors until, just before the Canadian Government took over, they had something like $28,000 in the bank. It seemed like a lot, then, but in a few months it was nothing but safety-pin money. Because the new Board (the Honorable David Croll, Canada's Minister of Public Welfare, Mr. Dionne, Dr. Dafoe and one Judge Valin) understood then more clearly the vast money-making potentialities of their charges.

At least two of them did. Their father was a little vague and bewildered about the entire busines—he who had never made more than $100 a year—and the benevolent country doctor just wasn't interested.

But with their extensive public backgrounds Mr. Croll and Judge Valin knew the Quints might just as well be immoderately wealthy as poor, and they also knew exactly what to do about the situation. They let advertising contracts to the companies whose products the Quints used—milk, antiseptics, breakfast foods, syrups—and collected a fat check from each. They let Pathe Pictures make two two-reel films of the babies and got about $90,000 from them; they let companies that manufactured dolls, tea-sets, and toys use the Quintuplet name for such sums as $15,000 a contract; they squeezed $500 from G. V. Thompson, a music publisher, for the Quintuplet Lullaby; they got $100 from the Merrill Publishing Company, for some concession or other.

Trivial, as it seems now, but it brought the balance in their trust fund up to around $200,000. That was before Mary Pickford suddenly got the idea that the unprecedented five, if they lived, might interest the public in a movie.

How the fairy godmother of the films waved her magic wand over these five little stars who make up a single unique picture personality

She considered this brainstorm too long for one thing, and too loudly—so that everyone heard about it—for another. Paramount, a little tardily, had the same idea, but in their case all they wanted was a quick shot of the Quints for Harold Lloyd's picture, "The Milky Way." The babies were to be in a room when he opened the door to deliver his quart of milk. And Paramount decided $25,000 was enough to offer for this little service.

It looked for a time as if Mary would get the contract. While she hesitated Judge Valin remarked: "She is a Canadian respected by us all. She would make a fair and square bargain, and I believe the Quintuplets would benefit financially to a great degree by any arrangement made with Miss Pickford."

At any rate she sent her representative up to the North Woods and Ontario for conferences, while at the same time an agent from Paramount, with a check for $25,000 in his pocket, entered the bidding. Twentieth Century-Fox heard about the situation at four o'clock one afternoon. At five the studio executives met with terse, businessman Darryl Zanuck on a hurry summons. Whatever was said behind the bolted doors of his office that day, the upshot was a miracle of speed, intelligence and energy.

Joe Moskowitz, in the New York office, received a wire some hours later and caught the first plane to Ontario. Charles E. Blake, the reporter who had sold his "Country Doctor" idea to Zanuck, boarded another plane that midnight. They met in the office of David Croll, chairman of the Board of Guardians, while the perspiring agents of Mary Pickford and Paramount were pleading before Dr. Dafoe and Dionne, *pere*.

Moskowitz offered $50,000 for six hours of film work and promised to follow any conditions the Board might stipulate. Croll raised an eyebrow, mentally computed the interest on $50,000 over a period of eighteen years, and reached for the contract.

That signal victory was the first, but not the most important for 20th Century-Fox. Naturally Zanuck didn't know that his picture, built on a current news story and featuring such lesser lights as Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson, would make him a fortune and create five new motion picture stars who would be in tremendous demand for further appearances. But he was taking no chances. The score of studio people who went to Callender to work on that movie were instructed to take every precaution so that no one might be dissatisfied. They would have been careful anyway, of course; but the special effort they made was a smart gesture as well as a humane one.

Said Jean Hersholt to me, "Out of that entire company no one so much as sneezed while we were in Canada; everyone's first thought was for the health of the babies. We had only one hour a day, from eleven to twelve, and if the Quints didn't wake up then we just gathered our equipment and went back to the hotel, rather than disturb their program. That was expensive cooperation, but it was worth it."

Dr. Dafoe was entirely pleased with the result. The script for the rest of the picture, unwritten when the hospital sequence was finished, was released for the Board's approval—an unheard-of concession—and the rushes of the Quints were offered for consideration at a special showing. These were courtesies the Board did not forget.

A few months later, when "The Country Doctor" was discovered to be a sensation and every movie company in Hollywood made a rush to sign the children for further pictures, 20th Century-Fox quietly made its bid, and the answer was a foregone conclusion:

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars down, and ten per cent of the net profits for three pictures.

What those three productions will be not even Zanuck himself knows as yet. There's not much doubt that Nunnally Johnson, who supervised

(*Continued on page* 105)

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Why Fred MacMurray

Smiling and happy, the new Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray pose for their first picture, taken just a couple of hours after their elopement.

FRED MACMURRAY and his bride, the former Lillian Lamonte, alighted from the plane early this morning after a midnight dash to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married at dawn by a justice. They will leave immediately for a short honeymoon in Honolulu.

That is the brief wire-service message that flashed around the country the day Fred and Lillian were married. But it doesn't begin to tell the romantic, inside story of an Horatio Alger hero who actually married his Cinderella Girl. It doesn't even so much as hint at the facts of their normal and delightful romance in the town of Hollywood where normal romances are almost unknown.

The reason you haven't been told those facts is because those few of us who were close enough to Fred and Lillian to know the inside story had promised Fred we would leave their private-life romance alone until they were married.

But now that two of the grandest people in Hollywood are on their dreamed-of honeymoon in the South Seas, the story can be told.

Even though Hollywood had been waiting for the marriage, it all happened suddenly enough to take the film colony by surprise.

Fred had been working for weeks on "The Texas Ranger." On the day the last scenes were made, Fred got a note from the front office telling him that he would be allowed three weeks' vacation before starting his next picture. He began changing to his street clothes in an awful hurry and said:

"Looks as if I'll have just enough time."

He called Lillian. He called the airport—for that three-day California license law still operates and Fred didn't want to wait. He rushed to buy a wedding ring to match the engagement ring he had already given Lillian.

By eight o'clock, everything was set—that is, everything except that Paramount had called to say that Fred was needed the next day for a re-take! "Can't make it!" yelled MacMurray into the telephone. "Got some honeymooning to do — already have the boat reservations." But in the end, he agreed to appear at the studio for two hours the next afternoon and make the scene before sailing.

At midnight a happy boy and girl took off from the airport. The next morning at eight. I rode in their car back to Fred's apartment while they told me the hectic details of arriving at Las Vegas in the middle of the night and hunting for a justice until six o'clock in the morning before they could be married. They were the happiest people I've ever seen.

"We won't even get a chance to go to my apartment," said Fred as we got out of the car. "Paramount has a flock of cameramen up on the sun-roof."

Up we went. And there they stood, those two people in love, in the hot sun while the studio boys made about a hundred shots. Then down to the apartment where Fred's mother was waiting to greet them. Hardly had they arrived, though, when a group from one of the big news services appeared in the lobby of the apartment building and demanded to make pictures in Fred's rooms. Up they came and Fred and Lillian smiled for another half hour.

A quick breakfast. Then over to the studio for the retake. Then rush back to the apartment to find their tickets waiting for them. Into the car; out to the dock and away on their honeymoon!

Eloped

For the first time, the true story of his beautiful romance with Lillian Lamonte can be told—and in their own words, too!

By WALTER RAMSEY

For two years, Hollywood waited for wedding announcements and then Fred and Lillian stole a march on them!

DOES that sound like a quick, spur-of-the-moment, Hollywood marriage between a couple of movie stars? Maybe it does. But when we have told you (and this is the *first time* it has ever been printed) the facts behind that marriage, you'll see that it was merely an unusually hectic climax to one of the grandest boy-and-girl romances the mad town of Hollywood ever saw. But you have to know the story from the beginning; you have to know what a tender love story theirs is to understand.

They met during the production of "Roberta" on the New York stage in the late fall of 1933. Fred was playing a saxophone with the Collegians, the band that had been chosen for the show, and Lillian was modeling furs in the production.

But it wasn't until weeks later that they had a date.

"After we had been casually introduced to everyone in the cast," said Fred, "most of the boys began taking the girls out on parties. I guess I still had my small-town notions of romance—anyway, I didn't like the idea of going out on parties with first one and then another show girl just for the lark. So I didn't go to many."

But it wasn't long before he noticed that a girl named Lillian Lamonte, a beautiful brunette with a gorgeous smile and the manner of a Junior Leaguer, was the only girl who never could be dated up by any of the men in the show.

"Fred was almost as shy with girls as he was handsome," Lillian told me one evening in her apartment when Fred had stepped out for cigarettes. "We both knew, after a few weeks of the show, that we were attracted to one another . . . but all we did was speak. Maybe we never would have known the love we now have if I hadn't decided that Fred's shy manner wasn't going to stand in the way of my knowing the nicest boy in the show. I finally got up the courage to ask him out for dinner at my apartment. He said he'd come—if I'd cook it! *And I've been cooking most of his dinners since that day!"*

ONE day, a few weeks later, Fred walked into an agent's office and asked him to arrange a radio audition. He could sing and he thought radio was his future. For some unknown reason, the agent, (*Continued on page* 82)

A corking good spy story is "Secret Agent," with Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud.

"Poppy" doesn't do justice to either W. C. Fields or Rochelle Hudson—though for different reasons.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓Secret Agent (GB)

You'll See: *Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre, John Gielgud, Robert Young, Percy Marmont, Florence Kahn, Charles Carson, Lilli Palmer.*
It's About: *A British agent's attempts to capture a German spy.*

Do you like dramatically realistic stories about the underground activities of spies in war time? If so, you will find this exceptionally entertaining. It is directed by Alfred Hitchcock (of "39 Steps") and beautifully photographed.

John Gielgud, sent to Geneva, finds he has been given a lovely wife, for espionage purposes, and an assistant, Peter Lorre, self-styled *The General.* Madeleine has an ardent admirer, an American tourist, Robert Young. Finding what they consider incriminating evidence of Percy Marmont's subversive activities, *The General* pushes him over a cliff. When John and Madeleine discover he was the wrong man, they are heartbroken and disillusioned and decide to resign. *The General* discovers a spy postoffice nearby and persuades John to continue his task, which enrages Madeleine and she runs away with Robert Young. How they discover the real spy and what happens when they do, you will want to discover for yourself.

John Gielgud, Britain's No. 1 matinee idol, is convincing and sympathetic; Madeleine Carroll is beautiful and capable in her role, Peter Lorre is superb as the foppish mercenary killer and Robert Young is splendid, especially in latter sequences.

Your Reviewer Says: This will appeal primarily to adult audiences.

Poppy (Paramount)

You'll See: *W. C. Fields, Lynne Overman, Rochelle Hudson, Maude Eburne, Elizabeth Patterson, Richard Cromwell, Catherine Doucet.*
It's About: *W. C. Fields in 1880 as he juggles and gags his way through life and arranges his adopted daughter's romances.*

Despite our great love for W. C. Fields and his comedy art we must admit that his most recent effort is far from his best. Perhaps the story—he played it on the stage over twenty years ago—is not quite possible of motion picture adaptation. Maybe the star's grave illness during the production made it difficult to maintain a comic continuity. However, the laughs are few and the story uninspired.

Fields, a carnival man and medicine seller, travels with his "daughter" and lives by his wits. She has always been content to follow him in his wanderings until they hit a particularly nice little town where she happens to fall in love. When the boy's folks deplore his little romance because the girl is "nothing but a carnival actress," Fields fakes a marriage certificate to prove that she is really the heiress to a huge fortune. From there on, the story threatens to amount to something with plenty of potential suspense and action, but it never gets around to it.

Of course, Fields is just as good in a poor picture as he is in a hit, being always a grand comic regardless of the story. But Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, the two love-birds, need something to get their teeth into before they can come off with any honors. Neither is able to juggle for laughs, so neither fares too well. Lynne Overman, as the crooked lawyer, does much better than the picture has any right to expect.

Your Reviewer Says: Do you laugh at W. C. Fields, regardless? Okay.

✓The White Angel (First Nat.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill, Billy Mauch, Ara Gerald, Halliwell Hobbes.*
It's About: *The famous Angel of Mercy, Florence Nightingale, and how she made nursing a woman's profession by her labor and devotion.*

Perhaps more people know the name *Florence Nightingale*, without knowing the true story of her devotion and sacri-

Florence Nightingale comes to life on the screen in "The White Angel," with Kay Francis and Billy Mauch.

Fine work by Warner Baxter, Fredric March and the splendid cast make "The Road to Glory" truly great.

fice to the profession of nursing, than any other name in history. This picture, then, is of prime importance and will thrill you with its drama and romance, its war scenes and hospital corridors back in the days when nurses were either men or drunken, slatternly old hags.

Florence Nightingale refuses marriage offers because she wants to make her life "mean something." She remains undecided as to her course until she reads a report on the deplorable state of the London hospitals. Nursing! That is her life! She studies and returns to offer her services, only to be refused. War breaks out in Crimea. She volunteers and is refused. Finally, through the efforts of a foreign correspondent for the London newspapers, the condition and treatment of the wounded British soldiers force England to accept *Florence Nightingale's* offer. The story of her heroic struggle against terrific odds will live in your memory for a long time.

Kay Francis does an exceptional piece of work as *Florence Nightingale*. While she would never have been our choice for the role, her sincerity is so evident that we can but praise her. Ian Hunter, as the correspondent, furnishes the romance and a fine cast of excellent actors round out the remainder of the film perfectly. The picture is beautifully photographed and expertly directed.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment for the whole family.

✓✓ The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian, Paul Stanton, John Qualen.*

(*Continued on page* 107)

Recommendations for the Month—High comedy: "My Man Godfrey," with Mr. William Powell and the ex-Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard) having a fine time. You will, too. Thrills: "San Francisco," with Gable and MacDonald, plus Spencer Tracy, plus songs and the underworld, and very much plus the San Francisco earthquake. Grand, backwoods-y stuff: "M'liss," with Anne Shirley particularly fine and John Beal coming back (and very nicely, too) to the screen. These are the best pictures of the month. The rest are just so-so. They won't do you any harm, but you may be more comfortable at home.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

There Goes the Bride. A light romantic comedy in which Chester Morris, tough taxi-driver, rescues Fay Wray, involved in a jewel robbery.

The Fighter. When a prizefighter's wife is also his manager, he had better watch his step, Jimmy Dunn learns from June Clayworth.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Suzy. A war story about a girl who, believing her husband dead, marries her soldier lover. Jean Harlow is the girl. Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, Benita Hume and Lewis Stone are the other members of the cast.

Sworn Enemy. Excitement and drama are the ingredients announced for this gangster offering. Robert Young and Florence Rice have leads.

PARAMOUNT

My American Wife. Francis Lederer plays another nobleman role in this breezy screen tale about royalty in love with the daughter of a rancher.

Texas Rangers. Here comes the border patrol, with Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie (in whiskers). Fun, guns and action.

RKO-RADIO

Grand Jury. A tale of justice come to court, in true American style. Fred Stone, Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr.

Mummy's Boy. If Wheeler and Woolsey make you laugh, watch for this Egyptian edition of their film adventures.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

The Bowery Princess. This Shirley Temple feature promises a brand-new twist in displaying the charm and talent of its star. Time: just before the Civil War; Place: New York's Bowery; About: the adventures of Shirley with her pick-pocket "uncle," Frank Morgan.

Charlie Chan at the Race Track. Mystery and murder, with Warner Oland.

WARNERS

China Clipper. History making in the air, leading to the first flight across the Pacific. Pat O'Brien, Beverly Roberts and Ross Alexander.

Give Me Your Heart. Kay Francis and George Brent have some sparkling dialogue in this intelligent drama of modern life and love.

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

Reunited in the best love story The Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER BAXTER and MYRNA LOY

IN *To Mary—with Love*

with

IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR

JEAN DIXON

SING BABY SING

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"

with

ALICE FAYE

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GREGORY RATOFF · TED HEALY

PATSY KELLY · MICHAEL WHALEN

RITZ BROTHERS

HERBERT MARSHALL and RUTH CHATTERTON

in

GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936

SIMONE SIMON

(pronounced See-môan See-môan)

with

CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG

DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN QUALEN

SHIRLEY DEANE

All from

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

MOVIE MIRROR'S *Personality* PARADE

Jean Harlow has two delightful leading men in "Suzy," her new starring film about World War days. On this page, you see her with Cary Grant, as her French soldier sweetheart; Franchot Tone will appear as her British Army admirer. Now that she's completed this production and has sold her magnificent Hollywood home, she's planning to take a long and well-earned vacation.

Clark Gable

Clark's been showered with offers (including one for $50,000 to step into the ring with Max Baer!) from prizefight promoters, since he knocked out his formidable sparring partner with a terrific punch while training for fight scenes in Warner's "Cain and Mabel."

Claire Trevor

Here's one young actress who recognizes that the way to glory in films today lies in varying one's roles and sharing honors with other stars. She plays an entirely new character for her career, in "To Mary With Love," which stars Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.

Jane Withers

"Pepper" is the very descriptive title of this 20th Century-Fox starlet's latest vehicle, in which she'll be supported by such veteran dependables as Slim Summerville and Irvin S. Cobb, and by another of those promising young newcomers to the silver screen, Muriel Robert.

Fred Astaire

Everyone knows that his next picture (once titled "Never Gonna Dance" and now called "Swing Time") will be with Ginger Rogers, but it may be news that he'll probably do a solo starring picture for RKO some time next year, just as Ginger herself plans to star alone.

Powell-Lombard

The fan world is waiting breathlessly to see Carole's and Bill's first picture together since their divorce three years ago. But there's been no fireworks—just a lot of fun with a couple of swell scouts—on the set at Universal during filming of "My Man Godfrey."

Bing Crosby

"Rhythm on the Range" may be his first cowboy film, but he's no stranger to ranch life. He and Dixie and their three boys (at the latest count) live in style at their Rancho Santa Fé, beyond San Diego—what with a couple of swimming pools and such things on the premises!

DEATH on the Sound Track

By JOHN A. SAXON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ FELIX

DAN CREIGHTON knew his Hollywood. He understood perfectly that the lighted red glass panel over the door of Sound Stage 9 of the Amalgamated Studios upon which, in black letters, was the warning "Company Shooting," meant that cameras were grinding, sound-track was being made. He was also aware, however, that back of the door was one of his clients—Rita Reynolds, blonde idol of millions, one of the many Hollywood personalities that it was his job to protect against racketeers, kidnappers, high pressure artists and worse.

Half an hour before, Rita's voice had come to him over the telephone to his office in the Equitable Building, eight miles away. The girl was naturally emotional, high-strung, excitable, but in the tone of the words as they vibrated over the wire Dan Creighton had detected a distinct note of fear, almost terror.

"Dan," she had said, "something's wrong. I'm afraid. I'm afraid something awful is going to happen. We're working in Carlock's picture on Sound Stage 9. Come right over —please, Dan. And—hurry!"

Then, before he had had a chance to ask a single question which might throw some light upon the problem, Rita Reynolds had hung up.

Dan Creighton had hurried. His yellow roadster had fairly burned the asphalt out Hollywood Boulevard, cutting across the back roads of the sparsely settled district between Hollywood and the studio.

Dan Creighton was a little fellow, dapper, precise, almost the Hollywood playboy type. But there the similarity ended. Actually he was bottled dynamite, exuding energy from the top of his rakish fedora to the tips of his highly polished oxfords. For five years he had been the district attorney's ace investigator until drafted by the picture colony to stand between them and the hoods and grafters that were swarming into the picture capital in ever increasing numbers.

He laid his hand on the heavy fire door of Sound Stage 9.

"Hey, mug!" yelled a passing grip in white overalls, nodding at the red light. "Can't yuh read?"

"Uh-huh," flipped Creighton. "I can write, too."

"Then before yuh open that door," cracked the other, "write yourself a one way ticket—out!"

Something new and exciting for Movie Mirror readers—a gripping story of murder and terror stalking the stars in a great Hollywood studio!

Dan Creighton knew the stage carpenter was right. The unpardonable sin of the studio was to ignore a "shooting" warning. But he couldn't wait. The call had been urgent. There had been real fear expressed in the girl's voice. It was a chance he would have to take, risking everything that went with it. It might mean facing the bars of the front office, a cessation of his right of easy access to his clients. However—

He slipped off his shoes so there would be no sound of foot-falls if the Bell and Howell cameras were running. He waited until no one was passing, then jerked the door open, slid through and closed it behind him.

His luck held. He had not been noticed. Not only that, and despite the warning of the red light, the scene was not yet actually in take. Rita Reynolds was already on the set, however; he would have to wait.

He slipped on his shoes again, made his way toward the stage. It was a cafe set; tables, a small dance floor in the center. On a dais off scene, an orchestra sat, instruments ready, awaiting the instructions of the director. Near the raised camera stand he saw Draper Hayden, Rita Reynolds' leading man, with whom her name had been linked of late. It was Creighton's business to keep up with current gossip, especially when it touched one of his clients.

BERT CARLOCK, the director, was on a platform six feet above the stage with his cameramen. The assistant director and a script girl were sitting in canvas backed chairs just in front of the platform.

Grips and property men were wiping up footprints off the polished dance floor so that the all-seeing eye of the camera would not pick them up on the film.

A girl in a gauzy dancing costume stood just off the floor that was being wiped up. He knew her—Marian LaCourt, a dancer who had worked in many of Carlock's pictures.

On the grids, high above the stage, an electrician was testing a baby spot light. The round circle moved up and down and across the cafe dance floor.

Perhaps, thought Creighton, if he could catch Rita Reynolds' eye, she would come off the set long enough—

But, no. It was too late. Carlock was speaking from the camera stand. "Okay, juicers," he called. "Hit 'em."

Brilliant flood lights dazzled the stage. Arcs sputtered into a steady blue glare that turned the faces of the actors a ghastly purple color which, reacting on the yellow make-up, photographed more like the natural color of the skin.

"Quiet, please," called the director. "I want an angle shot from here, Rita. We'll pick you up at the table. You lift your head, watch Miss LaCourt as she dances by, then see Hayden at the head of the stairs as he comes in. Come up to your feet, your hand goes to your throat, you are stunned when you realize who it is. Then faint across the top of the table. And, Rita," he added, imploringly, "come down hard enough to break that table. Dialogue as rehearsed. Give me all you've got, sweetheart. Take it big."

He looked around the set. Everything was in readiness.

Well, thought Creighton, as he watched, he had done his best. Certainly whatever danger the girl had feared could not touch her while she was on the set, under the eyes of a dozen people and the camera. He could wait. He had to.

"Quiet, everybody," repeated the director. "Let's get it the first time. Turn 'em over, Jerry."

The camera motors began whirring, deadened to silence by the overcoats over the blimps.

Somewhere a red light glowed.

"Okay for sound," boomed a voice over a loud speaker.

"It's a take," echoed Carlock.

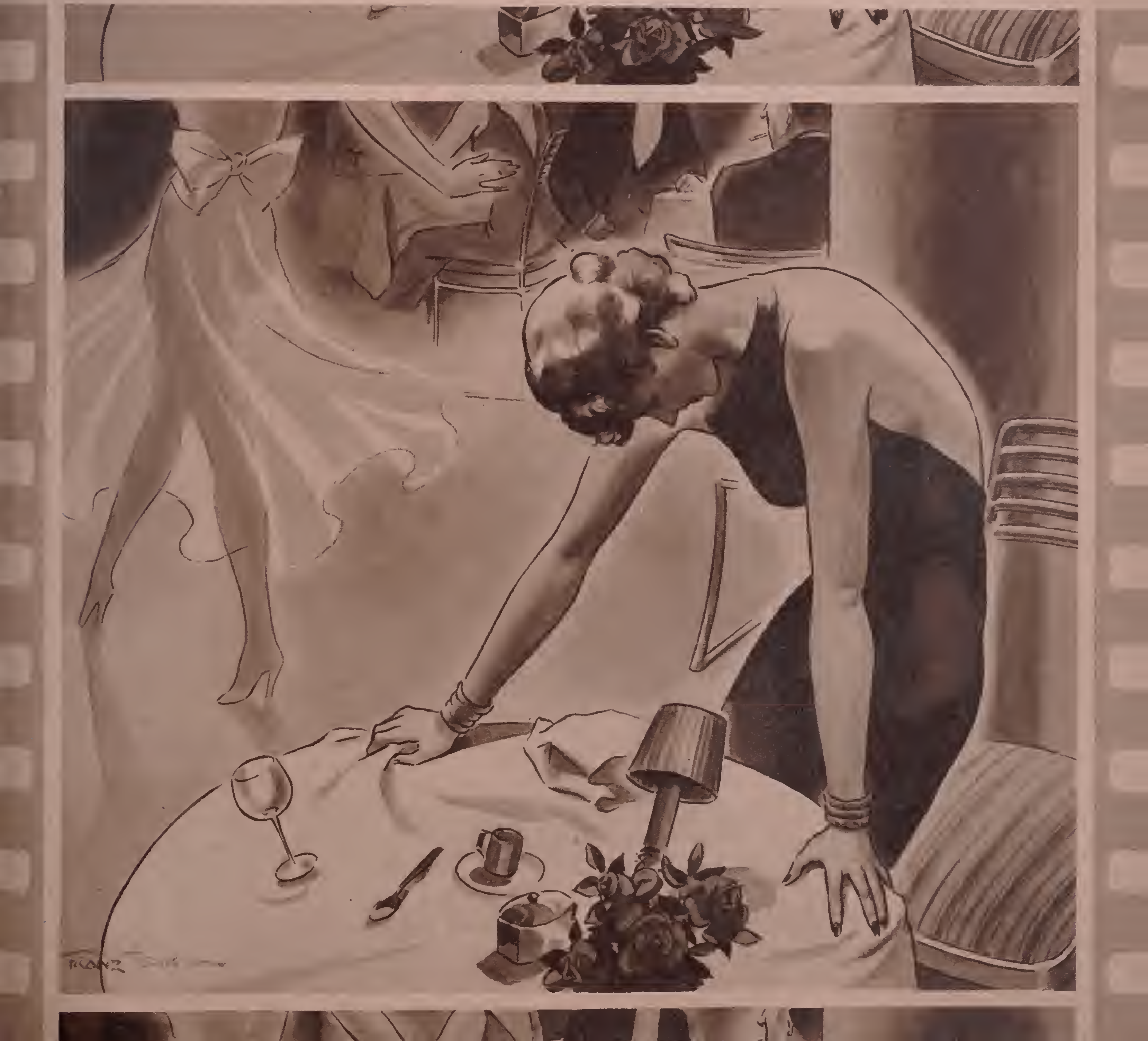
An assistant cameraman stood before the cameras a jointed board on a hinge upon which was chalked a number. He clapped the board together, making a noise on the film from which the cutting-room crew could pick up the scene later on.

"Music!" snapped the director. The orchestra began to play. "Action!" he added. The LaCourt girl began her dance.

Rita Reynolds was a capable actress. As a matter of cold fact, Draper Hayden was standing by a broad-light filing his nails, not even looking at the actress. Her eyes were fixed upon an overalled juicer who stood approximately in the spot where Hayden was supposed to be, his hand on the adjusting sprocket of the light he was handling. But that would not be apparent in the finished picture.

Rita Reynolds' playing of the scene was perfect. Action, timing, expression were marvelously synchronized. Surprise! A faint fluttering of her hand toward her throat. The dancer had passed gracefully across the small floor and was standing outside the camera angles now, watching the scene.

(*Continued on page* 86)



"It's sort of uncanny, Dan," said Carlock huskily, "sitting here and watching that girl go to her death. There it is in black and white on the screen and yet we can't do anything about it."

The Hollywood COULDN'T

John Barrymore's and Elaine Barrie's May-December romance was the comedy of yesterday but it has become the love story of today!

THE company making "Sing, Baby, Sing" had not been in production more than three days when it received the shock of its young life!

They were making the cabaret scenes on one of the 20th Century-Fox sound stages. Adolphe Menjou, playing the role of a famous though slightly inebriated Shakespearean actor who persists in spouting lines from the Bard, was sitting at a ringside table inquiring with drooling fervor, "Juliet, Juliet, wherefore art thou, Juliet? 'Tis Romeo calling."

They had been rehearsing the scene most of the morning. In the afternoon, they would shoot the sequence where Gregory Ratoff, playing the role of manager to radio-ambitious Alice Faye, overhears the elderly star's plaint and gets the idea of rushing Alice into life as a front page Juliet. It was all to be in good, high-comedy fun—with Alice chasing Adolphe all over the headlines and into the comic section in quest of a publicity reputation that would spell box-office over the air.

But just as Mr. Menjou was saying "Juliet, Juliet wherefore art thou?" for the 'steenth time, an excited gentleman from the front office rushed onto the set frantically brandishing a letter in his hand. As the gaping actors rallied around him, they caught glimpses of the note.

It was very short and official-looking and it was signed: John Barrymore. In effect, it made it quite clear that if scenes from the picture could be construed as a satire on the unfortunate newspaper publicity received by Miss Elaine Barrie and Mr. John Barrymore or if

LOVE That Laughter KILL

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Although Elaine has signed a promising contract with RKO, she still seems much more seriously intent on helping John with his own career—and she's proved it, too.

there was anything embarrassing or humiliating or tending to ridicule them, immediate steps would be taken to prevent the release of the picture and a suit filed for damages!

Well sir, you could have knocked over the entire "Sing, Baby Sing" company with one small feather! They said: "Well!" and "Indeed!" and "For Heaven's sake!" and even stronger expressions of utter dismay; then dispatched a note to Mr. Barrymore informing him that the "Romeo and Juliet" sequence of their newest comedy had absolutely no bearing on a certain "Ariel and Caliban" serial of eight or nine months ago and, furthermore, they were surprised that Mr. Barrymore should think so. Then the company went right back to work on the same scene as if to add: ". . . and if you continue to think there is any connection, Mr. Barrymore, then the shoe must be fitting very tightly, indeed!"

Thus Hollywood received its first intimation that the famous funny-paper love story of a few months ago had become the burning romance of the movietown hour!

Of course, everyone knew that "Ariel" and "Caliban" had not done a sprint over the front pages in months and months and that any mention of these pet names had lately been confined to brackets when reporting the social activities of either John Barrymore or Elaine Barrie. There had, in fact, been lulls during which the nom-de-headlines had been forgotten entirely. For instance, when RKO announced the signing of an important picture contract with the charming young actress, Miss Elaine Barrie.

And I would like to add, very quickly, that Miss Barrie's charm is far from being publicity department ballyhoo. It is very real. I've seen Elaine several times. I've been close enough to hear her talking in her soft, altogether delightful voice, to a salesman in an exclusive Boulevard shop. She was as conservatively dressed and

(*Continued on page 77*)

Below, John Barrymore with Elaine and her mother, Mrs. Jacobs (left), at the Al Jolson testimonial dinner a year ago, when newspaper stories about "Caliban" and "Ariel" were flooding the country.

One of those amazing real-life coincidences occurred when Franchot Tone and Jean Muir, at left, made their first picture tests together—it's an amusing story, too.

So— You want to be In Pictures?

By DORA ALBERT

AL ALTMAN, talent scout for M-G-M, scowled. For months he had urged Franchot Tone to make a test for pictures. He was sure that this boy who had made such a hit in "Success Story" on the stage would make an equal hit in pictures. Time and again Franchot had turned him down, insisting that he wasn't ready for pictures yet, and that he was not the type to make good in pictures anyway. Finally he had consented to make a test.

And what a test it had turned out to be! Mr. Altman watched the rushes in dismay. Both Franchot and the girl who had played opposite him, Jean Muir, were dull, insipid and colorless. There was nothing about their acting in this test to suggest that either of them had a future in pictures.

Perhaps there was something he could still do. If only he could make Tone and the girl react like human beings in their love scene!

Suddenly a thought struck him. The next day he said to Tone, "What in the world did you say to that girl who played with you, Jean Muir? She's such a quiet thing usually. I've never heard her rave about anyone the way she did about you. She said you were absolutely the finest actor she had ever met."

And to Jean Muir he said, "What in heaven's name did you do to Franchot Tone? Have you hypnotized him or something? I never heard him rave about an actress the way he did about you."

With the groundwork thus laid, Mr. Altman took another test of Franchot Tone and Jean Muir. This time there flashed from the screen a love scene of such power and warmth that it electrified those who saw it. On the strength of that test Franchot Tone was signed by M-G-M.

M-G-M officials on the Coast hesitated about putting Jean Muir under contract. But a talent

(Below) Chalk up two direct hits for the Paramount scouts who discovered those engaging new actors, Fred MacMurray and John Howard, for us fans.

You've seen Elizabeth Russell (left) in more advertisements than you can count—and that's just where the talent scouts saw her. Below, Joseph Calleia, whom no company would test —until suddenly they all wanted him!

Owen Davis, Jr. (below, left) had a real surprise for the RKO talent scouts when they called him for a test. (Below, right) Kitty Carlisle, whose lovely legs and voice in a Broadway show won her a chance.

Here's how those celebrated talent scouts for the big movie studios unearth the potential stars of tomorrow. What are your chances for attracting their attention?

scout at Warner's, Mildred Webber, saw Jean Muir in "Saint Wench" and became interested in her.

She sent for Jean. "How would you like to take a test for pictures?" she asked her.

"I've already taken eight different tests," exploded Jean. "Is there any point in my taking another?"

Miss Webber thought there wasn't. She wired the Coast that she thought Jean was a grand possibility. After borrowing one of the tests that she had made for M-G-M, they signed her on the strength of that.

These two stories illustrate how the talent scouts work. And they also prove that talent scouting is the most unpredictable, most fascinating, maddest business in the world.

Just what is a talent scout? Somewhere in every movie star's biography you read how a talent scout from such and such a company discovered Miss Whozis. Perhaps you've wondered how these talent scouts function, how they manage to cover the most unlikely spots in the world, so that Mr. Sugary Smile reciting "Boots, Boots, Boots" at a dramatic performance in some college no one ever heard about is just as likely to be discovered as a leading lady appearing in a Broadway play.

To learn the answers to your questions and mine, I went to see the talent scouts at five of the major moving picture companies: Fred Kohmar at United Artists; Joe Pincus at 20th Century-Fox; Mildred Webber at Warners'; Oscar Serlin and Boris Kaplan at Paramount, and Arthur Willi at RKO.

In a general way, all of them are out to do the same thing: To tap hidden veins of talent.

Perhaps you imagine that the talent scout sits in his office like a huge spider, waiting for girls to come and see him. Get that picture out of your mind. Oscar Serlin will tell you that there are twenty-one fields of amusement that he and his talent scouts cover all the time. Night clubs. Beauty pageants. Amateur plays. Summer stock. Radio. Concerts. Lectures. Hotel entertainments. They even have one man who travels around the country, covering nothing but college performances. Ever since John Howard was discovered reciting "John Brown's Body" at a Mid-West college, talent scouts have a wholesome respect for college entertainments.

Arthur Willi of RKO described for me a typical day in the life of a talent scout. The day before I saw him he had gone to Philadelphia to attend a matinee performance of Ann Nichols' new play, "Pre-Honeymoon." From there he went to a vaudeville theater in Philadelphia, where he had heard that "a second Ginger Rogers" was appearing. The "second Ginger Rogers" was not so hot. Next he attended a floor show at the Hotel Adelphia, then a performance by the Mask and Wig Club of the (*Continued on page 72*)

THE GIRL'S A *Natural!*

WHERE Katharine Hepburn's temperament has hurtled her across the Hollywood scene, where Margaret Sullavan's tempestuous rebellions have formed the keynote of most of her publicity, Jean Arthur's non-conforming independence serves similarly to keep her constantly in the public eye. It isn't only Jean's fast rise to the top that has the bystanders puzzled.

The real puzzle is why all this hasn't happened before, because there are few actresses who bring the fresh vitality, the utterly believable naturalness and humor to everything they portray, that Jean Arthur does.

On a screen overdressed with exoticism and glamor Jean is as real as last night's "date." She's the girl every boy should have known sometime in his college life.

No, it isn't the strides she's made in such a short time, after such a long time, that has at least half the town bringing up her name whenever pictures and personalities are discussed.

It is Jean, herself, the "off screen" Arthur, who makes up the substance behind the shadow. And frankly this Jean Arthur is a puzzle!

You can't say Jean is bad mannered because she's never yet stuck out her tongue at a cameraman, or threatened to break a camera.

You can't say she's a rebel because she's never run away from anything—except, maybe, those discouraging years before Hollywood knew she was on earth—and even her own studio has to admit there are few indeed who are more professionally docile, less temperamental, or more letter-perfect in their roles when they step before the cameras.

You certainly can't say she's a professional mystery like Garbo and Dietrich. And yet, in her quiet way, Jean could give these girls thirteen trumps in spades and still set them at their own game of "rugged individuality."

Not long ago at a popular club (membership exclusively motion picture) the large clan gathered down by the pool to witness a swimming exhibition were nearly put on their ears when Jean arrived with her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., took one look at the cameras lined up for the purpose of informal photography, and turned on her heel and walked right out.

At a recent concert she was equally noticeable when she circled

When Jean Arthur made such a hit with Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid," late in 1929 (above), no one foresaw the misfortunes that lay ahead.

Discouraged with insipid roles in later films, Jean left the screen "forever." Recognize Joel McCrea with her in "The Silver Horde" (below, 1930)?

Neither failure nor success has changed Jean Arthur from the very real person she is both on screen and off—maybe that's why she's Hollywood's big mystery today

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

around the camera boys, walked down a darkened aisle to her seat, not after the manner of one of the Somebodies who had come to be seen, but rather as one of the Nobodys who had come to hear!

As for press interviews, wails have gone up lustily from those who wrest their livelihood from the ribbon and keyboard. With practically every editor in the business clamoring for stories on the girl who was going to town with "Mr. Deeds," it was almost impossible to contact her. She was at Yosemite on a rest. Or she was resting at home, studying her next script.

Fashion pages were noticeably bare of pictures of the Arthur en negligee, decollete, or even in sports clothes.

Once, somebody swore he saw her at the Trocadero. but no one believed it! If it had been anyone else Hollywood would have sworn it was an act!

But that always plausible suspicion just didn't add up in Jean's case. In order to put on a good act you've first got to let somebody get a picture of you *not* putting on an act. If you want the world to know what an oddity you are you have to let somebody in on the secret so he can betray it. If you want to be a mystery you can't go showing up at sports events (about the only places she's seen with regularity) in slacks, without any make-up on your face, and with your hair skinned back and held with a ribbon at the nape of your neck!

LOCAL mysteries don't ride around in little Ford automobiles carting lamps to the sand blaster's for repairs, either!

But if it wasn't an act what was it?

The most popular explanation was that Jean had reached a state of utter indifference about Hollywood. For as new as her success is, Jean is not a star-dusted novice to the film colony.

No girl has fought harder for the break she now has—or against tougher odds! Next to going over Niagara in a barrel, one of the most difficult feats in the world is getting Hollywood to sit up and take off its hat to you after the village has become

(*Continued on page* 68)

He's not just A Hollywood Cowboy

He's made and lost a fortune, but Buck Jones, movie hero, is still an Oklahoma cowpuncher at heart

By MURIEL BABCOCK

THIS is not the story of one of movietown's great sex appeal idols. It is no intimate revelation of the life and loves of one of the handsome sheiks who make women's hearts go pit-a-pat when they see him emoting on the screen.

Heart throbs it has, I hope, but not the kind of heart throbs you think of when you think of a glamorous film idol. Rather it is the story, as best I know how to tell it, of a hard-hitting, two-fisted guy of the movies who is the idol of more than three million and a half small boys of America. Small boys who admire and love this idol of theirs to the extent they model their lives, their ambitions, their aspirations, their courage along a philosophy he has worked out, who are "Buck Jones Rangers" and proud of it.

Now a guy who has three and a half million small boys who think he is aces so much that they call their clubs by his name, who conduct rallies, buy uniforms and write to him, is no small pumpkins.

So, this is the story of Buck Jones, who has ridden herd in the choking dust of the Oklahoma ranges, and chased the war whooping redskins through imitation Indian villages on the back lots of the movie studios with equal facility.

Buck—twenty-five years a cowboy, twenty years married, seventeen years in Hollywood. Once a millionaire from his movie earnings; a year later broke from tossing his roll into a Wild West circus. Yet always the hard riding boy from Red Rock, Oklahoma. A chap, who despite fortune and misfortune—and both are equally tough to take in this movie town—*has never gone Hollywood.*

Other Hollywood cowboys have bought racing cars and airplanes and gone elegant. Both Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson went grand in their days of big checks. Tom's enormous mansion and diamond studded belts, his whopping swimming pool and his hilarious entertaining are legend. Hoot Gibson bought a cream colored (*Continued on page* 100)

Buck is one of the finest riders in pictures; of course, his famous horse, Silver (left) is his favorite mount. Above, left, with his wife (who was a cowgirl when he met her) and their daughter Maxine, who's also in films.

then, even though "Svengali" had made her a star in her own right at sixteen, she thrilled in a little-girl way to his top hat, orchids, and undisguised interest.

But for all the intoxicating glamor of it, his pursuit of her frightened her, too. Deep down in her heart she knew that glamor and flattery are only part of love and that marriage to him could not but end in heartbreak for both. And so she ran away.

Hollywood remembers that running away but attributed it at the time to something else. Her career, after a brilliant start, had slumped woefully. Instead of being starred she was being cast in less and less important roles in comparatively insignificant pictures. Screen oblivion seemed certain. It was from this, and to get a fresh start, it was believed she was running away.

To a certain extent it was, but what drove her to it, what made her decide actually overnight to take a ship for England as fast as ever she could, was being loved by Mr. X.

"I got panicky," she told me frankly. "I knew that he was going to propose and I was afraid. Afraid I would not have the courage to say no to his face, afraid I would do what instinctively I knew was wrong for both of us. I wanted to save him what hurt, what humiliation I could. And so I ran away."

Cowardly? Perhaps. But basically honest and wise, too. How wise she inadvertently revealed in a casual remark anent the grand fun of the shipboard flirtations on that flight, gay little romances which all concerned knew would end pleasantly when the green shores of England were reached.

"It was as if someone suddenly had lifted a heavy burden that had been pressing me down," she said. "I felt *free* and really happy for the first time in months."

Thrilled and tempted as she was, she still had recognized that love, when it is love, is never a burden. Therein she was wise. At any rate, Mr. X sensed the reason for her precipitous flight, knew it spelled defeat for his cherished hopes, and accepted it in a generous spirit that has kept them friends to this day.

In England Marian made the two fine pictures which renewed Hollywood's interest in her. From there, chaperoned by her mother, she went to St. Moritz for the winter sports and because it was convenient to the location for the early sequences of a German Universal picture she had contracted to make.

Switzerland was at its most beautiful and the season at its gayest when she arrived. The days were filled with sports, the nights with rounds of parties. Feted as a star, she met attractive, wealthy men by the score. Titled ones and untitled ones. Young ones, older ones. She laughed with them, dined with them, danced with them. But she did not fall in love with them.

Then she met Skeet and the reason I don't give his full name here, I shall tell you presently.

It was on a brilliantly sunny morning (at eight o'clock, she remembers) on the top of steep, snowy Covilia, the famous ski course. He was with a girl. Nothing about them particularly impressed her; they were just two people about to ski down the same mountain as herself. In a friendly way, and skipping introductions, they asked her to join them in the descent. It was apt to be a bit difficult the first time, Skeet pointed out, and rather dangerous too.

The three of them stopped for tea at the hut at Chandrella, mid-way on the descent. Sitting around the little wooden table covered with a bright red cotton cloth, they chatted aimlessly and Marian really noticed them for the first time. She saw that the girl was clear-cheeked, blue-eyed and lovely; that the boy was tall and slim with curly sandy hair and a look of rugged strength about him. They were approximately her own age—twenty-two—and spoke English with a slight accent foreign to her ears. She thought them husband and wife (*Continued on page* 80)

You can't keep a secret in Hollywood? No star's life is her own? But Marian has kept the true story of her romance hidden for two years!

LEARN ABOUT YOURSELF from Your Movie Tastes

By SUSAN TALBOT

YOU think you go to the movies for fun, don't you? How mistaken you are! For, to the psychologists, everything you do has a reason, and psychologists say you can judge your character by what you like and dislike in the films you see. If you like Mae West that doesn't mean that you just enjoy seeing a beautiful, voluptuous woman on the screen. Oh dear, no! There's a deep psychological significance in it. And if you don't like Janet Gaynor that doesn't mean you just don't like her. Mercy no! You've got an old neurosis wandering around in your subconscious.

And here's how you can tell all about yourself by your movie moods. It's another brand new movie game. You can play it with a group of your friends or all by yourself. And, while you're playing it, you can learn something about yourself.

Three sets of questions have been prepared. You must answer them honestly. Don't quibble about them—just speak right up. If you answer them alone you're apt to be more honest than when you're with friends. But maybe you can be truthful even in front of others. Try it alone first.

Now, get ready, with pencil in hand.

If you answer the question "Yes" mark an "X" after that question. If you answer it "No" put down "O." When you've finished "Set One" add up the "X's" and "O's" and if you have more "X's" than "O's" write an "X" in the space marked "Final Score." If you have more "O's" than "X's" mark down an "O" in the space marked "Final Score." Now go on to "Set Two" and repeat the process. Do the same thing with "Set Three" until you have an "X" or an "O" in every "Final Score" space.

Ready? Set? Feeling honest? Go!

SET ONE

1. Do you like Janet Gaynor?............
2. Does it embarrass you to see very ardent love scenes on the screen?............
3. When you learn that a star has been involved in some sort of scandal do you dislike seeing him (or her) on the screen?..........
4. Do you think Joan Crawford is a great actress?..................
5. Would you rather see your favorite star on the screen than go to a dance?........

Final Score ....

(In the spaces put down an X for "Yes" or an O for "No." Whichever you have most of put in the final score space.)

SET TWO

1. Do you like Mae West?..........
2. Do you think that "The Three Orphan Kittens" is the best picture made this year?...........
3. Do you think that Garbo's refusing to give out interviews or pose for news photographers is a publicity stunt?...........
4. Do you like Katharine Hepburn?........
5. Do you think that most all blonde movie stars look alike?..........

Final Score ....

(In the spaces put down an X for "Yes" or an O for "No." Whichever you have most of put in the final score space.)

(Continued on page 98)

All-Star Breakfast

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK

Breakfast time in screenland—and Dolores Del Rio (above) starts the day with only a frugal cup of tea—

While Anita Louise (below) dutifully drinks her glass of milk to fortify her for the task of picture-making.

No breakfast in bed for the hard-working stars, though Glenda Farrell's is served on a tray in her bedroom.

Below, Dick Arlen begins his day with a hearty meal in the breakfast alcove of his home at Toluca Lake.

Gene Raymond has a typical commuter's breakfast (above), as he hastily downs his hot coffee and scans the menu.

●

Basil Rathbone's gentlemanly little dog is always a welcome guest at his master's morning meal (right).

A typical American family breakfast (left)—Paula and her father, Fred Stone, engrossed in the day's news.

Heart Whole and Handsome

CARY GRANT was wearing a hand-woven sport shirt. Its *cafe au lait* color set off his nearly-copper-toned skin and his live black hair and eyes.

"You always know what you think of us before you meet us—but have you any idea what we think of you?" he asked. This was by way of being Cary's greeting to me, an earnest young woman who had traveled all the way from Hollywood to Santa Monica to find out what this handsome young man with the flashing dark eyes was like.

Cary's words were belligerent, but his tone was good-humored, and the smile with which he delivered this unexpected snorter was warm and disarming.

"You say you haven't any preconceived notions about me," he continued tauntingly. "I'll wager you've figured everything out beforehand and know exactly what you intend to write about me. You all do. Right?" and once again he flashed that smile in my direction.

"But if you really are telling the truth," he continued, you'll probably start out by asking me the sort of questions my mother would hesitate to ask."

"I can see," I remarked, "that we're going to have a charming time together. I can't remember ever before looking forward to a chat with such enthusiasm." I tried to put as much vinegar in my voice as it would hold.

He laughed that vigorous full-bodied laugh. "We *could* have a very pleasant time," he suggested. "But only if you promise not to ask me whether I've been 'looking for love or happiness again;' or whether it's true that I'm 'quite gone on Miss X;' or whether I'm living down here by the melancholy sea away from the gaiety of Hollywood 'because Miss Z has broken my heart?' "

Despite his romantic appearance and all the current talk about him and Mary Brian, Cary's heart seldom gets deeply involved.

—that's Cary Grant, playboy of filmland, with his ready wit, his sudden romances—and their even more sudden end!

By HELEN SCOTT

There was, for example, the hectic, rush-her-off-her-feet, it's-bound-to-be-the-real-thing-this-time-say-all-the-gossip-writers friendship with the wealthy society girl from Pasadena. Cary was more than interested. He was downright enthusiastic. But then Cary always is. Every new spark that's ignited into a forest fire in that sun-tanned chest means everything to Cary—at the moment. The only thing that makes it a little hard for the girl—and Cary—is that Cary's moments only last about a month. And not years, as both Cary and the girl of the moment expect them to. But we're getting ahead of our story!

He rushed this girl with whole-hearted fervor for weeks. He neglected his swimming, his tennis, his ping-pong. Only came home to the beach to sleep.

That girl and Cary made a charming couple. Both tall and slim—she was nearly his height—they danced divinely together and laughed delightedly at their own private little jokes as only two people can laugh who are perfect pals and like one another's company better than anything else in the world.

Came the day—and those days always come although Cary is the last person to suspect that they will—when, after an evening of fun together, they planned to meet for lunch the next day *as usual*. And *as usual* the girl looked forward to the noon hour with the same feeling that all other girls have looked forward to lunch with Cary. In plain English, she was excited. The appointed hour arrived—and passed—but no sign of Cary. At four o'clock the telephone rang. "Santa Monica calling," said the operator.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, old dear," came Cary's penitent voice over the wire. "Forgot all about our date. The gang came by for me and suggested a swim—and here I am. Forgive me? How's about dinner tonight?"

Of course she said yes. They all did. They all do. Except one. And she's the only one who remained enshrined in Cary's heart in a special niche untouched by all the others. And probably still does. Because she gave him back in kind and with trimmings what he administered with the best of intentions to all the other girls. But that's another story—and a closed chapter.

Nonetheless, it illustrates one of Cary's most unexpected characteristics, his *naivete*. He's probably the easiest person in the world of whom to take advantage if he trusts a person. Naturally open and above board in all his dealings with people, he can't for the life of him imagine that other people aren't that way, too. He takes them at face value, never suspecting an ulterior motive. Possibly it's because he wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone himself that he's so often broken hearted after he's been done in. And in these instances, he has never been able even to begin to fight back.

But to compensate for his gullibility, Cary is possessed of considerable impishness. He likes nothing better than to bowl people over. Once he's discovered your weak point, you're never safe from his inimitable ribbing.

There was the case of the young actress Cary had been beauing around pretty constantly. Came a day when he discovered she resented a bit his having gone out with another girl. Unwisely, she let Cary know about it. And what a ribbing she let herself in for! Cary's praise of the other girl, in whom he was only mildly interested, knew no bounds. He even went further than this.

An old friend dropped by for tea shortly thereafter.

"Want you to meet Mary," said Cary brightly, to the young actress who happened also to be there. "We used to be engaged, didn't we dear?" (*Continued on page 103*)

Currently, Cary's being seen everywhere with Mary Brian; above, they're at the Mayfair. Below, Randy Scott, his almost inseparable pal, and Cary escort Miss Dorothy Fells to a party at the Troc.

Five don'ts for those

By MARJORIE HAYNES

IF Juliet lived in this very modern, very practical world of 1936 instead of existing in 1460, and only in the imagination of the world's greatest playwright, what secrets would she breathe into the ears, and what advice might she pass on to today's young girl in love?

"There is very little that Juliet would understand about modern problems of love," said Norma Shearer, who has just completed recreating the legend of the most popular love story in fiction for M-G-M's late fall release. "The imaginative, super-sensitive, romantic heroine Shakespeare imagined could not meet the independent, self-assured girl of today on any common ground! The great tragedy in the lives of Romeo and Juliet was the burning feud between their families. Today's spirit of youthful independence would certainly do away with such a minor problem as parental objection. And the idea of two young people killing themselves because of it would be regarded as psychopathic!"

Norma Shearer was speaking in the first interview she has granted in eight months, during the entire preparation and filming of "Romeo and Juliet."

But certainly none of the poetic fragility of the girl whose love story she has lived and breathed during these past months lingered in Norma's own modern and completely poised personality. With the exception of the swirling Juliet coiffure she still affects, she might have stepped from the cover of this month's smartest woman's magazine in the royal-blue sports dress she was wearing against the background of her crystal and chartreuse dressing room.

It is not a new comment about Norma, but it is impossible to see her without being reminded of the immaculate quality of her beauty. But as lovely as she is to look at, she's even more fascinating to talk with!

"Difficult as it would be for Juliet to comprehend the problems of today's girl in love, I found it equally hard, at first, to adjust our modern outlook on men and women to Juliet's poetic philosophy," Norma laughed,

Grand advice on

in Love

continuing the topic that had been under discussion ever since I had joined her after lunch.

"When I first delved into the study of the character, absorbing the wholly poetic and tragic love philosophy of her time, I even began to doubt that 'Love is the same old story' in any age!

"This is a temptation, and a folly!" she said. "The follly is in setting myself up as an authority on such a large subject; and the temptation is that every woman who has experienced love in her own life likes to believe she has acquired considerable wisdom on the man-and-woman problem. Particularly, little important don'ts in love! Every girl in love should know instinctively what to do. It is what not to do that frequently presents the difficulties."

After a rather long silence, for Norma never says anything without giving considerable thought to it, she continued, "Women only fool themselves when they pretend to believe it is the province of men to try and please them. Women know in their hearts they have been striving to please men down through the centuries. Therefore, the most important *don't* to my mind would be: *Don't think of yourself too much!*

I KNOW that is a difficult achievement for almost all of us! Women are trained almost from childhood to think of themselves, of their appearance, their manners, of the impression they are creating. But if it is real love, that habit of self-consciousness should automatically be replaced with consciousness of the loved one.

"Nothing is so completely flattering to a man as to feel that he holds a woman's undivided attention. It has been said before that the woman who achieves the greatest popularity in drawing rooms or social gatherings is not the talking woman, but the listening woman! Unfortunately, a great many women make a trick of listening—and that is not the same thing. The fact that your eyes have been wide and your mouth completely shut during a typical male dissertation on himself may be completely nullified when you take out a vanity and repair your face. Really listening, feeling an honest interest in what a man may be saying, is not only a graceful trait, it is a beautifying one!

"We are at our best when we are not thinking of ourselves for the very obvious reason that we are completely relaxed. There is none of that strain of lending half our attention while we are secretly engrossed in what we are going to say next!

"Naturally, under this same heading, comes the side-thought of: *Don't try to change yourself,* not even for the most desirable and most eligible man in the world. If you do not really feel an interest in his world, in his viewpoint, you won't fool him for long! The temporary masquerade is not worth the trouble. Also, I am afraid men are not as easily fooled by women as women have been led to believe—even by men! Unless interest and affection and even romance are honest and sincerely unselfish, they are not real, and all the feminine subterfuges in the world can't make them seem so!

Perhaps Juliet would never have lost her Romeo (Leslie Howard, above), in life or death, if she could only have followed Norma's straight-from-the-shoulder advice to the girls of today.

"Next, I believe the most foolish feminine folly in love is the persistent belief that a man can be rearranged and remodeled into a woman's conception of what he should be, or along the lines of some private romantic dream of her own! *Don't try to change the man you love!* It can't be done, anyway!

"Haven't we all known some woman patiently enduring courtship with the efficient thought filed in the back of her mind that the proverbially late man, the proverbially untidy man, the proverbially cross, or smoking or gambling or saving or extravagant man will be endured until the altar, and then completely taken in hand and reformed?

"I've often wondered why women are so bent on changing the intimate personalities of the men they love. After all, if we would be honest and admit it, it is often these little faults in their make-up that makes them all the more charming to us. Faults can be really delightful qualities in both men and women. Frequently they are the most vivid characteristics."

Norma hesitated again before she launched into her fourth important rule in the game of modern romance. "Perhaps this should have been first," she smiled. "To me, it seems that important. But it is simply this: *Don't demand too much of love!* Do more toward proving it! Don't expect to be told constantly that you are loved! While I believe men are far more *(Continued on page* 85)

life's most absorbing problem from a very modern Juliet—Norma Shearer

Picture Frame-Up

By S. GORDON GURWIT

ILLUSTRATED BY COLE BRADLEY

"A paper?" she echoed, numbly. "What kind of a paper?" "Why, simply a full confession of your little masquerade, stating that you wrote that letter and telegram yourself. Here—read it." The type blurred before her eyes.

DURING the ride in the taxi, Hazel rehearsed fevered speeches, pleas, arguments. Her blood was pounding in every vein, every pulse of her heart was filled with dread; but she resolved to face the music at once and reach some bearable decision.

Her destination proved to be a huge house, set in extensive grounds. Dismissing the taxi, she walked up the imposing marble steps and rang the bell, and it suddenly flashed over her that she didn't know whom to ask for.

The door was opened by a dandified young man, who appraised her briefly, smiled and said:

"Miss Hartley, I believe? Go right into the library," and he motioned to a room on her left.

So, she thought, she was actually expected, and the young man knew her name!

Through the open doorway, she caught a glimpse of a magnificently furnished library, huge in proportion, softly lighted. At a desk in one corner sat a plump man with graying hair.

She walked in, heart thumping rapidly, wondering if this was the man she had spoken to over the phone, and

had her guess confirmed at the first sound of his snapping voice. While he turned to survey her, she took a quick inventory: a fleshy man, with pink cheeks and graying hair, carefully groomed; hard, agate eyes that lighted incredulously when they swept her.

"Well!" he exclaimed, coming to his feet. "So you are Hazel F. Hartley, eh? The new discovery at Mammoth! Well, I'm glad I decided to take a look before I acted. Hm! At least they show good taste!"

"May I ask," she began, her cheeks crimson.

"You may listen!" said the man. He indicated a chair close to the desk. "Sit down," he ordered.

She sat down, her tongue glued to her mouth, enduring the keen scrutiny he sent over her.

"Miss Hartley," he snapped, suddenly, "I came to the Coast to find that Mr. Howe's name had been used without authority. This evening, in talking to Mr. Hostinger, I find that you brought a letter from Mr. Howe which Mr. Howe never saw or authorized." He picked up the letter and showed it to Hazel, and there was also the telegram that she had sent from New York. "Recognize these?" he continued, ruthlessly, waving them.

She nodded, too agitated to talk. Hostinger knew, she thought, and soon, everyone would know. A keen humiliation, hot as fire, swept over her.

"Just how well do you know Mr. Howe?" asked the man, suavely.

"Not—very well—" she began.

He snorted with a vast derision. "Mr. Howe never saw you in his life! Are you aware that the use of his name—forged, mind you!—to this letter, can mean a nice long term in prison?"

"But the name was not forged. His secretary signed that letter."

"She did, eh? Let me see." He examined the letter carefully. "A forgery! That's not Miss Blaisdell's handwriting. At any rate, you used his name to further your own ends—whatever they may be. That letter is a forgery. You did it." He regarded her keenly, but she made no immediate answer.

If she insisted that the office secretary, Martha Blaisdell, had signed that letter, it would mean that the girl would lose her job. This was unfair. The trail would eventually lead to Jennie, and she would lose her job. If, on the other hand, she took all the blame, the others would be safe; but she would place herself in a position difficult to explain, difficult to escape from. She made up her mind all at once.

"I signed that letter," she said.

"Oh, you did, eh? And how about this telegram, signed with the initials 'H. F. H.'?"

"Those," she said, with stiff lips, "are my initials—Hazel F. Hartley."

"I see! But, naturally, the wording would lead Mammoth to believe that it came from H. F. Howe. Quite clever! Are you sure your name is (*Continued on page* 94)

Her deception discovered, Hazel gallantly faces disaster in the last chapter of Movie Mirror's brisk novel of filmland

“I was a Problem Child,” says FRANCES DRAKE

An unusually frank and human story of the girlhood, career and romance of this young star

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

A FEW years ago Frances Drake made her professional debut dancing at Ciro's. It was an amazing thing that she should have such an opportunity, one of those amazing things which sometimes happen to amazing people. Ciro's then was *the* place. Those with names well established were pleased to entertain there that they might be seen by those with names who wined and dined there.

Frances and her partner skimmed and dipped and glided over the floor, smooth as satin, gold as butter. Their swift reflection flashed in the gilded mirrors on the walls. He had been with Eva LeGallienne when he and Frances met at a party but they had danced so beautifully together that he had suggested they dance professionally and secured the engagement at Ciro's. Frances hadn't been keen to go to the party at which she met this boy, Wallace Gordon. Perhaps Fate propelled her there. In any even the course of her life was changed.

That first night they danced, sitting at a ringside table was a successful young actor. From the moment Frances stepped on the floor he acted as if his eyes were chained to her image. Later he sought a way to meet her, discovered friends who knew her partner, and asked them all to his table for wine. He knew better than to proceed without a proper introduction. The pride in Frances' bearing sounds a warning to step lightly.

They saw each other afterwards, often enough, Frances and this actor. But nothing beyond the most casual words and glances ever passed between them. Then just recently, the years having crowded their seemingly casual friendship into the past, they met again in Hollywood, in the studio commissary. Both wore greasepaint and were dressed for their parts and above Frances' head her hair rose helter skelter, like a black cloud of a tempest.

That day this actor told Frances he loved her and had loved her from the very second he saw her that night at Ciro's. In the meantime a hundred glamorous women in the theater and in society had smiled for him. But he had seen none of them very clearly because there was Frances' dark beauty possessing his heart and mind to crowd out everything else.

It might so easily be like that. There is something unforgettable about Frances Drake. In fact I think it is this quality in her which has enabled her to travel towards success so swiftly.

Today, with all the other girls who play leads and second leads in Hollywood, Frances is on the movie-go-round. They're on their way, the girls in this group, to bright stardom. Their young faces are lit with their determination and their dreams. It's exciting and thrilling to watch them but it's touching, too. For out

(*Continued on page* 106)

People Notice Skin Faults

LINES
"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES
"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES
"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"

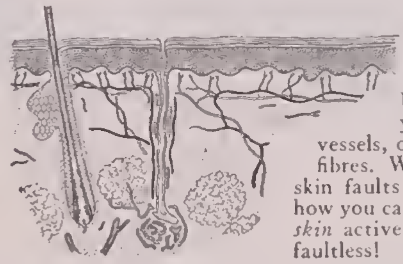
Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

A GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish . . . "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in . . . "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores . . . "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that! . . . Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.



Good looks start here . . . Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—skin faults come . . . Read how you can keep this *underskin* active, your outer skin faultless!

But you can *keep them active!* Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine, specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason . . . It's so fresh and clear and smooth . . . *beautiful!*

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

Miss Bettina Belmont
"I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. J131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________

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The Girl's a Natural!

(*Continued from page* 49)

used to the idea you are rather smallish potatoes.

In the beginning, Jean came to the movies with no gaudy stage reputation to lean on. As a matter of truth she came to Hollywood, that first try, with nothing more exciting behind her than a New York public school education, a side-tracked ambition to be a teacher of fine languages, and a six-months' old reputation as a model for commercial photographers. The ambition to be a teacher was nipped in the bud when a school pal of hers took her down to one of the artists she modeled for. This gentleman took one look at the trim Arthur outline, at the beautifully modeled face, and decided to use Jean instead of her pal! Another girl doing exceptionally well as a commercial model around New York at that time was Norma Shearer.

OF course, in time a movie scout saw Jean. The movies were doing considerable scouting for pretty faces, and as Jean's was one of the prettiest, she was brought out to the Coast as a Fox stock player. She was terribly young, terribly inexperienced and rather terrified in general. And, not to put the matter too bluntly, there wasn't a great deal done toward putting her at ease.

No candid cameramen trailed her around for her pictures then. Interviewers seemed to be occupied elsewhere. She wasn't particularly good at posing for fashion pictures, so she wasn't asked to do so. Once, during that time, she went to the tennis matches with her mother. When she found the place all cluttered up with "the famous stars" having their pictures taken to such an extent it was practically impossible to see the courts, she got up and walked out. And no one even noticed she had gone.

After the Fox experience, Jean posed prettily in closeups on the Paramount lot. She was what is commonly known, for want of a more insipid word, as an "ingenue." The males in the picture always fought for her honor, which was beginning to be pretty boring even then.

Away from the studio Jean lived with her mother and seldom went to the various Derbies, or to the Cocoanut Grove (the local Troc of its time, and still going strong), but no one seemed to think this queer. If she showed up on the lot in a simple sports dress—slacks were still awaiting Marlene Dietrich for inspiration—without make-up, it aroused no comment and little suspicion.

I imagine somewhere around this period, Jean Arthur's heart broke just a little. She got all bogged down with the idea that maybe she should have stayed in New York, become a teacher of fine languages, and settled down where she had friends who thought she was a pretty interesting person, or at least realized she was a human being with feelings and everything.

So Jean went back to New York with the full intention of taking a course in teaching. As she looked back on the desolate scene of the Santa Fe station, which is the last thing you see when you're pulling out of Hollywood, she must have felt she was gazing on the lonesomest spot in the world.

Well, you know what happened in New York. Friends who still believed in her made it possible for her to interview a well known stage producer, and that gentleman saw not a gaping ingenue, but a girl with a stunning personality, and a husky two-tone voice you could remember long after she had stopped speaking. Those are the cold facts. But as far as Jean was concerned, lightening had struck twice!

Once again her ambitions were aflame over a career, this time a stage career. Once again she threw her heart and mind into being an actress—and with far more gratifying results than Hollywood had ever offered. She did "Foreign Affairs" with Osgood Perkins and Dorothy Gish, and before you knew it even Hollywood had heard of the hit Jean Arthur scored in that play. Jean Arthur? Oh, yes—she was that little girl who came out as an M-G-M stock player, or was it Universal?

Next they heard this same Jean Arthur was knocking New York for a loop in the Theater Guild production of "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," with Claude Rains. The Theater Guild! Even in Hollywood, the Theater Guild is really something, and everybody suddenly rose to take notice. When she followed this with a sensational personal hit as the ugly ducking in "The Curtain Rises," every studio agent in town was on her trail waving a contract at her!

She didn't sign any of them. She had been in the movies! But she did decide to come back to the Coast on a little vacation. When Hollywood really wants you the pressure is terrific, and Hollywood really wanted Jean Arthur. This time she wrote her own ticket! She signed to make three pictures a year with Columbia with the stipulation that she could return to Broadway to do at least one play a year.

The first thing she did was "The Whole Town's Talking," and the title was prophetic. The whole town was talking about this swell picture and particularly about Jean Arthur who did one of the biggest scenes of the year by merely sitting in a chair in a police station repeating the name "Manion" with some fifteen different inflections.

AFTER that she didn't have time to get lonesome in Hollywood, either professionally or personally The studio work occupied her days and a young man named Frank Ross, Jr., took up most of her time in the evenings. In rapid order Jean returned to New York to play in "The Bride of Torozko," married this same Mr. Ross, who is a wealthy young real estate broker, came back to Hollywood for an M-G-M loan in "Public Enemy No. 1," in a Universal loan for "Diamond Jim," and then the two hits of the season, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" with Gary Cooper, and "The ex-Mrs. Bradford" with William Powell!

Right now there isn't a studio in town that wouldn't trade a couple of good ones for this girl whose individual style has made her such a sensation this past year—and such a riddle to Hollywood, where failures can get away with anything, but where successes must conform!

And so they are saying that because Jean doesn't follow the rules now she's the bright and shining star she is because she has decided to let Hollywood chuck it, just as Hollywood let her chuck it before.

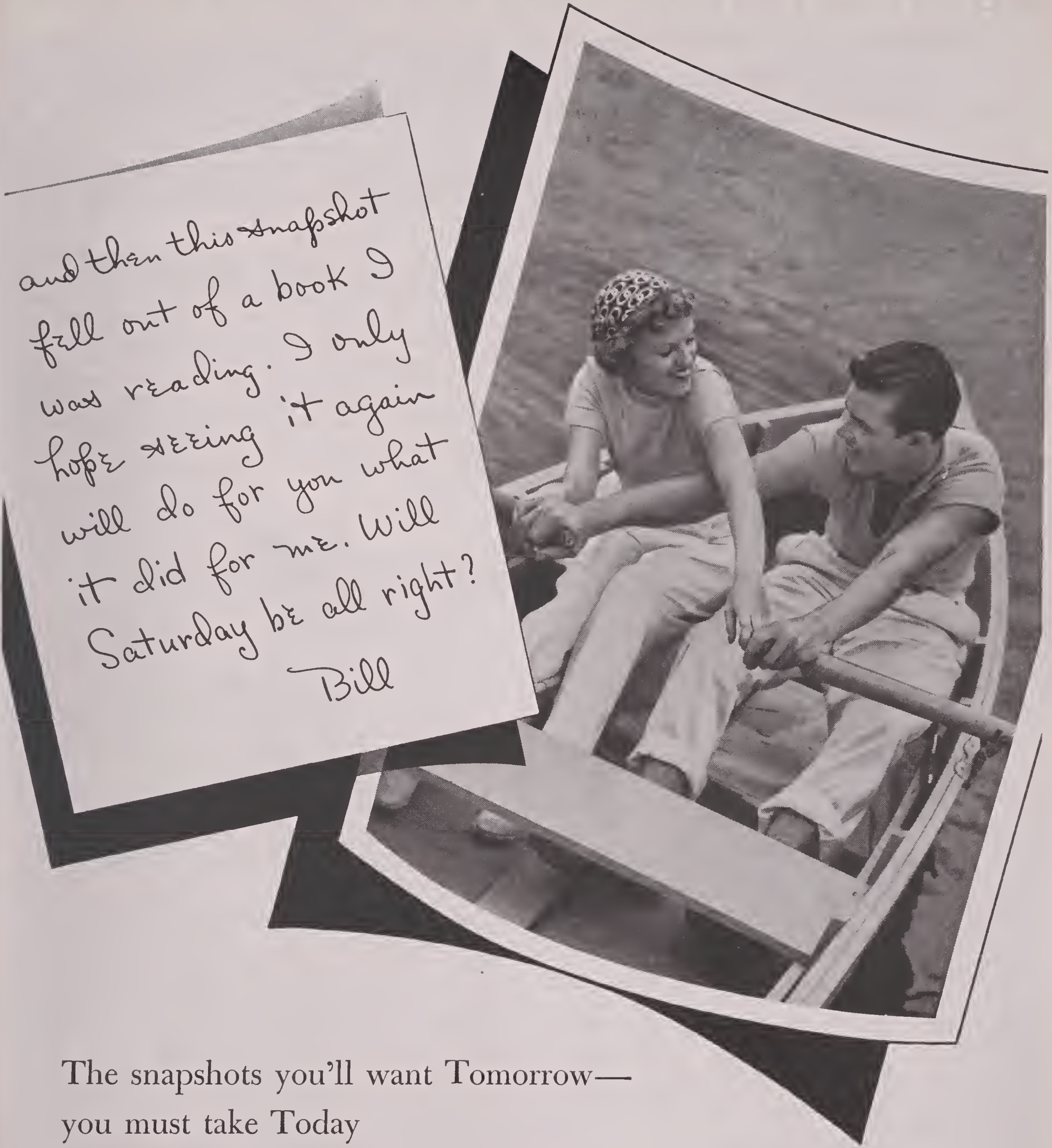
"But that is silly," said Jean when I went to see her in the new home Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross, Jr., are occupying in Beverly (they've done it over completely, even to moving the garage and splashing the old Spanish interior with Colonial white). "I'm living in Hollywood now just as I've always lived here." Brand new fame and all, she was wearing her favorite costume of slacks and sneaks, with her naturally blonde hair slicked back from her face., "I'm going to the same places, doing the same things and even wearing my favorite costume!"

You don't have to talk to her long to realize that Jean has always been a simple, quiet, reserved person. Once it didn't matter, but now it does, and apparently Jean is the only one with enough logic not to understand that. Far from harboring any grudge against Hollywood she is grateful for the stimulating pictures assigned her.

YOU see," she tried to explain what is to her mind a wholly unexplainable muddle over nothing, "I don't feel I am a terribly colorful person off the screen. We live so quietly. We go to so few places, and when we do, it is because we really want to hear the concert or see the swimming exhibition. That day at the Tennis Club, when I was accused of walking out with such a show of temperament, wasn't meant as that at all. I was dressed just like this," indicating the informal slacks, "which is hardly the ideal costume to be photographed in. Besides, I had come to see the exhibition, not to pose for pictures, and when I saw I wasn't going to be able to, I just decided to go, I hope I wasn't rude. I didn't mean to be.

"As for interviews, I feel I have so little to say it's hardly worth the writer's time to see me. I'm working most of the time, and when I'm not, we are shopping for new things for the house or motoring, or seeing one of the few plays that come out here. My plans are not quite definite. I really want to get back to Broadway to do another play. I love New York. I feel I have to get back there every now and then just to get myself straightened around again. I imagine at the end of three or four years, I'll probably return to the stage for a permanent career. And somewhere, in the meantime, we've got to find the time for a trip around the world! You see, we've never been anywhere!"

No wonder Hollywood is bewildered over Jean Arthur. Such honesty and simplicity are highly confusing in a town where brand new movie success usually comes pretty gaudy.



and then this snapshot
fell out of a book I
was reading. I only
hope seeing it again
will do for you what
it did for me. Will
Saturday be all right?
Bill

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

SNAPSHOTS remember things you've let yourself forget. They keep, safe and true, the feeling of some special time, the thrill of some wonderful moment. Make those snapshots now that are going to mean so much to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

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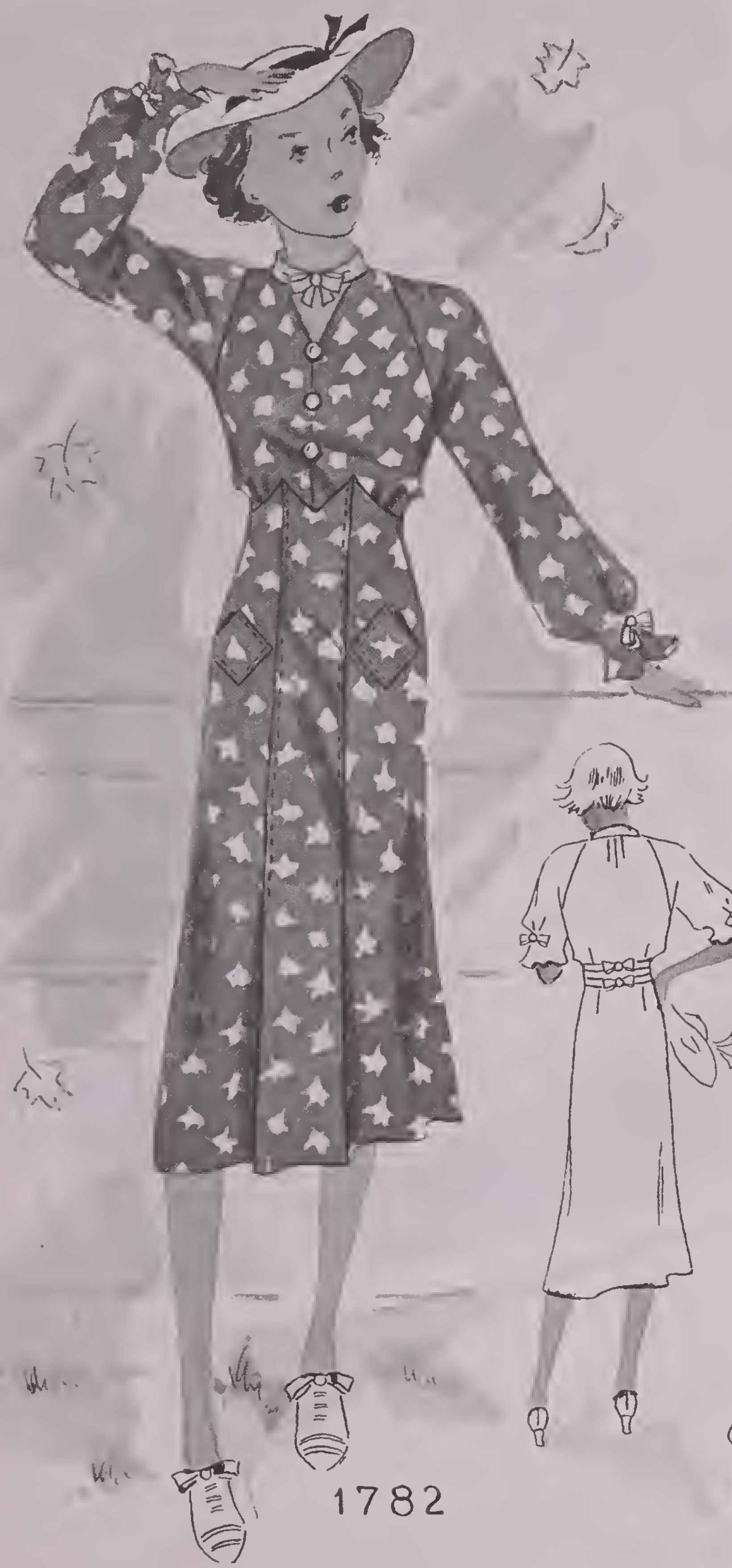
MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin.
(Coin Preferred)

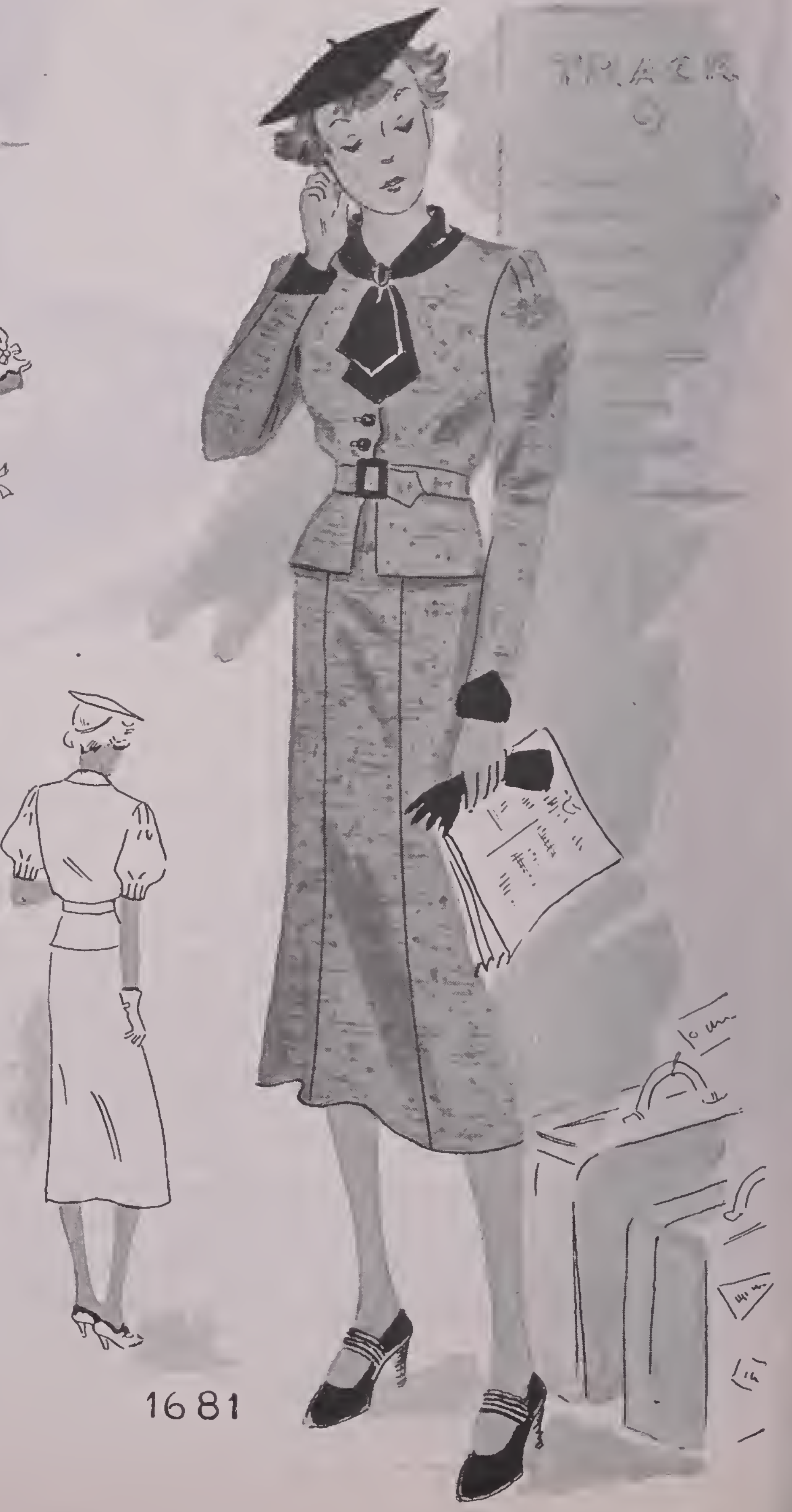
SNAPPY FROCKS FOR BACK-TO-SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Style No. 1782—The straight front panel in this rust wool and rayon crepe creates a hint of princess. The belt emerging from either side seam, blouses the bodice slightly before fastening so smartly at the back. The bow-tied standing collar is brown braid, which also makes the perky sleeve bows. This model would also be fascinating in black crepe satin with white pique collar and bow trim. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 1/8 yards of 39-inch material, made of one material. Pattern, price 15 cents.

Style No. 1681—The wide shoulders of this smart yet simple sports type will make your waist look young and slim. The buttoned bodice calls attention to the jaunty scarf neck. The flared peplum, opened at the front, gives the effect of a jacket dress. The style-conscious school girl will especially like it in two-tone slubbed effect in a mixture of rayon and wool with velveteen trim. Woolly weaves in checks and stripes are also smart. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting. Pattern, price 15 cents.



1782



1681

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.................. Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
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....	....

Name...

Address..

Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness— leaves skin *sweet*

LUX
TOILET SOAP
I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT **LUX TOILET SOAP** BATH—LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED
OFTEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT
WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY **REFRESHED!** MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH—DELICATELY PERFUMED

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet

Now!

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty!*

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

So—You Want to Be in Pictures

(*Continued from page* 47)

University of Pennsylvania. At midnight he went to the Arcadia Restaurant, where another floor show was being given. Thus, in a single day, he had covered five fields of entertainment: Hotel, restaurant, legitimate play, college show and vaudeville.

While tests are sometimes given on the West Coast to promising young players, most talent scouting is done in the East, because the East is so much nearer to most of the fields of amusement.

These talent scouts have an eye for possibilities that's like nothing in the world I've ever seen. How many times do you suppose they see a play in order to decide whether or not there's anyone in it who's interesting? Once and only once! I asked every scout I saw the same question, and they all told me the same thing.

There's no set way in which talent scouts get in touch with people. Sometimes they drop them a note; sometimes they phone them; sometimes they go backstage to see them, particularly when they are viewing an out-of-town production.

AT the opening night of "Roberta," Oscar Serlin saw a boy who played the saxophone in the band and gave a half-minute imitation of Rudy Vallee. On the basis of that half-minute imitation he decided that Fred MacMurray had possibilities, and sent for him. He asked him if he'd like to go into the movies.

MacMurray grinned that engaging grin of his and said, "I'll do anything you say, but I might as well warn you I'm no actor. I've never had any stage experience."

"That's all right," said Oscar Serlin quickly. "We'll train you."

Somehow or other, through intuition, through years of experience in show business, he recognized personality with a capital P. Here, he decided, was "raw masculinity," with looks and an infectious personal charm.

"After spending some time with him I found he was alert and had theatric intelligence and a ravenous appetite to learn all he could about acting; that was cue enough for me," Mr. Serlin told me.

After Mr. MacMurray had been trained and tested, Mr. Serlin sent the test to the Coast with his fervent recommendation. "Gentlemen," he pleaded, "I am completely sold on this man's future. Whatever we do, we mustn't pass up remarkable talent of this kind simply because of inexperience This man is the stuff that movie heroes should be made of. His possibilities are greater than his tests show, and if he is carefully groomed in roles with guts and a sense of humor, he will walk away with any picture he's cast in."

That recommendation was written on March 16, 1934. Judge for yourself whether or not it has come true.

Kitty Carlisle was discovered when "Champagne Sec" opened in Westport, Connecticut. Oscar Serlin sat in the audience watching a dark-haired girl in tights electrify the audience. Now was the time to get her before the show opened on Broadway, and the other movie scouts descended on Kitty. At once he went to see her, and made her promise to take a test for Paramount.

During the four months she appeared in "Champagne Sec" every motion picture producer in Hollywood offered to test her. But Kitty had given her word to Paramount, and her test for them was so successful that they immediately offered her a contract.

Gladys Swarthout was discovered in an amazing way. One day a photographer showed Boris Kaplan at Paramount some photographs he had taken. One was of a woman who was very striking in appearance, dark and vivid. "Who is that woman?" Mr. Kaplan asked.

The photographer looked at him in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you don't know?" he gasped. "She's Gladys Swarthout, the opera and radio star."

For days Mr. Kaplan couldn't get the picture of Gladys Swarthout out of his mind.

When he approached Miss Swarthout, she refused to consider the idea of taking a test. She had heard too many unpleasant stories about people who were tested and whose tests were dismal failures. But Paramount explained to her the careful preparation that was made for all tests, and their system of training actors and actresses who had had little or no stage experience.

When Miss Swarthout finally made her test, she was superb.

OWEN DAVIS, Jr., the son of the playwright, did some acting in summer stock companies. One day he walked into the RKO office and said that he'd like to go into moving pictures.

"We'd have to test you first, of course," Mr. Willi told him.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Davis. "I got hold of a cameraman I knew and I've already made a test which I directed and acted in myself. Would you like to see it?"

Mr. Willi said he certainly would. The test was so good he sent it on to the Coast, where the producers jubiliantly decided to offer Owen Davis, Jr., a contract. Since then he's appeared in "Murder on a Bridle Path" and he's now playing one of the featured roles in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean."

But what of the boy or girl who is totally inexperienced, who has never even done two minutes' acting on the stage or appeared in a college play or sung in a night club? What chance has he or she got?

As a rule, his chances of getting a test—let alone getting a contract—are about one in 100,000. But on this point the companies have different policies. Some companies will grant an interview to those who write intelligent letters, but will rarely test inexperienced players. Other companies hate even to interview boys and girls without experience. Joe Pincus at 20th Century-Fox would throw up his hands in horror if you suggested to him that he ought to see every boy or girl who asks for an interview.

"I get thousands of letters a year from would-be screen actors," he told me. "Most of them send photographs. Now what in the world can you tell by a photograph?

HURRAH! I'VE FOUND A DISH MY HUSBAND LOVES_ AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION
HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED
JANE, I NEED HELP. I HAVE TO WATCH MY FOOD BILLS, BUT JIM'S SO FUSSY ABOUT WHAT HE EATS
MY PROBLEM EXACTLY. BUT HERE'S WHAT I DO
SHE TAKES JANE'S ADVICE
SAY, THIS IS MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI — A REGULAR "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE! IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION
LET'S HAVE THIS KIND OF SPAGHETTI OFTEN. IS IT HARD TO MAKE?
NO, EASY AS EASY! IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED. I'M SO GLAD JANE TOLD ME ABOUT IT

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

You, too, will find that this delicious spaghetti helps you

serve better meals for less money

IT'S the thrifty woman's friend, all right—this tempting, savory, ready-cooked spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-and-tomato sauce that good home cooks declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!

You'll marvel how many things you can *do* with Franco-American. It's the perfect accompaniment for meat or fish . . . It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch or supper. It gives zestful flavor to cheaper meat cuts. It's simply grand for "dressing-up" left-overs. And *everybody* likes it. Even those who once thought they didn't care for spaghetti at all, are delighted with Franco-American.

Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't possibly buy all your ingredients — Franco-American chefs use *eleven* in their sauce—and prepare spaghetti at home for so little . . . And think how much easier Franco-American is, how much time it saves you! . . . No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve . . . Truly, you'll never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again once you try Franco-American. . . . Why not get a can of this delicious Spaghetti today?

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
AZTEC QUEENS enjoyed chewing gum-said to help keep face muscles young and teeth white. Two great modern beauty aids are a weekly visit to your BEAUTY SHOP and the daily enjoyment of DOUBLE MINT gum.
Q-364

People who photograph well don't necessarily screen well.

"Don't tell ambitious youngsters that it's easy to get a screen test. It isn't. A decent test costs from $600 to $1,000, so you see we can't test people promiscuously. There was a time when we used to test three or four hundred people a year, but today we make about seventy-five tests a year.

"If a boy really thinks he has talent, tell him to get a little experience. Let him enter a dramatic school or try to get on the stage. Each week these schools give a performance and either I or someone from my department goes to the performance to look over any possible talent."

Of all the studios, Paramount pursues the most liberal policy with young, inexperienced people. For Paramount has what it calls the "open door policy." Every young person is judged on his merits, regardless of his experience or lack of experience. If Susie Glutz is convinced that she would make a great actress, she can probably get a hearing at Paramount. Her interview there may last only thirty seconds, but in those thirty seconds the talent scout will have sized up Susie Glutz's camera possibilities. Or better still, Susie can write a letter to Paramount, describing her age, her height, her weight and the color of her hair and eyes, and enclosing photographs of herself. Those photographs will actually be studied as carefully as if Susie were a big star on Broadway.

A GIRL named Veda Ann Borg was recently signed by Paramount. Veda had never done a day's acting in her entire life. A beautiful, statuesque, aristocratic looking girl, she was a clothes model. One day her mother called to her attention an article about movie tests, and insisted that Veda write to the different movie companies describing herself and forwarding photographs of herself.

One company failed to answer her. Two others told her that they weren't interested. Of all the companies she wrote to, Paramount alone told her to come down to their offices for an interview.

And then the miracle happened. They liked her personality so much that they enrolled her in their school. She was trained under the personal direction of Cecil Clovelly, and then tested. Today she's in Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.

"What in the world made you choose her?" I asked Boris Kaplan of the Paramount talent department.

"I picked her because of the glint in her eyes," he told me seriously.

But the maddest, most astonishing story I know of is that of a girl who was literally discovered in a hypnotic trance by a talent scout from Paramount. He attended a meeting of a Masonic lodge where a professor of mind reading was giving a lecture on hypnotism. To demonstrate his lecture, he hypnotized six girls.

Standing in the rear of the room, the talent scout couldn't see very much, but he noticed that one of the girls had very shapely legs. He couldn't help wondering whether her face and form were equally gorgeous.

Suddenly the professor was singling out the girl with the perfect legs. "Stand up, little lady," he said. "I see that though you're physically under my spell, you haven't yielded to it mentally. You have too strong a mind. Therefore I can't use you in this demonstration."

As the girl got up and walked by the door where the talent scout was standing, he got a glimpse of her face. She was stunning.

"Who is that girl?" he asked the man who had invited him.

"Oh, she's the fiancée of one of the officers of the lodge," he was told.

Right after the meeting, the talent scout spoke to the girl and invited her to come to his office. Shortly afterwards she was enrolled in the Paramount training school. After a few weeks, however, she dropped out of the school.

"Why did you leave when you were getting along so well?" the talent scout asked her.

"Oh," she explained blushing, "I recently got married, and my husband insisted that I drop the course. He felt that if I was successful, I might go to Hollywood and we might drift apart. And he wasn't willing to take the chance."

A movie aspirant has to pass six hurdles before he can win a contract. First is the interview with the talent scout, by which the scout judges his personality; second is a reading which he gives from a play to show his dramatic ability; third is a silent test which shows how the young player will photograph; fourth is the training for the final test; fifth the test itself; and sixth the decision of the officials on the West Coast as to whether or not they wish to put the young player under contract.

ONCE a talented youngster is discovered, he is carefully nurtured along. No pains are spared in developing his possibilities. At Paramount the training lasts from six weeks to six months. Every two weeks the less promising players are weeded out, and only the ones who are making the most progress are kept for further training in diction, carriage and dramatic work.

At RKO, young men and women who look promising are sent to Frances Robinson-Duff, one of the finest voice coaches in New York for training—at the expense of RKO.

Mildred Webber, talent scout for Warners', discovered Beverly Roberts singing in a night club, the Town Casino. She was very much impressed by Beverly, whom she describes as a "pretty Beatrice Lillie." But Beverly was overweight, and had to reduce. Besides, as a night club singer she had had very little chance to attend plays or study stage technique. For eight months Miss Webber and the movie test director at Warners' took Miss Roberts to all the plays on Broadway and to summer stock companies, so she could see how other players handled their parts.

Her test proved that she was worth all this trouble, and in her first picture, "The Singing Kid," with Al Jolson, she scored a distinct hit.

Sometimes, of course, a young prospect proves ungrateful for all the help given her. There was one promising young girl who was discovered by a talent scout when she posed in some publicity pictures with

JILTED AGAIN!
MOTHER, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MARY BREAKING OUR ENGAGEMENT!
OH JIM, I DID SO HOPE---!
SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
JIM, YOU CRITICIZE OTHER PEOPLE FOR BAD BREATH—DO YOU KNOW THAT SOMETIMES YOU.. WELL, I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TODAY?
JIM, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
2 MONTHS LATER-NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Bride . . Queen . . Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."
—*Adela Rogers St. Johns*
"LIBERTY"

Cedric HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM
NINE DAYS A *Queen*

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*

one of their contract players. Excited about his new discovery, the talent scout suggested that she make a test for his company. But the girl said that she hadn't had enough stage experience and didn't feel ready to make a test yet. The scout took the girl to New York and got her a part in a play. But the girl, after she'd had a little stage experience, took her test at another studio, telling the talent scout that she believed that the other studio could give her better breaks.

Although it rarely happens, occasionally promising young men and women actually turn down the chance to make a test for some major company. For instance, there was the young actor who appeared in a summer stock company, and was so promising that one of the movie companies sent for him. A long interview followed, during which the company offered to make a test of the young man.

"But, gentlemen," he said, "I'm not interested in becoming an actor. I joined this summer stock company just as a lark. I'm studying law at the University of Missouri, and that's the only thing I'm really interested in."

"If that's so," said the talent scout, gasping for breath, "why did you come down here?"

"You people seemed to be so much interested," he explained, "I thought it only polite to come down and talk to you."

WHAT do talent scouts really look for? If you ask them, they will tell you that a girl must have "photographic possibilities." Supposedly the width of her face should be two-thirds its length, and there should be considerable width between her eyes. Eyes that are deep-set and close together are difficult to photograph.

And now that I've told you that, forget it. It doesn't mean a thing.

"We are not so much interested in a photograph," Boris Kaplin told me, "as we are in the personality it reflects. Marlene Dietrich breaks two or three important rules. So does Sylvia Sidney. Recently a girl entered our school who has high cheek bones and small feline eyes. An impossible combination surely. Yet when that girl is photographed something flashes out in her photographs that we can't find in the photographs of a dozen girls with doll-like faces."

A few years ago, before talent scouting became the highly specialized profession it is today, many of the companies made ridiculous mistakes. Fred Astaire, for instance, was turned down because he had no charm and no personality! Katharine Hepburn made test after test, and was turned down by every studio until RKO finally decided to take a chance on her. Joan Crawford had to make four tests before M-G-M finally decided to sign her.

Today tests are so carefully made that these ludicrous mistakes are becoming fewer and fewer.

Sometimes, however, the talent scouts on the East Coast are wildly enthusiastic about a player, but cannot persuade the production officials on the West Coast to sign her up. For instance, the talent scouts at one company raved about an actress whom they had tested. The West Coast officials turned thumbs down on her. Then another company became interested in this actress, and borrowed her test from Company No. 1. They liked the test so much that they signed the actress on the strength of it, sending Company No. 1 a little note congratulating them on the fine quality of their test.

Elizabeth Russell, a model, attracted the attention of a Paramount scout, who offered to make a test of her. She threw up her hands in despair. "I've already made thirteen tests," she told him.

He grinned. "I suspected as much," he said.

Paramount made the fourteenth test, and signed Elizabeth on the strength of it.

Burgess Meredith was tested in the East for the role of Katharine Hepburn's brother in "Alice Adams." The role was given to another player, and RKO let Burgess slip through their fingers. When Arthur Willi came to RKO, he harped and harped on Burgess Meredith. "But he's not good-looking enough," wailed the producers on the West Coast. Then Meredith appeared in the stage play, "Winterset." Willi investigated and found that he had made a tremendous hit with feminine audiences at the theater. When Pandro Berman of RKO came to New York, he pleaded with him to sign up Meredith, and without any further test than the one that had already been made of Burgess, he was given a contract.

Most talent scouts will tell you that they wouldn't dream of signing up a boy or girl without a screen test, yet Fred Kohmer recently discovered John Payne, a boy in the chorus of "At Home Abroad," and offered to test him. Mr. Payne didn't, for some reason which he thought sufficient, want to make a test. Mr. Kohmar had so much faith in the boy that he signed him without testing him.

As a rule, talent scouts are not on the hunt for bit players or character actors but for leading men and women. If a man or woman doesn't look as if he'd make a good leading player, he usually isn't put under contract, unless he's made a tremendous hit. For instance, Joe Calleia tried to break into movies for nine years. No company was interested in signing him up. When a friend of his suggested that he'd try to get him into his company, Calleia threw back his head and laughed.

LISTEN, he said, "I've been to your company. I've been to every studio. Nobody wants me. You see, the trouble is I can't possibly fit the specifications for a leading man. I'm just a young character actor, and nobody wants a young character actor. Some day, though, I'm going to appear in a play and make a tremendous hit. Maybe the play will be good and maybe it won't, but I'll get swell personal notices. And when I do, I won't have to come pleading to the moving picture companies. They'll send for me."

The talent scout shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you're right," he said doubtfully.

One day "Small Miracle" opened on Broadway. In it was a young man named Joe Calleia, who played the role of a gangster. He played it so well that everyone walked out of the theater talking about him.

The next day he had four offers! Not long afterwards he was signed by M-G-M.

The Hollywood Love That Laughter Couldn't Kill

(*Continued from page* 45)

mannered as if she had just been elected president of an elite senior class. I don't know whether or not she is beautiful. She is quite exotic with her fair skin and dark, glistening hair. She is slender and willowy. But the most startling thing about her is her youth. She shines with it. In her brunette way, she is as young and dewy in appeal as was Dolores Costello when John first met and fell in love with her. In other words, Elaine Barrie, in person, is one of the biggest surprises Hollywood ever experienced!

I don't know quite *what* we expected. But whatever it was, a great part of it was based on those incredible, fantastic, sometimes humorous, sometimes humorless articles authored by herself in which she dubbed them "Ariel" and "Caliban." From the very first, the romance started off with the dignity of a funny-paper cartoon; before the reporters were through with it, it had even lost that. Let's look at the record:

BARRYMORE met Elaine through her fan letters to him when she called at his hospital room to read him poetry. Their romance made the headlines when Barrymore included the poetess and her mother, Mrs. Jacobs, in a vacation yachting trip to Havana. Upon their return, it was said that the Profile and his Hunter College protege would co-star in radio skits. Mr. Barrymore was quoted as saying, "Miss Barrie has a brilliant future," and America began to have its first serious news chuckle in a long time.

From there on, things became hilarious!

Barrymore smashed the camera of a news photographer attempting to take pictures of the couple. Next, he stalked out of her apartment in a huff, taking an expensive diamond "engagement ring" with him—at least Elaine told the headlines it was an "engagement ring"—and then the marathon across the country began with John in flight and his protege in hot pursuit. The reporters had a field day over it.

Came a serious note: Dolores Costello Barrymore filed suit in Los Angeles for divorce.

Barrymore, enroute home, told reporters in New Mexico, that his romance with "Ariel" was "a lot of hooey," but Elaine, typing away like mad on their love story for the newspapers, thought differently. "It's a frame-up," she insisted at so much a word. "It is a legal conspiracy to keep me away from John. He needs me. He will come back to me." John countered with a story to the effect that there would be a quick reconciliation with Dolores, but neither the public, Dolores nor Elaine believed it.

After many "hundred dollar" telephone calls, John announced that "Miss Barrie has great talent and I hope she comes to Hollywood," but when Elaine vowed she was starting West immediately, Barrymore had a "nervous breakdown" and hied to his yacht off the coast of Florida, and "Ariel"

"Double Encore for Dentyne!
—for Aid to Mouth Health—
for Marvelous Taste!"

DENTYNE'S AN AID TO BEAUTIFUL TEETH. Explorers marvel at the strong, white teeth of savages—their teeth are kept healthy by foods that require plenty of chewing. Our soft, civilized foods give teeth and gums too little exercise. That's why many dentists recommend Dentyne as a daily health habit. Its firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—keeps mouth tissues firm and healthy—teeth sparkling white.

YOU NEVER TIRE OF DENTYNE. Its goodness is inexhaustible—A delicious, aromatic taste that's just indescribably good! For many discriminating men and women Dentyne is the *only* chewing gum. They appreciate its superior quality—its delightful, *lasting* flavor—and the smart flat shape of the package that slips so neatly into pocket or purse (a feature exclusively Dentyne's).

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Women ask me:

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON'T?"

The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk —prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

grieved in print that John was ill and swore that she could cure him if she could only talk to him. Barrymore recovered without benefit of dialogue and sped to Hollywood to accept the role of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," and though Elaine arrived in Hollywood shortly afterward, it was rumored that they were not seeing each other—and then the news leaked out that he was seeing no one else!

And since then: Without reporters, cameramen or headlines, it was John who helped Elaine find the charming home she is occupying with her mother in Hollywood. Almost every evening, they've dined either at her home or at one of the quiet, inconspicuous restaurants. Until now, they are so completely off the front pages that you can hardly blame Hollywood for becoming confused.

Any playwright will tell you that plays, motion pictures, novels and even romances have a mood. It is very poor construction, indeed, and very confusing to the innocent bystanders, to begin any of them as a caricature and expect the audience to switch over to taking it seriously in the middle of the story.

HOLLYWOOD, of course, had the feeling all along that it was a gag romance and tried to help the foolish business along in the beginning. There is the now-famous legend of the hostess with a "sense of humor" who invited John, Elaine and Mrs. Jacobs to her home only to guide them all to a certain section of the drawing room where a small microphone had been installed; the rest of the guests trouped upstairs to listen to what they all fully expected would be "an amazing conversation" over the loud-speaker.

They were all disappointed, despite any rumors you may have heard to the contrary. From direct ear-evidence, I learned that Elaine and Barrymore merely sat where they had been planted, wondering aloud where the others had gone, and, like polite guests, waited for them to return! After that, Hollywood didn't try any more jokes. In fact, they began looking at Elaine Barrie with eyes unsullied by the comic first impression she herself had created. Which is difficult, when one considers how long she worked to make them believe the original idea. Anyway, the two conceptions didn't fit; something was wrong somewhere, so the old town merely shrugged its shoulders and let it go at that.

Frankly, they didn't do much for anyone to get excited about. Almost every day during the making of "Romeo and Juliet" Elaine lunched with John in his dressing room at the M-G-M studio. And if there were those who had worried that Barrymore might become temperamental during the making of the film and depart for parts unknown, they wasted their time. The spectacle of John appearing on the set in time for shooting each morning allayed all fears. And those who have seen the completed picture hail his performance as one of the greatest ever given. For this, a great many people were secretly grateful to the brunette girl who spent so much time with him, reading his lines with him and showing as much interest in the picture as Barrymore himself.

It soon became apparent to everyone that

Elaine Barrie was really in earnest about a career. It is said that she knew the speeches of Juliet as well as the star of the picture, Norma Shearer! In fact, her beauty and her obvious interest in an acting career so impressed an M-G-M official that a secret test was made of her on the lot. And none other than the illustrious Barrymore played the test with her!

But despite a result that far exceeded expectations, no contract was forthcoming. Perhaps Hollywood was still a little afraid of the aftermath that might follow in the wake of the "Ariel-Caliban" episode. Hollywood knows that there is nothing so disastrous to a career as ridicule.

Then suddenly, and without apparent reason, Elaine Barrie packed her bags, closed her lovely home and departed from Hollywood with far less publicity than her arrival had occasioned. There were no shrieking headlines of amusement this time. There were no capers, tempers or slammed doors. There were no hectic telephone calls reported. Maybe the reporters were a little sorry for the nineteen-year-old girl, aching with ambition, who found that Hollywood was willing to accept a reformed "Caliban" but wanted none of a penitent "Ariel." It looked as though ridiculous publicity had stopped her before she could start.

BEING wise in the ways of the world—and Hollywood in particular—Barrymore did little to stop Elaine from leaving. Perhaps he believed it better if she did go. He realized that you can fight anything in the world but laughter. Only an artist as great as Barrymore can rise above the waves of ridicule.

So Elaine took the train to New York and John went cruising on his yacht. When he returned, he had no answer for the hints that he was a forlorn and dejected man. He dined alone in all their former rendezvous. It was whispered that John Barrymore had never been such a good boy—or such an unhappy one!

Just how much John Barrymore had to do with the signing of an agent for Elaine, is unknown. But an agent was engaged to show her test to other producers and executives and as a result of her charming screen personality, RKO became interested enough to offer her—via long distance telephone—a long term contract. And it was a happy John Barrymore who met an exuberant Elaine Barrie when her train pulled in at Los Angeles.

Did they laugh their way into love? Or did they fight long enough to become indispensable to one another? If they should appear in an RKO picture together and try to put their real-life romance on the screen, would the public hoot or sigh? We don't know. But we do know that "Ariel" and "Caliban" are dead—the funny paper romance is over—and John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie have graduated into one of the greatest love stories in Hollywood.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF ROBERT TAYLOR

Everybody wants to know about this sensationally popular young actor, so we went straight to him for the lowdown. It's just one of the many fine personality stories in the October MOVIE MIRROR, on sale everywhere August 26th.

HAVE YOU A "SAHARA SKIN"?

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes
Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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"It's perfect" that's what women say of new GLAZO

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It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

Marian Marsh's Secret Love

(*Continued from page 57*)

on a holiday and very charming. Before separating, she to go to her hotel and they to theirs, they agreed to meet the next morning for more skiing.

For some unaccountable reason morning seemed slow in coming and for some unexpected reason Marian's heart did funny jump things when she saw him waiting for her at the foot of the slope. She reminded herself he was a married man, that she had barely met him, that she knew nothing about him, not even his name. The mental rebukes had no effect; her heart kept right on jumping.

"Then suddenly the world was just about the rightest place that could be!" Marian went on. "He said 'Sister and I' something or other that told me the one important thing I wanted to know about him —that the girl was not his wife."

LATER Skeet took her back to her hotel where she got around the embarrassing fact she did not know his name by saying, "Mother, this is the young man I told you about," in introducing him. Somehow it sufficed.

They skiied for four successive mornings, a twosome now. The sister discreetly had withdrawn from the scene on the three's-a-crowd theory. Then Skeet asked Marian to a dinner party a group of his young friends were giving in the chalet they had leased for the season.

The night of that party marked the high spot in her young life. Everything seemed in league to make it perfect. The moon was full and brilliant, the air biting cold and clear. Completing the romantic trappings, Skeet called for her in a sleigh jingling musically with bells and tucked her beneath folds of a huge cutter robe of soft, sleek fur.

When the lights of the chalet were in view, Skeet slackened the smart pace of the horse and turned to Marian.

"I say," he laughed. "I guess I'll finally have to know your name. Have to introduce you to the others, you know, and I can't just say 'This is the wonderful girl I told you all about.'"

"I'm Marian Marsh," Marian told him.

"Marian Marsh," he repeated. "That's a lovely name."

That was all the name that had flashed for four years from theaters everywhere meant to him. Just a lovely name. Marian kept her counsel. If she was piqued he never knew it.

It was a gay party. The boys and girls were all young art students who had pooled their funds for this common holiday. They accepted her as one of themselves. After dinner they pulled up the rugs, danced on the rough floor to ancient records on a more ancient phonograph and then sat before a roaring hearth fire excitedly discussing art, music, the theater, world politics and sports. Discussing them intelligently and eagerly. It opened a new world to Marian and she reveled in its interest and companionship.

Coming home Skeet took her in his arms. They kissed naturally and spontaneously. In that one kiss Marian knew how right she had been to run away from glamor and flattery, knew she had found what unconsciously she had been seeking.

"I love you, Marian," he said.

"I love you, Skeet," she answered.

Knowing no more than that and needing to know no more, they promised their hearts and lives to each other.

They were together constantly in the weeks that followed. He learned she lived in that strange place called Hollywood, that she had two brothers and a sister, had been born on the island of Trinidad in the British West Indies, and was resting before the start of her new picture. The latter puzzled him somewhat but believing it to be a personal matter, he never asked more about it.

In turn she learned he was twenty-three had been born the son of a titled English father and Swiss mother in Switzerland, lived now in England with his parents, was studying art, and hoped some day to be a fine portrait painter.

The day came when Marian had to leave St. Moritz for location. Immediately he was alarmed. What was location, he wanted to know, and why must she leave? She explained.

"You mean, you work in the films?" he asked incredulously. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Marian looked at him in blank amazement. "I thought I did when I told you my name," she said.

"But—but this changes everything!" he said wildly.

"Why? Because I am an actress?"

"Heavens no! Because you, because *we* now must think of your career, too. Must plan to fit it in."

"Look, Skeet," she told him gravely "We have only one career to think of. Yours. A woman's life is her man's life Or at least, that is the way I feel about it. If she has love, she needs nothing else. Nothing else is important."

THAT was the understanding on which they parted two years ago. As soon as his place in the painting world is so firmly established that the financial responsibility of heading a family will in no way jeopardize it, Marian will give up her screen work entirely and they will be married. It entails no sacrifice on her part, that relinquishing of the success she has won. It is the way she wants it

In these two years Marian has forged steadily ahead in her work, has regained her once lost place in the Hollywood sun through her fine performance in such important pictures as "Crime and Punishment," "Lady of Secrets" and "Counterfeit," and while forging ahead, she has lived quietly at home with her family, gone about socially when she felt like it, and restrained her impatience to be with Skeet as best she could.

Perhaps when her next picture for Columbia, "I Promise to Pay," is completed, Hollywood will see her no more. For in these same two years, Skeet has come a long way in his work and toward the goal they set for themselves. So far, in fact, that you need not be surprised if Marian does not return from her next trip to England and the man she loves.

Cooking Department

(*Continued from page* 23)

be a new idea to lots of people, and a very welcome one, particularly to mothers whose children have a sweet tooth—and what child hasn't? That healthy, natural craving for sweets should never be ignored, and these gelatin candies have a real food value.

A NEW CANDY IDEA

4 level tbls. gelatin
1½ cups boiling water
4 cups sugar
1 cup cold water
Flavors to preference

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for a few minutes, and stir into the boiling water. Add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Let it cool a little. Add two teaspoons cinnamon extract, or one of clove extract, or any fruit flavoring in the strength you like. Or you can divide the gelatin into several parts and flavor each differently. A little vegetable coloring in each, to harmonize with the flavor used, makes a very tempting assortment.

When the flavoring is in, pour into tins that have been dipped in cold water, and let stand over night. Turn out, cut in cubes and roll in sugar. Let stand a bit longer, and they are ready.

Do you ever have trouble getting a really good, smooth finish in the icing you use on little fancy cakes? I used to, in spite of all my care, till I found this smart way of doing it—use a little gelatin in the icing!

CHEF'S FRENCH ICING

1 tbl. lemon gelatin
1 tbl. lemon juice
2 tbl. water
1 tbl. butter
1⅔ cups confectioners' sugar
Pinch of salt

Mix the gelatin with the water and the lemon juice, and let stand over hot water till the gelatin is dissolved. Add the other ingredients and stir till it is thoroughly mixed and ready to pour. Now drop in your little cakes, one at a time, covering them entirely with the icing and taking out immediately to place on a rack where they can drip and cool.

I stressed the advantage of the simpler gelatin desserts for children, but don't think gelatin can't go sophisticated in a very grand manner! I am giving you one of my most treasured recipes which for sheer *goodness* is about tops. I don't know why, but men especially, even those who generally turn up their noses at "sweet things," seem to go for it.

SPANISH CREAM OR GELATIN IN THE GRAND MANNER

2 tbls. plain gelatin
1 pint milk
4 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
Whipped cream, nuts, candied cherries to preference

Dissolve the gelatin in the milk and boil for twenty minutes. Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar to them. Place the boiled gelatin and milk in the top of a double-boiler over boiling water. Stir in the eggs and sugar and continue cooking slowly and stirring till it thickens like custard. Beat the egg whites and stir in the mixture. (It looks all curdly and queer, but don't worry.) Stir in the vanilla. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water and let chill at least over night. When you turn it out, you will find that the top part is perfectly clear and of a brighter yellow than the bottom. You can achieve an amazingly effective result if you choose a fancy mold that has a high, raised design on top, because this raised part will be clear, and the lower, plainer part, the deeper, thicker appearance. This is so rich and good, I often serve it just as it is, but you may add the garnishings suggested if you wish.

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These exciting new Pompeian Preparations satisfy not only every charm and personality need, but your pocketbook as well. For each is sold at the amazing price of 55c. Either you like the NEW POMPEIAN products better than any you have ever used, regardless of price, or we cheerfully refund the full purchase price, plus postage. At all drug and department stores.

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No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .

IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm *sweet*. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

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I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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Why Fred MacMurray Eloped

(*Continued from page 31*)

after looking him over carefully said, "How would you like a test for motion pictures? I think you'd do well."

And his agent wasn't the only one who believed Fred was good movie material. A Paramount talent scout, who had seen Fred in "Roberta," sent for him, gave him a screen test, and a long-term screen contract was the result!

"Roberta" was still playing, so Fred said goodbye to Lillian and promised to write. Neither one of them, to hear them tell it, had any idea just how much in love they really were, not until Fred was in Hollywood—and all they had was a daily letter from each other.

"After a few weeks of Hollywood," smiled Fred, "I knew that a daily letter from Lillian was never going to be enough. I began bombarding her with special-delivery-airmails asking her to come out here and work. After all, I argued, she was a model. There was plenty of work for an experienced model in Hollywood. She could make just as much money here as in New York, just as I had. It took me four months to get her to agree."

LILLIAN got a job modeling exclusive gowns in one of the smart Hollywood shops just two days after her arrival. And when Fred, who had not yet played in a big enough picture to gain any recognition, offered to help her, Lillian smilingly informed him that she always took care of herself. She's that independent! She didn't get much salary but it was enough for a tiny, furnished apartment with a pull-down bed and a miniature dining room off the kitchen. She hated the furniture but she decided to grin and bear it rather than borrow money from Fred to send for her own furniture still in New York.

It took her a whole year to save the necessary money to have her early American furniture shipped to Hollywood, but she waited. When her things arrived, she ordered the apartment manager to move all the furniture out of her room. She had the floors painted and the walls re-done. Then, not having funds enough to buy ready-made draperies and curtains, she bought the material and made them herself. During the two weeks she worked evenings on her new apartment, Fred couldn't see her. Then one night, when all the little home-made scatter rugs were in place, the maple furniture with its gayly-colored chintz coverings had been perfectly arranged and the smart draperies had been tied back to the wall with dainty glass knobs, Fred was invited for dinner.

Was he surprised? Lillian is still thrilled when she describes the look on Fred's face as he came into her little one-room apartment that night. Of course, he had seen the furniture in New York. But he had also seen this same little room with its standardized, same-as-the-rest dinginess for a solid year while Lillian saved the money to express the furniture she had in New York. Maybe it was that night that Fred MacMurray decided that Lillian Lamonte was one girl in a million and that he'd better not let her get away from him! It must have made him proud of her, too, for it was just a few nights later, after I had watched him making stills on the set until eight o'clock, that he turned to me with:

"How about coming over to Lillian's for dinner? She doesn't know I'm bringing you, but she always has enough." After I had accepted, he spent the next half hour trying to picture her apartment the way it had been before the re-modeling. He wanted me to get the same thrill he had had that first night he'd seen it.

It didn't occur to me until the next day exactly what a dinner invitation to Lillian's apartment meant. She had worked all day modeling—and hard work it is, too—and finished at five-thirty. The shop is eleven blocks from her apartment, but she walks home and shops for food on the way. When we arrived, it was almost as though she had invited me herself, so happy was she that Fred had wanted a friend to see her new apartment. And what do you suppose was the first odor I got as I stepped through the door? Lillian was baking Fred an apple pie!

OH, you have to envy them both when you see them together. They're such swell, normal people having such a grand normal time. Fred beaming and happy and proud, Lillian in her cute little ruffled apron putting the first course on the tiny maple drop-leaf table. She looks pert and saucy, and kind of "House Beautiful" at the same time. In person, she is rather a combination of two people: Gladys Swarthout (similar features and they wear the same coiffure) and Gary Cooper's wife, Sandra Cooper. She has exquisite skin, hair that shines as though it had been brushed for hours and a smile that endears you to her from the first glance. Besides that, she has just about the best taste in clothes I've ever seen and she is easily one of Hollywood's best dressed women.

Besides that grand apple pie (just like your mother tried to make) served with a tangy cheese and strong black coffee, we had a marvelous dish of meat, noodles and tomatoes *en casserole*, a green salad with some of Lillian's special-extra-secret dressing and a crab cocktail. Man and boy, it was a dinner fit for a king, even for a crown prince of the movies.

After dinner, much against Lillian's demands that we light our pipes and sit in the living room, Fred and I wiped the dishes. During the process of polishing the glasses, Fred related a slightly risque story about the farmer and the cows. Lillian asked enough questions afterward to prove she has another rare quality for Hollywood: She's delightfully naive. After doing the dishes, we got out the scrap-books Lillian has been keeping of clippings from magazines showing smart homes, interiors and furnishings. While we were going over the book, Fred and I argued quite extensively on the merits of various types of homes and decorations; but one look at Lillian (knitting Fred a new sweater) gave us the answer: She's got their home all planned and it will be one of Hollywood's most beautiful, I can promise you.

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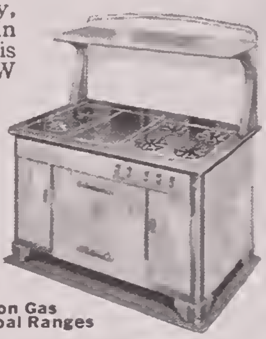

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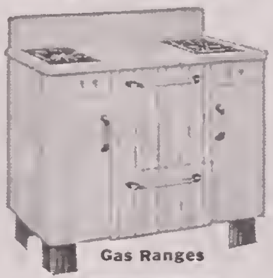

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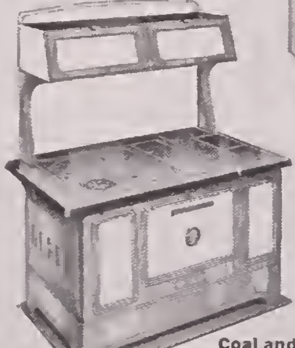

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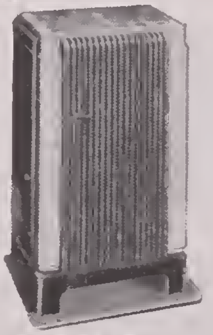

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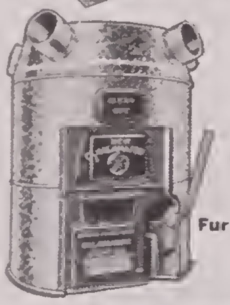

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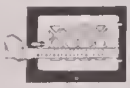

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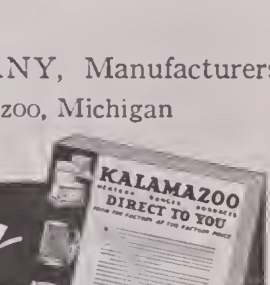

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And Brother and Sister
Are not in bed,
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BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

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Since that night, I've seen them at previews, at the roller skating rink, at the beach and (very occasionally) at the Trocadero. Lillian has never watched Fred do a scene before the camera; he won't let her. Lillian, just to pay him back, won't allow him to attend the fashion shows where she models furs and gorgeous gowns. The only times they ever have a quarrel is when Lillian insists upon knitting during a bridge game. But she plays such a whale of a game that she finally makes him smile when she keeps right on knitting.

BUT the amazing part of their marriage is the fact that this is almost the first time a handsome, sought-after male star has ever married the girl he loved *before* he became famous. Sometimes it might have happened if studios hadn't interfered. Again, a sudden scramble of gorgeous women at his feet has turned the head of the handsome newcomer until he forgot his sweetheart of former days in the struggle. Sophisticated women of Hollywood have a way of fighting for these handsome male newcomers when they became stars. Fred could probably tell you some exciting stories along that line. In fact, I could tell you some myself—but I won't. At any rate, in the face of all the beautiful women, the Hollywood traditions, the glory and backslapping, Fred MacMurray is still the same wholesome, sincere kid who came to Hollywood about two years ago. And he is now honeymooning with the same beautiful, normal and lovely girl he met in "Roberta" when they were both at the bottom of the success ladder.

So wish them lots of luck and happiness as they sit on the cool sands way out there in Honolulu. They deserve the best! They have something sincere and honest and real that Hollywood, with all its money and sophistication can never hope to equal or change. No tinsel, no glitter. Not Mr. Fred (movie star) MacMurray marrying Miss Lillian (model) Lamonte. Just:

A swell fellow marrying a grand girl—for *always!*

The Very Latest in Fashions as Worn by the Stars

We don't really need to brag about Gwenn Walters' marvelous fashion pages each month exclusively in MOVIE MIRROR—their beauty and style-rightness speak for themselves! But next month we have a special treat for you, for the lovely model in this outstanding department will be none other than Gladys Swarthout, the dynamic young singing star who has been called the best-dressed woman of opera, screen and radio by the foremost authorities on women's clothes. Watch for this feature in the October issue, out August 26th.

Five Don'ts for Those in Love

(*Continued from page* 63)

sentimental than women, women are the greater romantics, the greater dramatists of love! The actress-side of every woman comes out to the fullest when she is in love. She almost demands love lines to speak, and more important, to be spoken to her!

"They are satisfying to feminine vanity, those actual words that say, 'You are beautiful,' or 'I love you.' Spoken spontaneously they are the loveliest words a woman can hear. But too often women prompt them. A man may deeply love a woman and still be annoyed that she does not realize the fact as subconsciously and deeply as he does; but has to continually be hearing a parrot-like expression of it! Women have a great deal of trouble realizing that a man may love without being *in love* every hour of the day.

"Even worse, if possible, is the tendency a few women have of exploiting a man's affection to satisfy their vanity, or to impress their friends. When the man rebels, as he eventually will, the common feminine plaint is: 'You don't love me!' The quickest way to make a man think, 'Lord, maybe I don't!' is to insist continually that he should!

"And last, but far from least," continued Norma, *"don't let a rift happen!* That is so terribly important, so really vital to prolonged happiness together. It is the most precarious advice of all, because so often, rifts happen before we are conscious that something alive, and real and wonderful in our lives, has gone stale and lifeless! Far too many people grow apart without seeming to realize it until too late, and then all the rules in the world won't work toward bringing back what has been lost. Estranged people, looking back over a lost love, trying to trace the cause of the beginning of the end, assume that it all began in a carelessly spoken word, a temper. But more often than that, they will find that it traces back to some unspoken silence, some hurt nursed in silence!

"Someone once said that 'Words spoken in anger are more dangerous than criminals, for they cannot be killed, but live forever in the consciousness of the one who hears them!' Naturally, that is an argument to suppress tempers and scenes, and I suppose for super-people it is very excellent advice. But few people in love *are* super-people! Most of us have our bad moments of temper, and disappointment, and hurt and wounded pride.

"It is so important to keep clear and untarnished the understanding between two people who love. It is sheer folly to be too stubborn or too proud to explain! A sharp word, or a temper, or a slammed door isn't too great a strain for love to bear. But the moody silence for such an act most certainly is!

"Dependency, a feeling of one-ness against the world, is one of the most precious gifts lovers can share. Once it is broken, once you put too many people, or too many things, or too many misunderstandings between two people, the lovely bond of their unity is destroyed forever. True lovers should never come to know that they can get along without one another!"

Suddenly she smiled and asked, "Does all this sound too *expert,* as though I were setting myself up as a conqueror of all the things other women shouldn't do? I don't feel that way!

"All these things I have suggested are not the things I have never done—but just the things I should like very much *not* to do!"

Norma Shearer, devoted wife and mother, knows what she's talking about when it comes to advice for those in love! Above, at the Cocoanut Grove with her equally noted husband, Irving Thalberg, young M-G-M producer.

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MRS. J. CLINTON SHEPHERD, WESTPORT, CONN., MOTHER OF EDWIN AND JOY SAYS, "THE RIGHT FOODS HELP THEM STAND OUT ABOVE THE CROWD. AND I KNOW SHREDDED WHEAT GIVES THEM VITAL FOOD ESSENTIALS." IT SUPPLIES A NATURAL BALANCE OF VITAMINS, CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND MINERAL SALTS.

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By

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the benefit of my experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence. Mary Pauline Callender

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

For Personal Daintiness

If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You!

In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1461, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Death on the Sound Track

(*Continued from page 43*)

The single word, "Walter!" came from the lips of the actress. Then she slumped across the table, her fingers clutching spasmodically at the edge of the white cloth. Table and lamp went over, the silver scattering. She fell with the table to the floor, quivered slightly, was still.

"Okay! Cut!" yelled Carlock.

The cameras stopped grinding.

"Save 'em, boys," called an assistant, and the lights went down. A faint flutter of applause from the rest of the cast for the star's work in the scene.

"That was swell, Rita," announced the director. "We'll superimpose that over—"

He stopped short, staring. The girl was still on the floor.

Sensing something had gone wrong, Dan Creighton began edging toward the stage. The words of the girl as they came to him over the telephone a half hour before, flashed through his mind. "Dan, I'm afraid," she had said. Instinctively he began tying things together. Did this have anything to do with her fear? Suppose she—

"She's fainted! Pick her up, somebody!" bellowed Carlock, his putteed legs whirring down the ladder of the camera stand.

Dressers, actors, actresses, stage hands crowded forward.

Stirred out of his self-satisfied lethargy, Draper Hayden started for the girl, but Dan Creighton was ahead of him.

"Stand back, you people," he snapped, as he dropped on one knee beside the girl. "She's all right."

But subconsciously Dan Creighton knew she wasn't all right. No use reproaching himself now for not stopping the scene until he could talk with her. If anything had happened he had stood there and watched it occur. Stood there like a hick cop and—

Carlock was beside him now, shoving others aside.

"Bring a glass of water," he ordered, sharply. "And stand back. Give her air. Somebody telephone the administration building for the doctor."

Then he leaned closer to Creighton.

"Anything wrong, Dan? She's not the fainting kind."

Creighton shook his head.

"Better not touch her," he said slowly, "I'm afraid that—"

Something in Creighton's expression halted the flow of words that boiled to the director's lips.

The crowd was edging in, despite his orders for them to stay back.

At a telephone on the brick wall of the stage, somebody was telephoning for the studio doctor. The words could be heard plainly above the awesome hush that had spread over the crowd.

Creighton came erect, small, diminutive amongst those who crowded around him, yet standing out alone in the assemblage by virtue of his own dynamic personality.

"Folks," he said, loudly. "Please don't crowd in so close. There's been an accident. Stand back, please."

They moved back obediently, puzzled expressions on the faces of those in front. An indefinable sense of disaster to hold them spellbound.

"Better get these people off the set, Carlock," he said, under his voice to the director. "Their being here isn't going to help things right now."

"Now, wait a minute, Dan—" began Carlock, then stopped as he saw the expression on the other man's face.

"Lock the doors, Bert," cut in the investigator. "Don't let anybody leave the stage until the police get here."

Carlock's eyes widened.

From the rear someone called, "The doctor is on his way."

Carlock, sensing what was coming, wet his lips nervously.

"Police," he reiterated, haltingly. "You mean she—"

"The doctor can't do her any good, Carlock," said Dan Creighton evenly. "The girl is dead!"

JOE MALARKEY, head of Hollywood homicide, was everything that Dan Creighton was not. A thick-necked, heavy-set flatfoot who had fought his way up to detective grade through sheer bulldog tenacity and stubborn refusal to admit defeat, he was the old style copper—but he got results.

Ten minutes after Dan Creighton had given the order to lock the doors of Stage 9 and keep everyone on the set, Joe Malarkey was banging on the fire-doors with the side of a ham-like fist, demanding of all and sundry that they open in the name of the law.

When he gained the floor of the stage he barged across the place like an angry bull. His eye fell first on Dan Creighton.

"Danny, me boy," he growled, with an effort at joviality that was as false as the springy step of his broken-arched feet, "I'm glad to see yuh on the job. By now I suppose you'll be tellin' me why they telephoned homicide division instead of the coroner's office. Or did you bump the dame yourself? Or maybe it's heart failure?"

"Be your age, flatfoot," cracked Creighton under his breath with a smile that was no more sincere than that of Malarkey. "In the first place I didn't phone you. What could I want of you? In the second place you get in my hair and in the third place if you're going to put on an act let's go over here where all the rest of the gang can hear it."

Malarkey's response was an inarticulate growl.

"In your hair, is it?" he snapped. "Every time anything happens in this burg, the corpse sends you a personal invitation so you can be there when the stunt comes off. An' bein' as you *were* here, what *did* happen?"

Despite the artless guile behind the suggestion, Dan Creighton wasn't fooled. There was challenge as well as animosity in Malarkey's tone. The detective had crossed wits before with this apparent dilettante, and come out second best. When Creighton resigned from the district attorney's staff, it was rumored he had "gone into pictures." Few suspected what his connection with the colony was; Joe Malarkey was one of them.

They were alone inside the camera lines

on the center of the set, the others having been shoved back to the edges. The body of Rita Reynolds was still huddled over the table as it had fallen. Creighton waved a slowly eloquent hand in that direction.

"There's the question, smart guy," he said to Malarkey. "You know all the answers, don't you? Crack wise on that one."

Malarkey snorted.

"In the middle of her act, the guy that telephones says she flops over, dead. So, what else but heart failure? She wasn't bumped off in front of a dozen people and two cameras, was she?"

The crack was a feeler, nothing more. Malarkey wanted to know what Creighton knew. But Creighton wasn't countering just then. The thought that flashed through his mind was: How had the man who telephoned known that the girl was dead? He thought he had been the first to discover that fact.

Creighton's lip curled. He knew what Malarkey was after as well as Malarkey did.

"Maybe it's a press agent gag," he clipped. "Why don't you ask her? Here come the medical examiner and the boys from the coroner's office. Maybe he'll give you an idea. You need one."

But the doctor failed to produce the idea Creighton had suggested that Malarkey needed. He stood up after a cursory examination.

"Doesn't look like heart failure," he announced, "although there is no way of telling certainly without a posting. Pupils dilated somewhat—might indicate poison of some sort. Again we would have to put her on the table to tell. I'll have a report for you in three hours. Call me."

He nodded to the men from the morgue, the body was placed in a wicker basket and taken from the stage.

THE removal of the body seemed to lessen the restraint which had held the members of the cast to a tense, hushed silence. They were chattering noisily on all sides now.

"Let's have less jabbering," ordered Detective Malarkey. "Ben," he added to the man at his elbow, "get the name and address of everybody here. The coroner will be wanting them. Line up there, you people," he continued, taking two of the spectators by the arms and shoving them into a semblance of a line, "one at a time and we'll get through. Who was the last person close to Miss Reynolds?"

"I—I gues I was," answered Marian LaCourt, stepping forward, a silk shawl thrown around her shoulders, her bare legs sticking out from beneath the long fringe and making an incongruous ensemble. "I was looking right at her as I danced by. That couldn't have been over a minute before—"

"See anything unusual?" cut in Malarkey. "Anything that might make you think everything wasn't all right?"

The girl shook her head.

"She looked right straight at me," was the reply. "Naturally, with her face on an angle to the camera she did not change her expression, but her eyes followed me. I didn't notice anything wrong with her."

"That's all," growled the detective. "The coroner will notify you when to appear at the inquest."

The girl turned aside, seemed about to faint.

An old man with gray hair, a prominent nose, and eyes that held the shadows of a beaten life, stepped out of the crowd, put his arm around her shoulder and led her aside. He wore the overalls of a studio employee, yet his manner was that of one who had the right to do what he was doing.

"Wait a minute," snapped Malarkey. "Who are you, mister?"

The old man turned, his eyes narrowed, his arm tightened around the girl in a defensive gesture.

"She didn't have nothing to do with it,' he stammered, slowly. "For why you ask her question? Can't you see she—"

"I'm asking you, right now," returned Malarkey, his chin settling. "What's your name?"

The old man turned a wavering, puzzled glance toward the director.

I'LL tell you," cut in Carlock. "His name is Herman Petrovski. The girl is his daughter. Herman has been working in the staff department of the studio for years. I gave the girl her first part in a picture three years ago. The old man is all right."

"Yeah?" countered Malarkey, turning toward the director. "What's the staff department?"

"They make stuff out of plaster of

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Paris; ornaments, friezes, breakaways—bottles that comics use when they break them over the other fellow's head—you know."

Malarkey grunted. "Yeah, I know," he said, turning to Hayden, the leading man.

Hayden was plainly nervous. Without being asked, he said:

"I was standing near the cameras. I wasn't watching her at all—didn't see a thing"

Creighton leaned over and whispered to Carlock, "He wouldn't. No interest. He wasn't in the scene, the swell-head."

Carlock looked up quickly.

"He should have been interested," he said. "He's been running around with her for a month."

Creighton's brows went up. He stepped closer to Malarkey.

"Let me ask him a question, Joe?" he suggested, in a low tone.

Malarkey turned, a pair of ham-like hands on his hips.

"I'm asking the questions," he cut back, sharply. Then, "What do you want to know. I thought you had all the answers?"

Ignoring the sally Creighton asked, "What were your plans for this evening, Hayden?"

DRAPER HAYDEN was plainly annoyed. "Really," he protested. "I don't think that my private affairs have any part in this investigation."

"You answer the questions," blurted Malarkey, apparently forgetting that it was Creighton's idea he was pressing, "or else you won't have any private plans for a few days."

"Well," stammered the leading man, "Miss Reynolds and I had a dinner engagement."

"So-o-o?" was Malarkey's comment, in a tone that might have meant anything, or nothing.

Malarkey dismissed Hayden without another glance. But Dan Creighton was not fooled. He knew that if Malarkey suspected everything wasn't on the up and up, Hayden would have a tail on him the minute he left the studio.

Quickly Malarkey disposed of the others. Most of them had seen nothing. An electrician, who had been operating the baby spot that followed the LaCourt girl across the floor, said that he had been watching Rita Reynolds closely, but had seen nothing out of the ordinary.

"You can all go, as far as I'm concerned," said the homicide squad man. "Unless Carlock wants you."

"Heavens, no!" said the director. "What can we do now? We have no star, the story will have to be recast. I'm sorry, people," he said, raising his voice, "you're dismissed, finally, as far as this picture is concerned."

The members of the company filed out, singly and in pairs.

"You see, Danny, my boy," said Malarkey as he folded up the note book his assistant handed him. "There's nothin' to it. The coroner's report will say 'heart failure' and that's that."

His keen eyes were watching Dan Creighton's face for the slightest sign that might indicate the other had a variant idea. But Creighton had fenced with Malarkey too long. What he thought remained hidden behind a mask of placidity.

"Maybe you're right, Joe," he replied.

"I'm sure I'm right," countered the detective, in a tone which indicated, despite his effort to cover it up, that he wasn't so sure at all.

"I'll be givin' you a ride back to town, Danny?" he suggested. "It'll be a pleasure, even if it is unofficial."

"The only kind of ride you'd like to give me," answered Dan Creighton, a wealth of meaning hidden under a bantering tone, "would be purely official. I'll be seein' you around, Joe. Keep an eye on your badge and gun.'

Malarkey scowled and went out.

Carlock turned sharply toward Creighton. With the departure of Malarkey and his men, they were alone on the stage except for a couple of property men who were undressing the set, removing the silverware and tablecloths.

"Hey, wait a minute, you fellows," said Creighton, cutting short the remark the director was about to make. "Don't strike the set. Leave everything just as it is, please." He turned back to Carlock. "All right, Bert?"

"Let it stand, boys," ordered the director, and the men moved off leaving the director and investigator alone.

"I know what you were going to say, Bert," said Creighton. "You're right. Malarkey hates my guts, officially at least. Personally I'm not so sure."

"You think Rita Reynolds died from some cause which might have been set into action by another person, don't you, Dan?" asked Carlock.

Creighton nodded. "So does Malarkey," he said.

"But Malarkey didn't say so," countered the director.

"You don't know Malarkey, Bert," retorted Creighton. "That's what makes me think Malarkey has a hunch. It was part of my job to protect that girl, Carlock. I fell down on it—hard. But if she was murdered, and I think she was, the best thing I can do for her now is to see that the killing isn't covered up."

"But who would want to murder her?" asked the director. "She didn't have an enemy in the world."

"Answer that one yourself," came back Creighton. "No beautiful girl ever lived who didn't have enemies, openly or under cover."

"IT'LL be a tough blow to the studio," was the director's next statement.

"It'll be a tougher one if it isn't cleared up," replied Creighton. "Joe Malarkey doesn't care how much adverse publicity you get. He doesn't believe the girl died of heart failure any more than I do. We've got to find out who killed her, and why, before he does. He isn't wasting any love on me, but, if I can find out before *he* does how and why the girl was murdered, he'll let it go at heart failure rather than be shown up again. Do you get the idea?"

Carlock nodded.

"The studio will do everything possible to cooperate," he said quickly.

"Good. Then here's what I want done. Get everybody off of Stage 9, lock it up, and give me the key. Let nobody touch anything. Have the rushes developed immediately. I want to look at that film. We can slow it down and see exactly what

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happened as she fell over. Somehow, Bert, I believe that fall had something to do with her death."

"Right away," agreed the director. "You can look at them right after dinner. Come to Projection Room 4 at eight o'clock. I'll have them ready for you then."

At half-past six Dan Creighton was at the coroner's office in the County Building.

Doctor Heinrich, the autopsy surgeon, tapped silently with the rubber tip of a pencil on the top of his desk.

"I'm not prepared to say definitely, Mr. Creighton," he said slowly. "There are indications that death might have resulted from cyanide, but the classical indications are lacking."

"Cyanide!" said the investigator, disbelievingly, "but doctor, cyanide acts instantly. Here was a girl the cynosure of a dozen pairs of eyes, every move being recorded by a motion picture camera, every move being watched by people who would have been quick to spot a false action of any kind. She *couldn't* have taken cyanide herself; it couldn't have been administered to her by somebody else—it's incredible. There must be some mistake."

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "There might be," he agreed. "You asked me what I found and I told you. After all, I'm a medical man, not a detective. If the girl was killed by the use of cyanide, that is a matter for the police to investigate. Actresses as a rule are unusual people. They sometimes do unusual things. This woman may have decided to depart this life in a bizarre and unusual way, doing the thing she loved to do best—performing before a camera."

CREIGHTON left the morgue with his brain whirling. He was reasonably sure the doctor was right. But who could have given the girl cyanide? How could she have taken it herself without being observed? How could it have been administered in such a way as to dodge detection? Those three questions, if answered, would solve the question of the death of Rita Reynolds.

He called a cab and started for Culver City and the studio. As the Yellow whirled out Second Street, through the tunnel and into Beverly Boulevard, he cudgeled his brain for some answer to the riddle.

There was feeling between Carlock and Rita Reynolds' leading man, Hayden, on Carlock's side at least. Why? Carlock had been friendly with the girl for a couple of years in a detached, impersonal way, so far as Creighton knew. They had been seen at various places of amusement together; at the cafes, at the Santa Anita races. There was nothing unusual in that except that in Hollywood two appearances with a man gives rise to arched eye-brows, three indicates an engagement. Then, suddenly, Rita Reynolds had begun to go about with her leading man, Draper Hayden. Nothing unusual in that, either. Both were single, both were popular. Neither Hayden nor Carlock could have had any active part in the girl's death. Hayden wasn't even on the scene, Carlock was behind his cameras. No one else had had any opportunity.

Mentally he went down the list of possibilities. The dancer, Marian LaCourt? Obviously the girl was frightened, but that was natural. Her father, an old man. Old

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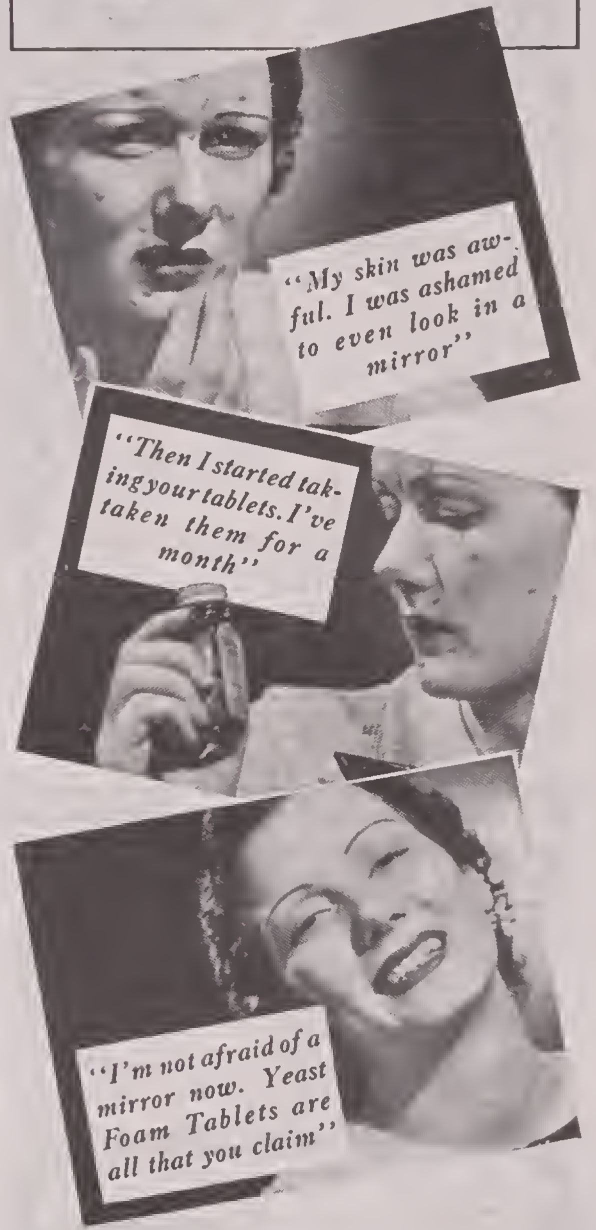
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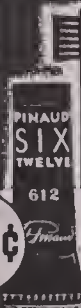

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THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS

men didn't usually think in terms of murder. Carlock himself? Why? Jealousy between Carlock and Hayden? Creighton shook his head. It didn't add up. Carlock had been a director for years. As far as Creighton knew, and they were both his clients, the director's interest in the girl had been merely the manifestation of a studio friendship, nothing more. Carlock had a divorced wife, two kids in school. Nope! He'd have to go further, he thought. But if the girl had been murdered, how had it been accomplished?

The Yellow swung under a bridge of the beach line, cut across to the boulevard and dropped Creighton at the studio. He had ridden downtown with one of the studio men; his own yellow roadster was still parked outside the studio.

The man at the gate nodded to him as he went in. Most of the actors and actresses had left for the day or were leaving. Members of the technical staff were hurrying around the lot. In the big laboratories, lights blazed as technicians labored to get the day's rushes ready for the projection rooms. Over on directors' row, there were lights in many of the cottages.

HE stopped in front of Carlock's bungalow. The door was ajar and he went in.

In one corner of the room stood a late model radio. Carlock was fussing with the dials. He turned when he heard the other enter.

"New gadget," he said, half apologetically. "All wave set. Just heard 2LO, London, a few minutes ago."

He stood up. It struck Creighton as queer that, with the death of his star a matter of only a few hours in the past, with an investigation pending as it was, Carlock would be interested in a radio.

But if the director sensed what was in the mind of the investigator he brushed it aside.

"I had the sound stage locked up, Dan," he announced, handing the other a key. "This is a special lock. Even the watchman can't open this one. What do you plan to do?"

"Take a look at that film as soon as it's ready," announced Creighton. "Then I'm going to take a look around that sound stage."

Carlock raised his eyebrows.

"You think you'll get on the track of anything there?" he queried with an odd expression, then immediately answered his own question by saying, "All right. I'll go with you."

"Oh, no, you won't," countered Creighton, good naturedly. "I'd rather do it alone, in my own way."

Carlock looked disappointed.

"How about that film?" insisted Creighton.

Carlock picked up the telephone, dialed a number, asked a question.

"Ready now," he said, turning to Creighton. "Let's go; Projection Room 4, that's over on B Street. Come on."

Ten minutes later, when they were seated in two deeply cushioned chairs, alone in the projection room save for the operator, Carlock said, "This is going to be creepy, Dan, watching that girl die."

In the darkness Creighton could not see the director's face. Carlock, before being a director, had been an actor. There was nothing in his voice to which the investigator could attach any significance, if there was any in the remark.

Carlock touched a button, a buzzer rang in the booth and the film started.

Unfolding on the screen before his eyes Creighton saw the action he had once before that day witnessed. The dancer, Marian LaCourt, fluttered through the scene, Rita Reynolds uttered the one dramatic word, "Walter!" and slumped over the table. The end of the film flapped through the projection machine, and the screen was blank.

"Well?" asked Carlock, huskily.

"Run it through again," ordered Creighton, sharply.

There was something wrong about that film, he told himself. What it was he didn't know. He wanted to watch it again.

"Run it slower this time, will you, Bud?" he called up to the projectionist.

"Slow as I can," was the answer. "You know I can't stop it entirely; it'll burn."

Again Creighton watched the scene, and again he had that same feeling that something was missing from the picture—what, he couldn't tell.

Finally, after viewing it the third time, he stood up and Carlock snapped on the lights.

"It's sort of uncanny, Dan," said Carlock huskily, "sitting here and watching that girl go to her death. There it is in black and white on the screen and yet we can't do anything about it."

Creighton nodded.

"It's more than that," he agreed. "It's ghastly—ghastly because I'm satisfied the answer to the riddle is right there on that celluloid, and I can't guess what it is."

Outside, in the studio street, a cold wind was sweeping in from the ocean.

"Sure you don't want me to come with you?" asked the director.

Creighton shook his head. "No," he replied, "but there is something you can do. Issue a nine o'clock call for everybody who was on that set this afternoon. The coroner's inquest won't be called until day after tomorrow. That gives me twenty-four hours."

Carlock looked at him quizzically, nodded his head and said, "Right. They'll be there. You're not figuring on spending the night on that stage are you?" the last, half jokingly.

Creighton disavowed any such intention.

A FEW minutes later he unlocked the padlock that was on the door of the soundstage, stepped inside, and with his flashlight located the switch that controlled the ordinary house lights. The place was deserted, eerie now. As per instructions the set had not been struck and the cafe tables with their white tablecloths loomed spookily in the dim light from the one working lamp Creighton had lighted. Just off the set was the portable dressing room occupied by the star.

Dan wondered if there might be anything in that dressing room that would throw any light on the matter, anything that would give the slightest hint. He tried the door and found it unlocked. A long cord ran to a plug on an electric terminal box fifty feet away. He snapped on the lights, sat down before the star's dressing table. Without touching anything

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he looked it over carefully. Powders, cosmetics, make-up, perfumes, a tiny lace handkerchief just as she had dropped it when she had been called to the stage for the last time. But nothing to which he could attach the significance of a clue.

The huge sound stage was as still as a grave. Built to exclude all outside noises, it was now, devoid of all activity, so quiet that Creighton could hear the beating of his own heart. But he heard something else, too, something that caused him to come to a quick and nervous attention. Above his head he could hear the faint hum of electric current. He turned on his flash again and snapped off the lights of the dressing room. The humming stopped. When he turned them on again the humming was resumed.

USING the heavy blade of his pocket knife, he loosened the composition board panel that formed a section of the ceiling. If there was anything between that and the roof of the portable studio, he decided to find it. There was something—something that caused the investigator to purse his lips into a soundless whistle. It was a tiny, compact, perfectly built little radio transmitter, complete with a tiny microphone, the whole thing concealed carefully between the boards of the ceiling. Creighton was somewhat familiar with radio sets and he could tell that the little set was not intended for distance work. The tiny transmitting tube had a possible output of perhaps one watt, enough to carry sound for a mile or two. It was hooked up so that when the lights were turned on in the dressing room, the transmitter came alive.

"Somebody checking up on the lady," he muttered, thinking instantly of the receiving set in Carlock's office. "That set he had would pick this up easily enough," he went on to himself. "Supposing Carlock wanted to keep tab on Rita Reynolds when she wasn't working for him but was playing for some other director — simple enough."

But why? Was Carlock jealous?

He replaced the set and the panel that covered it, snapped out the light in the dressing room and went out on the stage.

For a minute he stood trying to recreate the scene as he had seen it that afternoon, and again as he had seen it in the projection room. Rita had been about there; the LaCourt girl passed by there; Rita had gone down over the table.

Some sixth sense warned Creighton that he was not alone on the set. He came to his feet quickly, his hand streaking for the gun under his left armpit. But he was a second slow. Something crashed on his head from behind, he plunged down to his knees. Another blow followed the first. Lights exploded in dazzling colors within Creighton's brain, died out as quickly as they had appeared, and he seemed to be falling—falling into an abysmal darkness.

Who is Dan Creighton's unknown assailant? Events move rapidly and unexpectedly in this ultra-modern detective story of the motion picture studios. There's more tragedy, more suspense—and more murders—to come, so don't miss the next instalment of "Death on the Sound Track" in the October MOVIE MIRROR, *which goes on sale August 26th.*

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HEAD ACHE
I HOPE MY PICNIC-LUNCH WONT TIE YOUR STOMACH IN A KNOT
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Movie Mirror Junior

(Continued from page 6)

bleating for me to hurry home to play with them.

One morning a policeman came to the door and told us that Brownie and Kid would have to be taken away, as the neighbors had complained about their bleating. So there was nothing we could do but send them out to a ranch in Tujunga, and now every Sunday Mother and I drive out there and I spend the day romping with them.

My sister Verena is calling now so I must really close. Goodbye and with love to you all.

Sincerely,
VIRGINIA WEIDLER.

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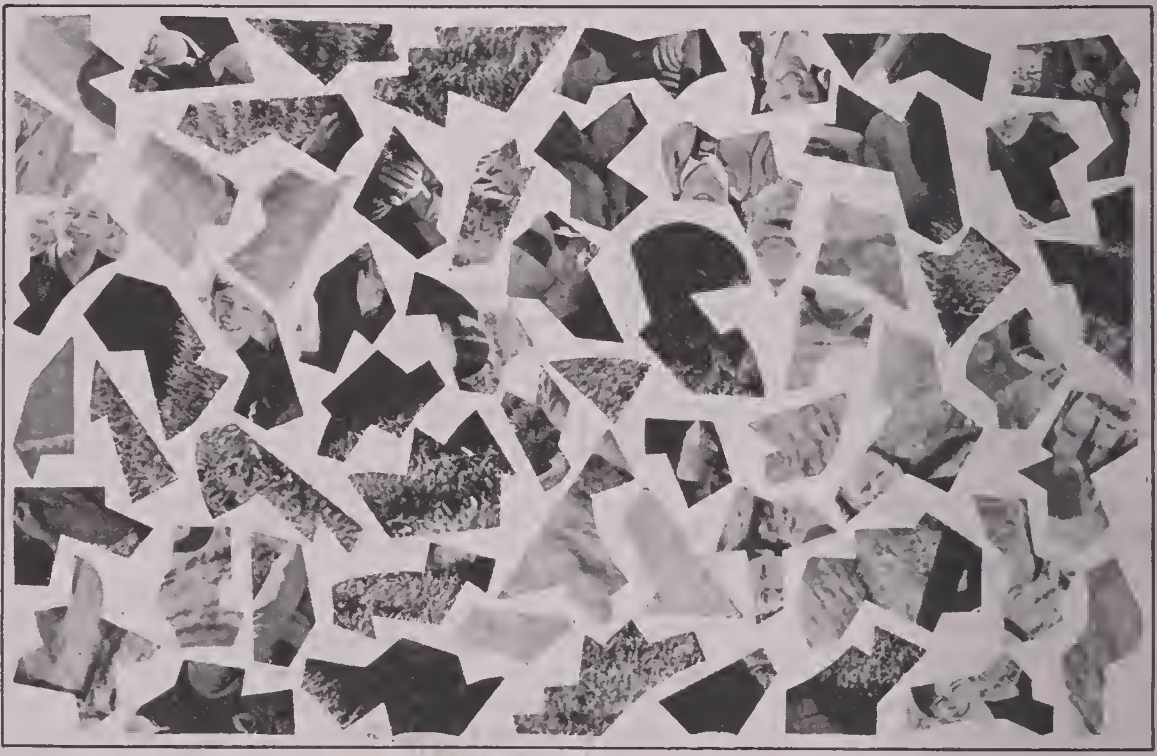
For the best letter, of 250 words or less, about Virginia, accompanied by the neatest, most nearly correct cut-out puzzle, a prize of $10 will be given. For the second best letter, a prize of $5 will be given. For the next 10 best letters, an autograph photograph of Virginia Weidler will be given. Letters will be judged upon the basis of clarity and interest. In the event of ties, the full amount of the award tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.

Get busy, Movie Juniors, and win one of these grand prizes. All letters should be addressed to

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR
7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., and be mailed before September 5, 1936.



Last Minute News

Since the parents of Freddie Bartholomew had success in their court battle, Hollywood seems doomed to more of the same. After allowing Edith Fellows' grandmother to bring her up and support her by taking in washing, her parents are now coming forth to claim the child's custody and earnings. The trial should start in ten days.

Warner Brothers studio is not yet through with star fights. The latest seems to be Bette Davis, who is hiding out and refusing to report for work.

The Hollywood producer, Walter Wanger, has signed a contract to produce a picture in association with the Italian government. A studio is to be built on the outskirts of Rome. The deal, involving the borrowing of many famous Hollywood personalities, was sealed after Wanger's conference with Mussolini.

Harpo Marx has been invited by famous conductor to play harp with Philharmonic orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl. The comic may accept if picture production permits. Since his harping is all done by ear, Harpo will listen to the rehearsals several times before actually playing.

The very day the Pickford-Lasky Company paid out $600 for the winning trade mark for pictures, the company was dissolved, with Lasky left to carry on production alone. Mary plans a trip to Europe as executive of United Artists.

Both Katie Hepburn and Freddie March demanded contract right of top billing for "Mary of Scotland." Watch the film for the studio's clever compromise.

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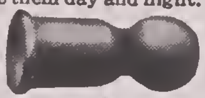

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Beauty for the Smaller Girl

(*Continued from page* 21)

warm water with a bit of this fragrant, soft oatmeal powder in the palm of your hand, apply it to your face with your fingertips, and leave it on for two minutes. Then rinse it off with clear water and you'll be surprised at the whiteness and smoothness of your complexion. It's a refreshing treatment, too, and makes you feel rested after a hot, tired day.

Does your make-up go on smoothly and look like a million dollars because your skin is in the pink of condition, are you using the cosmetics suited to you, and do you know how to use them?

Are you always perfectly groomed, and dainty and sweet? If you watch all these things, you won't have time or energy to brood over not being tall, and you'll be so darned attractive that nobody else will think about it either.

Striving to bring out, to express your own natural charm is such a fascinating business! I get almost as thrilled over the results some of my girls have achieved, as they do themselves. Sometimes it's startling what just a month of complexion care, or a new powder, or a course of the right exercises can do.

SO what about you? I'm certainly not going to suggest that you try to be "another" Gloria Swanson or Janet Gaynor. No, I want you to be your very own self, but to be such an exquisitely lovely Mary or Jane that people wishing to compliment you will mean it when they say, "Good things come in small packages."

Clothes are of prime importance in making of your "difference" an asset and not a liability. It is unwise for you to go in for bold, big patterns, and especially you should avoid big checks and stripes of any kind that go around instead of up and down. Don't cut yourself in half with a wide belt, and certainly never with one of a contrasting color. Avoid too heavy shoulder arrangements, big collars, that kind of thing. Then, too, suit the width of your hat to your size. You can wear smart little turbans and these current "crazy hats" particularly well.

Pleated skirts give you height, and so will a V neckline rather than a high one. And here's a trick which I am told Mary Pickford uses. If you design your own clothes, see that the buttons and the belts, bows and cuffs, the accessories are all just a little smaller! You may be surprised what a difference this can make in the ensemble—a completely unobvious touch, but one that makes the dress more really yours.

Manufacturers of clothes, girdles and stockings are much kinder to the little girl nowadays. Ask the saleslady for "half-sizes" in dresses and coats. These are geared to the shorter women. And you can get perfectly fitting foundation garments, and stockings that are not so long in the leg. Years ago, a little friend of mine used to say the only things she didn't have to have made to order, to get them small enough to fit her, were her handkerchiefs! But that isn't true now, so shop around for the new things!

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10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

Picture Frame-Up

(*Continued from page 65*)

Hazel F. Hartley—or did you adopt it for the purpose you seem to have accomplished so cleverly?"

"That is my name. May I ask who you are?"

"You may—and you'll soon find out! Who is this other girl mentioned in your letter?"

"She had nothing to do with this. I, alone, evolved the idea and carried it out."

"I see. Well, what have you to say for yourself? Is there any reason why I shouldn't have you arrested?"

"Oh, please!" she breathed. "You wouldn't do that!"

"Wouldn't I?" he asked, grimly. "Do you think you can go around using my name—"

"*Your* name?" She was nonplussed.

"Yes, my name! I am H. F. Howe."

"But the newspapers said you were in Europe—Vienna."

He grinned, sourly. "I let 'em think so. I wanted a rest and a chance to inspect this Mammoth investment without a lot of publicity. I suppose you counted on my being in Europe. And now, young lady, suppose you tell me why you used my name and just what your game is."

She turned to him with tragic eyes.

"Did you—does Mr. Hostinger know?"

"No, he doesn't, yet. When I talked to him he congratulated me on sending you here. I thought I'd investigate before I acted. I'm still waiting to hear."

"I'll try to tell you, Mr. Howe, and I hope you'll understand." A rush of words came to her lips. She poured out the story of her hopes, her ambitions; the sudden inspiration to take advantage of what looked like an opportunity.

"I see," Howe said when she had finished. "But how do I know you're not some sort of female crook, wedging an entrance amongst these movie people?"

HER face burned suddenly with a hot, painful wrath. "I am not!" she clipped, abruptly. "My father was Rathborne Hartley. He was in Wall Street. You have heard of him. Had he lived—"

Howe raised his eyebrows. "Rathborne Hartley? I suppose I could soon find out. Meanwhile, you use my name—"

"Please, Mr. Howe!" she begged. "I'm really making good. They will tell you so at the studio. Won't you let me keep on and make a place for myself?"

"Humpf!" he said, and played absently with a paper knife. "So, you want a chance, eh? You certainly managed to create one for yourself! Enterprising little devil, aren't you? And you want to continue in the picture you're in?"

"More than anything in the world."

"Huh! Want me to carry the bluff right on with you, I suppose, and act as if I was a very close friend of yours, eh?"

"I didn't mean that. I don't mean to presume."

"Presume—fiddlesticks! Don't talk like a fool!" He chuckled suddenly. "'The Girl Who Knows Howe,'" he said. "I'll say you do! I've heard what they call you. Hostinger thought it was a joke. Maybe it is—on me! Look here—suppose I say nothing and let you go right on, finish your picture and establish yourself. What then?"

"I'd be so grateful to you, Mr. Howe, all my life—"

"Grateful!" he interrupted impatiently. He considered her again, minutely, keenly. A silence fell in the room.

Hazel was gradually recovering her poise; ordered thought was taking the place of the first blind panic. After all, she knew she had done nothing criminal.

"Well," said Howe finally, "we'll let matters stand where they are for the time being. I'll make up my mind what to do about you after I think it over. Mind you, I'm making no promises! I want to find out what kind of girl you are—what you are up to.'

"Mr. Howe! If you'll only let me finish this picture! I'll work like a demon to be a credit to Mammoth and to you."

DURING the ride home, her mind was busy with a thousand conjectures, but one thought dominated: one word from the extremely important Mr. Howe would tumble her dreams about her like a house of cards.

Madge and Bill were home when she arrived, and the keen-eyed Madge immediately saw that something was amiss.

"What's up?" she demanded.

"There *is* no Santa Claus," said Hazel. "Sit down and listen to this!"

She told them the entire story.

Later that night, after they had talked it over from every angle, Madge motioned Hazel aside.

"Was Warner here?" demanded Hazel.

"Yes. Said he had a date with you."

"He did—but I had to go to see Howe."

"I told him something important must have turned up. But you can explain to him later. This is more important now. And you haven't told me all, Hazel. What's Howe like—an old party with young ideas?"

"I don't know, Madge. Nothing was said about paying off the mortgage; still, he seems to want to keep me dangling until he makes up his mind."

"Huh!" said Madge. "I have a feeling! Well, darling, keep him dangling until the picture's finished. It only means another week or so. After that—"

"After that," said Hazel, tensely. "If I can only get that far!"

She didn't sleep much that night, but, the next day, at the studio, she worked with a fevered intensity, a high pitch that brought compliments from Von.

Warner Hilton strolled over when the work was finished for the day and said, "I happen to be going your way—accidentally, no doubt. Can I drop you off at your place?"

She welcomed the opportunity. In the resplendent roadster, Warner drove in silence for a long minute, then:

"What happened last night? You gave me the gate."

"No, Warner! I'm sorry—I apologize. It was something unexpected that couldn't wait. I can't explain now, but you will probably know about it all, soon."

"Okay, my beauty, but don't let it happen again. Skip it. There is always tomorrow and tomorrow, or is there?' He frowned suddenly, and, "I see old man Howe is in town," he said. "Old man Croesus himself. I suppose now I'll never be able to see you, with that guy in town."

"Why not?" she asked, sharply.

"Why I understand he rates number one with you—at least," he amended, as he saw the expression of her face, "that's what I've read. Have you seen your publicity?"

She turned to look at him, startled.

"You mean—Patricia Lawson?"

He nodded, fished in his pocket and handed her a newspaper clipping.

Patricia Lawson was one of those newspaper columnists whose business it was to listen to the whispers that flow to and fro in Hollywood, magnify them into vicious innuendo and purvey them to the morbidly curious. Hazel read the clipping:

"'Hearts Aflame' in real life as well as in reel life. A certain young feminine Lochinvar, who came out of the East, and was catapulted into the leading role of an important picture by her wealthy sponsor, is said to be due for a coating of stardust. Now that an important banker has suddenly appeared in our midst, forsaking all profits, we look to see the flowering of a romance between December and May."

"It's a lie!" whispered Hazel, white-lipped. "Mr. Howe is simply sponsoring me, giving me an opportunity." She paused. Anything she might say would be a lie. The situation was becoming impossible. So this was the interpretation that was placed upon her supposed friendship with Howe! Warner was talking:

"Sorry. The subject is now officially dropped. I should have known certain things automatically, by simply looking at you, but I'm dumb, Hazel, and jealous. So what are you doing tonight?"

"Going with you, of course!" She flashed him a smile, and her heart drummed at the sudden lighting of his eyes. "Where are we going?'

"What a gal!" he said, delighted. "How did you know that I was just dying to be alone with you?" He swung the car around a corner, stopped in some shadows and bent his head to her.

"May I?' he murmured.

"Do you want to—very much?"

VERY much," he said, and his lips swiftly brushed hers for a bewildering moment. She turned her head abruptly.

'Please!" she breathed. "Warner! We're on a public street. Take me home."

"I will. But, tonight, when I call for you, young lady, shall we take a ride in the foothills?"

"We'll see," she replied, hurriedly. "But just now—'Ay tank Ay go home!'"

Warner Hilton grinned, flashing his white teeth. "Brat!" he said. He knew just when not to stress an advantage. He turned to the wheel and drove Hazel to her door, sprang out and opened the car door for her, stood, hat in hand, like a knight of older centuries at attention before his liege lady.

"At eight?" he suggested. "And don't disappoint me, please."

Madge was perturbed. Her vividly expressive features were alive with unspoken surprises when Hazel entered the house.

"Hazel," she gasped, "old man Howe

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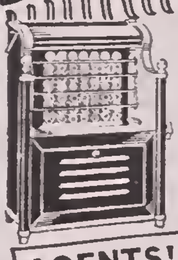

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In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

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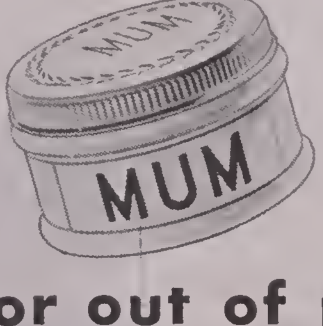

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

has called you twice. Said you were to call him at once."

"I wonder what he wants. I thought he'd let me go on and finish this picture—unless he's changed his mind—" She looked up, her eyes wide with fear.

When Hazel got her connection, she said, with a meaning look at Madge, who sat listening:

"Mr. Howe? How do you do! This is Hazel Hartley."

"Oh, yes!" boomed the deep voice. "Just get home? Well! How did the work go today?"

"Very well, Mr. Howe. The picture, according to Mr. Von Pachman, should be big box office. That ought to please you."

"Very glad to hear it. I wish you'd run over here tonight. Something important we have to discuss."

"But, Mr. Howe," Hazel protested, "I have an appointment for tonight—"

"Well! I think this is much more important to you than a date."

For a breathless second Hazel didn't answer, then she said, quietly, "What time would be convenient?"

"Shall we say eight o'clock?"

"I'll come," she promised.

HOWE sat at his library desk and eyed Hazel curiously.

"You don't photograph as well as you look," he said, abruptly.

"How do you know?" she asked, calmly.

His eyes smiled faintly. He appraised the dainty, defiant little figure, calm and level-eyed; but he had not been a banker for thirty years and met all kinds and conditions of men not to sense the lava flames that stirred in her immediately below the surface. A slight grin etched his wide mouth.

"I saw most of 'Hearts Aflame' today in the projection room," he said. "They spent far too much money on it."

"It will make money, Mr. Howe. That's Von's opinion."

"With an unknown playing the lead?"

She raised her head a trifle. The tiny teeth set a bit firmer. "That's still Von's opinion."

"Of course," went on Howe, "they thought they were doing me a favor, giving a friend of mine an opportunity."

"Warner Hilton, Von's direction and the story are all that will be necessary to carry the picture across, Mr. Howe."

He chuckled. "What are we going to do about you?" he asked.

"It's your move, Mr. Howe. I've made mine."

"Yes," he said, dryly, "so it would seem. I'm just wondering which way to move."

"Suppose," she said, calmly, "we look this thing in the face? Here we are at the end of a good picture. Von tells me that nearly a half million dollars has gone into it. Von is your best director at Mammoth; Warner Hilton your greatest star. The picture is bound to go over according to all the studio experts. I'm the only stumbling block, of course, but I've been told that I'll go over, too."

"Go on," he said.

She shrugged, nonchalantly, but her lips were tense. "All right, Mr. Howe. If anything happens to me now—if I can't finish the picture—Mammoth loses half a million dollars. That's your loss. The picture isn't worth anything uncompleted, and they can't put a double in for me because everybody in America is reading 'Flaming Hearts' in the novel and knows what to expect in the picture. If the picture doesn't follow the novel the way the author wrote it, it will be a flop, and I still have the two biggest scenes to make. If you change the ending scenes, you kill the picture; if you don't, I have to finish it."

He nodded. "That makes sense," he said. "Go on."

THERE isn't much more. If the picture is stopped now, Mammoth loses half a million dollars and has to make the picture all over again, because it has been advertised and the public expects it; and by the time you can remake it, the novel's selling vogue will have died down. It's poor business, simply because *you* don't want to let *me* finish it."

"Good little business man, aren't you? You put up a good scrap!"

"I'm fighting for everything I've ever wanted, Mr. Howe. It means the difference between realizing a dream, and failure; and that's so unfair, too, after I've proved my right to stay. I can make money for Mammoth—everybody on the lot says so. If I go now, you lose not only the cost of this film, but the almost certain profits on others I might make. Either you indulge your personal spleen by exposing me and losing a half million dollars for your stockholders, or I stay and finish, and we both gain."

"Where did you learn all that?" he asked. "You look too ornamental to be equipped with any brains."

"Don't forget that my father was on the board of many large corporations; he used to talk about them at home."

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot." He frowned, thoughtfully, tapping the desk with his fingers. "Your father, you say, was Rathborne Hartley?"

"Yes, he was."

"In that case, you would know your mother's maiden name, no doubt?"

"Naturally, Mr. Howe. It was Natalie Bowen."

"Yes, of course. And did your father ever hold any diplomatic office?"

She stared. "Yes, he did. When I was very young, he was attached to the embassy in Argentina."

He nodded. "I just wanted to see if you knew. I sent a wire East to check up. Wanted to see if you were telling me the truth.."

"I am," she said coolly.

"Well," he said gruffly, "I've decided to let you finish the picture. It seems to be very good, and I'm told that you have helped to make it so. I'm not much of a judge of these things, but I know what I like." His eyes twinkled suddenly. "I have here a paper I want you to sign and then you can go on and finish 'Hearts Aflame'."

Her face was drained of blood by a sudden reaction. She could finish! It came like an unexpected clap of thunder. She could finish! But—

"A paper?" she echoed numbly. "What kind of a paper?"

"Why, er, simply a full confession of your little masquerade, stating that you wrote that letter and telegram yourself. Here—read it."

He handed her two legal looking documents, but the type blurred before her eyes. She fought desperately for self possession and focused her eyes finally on the swimming type. Then a blinding thrill traversed her. It was a contract, made out to her, and the salary stated made her gasp.

"Why—why—this is a contract! For five years!"

Howe sat grinning at her. "What do you suppose it is? Do you think I'm going to let you finish this picture without being sure you'll follow it up? What kind of business man do you think I am? Either you sign that, young lady, or you *don't* finish 'Hearts Aflame!' "

"You mean—you mean—"

"Just that! Hostinger is a fool! If someone turns out a first picture like this one, a contract should be signed immediately, before anyone else has a chance to see the preview and bid for your services." He grinned, delightedly, handing her a pen. "Hostinger said he was going to sign you next week. I'll do it tonight. Well?"

"I don't know what to say," she managed Tears brimmed to her eyes. "I thought—"

"Yes, I have a fairly good hunch what you thought! Better sign that now, my dear, and we'll get it over with."

SHE took the pen and signed the contracts, handled the pen undecidedly, and stood up, looking at the chuckling Howe.

"Should read a contract before you sign it," he said, gravely. "However, it's all right. The usual thing, morality clause and all. You can even get married if you want to." He peered at her shrewdly. "I didn't know your father, Miss Hartley, but I remember hearing a lot about him. He took big chances in the Street, but he played fair. I imagine you're a lot like him, and I'm sure he would be proud of you if he were living today."

"I think," she said, brokenly, her eyes misted, "that you're the nicest, the squarest, the finest—" her voice faltered.

He walked to the long French window and turned his back to her for a moment. She dabbed at her eyes and walked to his side. Her voice trembled when she said:

"Thanks, Mr. Howe. I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you, but—"

He stood looking down at her, the kindly blue eyes smiling with gentleness and tolerance; and something impelled her next action; possibly her utter loneliness of the past few years; the solicitude in the old eyes that looked at her so understandingly; but she tip-toed to her full height and kissed the startled Mr. Howe on the chin.

"That means," she whispered, "that I am more grateful than I can say."

"Humpf! Well, let's get down to a little business now that we both know where we stand."

She sat and talked with him for ten minutes, her heart lilting, then she left, determined to walk and recover her equilibrium. Her feet fairly danced over the pavement; she seemed to be floating in a haze; and she turned the corner and stepped directly into Warner's arms.

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His roadster stood at the curb and he guided her toward it.

"Get in!" he ordered, tersely.

"How did you get here?" she demanded.

"How?" he barked, savagely. "How do you think? Do you suppose you can make dates with me and break them one after the other?"

"How did you know I was here?"

"Madge told me. I made her." He swung the car away viciously from the curb and drove in silence. She stole a look at him, loving the clean, flat planes of his face, thrilling subconsciously to his tense, masterful masculinity. The car swept along swiftly. Warner turned into a quiet side street and snapped off the ignition. He turned to her.

"Now," he said, "what's the big idea?"

"What idea?" she countered.

"I was outside that house, waiting for you. If you hadn't come out as soon as you did, I was going in and rub Howe's nose on the floor. I saw you kiss that old pirate. Well? Say something! I know all the questions, but I'm shy a few answers on this one!"

THEN she laughed, a tremulous laugh that edged close to tears.

"Warner," she said, "he's such a dear old man—and it isn't what you think."

"Whatever it is, it's out," he stated definitely. "You know how I feel about you, Hazel. You're going to marry me."

She looked up at him, smiling, white, pertly provocative.

"When?" she asked.

"Tonight," he answered. "I heard about a J. P. in Altadena."

"You wouldn't rush a girl? What about my dear public?"

"I'm your public from now on. Look, Hazel, you do care, don't you?"

"Of course, but—"

"But me no buts, lady! If you care, that's enough."

"But, you don't know what happened tonight, Warner! I signed a five-year contract!"

"I know all about it! Hostinger told me. They're figuring on co-starring us and cleaning up on us as a team—*but*—my contract runs out next month and I won't renew unless you marry me tonight. Get that—*tonight!* Hostinger and Howe know it! I'll upset the whole Mammoth apple-cart and everything that goes with it unless—well—will you, or won't you?"

"But, Warner, you wouldn't do that!"

"Wouldn't I, lady? Either you say yes—or else! Von and those guys are going to tie you up with a thousand details and contracts and conferences, and me, too—I know!—but when we go home at night, it will be together, won't it?"

"Yes," she said.

Something poignant drummed in her heart; something, rich as music, poured like quicksilver through her veins. She pressed her cheek against his arm.

"I love you, Warner," she whispered.

A reciprocal, elemental magnetism drew them together irresistibly. He kissed her then, gravely, reverently. "We'll go right to that judge in Altadena," he said. "And if he can't do the job tonight, we'll catch a plane for Yuma."

"But, Warner, we're working on a picture. We have to be in the studio in the morning."

"The picture!" he snapped. "Don't *you* get like that! A few days won't kill them. We're more important to each other than any picture. They'll wait!"

She nestled down in a vast content as he drove swiftly, surely through the darkness. Twinkling lights flashed here and there on the hills.

"Whom do you love?" he demanded, all at once, as he drove.

"You!" she said, holding his right arm, her cheek snuggled against the rough fabric. "You and only you—always and always!"

HE said something under his breath; then, aloud: "That calls for a stop in a dark spot and refreshments, but I'm in a hurry just now, so we'll postpone it. I'll remember it, however." He was silent a moment, then he demanded: "And who is your favorite movie actor?"

"Mickey Mouse," she said.

He chuckled. "Mine, too!" he confessed. "There's Altadena up there, those lights twinkling up ahead, darling. Here's where you change names for the journey of life."

THE END

Learn About Yourself from Your Movie Tastes

(*Continued from page* 58)

Set Three

1. Are your opinions of New York society life guided by what you see in the movies? ———
2. Do you think that Carole Lombard is the best dressed woman in Hollywood? ———
3. Do you get a thrill out of love scenes in the movies? ———
4. Do you copy the stars' way of dressing, wearing their hair, etc., as nearly as your means will allow? ———
5. Do you like Clark Gable? ———

Final Score ———

(In the spaces put down an X for "Yes" or an O for "No." Whichever you have the most of put in the final score space.)

Now! Have you answered all those honestly? Sure? Okay. You can now read your character by your final symbols.

Suppose you have an "X" on the "Final Score" space of "Set One," an "O" on "Set Two" and another "O" on "Set Three." Then your symbol is "XOO." If you have an "O" (which means more "Noes" than "Yeses") in the "Final Score" space of "Set One," an "X" in the "Final Score" space of "Set Two" and an "X" in the "Final Score" space of "Set Three," then your symbol is "OXX." If you have an "O" in all final score spaces then your symbol is "OOO." If you have an "O" for "Set One," an "X" for "Set Two," and an "O" for "Set Three" then your symbol is "OXO." Do you get the idea? Do you see how to arrive at your symbol? That's important, for in this way you'll find the keynote of your character.

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Now run your eye along these columns until you come to your symbol. Then read what is written beneath it. Aha! You gave yourself away, didn't you. Were we right about your character?

Symbol OOO

You are certainly a grouch. If you're a woman you are (or will be) one of those nagging wives, whose husband can do nothing to please you. If you are a man you complain of everything from the way the country is run to the kind of food you get in restaurants. Unless you mend your ways you'll find you will be a very lonely old person, for folks in this world like bright, gay, amusing people. You are also very "set" in your ways and have strong likes and dislikes—most of which are dislikes. You have, however, some good traits, among which is loyalty. If you do have a close friend you will not allow anyone to criticize him (or her) before you. You may tell him yourself what his faults are, but you will stand up for him if anyone else attacks him.

Symbol XOO

You are a very timid person. When you meet people for the first time you are usually quite nervous and you find it hard to make conversation. Sometimes you hide this so that no one knows how you are trembling inwardly. If you are a girl you find it hard to talk to boys. If you are a boy you usually get a friend of yours to make a date with the girl for you. You are, however, extremely generous and have a kindly, sweet disposition. One of your faults is stubbornness, but if you get your way—when you've made up your mind to something—it is with honey instead of vinegar. You are extremely neat in appearance and take excellent care of your clothes. You do not go in for extremes and usually wait, before trying something new, until plenty of your friends have tried it, too. You are seldom the leader in getting up a party, but when someone else has started it you will work hard to make it a success.

Symbol OXO

You are a truly intelligent person. You are sophisticated and witty as well. One of your faults, if it be a fault, is skepticism. Once, perhaps, you believed everything you were told but you found, and probably to your sorrow, that much you had learned as a child was untrue and that you had to have a thorough mental house cleaning. You now figure that you may lean over backward being skeptical, but that this is better than believing too much and getting hurt. You have extremely good taste in literature and read only the best and most highly recommended books. You are an interesting companion and have many friends. Sometimes when you're alone—and you like to be alone—you feel the futility of life keenly.

Symbol OXX

You're a fairly aggressive person. You have strong opinions and like gayety and fun. You are a colorful personality and sometimes you get yourself criticized for being too daring. If you're a girl, boys like you very much. If you're a boy, you can always get plenty of dates. Your friends are mostly those who like to have

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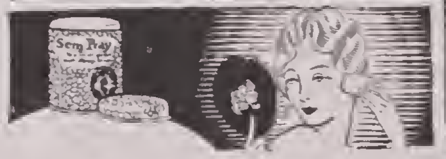

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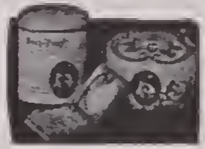

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a good time. You haven't much patience with the stay-at-homes and, if your opinion is asked, tell them so. As a matter of fact, you often express your opinion before it is asked. You're going to get all you can out of life. You are very enthusiastic and, if you like a person, don't hesitate to say so.

Symbol XXO

You are a complex person. You have a good mind and can use it, but sometimes you do not express your opinion for fear of what people will think. You usually weigh your remarks pretty carefully before you make them. You rather like to be alone and you do a great deal of thinking about the problems of the universe. Very few people realize how deep you are. You can, when you want to, be very fun-loving. You are far from the gloomy-and-apart sort of person. You have a good sense of humor. The only time when your humor fails you is when the joke's on you. You don't like that, but you're able to conceal how you feel pretty well. You like the good things of life—good clothes, good food, etc.—but you realize that there are other things in the world besides the superficialities. These other things are what you want.

Symbol XXX

You are a person of many moods. Your friends do not know just how to take you, for sometimes you're the life of the party and sometimes you can't be budged from your own fireside and good book. Even you, yourself, are confused by yourself. When you're in the fun-loving mood you think, "Now this is the sort of person I really am, my other self is a pose," but when you're quiet and thoughtful you say, "Yes, I'm really a quiet and thoughtful person. I only try to be gay because it is expected of me." As a matter of fact, you're probably quite a young person and your character hasn't quite "jelled" yet. You are usually sprightly and vivacious, but you can, and do, have moments of terrific shyness. Try to decide what sort of person you really are and stick to your type.

Symbol OOX

You are a keen observer. When you go into a room you know pretty well everything that is in that room, although you don't let your host or hostess realize you're giving it such a careful once over. You notice clothes, too, and love them and can usually tell in minute detail what the friend you saw this morning had on. You are very advanced and like modern ideas. You like to talk, although when you're around a person who talks a great deal you'll let him (or her) hold up the general conversation. But you'll remember what has been said and repeat it or discuss it with a close friend later. You probably have one or two very close girl friends (if you're a girl), but mostly your companions are men. If you're a boy you have lots and lots of friends of both sexes. You like gossip, not necessarily scandal, but you like to know what's going on in your crowd.

He's Not Just a Hollywood Cowboy

(Continued from page 50)

Rolls Royce, a big house in Beverly Hills and married Sally Eilers, a pretty young actress.

Buck has done none of these things. He has just stayed himself, an earthy guy who has never gotten over being a cowboy. He and his wife and daughter live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Silver and three of his other horses are corralled here.

Like Will Rogers, who started twirling a rope and became one of our great national heroes, he has a big heart. No request for help is too small to grant. He can always be counted on for benefits. Two days before Christmas, somebody called him up and said, "Hey, Buck, will you make a personal apppearance at a benefit?"

"Sure," said Buck. "Who is it for?"

And when they explained it was for the destitute family of a cowboy killed up on the Ridge Route a week previously, Buck drawled, "Would you like to have me bring my Buck Jones Rangers' Band?"

"Well," answered the friend, "we may not need them."

"Aw, I'll bring them along anyway and let them stand around. We may need them," said Buck. "The boys like to help. It's good for 'em. We'll be there."

I can't tell you the code of the Buck Jones Rangers, in which there are enrolled more than three and one half million boys in this country and Canada. I do know the boys are encouraged in the qualities of courage, generosity, bravery, manly fitness, love of the outdoors. The ritual of the organization is secret. And as I am not eligible by sex and by age (you have to be a boy under the age of 12!) to become a Ranger, I couldn't take their oath.

"Why secret?" I asked Buck.

"Oh, you know boys," he replied. "It is more important to them. They take the organization more seriously if it belongs to them and them alone.

"They have meetings every Saturday morning and in the afternoon they go to see a Buck Jones picture run off by the manager of the theater in the neighborhood in which they live."

THE whole idea started as an exploitation stunt and it gained momentum so rapidly that before he knew it Buck had this big club of boy fans. He talks to them over the radio, national hookup, every three or four months. He helps them buy their uniforms, and equip their bands. Interestingly, they are, for the most part, boys of families where there is not a great deal of money. In Belvedere Gardens, one of the less wealthy sections of Los Angeles, there is a membership of 3,800. In Beverly Hills, where lives the upper crust, there is but a tiny membership. Being a Ranger means nothing to a wealthy lad, who has so many other things to occupy him. But being a Ranger does mean a lot to the little fel-

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I first heard of the Rangers when I saw the Belvedere Garden troop band play at a Rivera Club polo match last spring. The boys, forty strong, in bright red uniforms, had been marshalled to furnish the music for a film benefit. No, they didn't play awfully well but the spirit was there, and you could see by the boys' faces they were having a whale of a time "helping out." A nice spirit to inculcate into the hearts of three and a half million potential citizens.

What manner of man is this Hollywood cowboy who has gone on entertaining small boys with his Wild West action pictures these past twenty years? Do the glamorous night spots, the Trocadero, the Kings' Club, the Seville Club know him and his bank roll? What is his philosophy of life? Is he happy riding cow ponies in Hollywood instead of on the ranges? Do broken hearts dot his trail? The answer to the last is no.

Buck Jones has never had but one companion on the matrimonial trail, a cowgirl in a circus when he met her, who became Mrs. Jones shortly after she took charge of his "grouch bag." (Now giving a cowgirl a grouch bag is equivalent to announcing your engagement in circus circles. A "grouch bag" is the little chamois bag which a cowboy wears around his neck and in which he keeps all his money. So when he turns it over to some gal to keep for him, it means he trusts her enough to entrust her with his fortune and they'll be married before long!)

DEL and Buck have been hungry and broke and wet and muddy and young together. They've been proud possessors of a million dollar fortune and then faced with the realization that they had lost everything—except love and their companionship. But they've been happy!

Buck leaned back in his chair in the little office he occupies on the back lot of Universal as he told me this and a far away look came into his eye.

"Happiness in married life is tied up into a lot of things," he said. "It isn't just giving your wife pretties, kissing her in the morning and when you come home at night. It is talking things over, working together, having the same common aims and interests riding down the same trail together, through the years.

"If a man and wife get their shoulders together and start life by being really in love, as we were, suffer actual want as well as happiness together, they will weld a marital tie that will never break. I know. That's what Del and I have done.

"I met Del when we were both in the circus back East. She was a cowgirl, and I was a cowboy in the Miller 101 Ranch which was booked into Madison Square Garden in the spring of 1914. I had been a cow hand, learned to ride, to rope and to shoot down on my father's three thousand acre ranch in Red Rock, Oklahoma. Along about 1910, I got struck by the wanderlust. I enlisted in the cavalry, served on the border, in the Philippines, where I got shot in the leg but saw considerable service after that. I went back home and punched cows. Some of my pals and I decided we might make more money if we joined up with the cowboy

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circus. We did, and it took me to New York and let me into matrimony.

"We got married in Lima, Ohio, a year after we had met, on horseback in the center of the circus ring with half the town applauding us and the other half scandalized. But we didn't care. We were in love, and we wanted to do what we loved best, ride."

"After a while I left the show business and tried to settle down as a garage mechanic in Indiana. I tested racing cars in Indianapolis. I broke horses in Chicago which were being shipped to the Italian and French cavalry. Then Del and I joined up with the Golmer Brothers Wild West Show. We had saved enough money to buy ourselves three horses, a black called Meg, a strawberry roan called Ronny, and a bronco we named Bust. Well, we didn't like the way they treated horses in this show so we up and left them and started to make our way back to the home folks in Red Rock. What a trip we had!

IN the first place, we were practically broke and feeding three horses was no cinch. We got caught in a thunder storm about eleven at night, twenty miles out of the little town of Larned, Kansas. It poured, it lightninged, the wind blue our tent to pieces, the rain drenched us and we, and the horses, were scared to death. Never was there such a night as on that Kansas prairie.

"But the next morning the sky was clear and we got word that in Hutchinson, Kansas, there was a show we might get a job with. I remember what a swell feeling I had that morning, knowing that Del and I had pulled together through one of the blackest nights in our lives. We did get a job with the show and made enough to get to Oklahoma where I went on the 101 Ranch again."

Buck and Del stayed in Oklahoma the better part of a year until the wanderlust swept them again. It swept them on to Chicago to join Ringling Brothers Circus with which they toured until late in 1917, when in Bakersfield, California, it became apparent Del was going to have a baby. They headed south for Los Angeles and while Del went to work to make a home in a $12.50 monthly bungalow they found and waited for the coming of the child who was to be Maxine, their only daughter, Buck tried getting a job in the movies as an actor. He did land as an extra and later as a double for Tom Mix, Bill Hart and even for William Farnum in "The Tale of Two Cities."

Then bits began to come his way and finally Fox studio put him under contract at $100 weekly and gave him the lead in "The Last Straw." Before he had finished his fortieth picture for them—do you remember "Square Shooter," "Big Dan," "Forbidden Trail," "Just Pals," "Footlight Ranger," and "Trail of Two Moons" among the many?—he was drawing down $2,500 weekly and was in the money!

"In the money" proved his financial downfall. Not that he went grand like some of the other cowboys, but he did buy a circus and circuses are expensive toys, as he found out. This was in 1929-30, the beginning of the depression, and it took less than two years to clean Buck of his complete movie roll. He didn't have a dime left. He mortgaged his house and borrowed money to clean up the debts. Almost overnight, he lost the money it had taken twelve years and the best part of his life to accumulate.

But it takes a lot to lick a cowboy from Red Rock, Oklahoma, or for that matter a cowgirl. They just started all over again. First Buck called his manager and his working cowboys together. "I'm broke, fellows," he told them, "but I think if you'll string along with me, you'll get your money with interest. It is up to you because I haven't got a dime now and I don't know how fast I'll get one. But I'd like to have you fellows with me, if you feel you can take the chance."

They all strung along.

A comeback in Hollywood, which invariably looks askance at failure and whose memory is notoriously short, is always tough. It took a little time for Buck to land, and then not on the terms he had hoped, at Columbia studio. But he stayed there three years until the boys were paid up and he had a little stake. Then he moved to Universal which offered him a deal whereby he might produce his own western pictures.

"I am glad I went broke," he told me when I talked to him. "That's a pretty strong statement to make because I lost an awful lot of money that I may never make back in full. But while it hadn't happened to us as yet, I have seen too much money and too easily acquired money, as mine, to gum up the matrimonial works. It makes sometimes the man, sometimes the woman, dissatisfied with the other mate.

OUR going broke made us pull together again, like we did in our circus days. Del has the grouch bag again and I will buy no more shows.

"I figure we are on the happiest trail of our lives. I know what I am looking for. I have my feet solidly on the ground and I am trying to get some money together so we will have a fairly comfortable old age. I am my own boss. And I feel happy that, being knocked down flat, I proved I could get up and start all over again."

And that is, briefly, the story of Hollywood Cowboy Buck Jones, one I will match any day against that of any great screen lover you can name!

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Heart Whole and Handsome

(*Continued from page* 61)

This was accompanied by an affectionate hug and kiss.

The young actress was fit to be tied, but being a bright girl, finally tumbled. There were no further comments from her on the subject of Cary's philanderings!

What all this is meant to prove to a certain extent is that Cary has never really been dependent on women for his happiness. He's about as far removed from being a sleek lounge lizard as was Doug Fairbanks, Sr. To use a battered phrase, he's a man's man—and a passionate lover of the outdoors. His greatest thrills are those that come from vigorous exertion at hard manual labor or in the keen competitive excitement of sports. And since most girls are usually a detriment to such activities, when Cary becomes sport-minded in a strenuous way, his current girl friend generally suffers *permanently.* Cary's wholehearted to the exclusion of everything else—in whatever he's doing!

BUT back to our little conversation. "I'm not looking for any more happiness than I have at the moment," he continued, "because I've discovered that the one successful way of cutting oneself off from any of these things is to go out determined to find them. In fact, at the moment, *I'm not searching for anything.*"

I wanted to be irritated at his independence, at his offhand manner of voicing vigorous disapproval. (He is the most vigorous young man I've met outside of an Olympic meet.)

Instead, I was charmed. I suspected that his severely critical attitude toward interviewers was part of a teasing show he put on to see how I'd take it. No one with such an unquenchable glint of kindly good humor in his eyes could even pretend to be belligerent.

I caught myself thinking what a good scene this would make for the first entrance of a hero into some sophisticated, fast-moving modern romance. Slim hipped, broad-shouldered, springy-of-step, this tall, buoyant young man stood gazing out through the wide French windows of his attractive living room to the sunset Pacific. A picture of ruddy health and admirable assurance. I followed his eyes to the four-mastered schooner, resting motionless on the still sea.

"'A painted ship upon a painted ocean,'" he quoted. "When I heard you were coming down I had it placed there specially. And I told them not to move it until you left."

"The perfect showman," I said, trying to be sarcastic.

"That's where you're wrong," he shot back at me. "You mean, *the perfect host.* I'm naturally courteous. Want my guests to have the best this place has to offer.

"Have a highball?" queried Cary, breaking into my reverie and bringing me back to earth. Before I could confirm or veto the suggestion, I found myself being hoisted onto a stool in front of the library bar, while Cary stood behind it getting an enormous kick out of acting the role of bartender. For no reason at all except that he always loves an argument he began loudly championing my home state, California, while I defended England, his native land.

"I haven't any patience with people who talk against Hollywood," he said, swinging his arms with that vehement gesture which first brought him recognition in pictures. (Remember the part of the romantic javelin thrower in that delightful comedy, "This Is the Night?")

"Where else could one have all the advantages of a smart cosmopolitan life while living like a sportsman and a country squire? Sea, mountains, forests, tennis, swimming, riding, polo, golf, hunting, fishing, boating—all practically within a stone's throw of your door. And then, as contrast, the most amazing, cultivated people, and the smartest night spots in the world."

"You've been hard hit," I ventured.

"I have," he said. And he was sincere. "I can't understand the ingratitude or blindness of actors, directors or writers who come out here, make more money than they could anywhere else in the world, lead a pleasanter and infinitely more diversified life than they could elsewhere—*and still complain.* They should be spanked."

"Your sales talk has finally convinced me," I said. "They should hire you as a press agent for California, Incorporated."

"Thanks," he said, "I'll look into that.

"To think," he reflected with a sigh, "that the man who might have been a press agent for California, Incorporated, was reduced in 'Sylvia Scarlet' to playing the role of a Cockney with flexible morals and slippery fingers." He pondered over this for awhile.

"Young lady," he declaimed, suddenly and melodramatically, "you are now gazing on a man who has reached the end of his tether. There is only one thing that can save him from a complete collapse." He emerged from behind the bar and did a tap dance. "What we both need is a swim!"

AT which precise moment in this cockeyed interview, Randy Scott appeared upon the scene. In case you don't know, Randy and Cary have been buddies for years; always living together except for that brief interlude when Cary was married to Virginia Cherrill. Blond Randy, though a Southerner, is as English in looks and manner as dark Cary isn't. Calm, cool and collected, he's the perfect ballast for impulsive Cary.

"To think you've been enjoying yourself like a bloated gentleman of leisure while I've put in a grueling day at the studio, making tests from nine o'clock this morning on, in order that you could continue living in the style I've accustomed you to. Oh the injustice of it all!" He slumped into an easy chair. "Waiter, a highball," he ordered.

"Coming right up, sir," answered our bartender cheerily, and made elaborate preparations. "But you'll have to take it down in one gulp, because we're going for a swim."

So Randy dashed next door to borrow one of Constance Talmadge's bathing

(*Continued on page* 105)

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(*Continued from page* 103)

suits for me (she's their landlady), and we three went swimming by the light of the California moon. First, a quick dip in Cary's and Randy's fresh-water pool. Then, a plunge in Cary's and Randy's special ocean. The four-masted schooner was still there for my special benefit.

"We couldn't afford either of them," explained Cary, taking in both the pool and the ocean with one sweep of his muscular arm, "if we didn't share expenses. We live quietly, as bachelors should, you observe. We're just two simple boys trying to get along in the world!"

"Yes, and having *such* a hard time of it, I also observe," I remarked.

Recently Cary did the best piece of acting of his career in Walter Wanger's "Big Brown Eyes." It will probably alter his whole future, for up until this Paramount had put him in a series of most indifferent pictures, and everyone knows what a box-office disappointment "Sylvia Scarlett" was even though it was a personal triumph for Mr. Grant.

But no matter how important he becomes, I'll wager Cary will always prefer a quick swim, chatter and old friendship to all the gold and glitter which may be offered him.

The Dionne Quintuplets and Their Movie Money

(*Continued from page* 29)

the first, will continue to iron-hand it over the follow-ups; probably Sonya Levien, who wrote the first script, will write the others. It is expected the stories will be more about the five little girls and how they are growing; of their different personalities—such things—yet none of this is settled yet. And Jean Hersholt, of course, will continue to be the country doctor.

"Naturally I want to be," he told me the other day. "I enjoyed the trip so much, and I'm very fond of the Quints. Dr. Dafoe and I talk periodically over long distance phone, and I keep up with the inside story of their progress that way. Besides," he smiled through the smoke of his pipe, "out here in Hollywood I really am the 'Country Doctor.' People call me that, introduce me to friends as that. It would be a pity to lose my title."

One thing is certain, at least one of the biggest studio moguls so insists: A story will be written between now and next spring, and when the heavy snows have drifted away from the North Country a new company will make the trek again, this time to bring the Quints outdoors into the sun and photograph them in color! Which is another indication that Mr. Zanuck intends to make the most of his scoop contract.

IF any further proof were needed that the Quints are definitely movie stars in their own right, it's obvious in the trouble with relatives to which they are being subjected—a cynical statement, admittedly, but pathetically true.

There's hardly a notable star in America who, very soon after his success, does not have to cope with family as well as the other trials that inevitably beset any person suddenly made famous on the screen. The Quints are no exception to this. They face the life-in-a-goldfish-bowl existence that tremendous fame makes necessary. They will, in a few more years, have the nuisance of the autograph seekers to worry about. Already they are surrounded by the ugly phases of family interference—the necessity for supporting their parents in a style to which they were never accustomed.

The Dionnes, you understand, always had lived in the little draughty shack in which the miracle happened. For years Oliva had scratched in the rocky, barren fields of his farm for what meager sustenance it had to offer. He wanted, all in all, seven children. But the seventh became five.

They had nothing, this family; they were supremely unimportant and in utter poverty. Dr. Dafoe mutters resentfully to intimates of the conditions in that tiny farmhouse in which he was expected to save the lives of five premature little mites. The eight others cooked and ate—some of them even slept—in the living room.

When the Quints' personal fortune had risen to a respectable level, and the Government Board was faced with the necessity of maintaining the children, it apportioned $1,000 a month for their living expenses—most of which went toward the hospital—and $100 a month to Mr. Dionne. The Board thought it only fair.

ABOUT the same time a theater agent approached the parents with an offer for stage appearances, and they accepted. You'll remember it didn't last long, because after so many uneventful years in the quiet backwoods the Dionnes couldn't be expected to be sparkling or fascinating as actors. When one had looked at them for a minute or two he had seen all there was to see. But the money was paid anyway.

The hundred a month seemed inestimably grand to Mr. Dionne. He bought a new blue sedan and hired a man to work his farm. Mrs. Dionne engaged a maid.

The trouble started when the Dionnes finally awoke to the fact that even $100 wasn't all the money in the world. Each month, remember, the babies' trust fund grew and grew. Mr. Dionne made known his objections, at last. On the face of them it seemed he disliked having the children separated from the rest of the brood and himself—he felt they couldn't possibly have any normal sort of life—he'd heard the nurses stuck pins into the Quints just to hear them squeal—the whole set-up, *en fin*, was against the traditions of the Canadian family.

And—this as a small aside—Mr. Dionne felt that he should have personal charge of his children's fortune. It was that or nothing.

The upshot of the argument was, however, that the Quints and their money remained in the expert hands of the Government. The Dionnes, *pere* and *mere*, signed a contract with Universal for a picture entitled, aptly, "Where Are My Children?"—a project abruptly postponed

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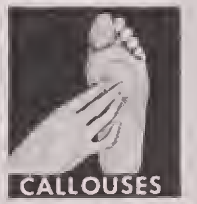

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when Mrs. Dionne announced she was going to have another baby.

Darryl Zanuck, on hearing this, made it known that if she repeated her previous efforts he would immediately sign the new Quints for his own company, but Dr. Dafoe, in his wood-panelled study, paused for a moment to frown and shake his head. Because he knew (he told this to a Hollywood friend) that unless Mrs. Dionne lost at least thirty pounds before the stork appeared the result might be fatal. Furthermore, he'd warned her of this.

That may or may not be one of the reasons for the ill feeling between the Board and the parents. Conjecture is a difficult thing, but at least you know the Dionnes suddenly ceased to patronize Dafoe and took their ailments to a new physician. At the time of writing they are building a new house for themselves and the six—almost seven—other children. Contracts of one sort or another are popping up here and there, in addition to which Mr. Dionne made a deal with the New York *Daily News*, and of course there is still the monthly hundred dollars from the trust fund.

But the mother, even when she was able, refused to serve on the Board when that organization felt a woman's advice would be a good thing. Her husband doesn't sit in on any of the meetings or touch, except vaguely, that portion of his childrens' affairs to which his position entitles him.

Ah, well—you can't be a movie star and lead a carefree life. The Quints, naturally, are managing quite well now, but in another few years, when they're old enough to know about these things, the stew will inevitably begin to bubble.

What will happen? For the most part, we can only guess. But of one thing we can be sure: Five, ten and fifteen years from now the Quints will still be smiling and laughing at us from the screen. And, so long as they live, the bank vaults will continue to creak under the weight of Quintuplet gold.

"I Was a Problem Child," Says Frances Drake

(*Continued from page 66*)

of the group only one or at the outside two or three are destined to catch the gold star as it falls from some idol's tired fingers.

There are Gail Patrick, Jean Muir, Heather Angel, Wendy Barrie, Gertrude Michael, and there are Ida Lupino, Frances Drake, Katherine DeMille and June Travis among a dozen others. To paraphrase Ibsen, they are the younger generation who are knocking on the doors of such top-notchers as Crawford and Shearer, Colbert and Lombard, Garbo and Dietrich.

If there were to be bets made about these girls I would put my money on Frances Drake, not to place and not to show in this race—as the stars say when they bet on the nose at the Santa Anita track—but to come in first. And doing this I'd be satisfied I had much better than a gambler's chance.

If you've seen Frances in "Les Miserables" or "Without Regret" or with George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows" you know she can act, that she brings a rich vitality to the parts she plays. You undoubtedly are familiar with her sultry quality which makes her swift smile so exciting. You know, too, how her brown eyes smoulder in her pale face, how languidly her mouth curves, and how definite her young body remains in spite of the convention of her meticulously fitted clothes.

IT was as Frances and I sat in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot that she told me how things were between her and this young actor.

"I knew the first minute I saw him that it was one of those things too," she said. "Curious, isn't it, that it should have been like that with both of us and that we both should have concealed our emotion behind a casual exterior?"

She crouched over on the low stool on which she sat, facing me. Her arms were crossed against her breast. She wasn't altogether happy. People rarely are when they are caught up in a great emotion. Besides Frances feels all things too intensely ever to be perfectly happy. Then too she and her actor beau had quarrelled.

"He's the only man with whom I'm completely myself," she told me, looking young and desperate. "I couldn't, well, flirt with him, for instance, to save my life!"

I was, I realized at once, likely to see considerable of Frances since I earn my living interviewing people who do things and it is so very apparent that she will. How, I asked, had she come to give up dancing and do dramatic work.

"I couldn't stand not working more. I hated the waiting around," she told me. "At Ciro's, for instance, I used to wait all day to go to work and then work for about fifteen minutes all told. It wasn't enough.

"When I finally made up my mind to try to become an actress and told my family, they were horrified. They entertained old-fashioned notions about the theater and theater people. But then by that time they had grown somewhat accustomed to being horrified by me. They hadn't found me exactly comfortable even when I was a child. I was one of those difficult and exasperating human beings described as a problem child, I'm afraid."

It developed Frances had been far from a comfortable child and that her mother finally, in desperation, had sent her to England to a boarding-school. For from both her mother who is Norwegian and her father who is English-Irish Frances inherited a violent temper. Besides she was insubordinate. There was, for instance, the matter of school. She didn't want to go and, made to go, she would return home in the middle of the morning. Plainly the books under her arm would not have been unstrapped. And questioned she would announce with defiant honesty that she had spent the time she had been away sitting in a meadow or, if the family were living in the city, standing on a corner speculating about different people as they passed.

"The first thing I did after arriving at that English school," Frances said, "was try to run away. I was caught out of bounds and brought back in disgrace. Then before that entirely blew over I headed a little clique and went around with the insane idea that by staging midnight feasts in my room I was getting the best of a vague Somebody."

She smoothed down the trim jacket of her gray suit and adjusted the simple white blouse she wore underneath. Her dark hair, parted in the center, had that lovely brushed look about it.

"Then there was the affair of the itching powder," she continued. "I got the powder from a girl who was in authority over the form. Asking permission to sharpen my pencil I dropped some down the teacher's back. I had expected the developments to be hilariously funny. But they weren't. They weren't even a little bit funny unless you were snide enough to enjoy someone really suffering and being sadly embarrassed. I remember that as the teacher's squirming and blushing increased my misery increased. And when someone told that I had been the one to apply that powder my concern wasn't fear of punishment but shame at being the perpetrator of such a stupid, unkind business."

FRANCES told the teacher she was sorry and admitted it hadn't worked out as she had planned. But there was no duress great enough to make her tell the name of the girl who had supplied the powder. That girl had a position of honor and Frances was determined to protect her. In the end the teacher, impressed by Frances' regret and loyalty, let the matter drop. Perhaps she realized there was no punishment which would have made the rebellious young Drake so penitent.

"I sometimes wonder," Frances said, "what would have become of me, considering the dangerous set-up which existed in my personality, if it hadn't been for the head-mistress at that school. I feel largely indebted to her for any success or happiness I've had or expect to have. For she showed me how to be constructive about the emotion and energy which I had been misusing and which had, consequently, manifested itself in faults.

"Instead of deciding I was an unpleasant person, punishing me and haranguing me, that head-mistress gave me a position of importance; made me responsible for the activities of my form. Whereupon I soon became so absorbed in being efficient about the job in hand that I had less and less time for anything else.

"And when I found I no longer was involved in messes all the time I was gratified. Naturally we all have pride in ourselves and want to measure up as individuals, and we feel ashamed, even if we don't show it, when we lose our temper and behave badly. So I considered what had worked the change in me and realized that since I no longer could afford to let rages interfere with what I was doing I had begun to learn to suppress anger and rebellion when I felt it surging up inside of me.

"Not," she said, "being a complete fool, from then on I kept myself occupied. And gradually I developed the habit of industry and activity so that now, between pictures, instead of resting and probably getting into some manner of difficulty, I work on a play which my cousin, who lives with me, and I are writing together."

SHE smiled that quick, brilliant smile. "So in a way it's been forcing the same emotion and nervous energy which used to get me into trouble into constructive channels by driving myself, first as a dancer, then as a stage actress, then in the English studios, and now here in Hollywood, that I've managed to find more happiness and success for myself than I otherwise would have known.

"Besides," she said, "having gotten somewhat out of the habit of rages I find now that I feel very foolish when an outburst of temper is over. I invariably think 'What a stupid, silly business, Frances Drake!' And instead of sitting back martyred a good part of the time, as I used to, I now am able to analyze the things that happen to me and often enough to conclude I brought whatever it was that happened upon myself."

While Frances talked, concentrating upon her job of the moment which was giving me a good story, I noticed that her eyes frequently travelled to the telephone on her dressing-table. It seems likely she was waiting for it to ring and her quarrel with her actor-beau to be ended. The way those in love always wait, at once despairing and hopeful.

Whether or not these two will be able to arrange their differences satisfactorily I don't know. If they don't Frances is due to be hurt. For she's the kind to feel deeply, to be intense about things, all kinds of things. She'll never be a bland, easy-going, placid soul. That would be totally out of keeping with her make-up. However, the fact remains the more Frances knows and feels and experiences the better equipped she is going to be as an actress. And whatever happens to her now, since that head-mistress put her on the right track and showed her how to make work the safety valve for her emotion and energy, she will be quite capable of taking it, however much it hurts, and carrying on.

Which is why, earlier in this story, I said that in the present phase of Hollywood's perpetual race towards stardom I would put my money on Frances to come in first and feel satisfied I had much better than a gambler's chance.

Which is why I'm so satisfied that in this, my first story with Frances Drake, I am writing only the opening chapter in a biography which more and more as time goes on will deserve to be called "The Success Story of a Problem Child."

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

It's About: *The romance of two French officers with the same war nurse played against the back-drop of the World War.*

A hit! Taking its rightful place in the gallery of great war pictures. Besides grim reality of the war scenes and fine performances by Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff, this film introduces June Lang.

As the story opens, a new lieutenant arrives to help shoulder the burden of leading the famed "clean-up" division of the French Army. He finds the captain living on aspirin and brandy and is unable to understand either his diet or his long list of casualties from each trip to the front lines. The captain assures him he will understand both before he is many days older. The lieutenant also meets a beautiful nurse with whom he falls in love. She is afraid of her love for him, because she has also meant a lot in the life of the captain. When the younger man finds out that she is "life" to his superior whom he has come to respect, he denounces his love to her.

Photography and direction equal the fine performances of the cast. Hats off!

Your Reviewer Says: One of the finest war pictures ever made!

✓Counterfeit (Columbia)

You'll See: *Chester Morris, Margot Grahame, Marian Marsh, Lloyd Nolan, Claude Gillingwater.*

It's About: *The G-Men at war against the boys who make "queer money."*

Here is a new slant on the G-Man saga: the squad of men who spend night and day running down the counterfeiters.

Lloyd Nolan, a college man who wants to make money fast, kidnaps the finest engraver from the U. S. mint, fakes his death, and really starts to "make money." The faked death is believed true until some counterfeit turns up with the old faithful engraver's unmistakable "signature" in the corner. Then the counterfeit squad goes into action. By clever ruse, a G-Man is made a member of the queer-money gang.

Chester Morris, whose continued appearance in unimportant pictures we shall never be able to fathom, does his usual good job as the romantic-yet-tough G-Man. Margot Grahame and Marian Marsh supply the romance for Lloyd Nolan and Morris.

Your Reviewer Says: If you enjoy G-Man stuff, here's your meat.

✓✓ Women Are Trouble (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly, Florence Rice, Margaret Irving, Cy Kendall, John Harrington, Kitty McHugh, Raymond Hatton.*

It's About: *Newspaper reporter versus liquor mobsters with a dash of romance and a bit of alimony trouble thrown in.*

Boasting exceptional direction and studded with grand performances, this picture overcomes the handicap of stale material.

Florence Rice, a small-town reporter, finally gets a job on a big city daily over the dissenting vote of editor Paul Kelly, who hates women. Reporter Stu Erwin is

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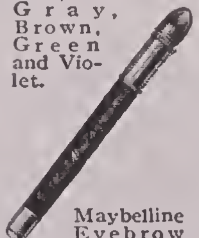

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also a woman hater, but he just can't keep away from Miss Rice when she decides to go on the romance trail. During this mix-up, the newspaper is attempting to run down a gang of liquor racketeers.

Paul Kelly and Stuart Erwin are two of the screen's best newspaper men. Florence Rice is swell and the supporting cast is well chosen.

Your Reviewer Says: Grand entertainment despite familiar plot.

✓✓ My Man Godfrey (Universal)

You'll See: *William Powell, Carole Lombard, Eugene Pallette, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Jean Dixon, Robert Light.*

It's About: *The dizzy romance between a rich girl and a "forgotten man" whom she has taken home from the city dump as her butler.*

One of the greatest comedy-romances of the year! Hollywood, the only place where divorced couples may romance before your eyes in perfect propriety, gives us Carole Lombard and her "ex," William Powell, in one of the grandest, gayest and screwiest laugh-fests you've ever seen!

Carole, a rich New York débutante, takes "forgotten-man" Bill Powell off the city dump and to a party at the Ritz to win a prize in the game of scavenger, and ends by hiring him as family butler. Then the fun starts with a bang and never lets up until the fade-out. What laughs!

Lombard and Powell may not hit it off in real life (or *are* they, again?), but they sure take the cake as a reel life team! Alice Brady and Eugene Pallette gather lots of laughs as *Mr. and Mrs. Bullock;* and Gail Patrick is a swell surprise as Carole's older sister. The cast and direction are perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: If you miss this, you're screwier than the picture!

Hearts Divided (Cosmopolitan)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Dick Powell, Claude Rains, Charlie Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Treacher, Clara Blandick.*

It's About: *The love story of a Baltimore beauty and the young brother of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

When an actress whose forte is comedy and an actor whose talent is singing are cast in a highly dramatic story as a team of romantic and unhappy lovers, there are bound to be unfortunate results.

The story concerns a famous Baltimore beauty, *Betsy Patterson.* Two U. S. Senators, Charlie Ruggles and Edward Everett Horton, and a foreign diplomat, Arthur Treacher, vie for her hand in marriage. But it isn't until *Napoleon's* younger brother, *Jerome*, in America to help negotiate the sale of the Louisiana Territory, enters her life that she really falls in love. *Jerome* poses as a French singing tutor to gain entrance to her home without ballyhoo. Their love is frowned upon by her family because of their social position until *Jerome* makes his entrance as *Bonaparte's* brother. But with the wedding planned, *Napoleon* commands his brother to return to France and marry another woman for political reasons.

Although badly cast in the top roles, the picture doesn't suffer from lack of comedy. Ruggles, Horton and Treacher can be just as funny in colonial uniforms. Acting honors go to Claude Rains, who, as *Napoleon*, gives a fine performance.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be disappointed.

✓✓ Earthworm Tractor (First National)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, June Travis, Guy Kibbee, Dick Foran, Carol Hughes, Gene Lockhart.*

It's About: *A "super-salesman" who switches from gadgets to tractors when his girl tells him to try selling something big.*

When Joe E. Brown takes a job demonstrating tractors without knowing how to run one, only to run wild through a small town, you know it's a howl!

Joe is a "born salesman," according to his own insistent bragging, who is selling small gadgets and whatnots. His girl friend scorns his attentions while he is such a pee-wee business man and tells him to get out and sell something worth while, something big. Joe thinks of everything big and finally settles on tractors. If you don't roll in the aisle when Joe takes a tour through the swamp to rescue a bogged-down truck, it's because the aisle is too cluttered up with customers already!

Joe E. Brown is almost the whole picture; the part must have been written especially for him, so perfectly does it fit his talents. Guy Kibbee plays the role of Joe's girl's father to the hilt. June Travis is cute as the new girl in Joe's life and the rest of the cast is up to par.

Your Reviewer Says: All ready? One—two—three—LAUGH!

✓ Parole (Universal)

You'll See: *Henry Hunter, Ann Preston, Alan Dinehart, Alan Hale, Noah Beery, Jr., Grant Mitchell, Alan Baxter, Berton Churchill.*

It's About: *The present parole system, how it fails and what can be done about it.*

Introducing not one but *two* newcomers as the stars of a single picture, and using a subject so fraught with political taboos has taken courage indeed. Rather a good picture results, too.

Newcomer Henry Hunter, fresh from the radio, comes off with plenty of applause for his initial effort. He has a fine role as the young convict who is up against the aftermath of the parole system in the hands of gangsters and racketeers. Ann Preston, though, is handicapped by a straight role that leaves her little opportunity for displaying what seems rather obvious ability.

Those two Alans (Hale and Dinehart) play gang chiefs to perfection and the third Alan (Baxter) runs away with plenty of applause as the tough racketeer on parole.

Your Reviewer Says: Your interest in parole and newcomers must decide.

✓✓ The Crime of Doctor Forbes (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Gloria Stuart, Robert Kent, Henry Armetta, J. Edward Bromberg, Sara Haden, Alan Dinehart, Charles Lane.*

It's About: *A young doctor, in love with the wife of an incurable cripple, is charged with his murder in a mercy-killing.*

Is it justifiable for anyone to kill in mercy a person in constant pain and obviously dying? That question is answered here in excellent taste. Nor is the question allowed to overshadow the entertainment value produced by a triangle love story. You'll like it.

When a famous doctor is injured beyond any hope of recovery, he conspires with each of several attending physicians to give him a slight over-dose of opiate; this together with his normal dose causes his death. When it is discovered, however, that a youthful doctor is in love with the dead man's wife, a murder trial is precipitated.

Gloria Stuart does the finest work of her career as the young wife. J. Edward Bromberg, as the surgeon, gives a performance shaded with sincerity. Robert Kent is thoroughly believable as the young doctor and the rest of the cast, especially Sara Haden and Henry Armetta, is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Deserves your patronage. Excellently done.

Navy Born (Republic)

You'll See: *William Gargan, Claire Dodd, Douglas Fowley, George Irving, Dorothy Tree, William Newell and Addison Randall.*

It's About: *Three bachelor naval flyers and how they try to bring up the baby of a dead buddy.*

One of those rare occurrences where the material is better than the cast. Generally it is the other way around; but in this case, more capable hands might have done wonders with this fast comedy.

When a navy aviator dies and leaves a motherless baby, the father's buddies go into competition with the mother's family for custody of the child. Bill Gargan leads the naval flyers on one side and Claire Dodd, the baby's aunt, heads the family—until she falls for Gargan. There are kidnappings, first on one side and then on the other, but the high spot comes when an outsider kidnaps the baby in an airplane and the boys start off in pursuit.

Bill Gargan and Claire Dodd carry the major romance and are almost up to the task at hand. The rest of the bachelor fathers, Douglas Fowley, Addison Randall and William Newell, add to the fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect too much and you'll have fun.

✓ High Tension (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Brian Donlevy, Glenda Farrell, Norman Foster, Helen Wood, Robert McWade, Theodore Von Eltz, Hattie McDaniel.*

It's About: *A lady-killing deep-sea diver and how romance will reach a thousand feet under—if the right blonde casts the line!*

Good, fast, comedy-action stuff which, through better-than-good performances and moving direction, comes out on the top side of double-bill entertainment.

The story deals with a deep-sea diver whose reputation and self-glorification are carried to great extremes by a girl friend who writes for action magazines about

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his exploits in the briny, which give enough false impressions about the cable-layer to keep him in jams for life. Brian and his pal (Norman Foster) manage to keep the water hot in much the same manner as *Quirt* and *Flagg*—and the romance is on the same level.

A few more like this one, and Mr. Donlevy is going to find himself very much in demand. He has a lighter touch here than he's been allowed to evidence in past performances. Glenda Farrell is swell and Norman Foster is okay.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth the price.

✓ Love Begins at Twenty (First National)

You'll See: *Patricia Ellis, Warren Hull, Hugh Herbert, Hobart Cavanaugh, Dorothy Vaughan, Clarence Wilson, others.*

It's About: *A browbeaten husband who turns the tables and becomes the pride of his family.*

You have seen a good many pictures with similar plots but you'll enjoy this

Hugh Herbert is a typical small-town henpecked husband. Daughter Patricia Ellis thinks her dad is a marvel, but wife Dorothy Vaughan and eldest daughter Mary Treen keep reminding him about the man mother "should have married." Sent to pick up a fortune in negotiable bonds just as the bank is being robbed, Herbert is held responsible for their theft. Deep in despair, he cuts loose, goes to lodge, something he hasn't done in years, forgets the dishes, consents to the marriage of his daughter Patricia to worthy but poor Warren Hull, and gets in trouble all around, finally landing in the village lock-up. You'll laugh heartily at the way these complications work themselves out.

Warren Hull and Patricia Ellis make a refreshing young romantic team, and Hugh Herbert's comedy was never better.

Your Reviewer Says: An old story, but wholesome fun for all.

✓✓ Hearts in Bondage (Republic)

You'll See: *James Dunn, Mae Clarke, David Manners, Charlotte Henry, Henry B. Walthall, Fritz Leiber, George Irving, Irving Pichel, Ben Alexander, others.*

It's About: *The Monitor and the Merrimac, Civil War, and love.*

In this, his first attempt at direction, Lew Ayres brings you an exciting, authentic drama of the Civil War, with spectacle and fine, human love combatting for your attention. Beautifully photographed, the whole should offer you an evening of better-than-usual entertainment.

Story, which is a little weak at first, picks up as soon as the Civil War bombshell bursts, destroying families and homes and romances. The true account of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor,* with all the vivid fury of the sea battles, is graphically presented here, giving the picture unique historical significance. James Dunn is the young Northern hero who commands the *Monitor* and loves Mae Clarke; David Manners is especially effective in his role of a Southern officer on the *Merrimac.* Henry B. Walthall, George Irving, Fritz Leiber and Charlotte Henry deserve special mention.

Throughout, Lew Ayres proves himself a directorial find; he uses the tremendous events in one of the greatest tragedies of history with such effective dramatic power that you leave the theater with that satisfactory feeling of having learned something.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a fine picture. Be sure to go.

✓✓ Nine Days a Queen (GB)

You'll See: *Cedric Hardwicke, Nova Pilbeam, John Mills, Felix Aylmer, Leslie Perrins, Frank Cellier, Desmond Tester, Gwen Davies, Martita Hunt, Miles Malleson, Sybil Thorndike.*

It's About: *The dramatic fight for succession to the throne of England on the death of Henry VIII is brought to the screen with magnificent production, fine direction and an exceptionally expert cast.*

In case you don't remember, the line for succession on Henry VIII's death was first his son Edward, then Mary, then Elizabeth, his daughters, then Lady Jane Grey, daughter of his sister. Edward Seymour and his brother Thomas scramble for power behind the boy king's throne. Edward wins, Thomas is beheaded. Cedric Hardwicke, as Earl of Warwick, the biggest schemer of all, now marries his son to Lady Jane and puts her on the throne. Mary sends an army into the field, Warwick is defeated and Lady Jane loses her head through no fault of her own.

Desmond Tester as the boy king takes the honors for a rarely beautiful performance. Nova Pilbeam, as the simple hearted child, bewildered by her importance, sweet in her pitiful little romance with her husband, courageous in her "duty" to die is unforgettable. Cedric Hardwicke is superb.

Your Reviewer Says: A superior picture, and one you should not miss seeing.

✓✓ M'liss (RKO)

You'll See: *Anne Shirley, John Beal, Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen, Ray Mayer, Frank M. Thomas, Barbara Pepper.*

It's About: *The romance of a little mountain girl with a male school teacher who is teaching her the ABC's.*

Here is one of those delightful bits of homespun picture fare. Primarily a family picture, it will entertain any audience who enjoy good, wholesome pictures.

Guy Kibbee, a backwoods mountain character who dips his nose in the wine barrel too often, gives his daughter (Anne Shirley) into the care of two town characters when alcohol finally hits him for the count. Not having any education, it is decided that she must attend the local school where romance, in the form of John Beal, the school master, enters her life. Of course, there is a rival in the form of Barbara Pepper whose sophistication makes her a dangerous opponent-in-romance.

Anne Shirley plays the title role with rare ability and understanding. John Beal is swell and Guy Kibbee gives one of his best performances. The remainder of the cast, particularly Barbara Pepper and the two guardians, are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: We recommend this.

✓✓ San Francisco (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Holt, Spencer Tracy, Jessie Ralph, Ted Healy, Shirley Ross, Margaret Irving.*

It's About: *The early days of the Barbary Coast and the romance of a two-fisted cabaret man and a beautiful opera singer against the backdrop of the famous earthquake.*

You'll thrill to every minute of it. Your fever for romance will hit a new high with Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable; you will be amazed at the easy grace with which Spencer Tracy makes you believe his new role of the young priest; you will be on the edge of your seat with the terrific reality and horror of the earthquake scenes and the gorgeous singing of Jeanette MacDonald will delight you. It's a grand picture.

Blackie Norton (Clark Gable), owner of a Barbary Coast cabaret, wants "all that's coming to me here—not later." Spencer Tracy, his boyhood pal, tries to make *Blackie* believe. Romance develops when Jeanette MacDonald, the beautiful daughter of a small town preacher, gets a job in *Blackie's* place as a stepping stone to an opera career, and Jack Holt falls for her.

A fine story, beautifully acted. A great share of the credit must go to director W. S. Van Dyke—the stark realism of the earthquake and his handling of the huge scenes are perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: This film has everything.

✓✓ Doomed Cargo (GB)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Constance Cummings, Thomy Bourdelle, Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer, Joyce Kennedy, Mark Lester, Allan Jeayes, Anthony Holles, Edwin Laurence.*

It's About: *American detective who solves a murder in France and uncovers a huge munitions ring.*

As much mystery, wit and suspense combined in one picture as we have seen in many moons. Photography, direction, and acting are uniformly superior.

Edmund Lowe, playing his well known role of criminologist, is European representative of an American insurance agency. During carnival night at Nice, he finds a dead man in the room next to his at the hotel.

That night the Paris Express, with Lowe and his assistant, Constance Cummings, aboard, is wrecked, and he finds the same dead man in the next berth. Convinced the wreck is a cover up for the murderer, Eddie starts hunting clues and turns up an old picture of the dead man and three friends, a woman and two men, whom he shadows through England.

He soon finds out that the "Pilgrims of Peace," which the murdered man belonged to, is a fake organization for gun running. From then on, the race becomes fast and furious, until the discovery of the criminal.

Your Reviewer Says: Enthusiastically recommended as a swell mystery melodrama.

IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS

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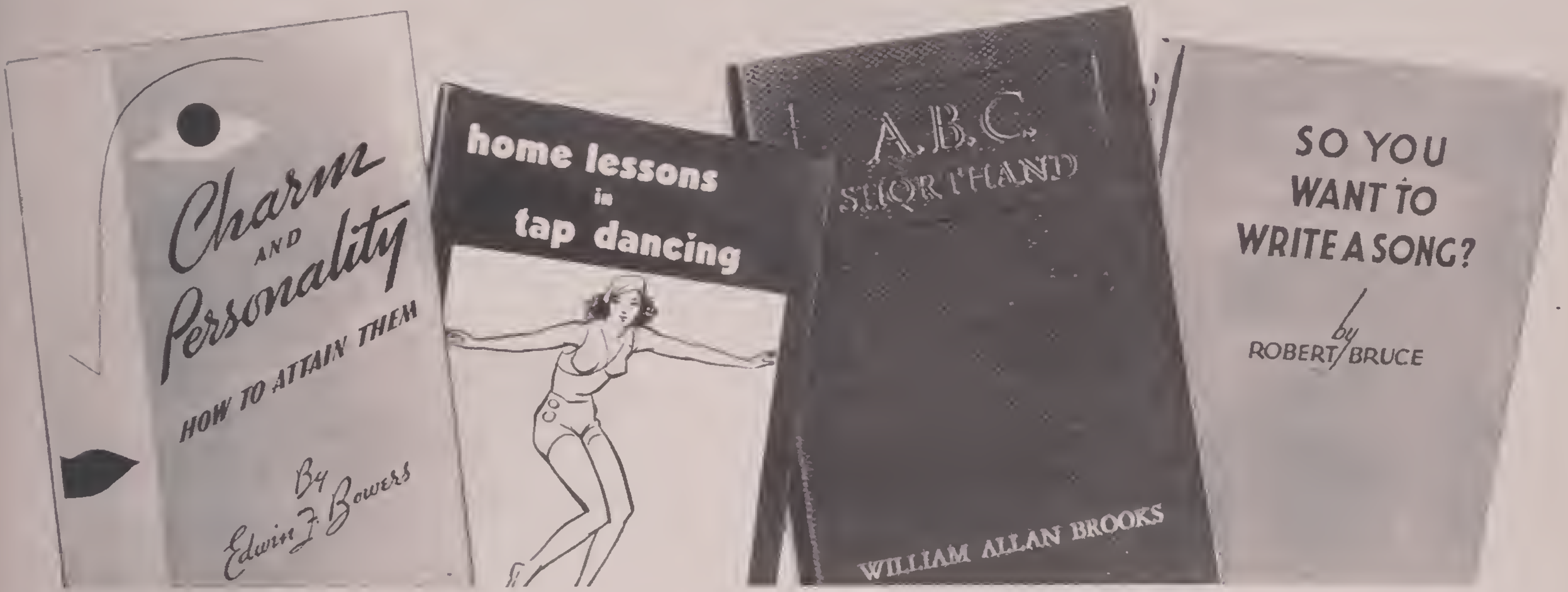

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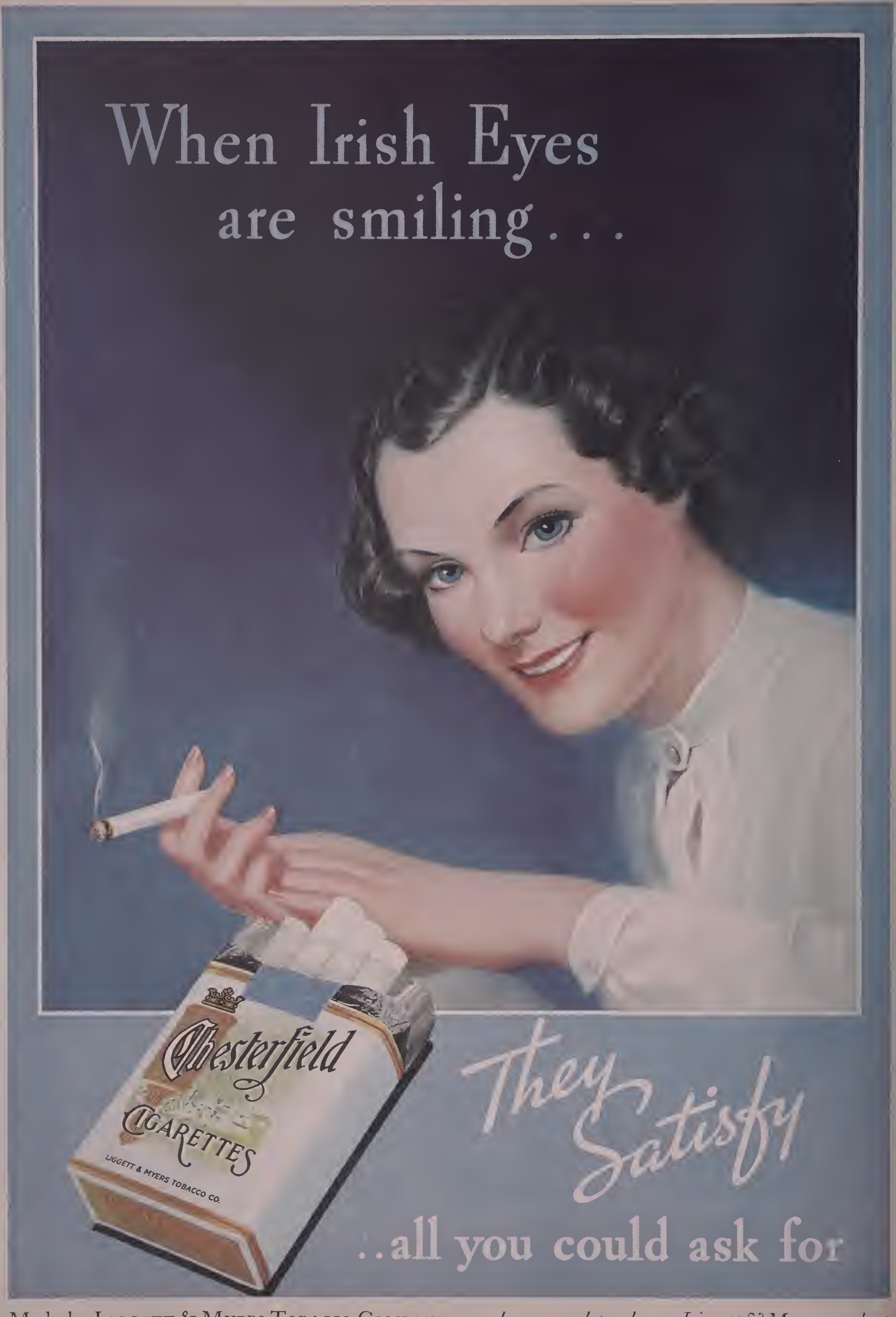
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movie MIRROR

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BETTE DAVIS

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It's only human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

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NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many *soft* foods . . . too little work and resistance for the natural health of our teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, *see your dentist*. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus" —to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

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Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 9, NO. 5 • OCTOBER, 1936

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Natural Color Photograph of BETTE DAVIS by James N. Doolittle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

(OUT SEPTEMBER 25)

Cinderella's Still a Working Girl

"And they lived happily ever after." That's the way the Cinderella story ends in all the fairy tale books. But did you ever wonder just how the Prince and Princess lived—ever after? Did she go right on working, and if she did, why? Let Madeleine Carroll tell you about it next month. She should know—it's the story of her life!

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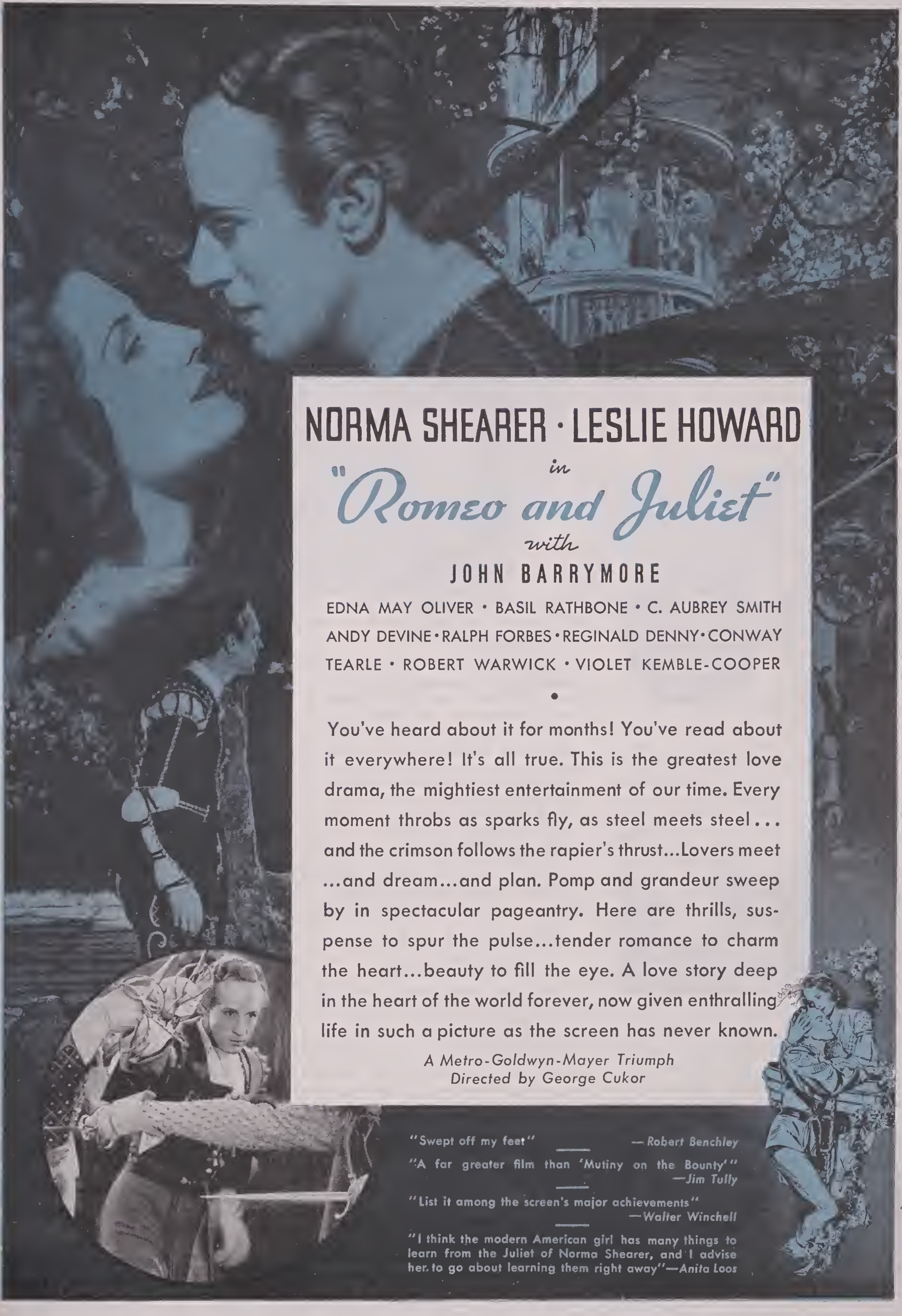

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in

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with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER · BASIL RATHBONE · C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE · RALPH FORBES · REGINALD DENNY · CONWAY
TEARLE · ROBERT WARWICK · VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

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You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" —*Robert Benchley*

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"List it among the screen's major achievements" —*Walter Winchell*

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away" —*Anita Loos*

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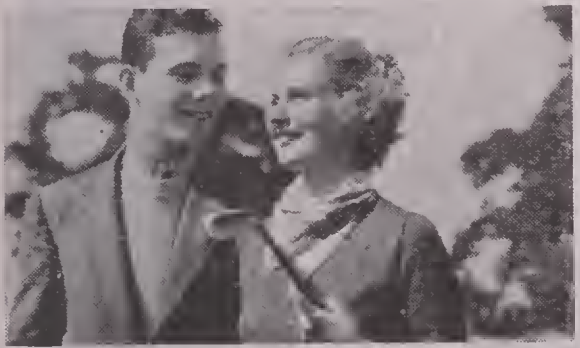

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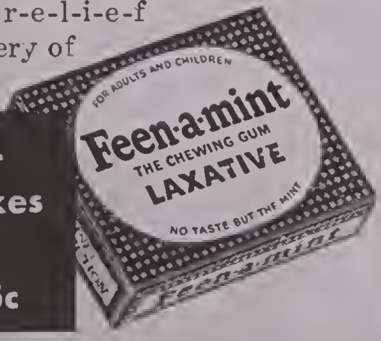

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Speak for Yourself

Little Juanita Quigley of M-G-M can hardly wait for Halloween to come.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

The Month's Most Popular Picture

I have just seen M-G-M's "San Francisco." I don't know what the rest of you folks took home from this picture—perhaps Jeanette's marvelous singing, perhaps Gable's touching heartbreak or Spencer Tracy's kind sincerity—but I took home a lesson, a lesson that all of us need badly.

There are a lot of "Blackie Nortons" in this old world. It wouldn't amount to much without them. Sinners, sure, but aren't we all? They're real, sincere, and when they finally realize there is a God they make His best servants. God bless them! Thank God there are a few "Mary Blakes" and "Tim Mullens," too.

What would man be without God? We all know, but we can't be told too often. So more, more pictures like "San Francisco," please. We poor sinners need them and we all go to the movies.

Alice M. Armstrong,
Tacoma, Wash.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

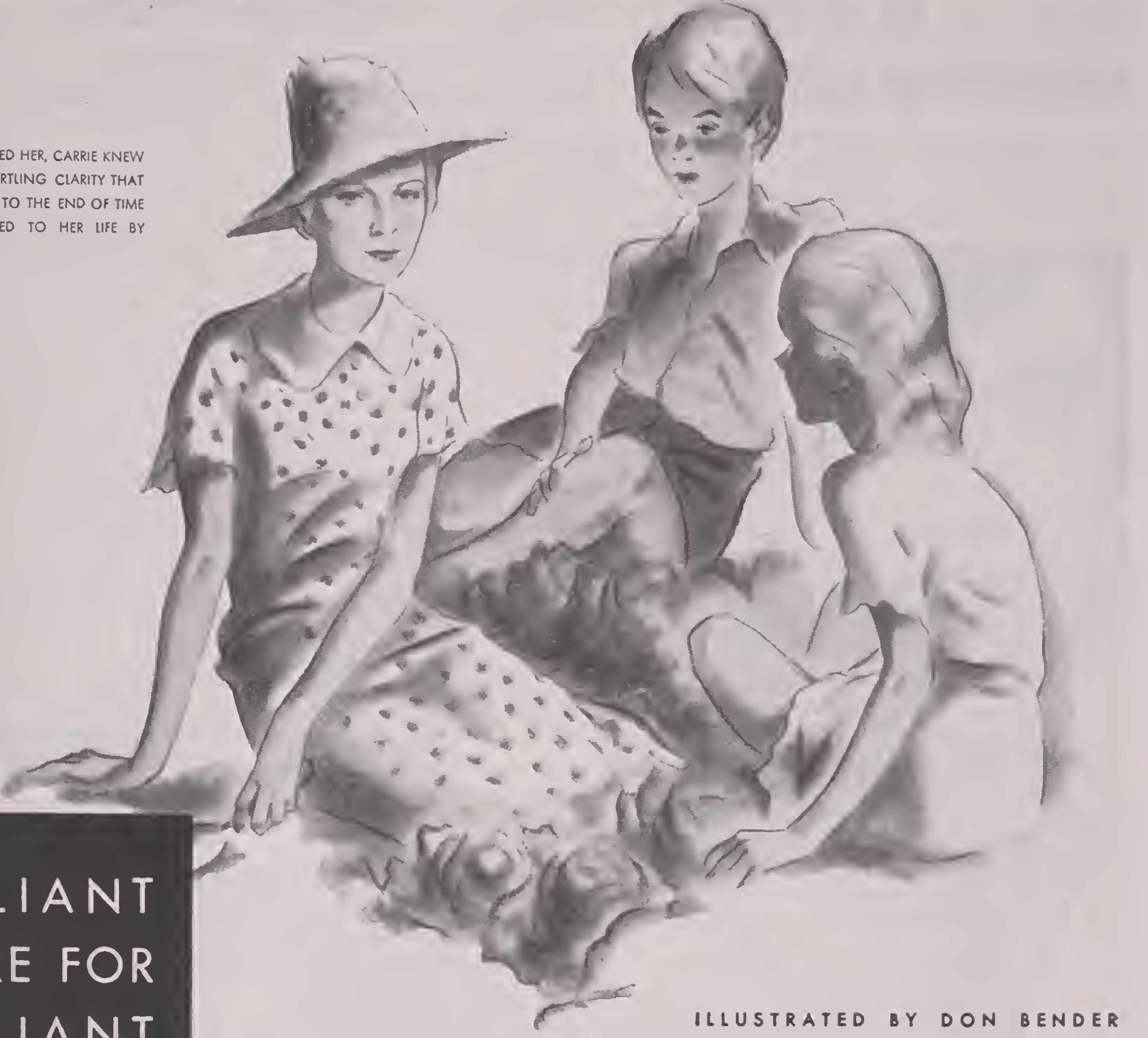
What a Fan Letter Means

Concerning this fan letter business—I wonder just how each individual star feels about it. Does he consider it a nuisance, take it for granted, or does he realize it is a vital factor in his career? He must remember that the only way by which we can express our wishes, praises, criticisms and suggestions is through the mail. And oh, how inadequate our letter seems as compared to the efficiency of a personal talk with the star! There are persons who can write a perfect letter in five minutes; others take a week in writing a single note. We want to tell a certain person how keenly we anticipate and enjoy his pictures; we want him to *know!*

Won't a star try to realize that for each letter received someone has laboriously endeavored to express his sincerest thoughts? That each letter comes from the heart of some individual?

Eleanor Yamabayashi,
Honolulu, T. H.

(Continued on page 6)



AS THE TWO CHILDREN FACED HER, CARRIE KNEW WITH A STRANGE AND STARTLING CLARITY THAT FROM THIS MOMENT EVEN TO THE END OF TIME THEIR LIVES WERE FASTENED TO HER LIFE BY BONDS OF STEEL.

A VALIANT PICTURE FOR A VALIANT STAR

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

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This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils and the protective oils of the lipstick, resulting in lips becoming even drier, more deeply cracked, rougher, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The *New* TATTOO Corrects All This

One of the magical new ingredients in the *New* TATTOO keeps lips fresh and *moist*...stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color...prevents dryness and roughness . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lip.*

Your lips are a glamorous, transparent South Sea red and actually become softer and smoother than they have ever been before . . . not a wrinkle . . . not a line! Thrillingly youthful . . . with the kind of an inviting sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, an introductory size of the *New* TATTOO in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10¢. You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you TATTOO your lips...with the *New* TATTOO!

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The New TATTOO

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 4*)

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Not-So-Wild West

It sure riles me plenty to see these movie cowpunchers making a burlesque out of the cattle industry with their wild hair-raising escapades and ear-splitting gun shooting. I've punched cattle for ten years out here in the heart of the great ranching country, but I've yet to witness the counterpart of any cow-country movie ever produced. Ranch work is not kid stuff. Riding night herd with nothing for company but the stars and milling cattle, feeding the brutes in cold, sloppy weather, and building fence for days at a stretch is not the kind of work for a schoolboy. Yet the only real audience the Westerns have are the kids.

Punching cows has its light moments, but most of it is drudgery—routine work—lonesome days and nights, and always miles away from civilization. The occasional movie one sees helps keep contact with the outside world, but we want to see a real show, not an inaccurate and slapstick portrayal of a dignified business. There is plenty of material for adult Westerns.

Emile Davis,
Seagraves, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Second Fiddle Soloists

What's wrong with the idea of a Motion Picture Academy Award? Nothing. It's so good that it should be made to cover all types of acting as the Pulitzer Prize covers all types of writing. Generally speaking, the Award neglects a whole group of actors and actresses so dear to the hearts of all movie-goers—those playing character parts. True, Marie Dressler, a great character actress, got the Award, but she was *starred* in her pictures at the time. What about such drawing cards as Eric Blore, Arthur Treacher, Charles Butterworth, Edward Everett Horton, Billie Burke, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, Patsy Kelly, Ned Sparks, Hugh Herbert, Jessie Ralph, Isabel Jewell, Ralph Morgan, Aline MacMahon, C. Aubrey Smith, Roland Young and dozens of others who usually play second fiddle on the play bill, yet so often pack us into the theaters when the headliners alone couldn't do it? If the Motion Picture Academy isn't interested, let some other organization widen the scope of prizes so that these favorites may be given the reward due them.

Sarah E. Dorn,
Hagerstown, Md.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Maybe It's an Optical Illusion

I have always been puzzled by those plain, bespectacled secretaries in the movies who, upon becoming beautiful, discard their said spectacles. I wish someone would let me in on the method used to restore their eyesight so quickly. Their difference in appearance I can readily understand, but such a lightning change in their eyesight—well, I just can't comprehend. *Please*, mister, enlighten me, as I am compelled to wear glasses in order to get around and supposed that was the reason why everyone else wore them. So, if out in Hollywood there is some quick, miraculous method to restore eyesight, I will take the next plane for Hollywood.

Mrs. Celia Schooley,
Wichita, Kan.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Lost Career

About five years ago, I expressed the desire of becoming a movie hero. "Oh, no," my friends told me, "you can't become a movie hero. Movie heroes should be handsome." Then they proceeded to make a long list of the many handsome movie stars. They included such actors as Dennis King, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Clive Brook, Ramon Novarro, Charles Farrell and so many others. "You're right," I finally agreed, and I gave up.

How often since that time I have wished that I might have waited for about five years before I gave up my wish. When I look over today's movie heroes, I see that most of them are in my class. Even my friends agree with me on this subject. Just look at James Cagney, Paul Muni, Colin Clive, Pat O'Brien, George Raft, Leo Carrillo, Chester Morris, Fred Astaire, Charles Laughton, Roger Pryor, Peter Lorre, and see if you don't agree with me.

John Hall Boller,
Watertown, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Team Work

The days of one-star pictures seem to be over and we, the public, are glad! The more good players, the better the movie. And you find that teams like Astaire and Rogers, Powell and Loy, Gable and Crawford are bigger box-office values than lone-stars. After all, if our hero is a superman, we want him to marry a superwoman.

Let us see then as co-stars the following favorites: Norma Shearer and Robert Donat, Herbert Marshall and Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray and Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and Brian Ahearn, Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo, Robert Montgomery and Claudette Colbert.

Betsy Holt,
Fort Smith, Ark.

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SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

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"A Waltz in Swing Time"
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and "Follow The Fleet" · Directed by George Stevens
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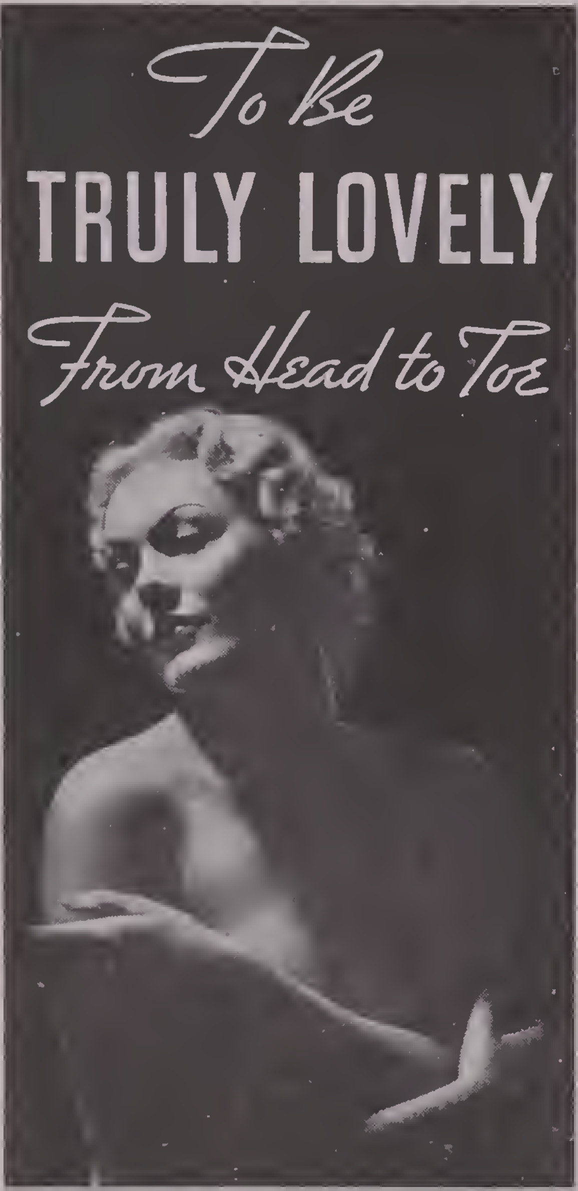


To Be
TRULY LOVELY
From Head to Toe

For Real Beauty, You Must Have a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free From Pimples and Blemishes

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all your skin* of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG 10-36

Name
Address
City *State*

Jackie Cooper, hard at work in the MOVIE MIRROR office, finds that being an editor isn't the easiest job in the world.

MOVIE MIRROR junior

Jackie Cooper
—GUEST EDITOR

DEAR MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS:
I am glad to be editing the JUNIOR DEPARTMENT in MOVIE MIRROR this month, because I like to write. When I was small, I used to try to write detective stories.

I suppose most of you boys and girls who read this department know something about my past work in pictures. But in case some of you don't, I'll tell you how I started.

When I was six years old, Mother was working at the Fox studios. She came home one night and told me that the studio was looking for a little boy to sing a song. They had tried out all kinds, she said, but hadn't found the one they wanted. I asked her if I could try. She said yes, but she did not want anyone to know that I was her son. They might have thought Mother was trying to get me the part by pull, you see.

The next day, my grandmother took me to the studio. We had promised Mother that if we met her we would pretend we did not know her. So when I saw her, just as I was about to rehearse for my tryout, I went over to her and said, "Please, Miss, may I have a piece of paper to scribble on?" I got the part.

When the picture was released, Hal Roach offered me a job in "Our Gang." The family let me join, and I worked in "Our Gang" for thirteen months. It was then that they were looking for a lead to play in "Skippy."

Most people might think that my uncle, Norman Taurog, the big director, got me that job. He was in New York at the time the casting was done, and nobody on the studio lot knew me. Mother and I went to the studio and I tried out for the part just like all the other boys who wanted it. Uncle Norman certainly has taught me many things about acting, but he did not help me get that part in "Skippy."

As soon as I finished that picture, I was called over to RKO to play in a picture with Richard Dix. He was swell to work with.

I then went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to work with Wally Beery in "The Champ." It's hard to write just how much I have always liked Wally. He's such a grand man, and we have had so much fun working together.

One of the things Wally and I always had to do in pictures was eat a lot. Eating, to me, is a regular sport. During the shooting of "The Champ," Wally and I had to eat whole strings of baloney. Another time we had to eat corn on the cob and big, thick steaks. We ate so much corn and steak before the picture was finished that it made us both sick.

Crying is (*Continued on page* 10)

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

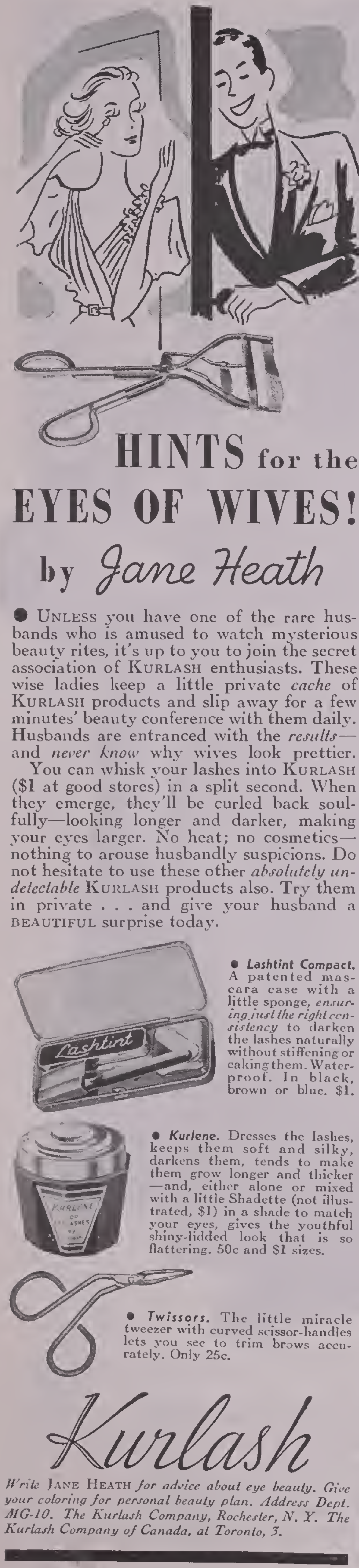
Anita Louise · Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn · Claude Rains
Louis Hayward · · Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.

● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Movie Mirror Junior

(*Continued from page 8*)

another thing I have had to do lots of times in my pictures. Usually, I try to think of things that would make a fellow cry, and the tears come. But sometimes that doesn't work.

One time, I remember, when I just could not cry, because I was all cried out, the director framed an argument between himself and Red Golden, one of my best buddies, who worked on the set. They told me Red had been fired. When I heard that Red had lost his job, I bawled. Later they told me it was all a joke.

Another time, at a different studio, the director told me that he had just received a wire from Mr. Mayer, the executive head at Metro, saying that they did not want me there any more, since I couldn't act. That made me cry, too.

I HAVE a private tutor, like most of the other boys and girls in pictures. When I am working on a set, the teacher comes on the sound stage and in between scenes I do my school work. I have three hours of school, one hour of lunch and rest, and four hours of work. When I am not working, the teacher comes to my home, where I have a study room, and we work there from three to four hours every day.

My favorite subject is algebra. It really is a good brain exerciser and keeps you thinking. I use the same books that the students in all Los Angeles public schools use. Every now and then the Board of Education sends a teacher out to give me an examination, to see that I am learning as rapidly and as well as I should. My subjects at present are English, social science, Spanish and algebra. I am in the second half of the ninth grade, and hope to pass into the tenth this fall.

My family and I live at one of the beaches near Culver City. There are no moving picture kids in the neighborhood. Most of the fellows I know there can't afford to go to very many shows, so I take the whole gang, usually on Friday and Saturday nights.

Of course, since we're at the beach, we also swim a lot. I never get too far away from the house without Mother knowing where I am, though. Then she doesn't worry about me.

At present, we are building a badminton court in our back yard. The gang in the neighborhood come over and help lay bricks. We have had lots of fun making it, but it will be more fun when we start playing on it.

My favorite hobby is gun collecting. One reason Mother allows me to collect and handle guns is that I have always been interested in policemen, proper way to handle firearms, and things like that. When I am allowed to shoot, I either go with my Dad, or some policeman friend of mine. The New York Police Department gave me two medals for shooting ability.

My gun collection contains revolvers, all modern guns and hunting rifles, and I even have a machine gun (which isn't for use). Some are new guns and some of them are very old. I have approximately thirty pistols, from small twenty-two calibre ones to forty-fours. The entire collection is kept locked up in a special cabinet in my room. I am never allowed to have bullets until the exact time I am ready to do my shooting with Dad, or someone else he allows me to go with.

I get the money to buy guns and add to my collection if I have finished a picture and have done good work in it Usually I get one gun after each picture.

I want to remain in pictures as long as I possibly can, and will try to do things that audiences would like me to do. I would like to go to college and study medicine, If I do not continue in pictures.

There seems to be a lot of fuss about my growing up. Gee whizz, everybody has to grow up some time, and I'm sure there are plenty of stories for pictures that a fellow of my growing years can do. There are good adventure stories, Boy Scout stories, air stories and lots of others. In fact, I think a boy's life is just as interesting at fourteen as it is at six. What do you readers of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR think about this?

BY the time you read this, I'll be in my next picture, "The Devil Is a Sissy." Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew are in it, too. I really can't say much about it right now, except that I am sure it will be fun to make with Mickey and Freddie in it.

I guess I had better watch how much I am writing, here, or it will be too much. I will end by asking all of you to write me, if you like. I will be very happy to hear from you.

So long—

JACKIE.

P. S. Please write to me in care of Betty Turner, MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and tell me why you think a boy's or girl's life might be just as interesting at fourteen as it is at six. I will send an autographed photograph to the twenty-five boys and girls who write the twenty-five best letters. Letters will be judged upon the basis of clarity and interest. Miss Betty Turner and I will act as the judges. Your letters should be mailed before October 5, 1936. Don't forget, write soon!*

A GREAT BOOK!

AN OUTSTANDING PLAY!

A SUPERB PICTURE!

by
SINCLAIR
LEWIS

Nobel Prize Winner SINCLAIR LEWIS ...Pulitzer Prize Winner SIDNEY HOWARD...Famed Producer SAMUEL GOLDWYN...this winning combination which gave the world "Arrowsmith" has again united to create the *entertainment* achievement of the year!

Samuel Goldwyn

HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT

SINCLAIR LEWIS'

DODSWORTH

with **WALTER HUSTON**
RUTH CHATTERTON
PAUL LUKAS · MARY ASTOR
and DAVID NIVEN
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by SIDNEY HOWARD

● Hundreds of thousands saw the play which ran for nearly two years on Broadway and on the road! Millions have read the book which topped best-seller lists! And now millions more will see the superb picturization of this great prize story!

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

It's raining flowers!

CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

HERE'S America's best-loved talc—soft and fine; fragrant and fresh as a rain of tiny flower petals. *April Showers* is sheer after-bathing delight! Soothes and smooths the skin—gives you that all-over feeling of luxury and delight. Yet this superb, imported talc is inexpensive.

The standard size is on sale at the standard price of 28¢ at fine stores everywhere.

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

DO you recall my saying, when I wrote about salad dressing, that a subtle interchange of ingredients in recipes was one of the secrets of being a good cook?

It is one of the things which help to make the difference between the humdrum assembling, preparing and serving of food, and the practice of cooking as an art. You'll recall in the salad article, that I advised you to use the same recipes over and over again, but to vary the *kind* of vinegar and the kind of oil. I hope you followed that up and found out for yourself what delicious results could be obtained. But salad dressing isn't the only kind of recipe in which this interesting interchange may be made.

Just now, with the cool days of autumn approaching, we are thinking a little less about salads, and much more about heavier, substantial meals—meals which include plenty of what it takes to keep up the resistance of the body against cold weather.

We are glad to see hot cereals with sugar and cream for breakfast, and hot breads served with plenty of butter and maybe jam, with luncheon and dinner. Rich, good cookies are welcome in place of the dainty sandwiches of midsummer teas.

So I'm going to give you a variety of recipes for these things in which I suggest ingredient changes which bring out unsuspected flavors and add extra nutriment. I wouldn't be surprised if it were the kind of interchange you have already discovered for yourself. It's just using the finest of the cereals processed for hot breakfast foods, in place of routine flours and grains. You know these processed cereals are made of the soundest, wholesomest grains, and often have the advantage that certain elements are made much more digestible by the special manufacturing methods which prepare them. You'll of course be using hot cereals for breakfast during the winter, so you have these on your shelf already.

"Bread is the staff of life," as the old adage reminds us, and bread, as it is used here, means the whole range of starch cereal foods, not only plain wheaten bread. We need lots of that "staff" to lean on when the body must fortify itself against the continued drain on vital energy of lower external temperatures.

So plenty of good, hot cereals for breakfast! And these other recipes I am giving you should be used to add variety to the breads used at other meals, and for occasional sweets. I have indicated in them the general type of cereal referred to, but if you are confused, or not familiar with some of them, I have prepared a special page to send out, giving the exact names.

SPOON BREAD

2 cups uncooked brown type cereal
4 cups boiling water
2 eggs
1 tsp. salt
2 tbls. butter
2 cups buttermilk or sour milk
1 tsp. soda

Pour the boiling water over the uncooked cereal, (*Continued on page 14*)

Babies get their healthy beauty by eating wisely—hot cereals for breakfast, for example. For older children and adults there's a grand variety of recipes made with wholesome cereals.

COURTESY OF THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORP.

ALL THE STYLE OF PARIS . . . yours in

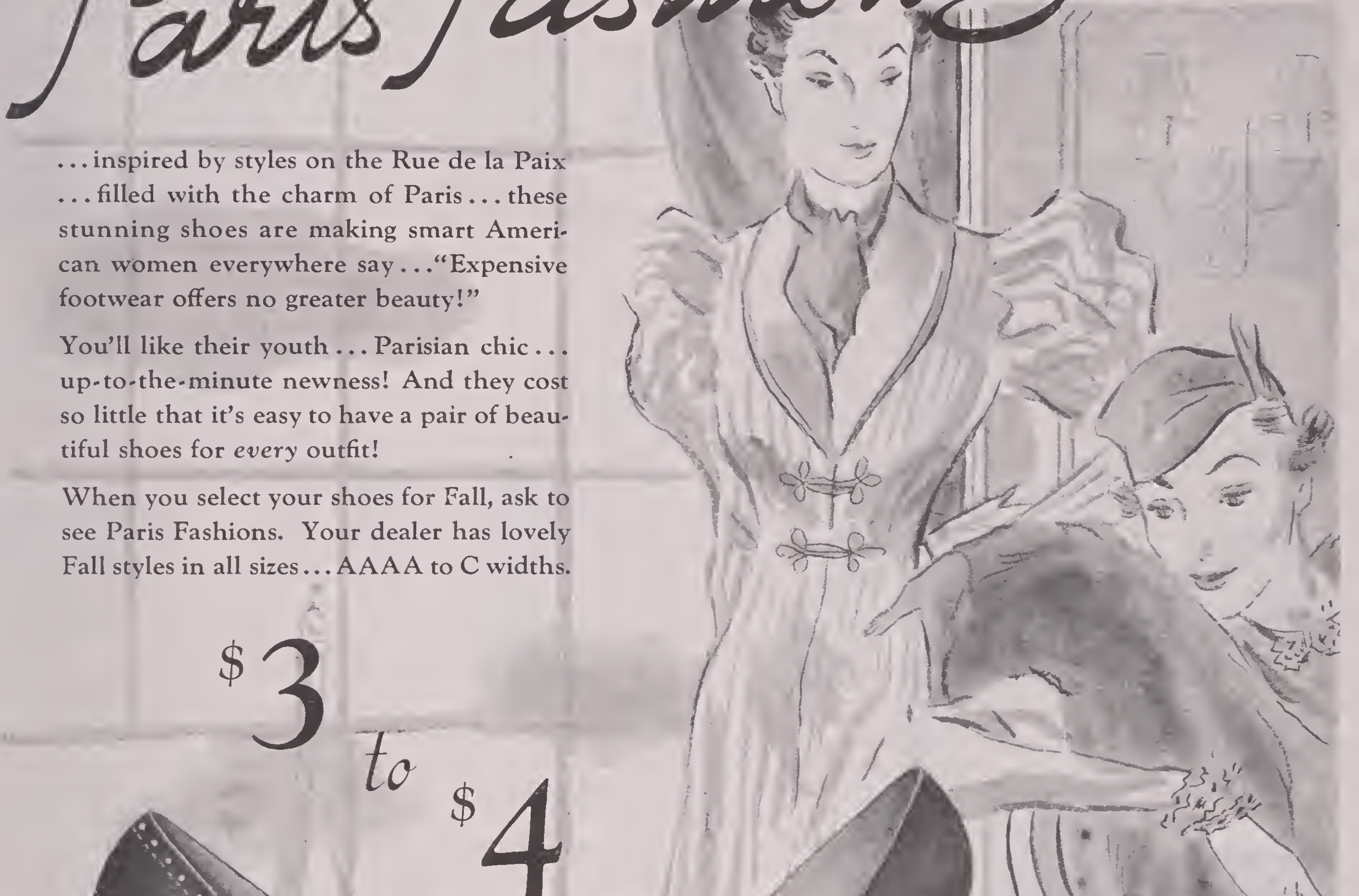
Paris Fashion Shoes

. . . inspired by styles on the Rue de la Paix . . . filled with the charm of Paris . . . these stunning shoes are making smart American women everywhere say . . . "Expensive footwear offers no greater beauty!"

You'll like their youth . . . Parisian chic . . . up-to-the-minute newness! And they cost so little that it's easy to have a pair of beautiful shoes for *every* outfit!

When you select your shoes for Fall, ask to see Paris Fashions. Your dealer has lovely Fall styles in all sizes . . . AAAA to C widths.

$3 *to* $4



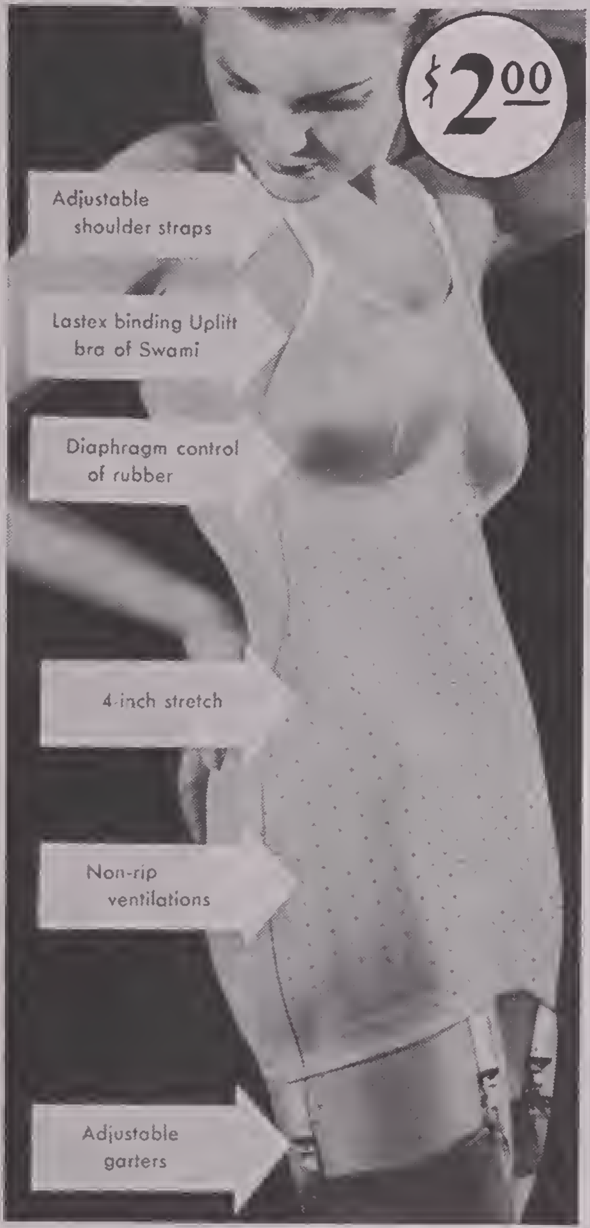
FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES TO ONE HUNDRED WOMEN!

Nothing to buy. Just finish this sentence: "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because . . ." (in 25 words or less). Winners will receive 8 pairs of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet . . . and name of your dealer from whom you can get the official entry blank. Dept. M-1, Wohl Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein

"MY DEAR!
HOW THIN
YOU ARE!"

Such words are music to a woman's ear! Especially when slenderness can be achieved so easily, comfortably, and smartly with a Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducer!


$2.00
Adjustable shoulder straps
Lastex binding Uplift bra of Swami
Diaphragm control of rubber
4-inch stretch
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- A new "all-in-one" of Kleinert's ODORLESS Sturdi-flex rubber fabric with uplift bra of soft swami. The controlled stretch and three-piece fitted back make it comfortable for daytime, evening, or sports.
- Bend, sit, stretch—this marvelous all-in-one adjusts itself easily to any position and moulds your figure into firm youthful lines. Note the perforations for coolness, the adjustable shoulder straps, the flat Solo hose supporters—they help to make your Sturdi-flex completely comfortable as well as effective.
- Ask for Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Department Store Notion Counter—it's only two dollars.
- **Sized to bust measure — every other inch from 32 to 44.**

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 12*)

and let stand until it has slightly cooled. Then add the butter and the salt. Beat the eggs well and add. Dissolve the soda in the buttermilk or sour milk, whichever is used. Stir this in and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for thirty-five or forty minutes. This is served directly from the baking dish while hot, with butter. Maple or corn syrup is extra good with it, and the combination is delicious with a main meat course, generally in place of potatoes.

HIGHLAND FANCIES

1 egg
½ cup sugar
⅔ tbl. butter
1 cup rolled oats
⅓ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. vanilla

Beat the egg very light, adding the sugar gradually. Melt the butter and add, with the salt, oats and the vanilla. Grease very thoroughly a cookie-sheet and drop this mixture by teaspoons on the sheet, leaving at least an inch between each teaspoon full. When the sheet is full, wet a silver knife in water, and gently spread out the fancies so that they are not quite so high. Bake till light brown in a moderate oven (735° F.). Try this recipe as is, the first time, because using just the rolled oats gives it a distinctive flavor. But the next time, use three-fourths of a cup of the oats and one-fourth of shredded cocoanut. This combination is just as good.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES COUNTRY STYLE

2 cups corn meal
1 cup flour
6 tsp. baking powder
1½ tsp. salt
1 tbl. sugar
1 cup milk
1 cup water
2 tbls. butter.

Sift together the meal, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Stir in the milk and water. Melt the butter and add. These should be baked slowly, from two and a half to three minutes. Serve with butter and jam, honey or syrup. The batter should not be allowed to stand once it is mixed, but cooked immediately.

HOMINY MUFFINS

1 cup cooked hominy
¼ cup butter
1 cup scalded milk
3 tbls. sugar
1 tsp. salt
¼ yeast cake
¼ cup lukewarm water
3¼ cups flour

You should not use left-over hominy for this, but prepare it fresh as it should be still warm. Into it stir the butter, milk, sugar and salt. Immediately dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water and flour, and stir in well. Cover it and let it rise over night. In the morning, cut down, fill buttered muffin pans two-thirds full, let rise again for an hour and bake in a moderate oven.

Especially good for jelly sandwiches or for toast is this new and different tasting peanut butter bread.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

1 cup flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
1 cup prepared mixture white and brown type cereal (uncooked)
⅔ cup milk
⅓ cup cream
⅔ cup peanut butter
1 egg

Sift together the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt and combine with the cereal. Cream the peanut butter and blend in gradually the cream and milk. Beat the egg until light and fold into the peanut butter mixture. Stir the peanut butter mixture into the dry mixture, pour into well greased loaf pan and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for forty-five minutes.

And for dessert, here is an exceedingly clever little cereal custard for the children (and for grown-ups!), though children will be delighted to find an old breakfast friend all dressed up with new flavors.

CEREAL CUSTARD

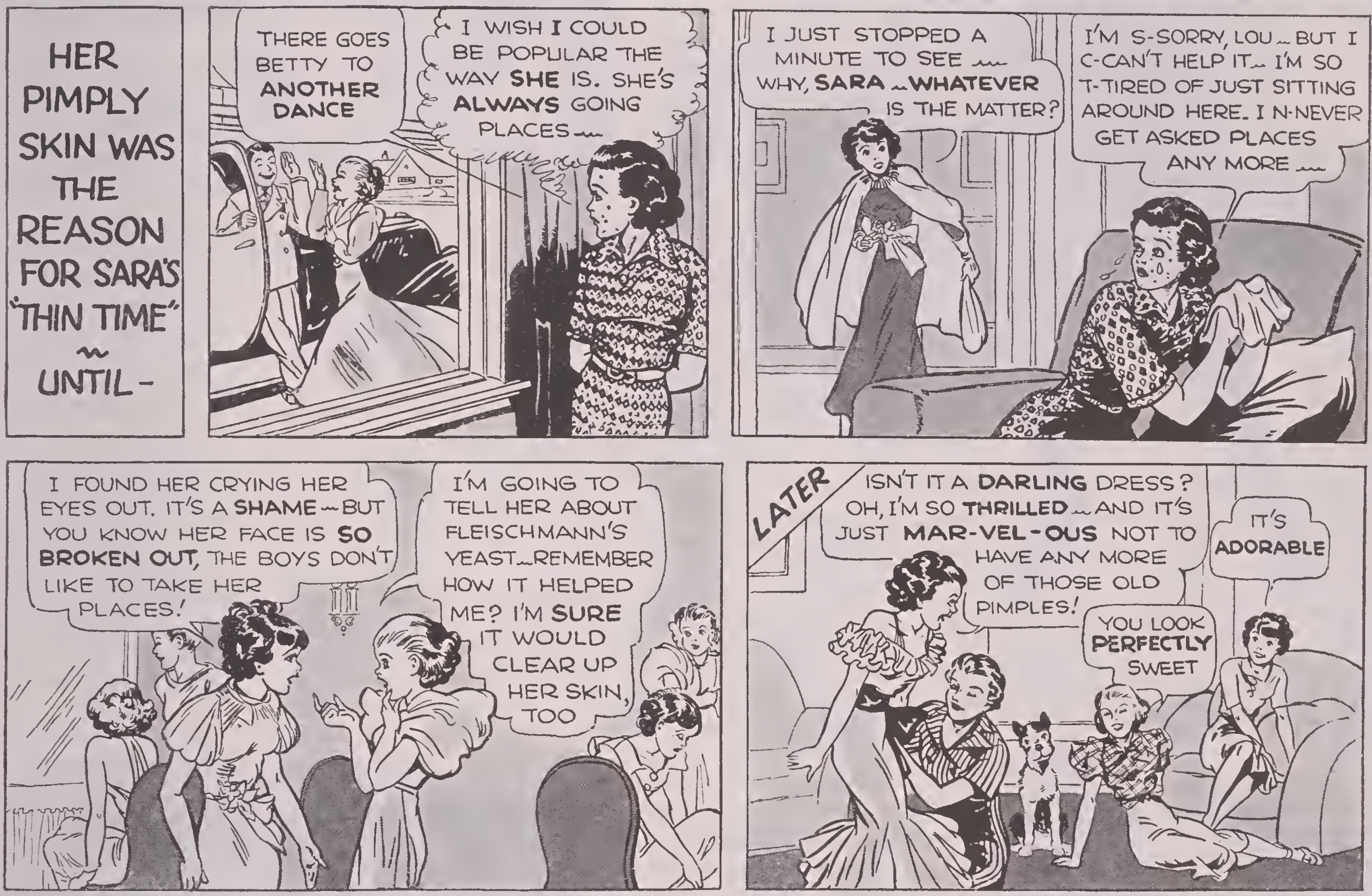
1 cup cooked cream of wheat
1½ cups milk
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. vanilla

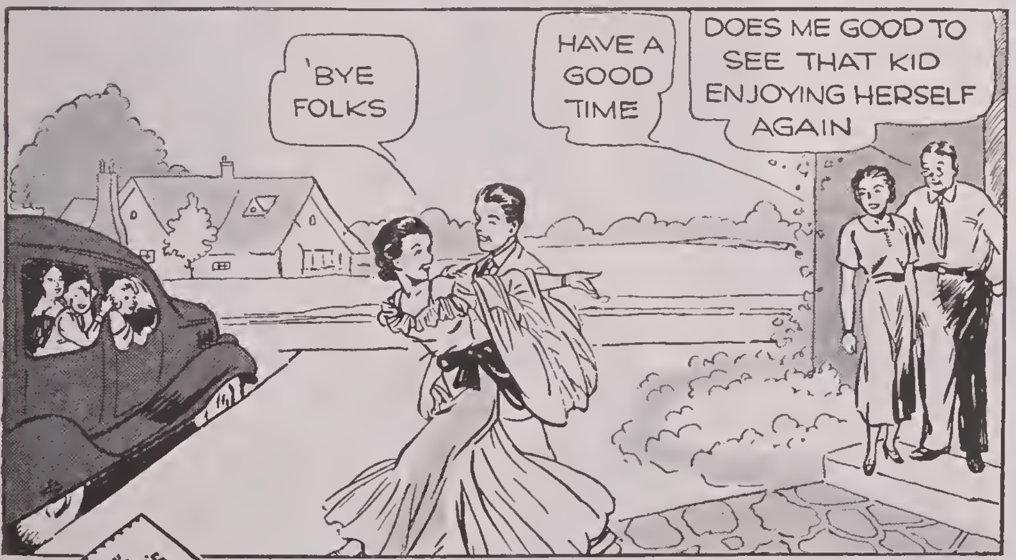
Combine ingredients, adding the vanilla last, and bake in a buttered baking dish in a moderate oven for half an hour.

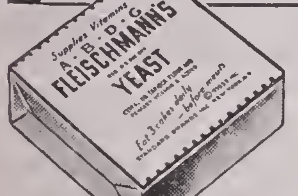
Pauline Nelson has other delicious recipes for hot breads, using all kinds of different cereals. These are so inexpensive and so good, you should have them to add to your cooking file. There's a new stuffing for chicken and duck, too, as well as other uses for these good, processed grains and meals, which you'll want. Let MOVIE MIRROR'S Cooking Department send these to you, quite free of charge. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to

Pauline Nelson
c/o MOVIE MIRROR
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

NOBODY ASKS *ME* OUT ANYMORE!


HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL-
THERE GOES BETTY TO ANOTHER DANCE
I WISH I COULD BE POPULAR THE WAY SHE IS. SHE'S ALWAYS GOING PLACES ...
I JUST STOPPED A MINUTE TO SEE ... WHY, SARA ... WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
I'M S-SORRY, LOU ... BUT I C-CAN'T HELP IT ... I'M SO T-TIRED OF JUST SITTING AROUND HERE. I N-NEVER GET ASKED PLACES ANY MORE ...
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT. IT'S A SHAME — BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS SO BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!
I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST ... REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN, TOO
LATER
ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED ... AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!
IT'S ADORABLE
YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET


'BYE FOLKS
HAVE A GOOD TIME
DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT KID ENJOYING HERSELF AGAIN


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* —a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

SANITARY PROTECTION

without PADS! PINS! BELTS!

WIX IS the remarkable new product which enables every woman to have complete, healthful, sanitary protection, *internally*, *invisibly!*

Wix is a scientifically designed absorbent tampon (perfected by two physicians) which is used internally and thus banishes forever the embarrassment of protruding pads, the irritation and discomfort of belts and pins.

Wix is sold by all department stores, drug stores, and all Kresge stores. If your dealer should be unable to supply you, use the coupon below.

WIX

THE WIX COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.
☐ For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me one regular size package of Wix.
☐ Please send me folder on Wix. (WG10)
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Address____________________
City__________ State__________

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST UP-TO-THE MINUTE CHATTER

Betty Furness and Cesar Romero are still going about together; this is at Ginger's party.

HOT NEWS: **Paul Muni,** who has long suffered from insomnia, is following physician's orders in a South Sea cruise in a last desperate attempt to find a cure.

Errol Flynn, for the first time in his Hollywood career, forsakes the military uniform and dons the white gown of the surgeon in "Green Light." This role, originally intended for **Leslie Howard,** attests to his studio's attitude on Flynn's acting ability.

Romance: Newcomer **Dick Purcell** and pretty **June Travis.**

Earl Carroll, famous New York girl show producer, has replaced **George White** and will produce a yearly "Twentieth Century Follies."

W. C. Fields is now allowed to sit up; officials at the Pasadena sanitarium think him well on the road to complete recovery.

John Barrymore, in the hospital with threatening pneumonia, will be replaced in **Garbo's** "Camille" by his brother, **Lionel.**

Happy endings: The delightful, simple wedding of **Irene Hervey** to actor-singer **Allan Jones.**

Hollywood is a bit suspicious over that five million dollar suit of Paramount's against **Sam Goldwyn** because of **Gary Cooper's** new contract. All that new publicity comes out right at the time when Paramount is releasing Gary's new picture.

Ann Dvorak, long off the screen

No lack of laughs at the big celebration on Ginger Rogers' birthday—not with Andy Devine and Una Merkel among those present!

At whom is Jimmie grimacing across Ginger's birthday cake? With him are Margaret Sullavan, Leland Hayward.

during her contract fight with the studio, has been handed the leading role in RKO's forthcoming "We Who Are About to Die."

Sally Rand has just signed a motion picture contract to play the leading role in an épic entitled "September Morn."

Fred MacMurray and his bride, **Lillian Lamont,** have been forced to move to a secret apartment following their short honeymoon in Honolulu because of too much drop in trade. Every salesman in town has been on their trail since their return.

The studio seems to be doing everything in its power to keep **Anne Shirley** from keeping that elopement date with **Owen Davis, Jr.** And they're so in love, too.

Bill Powell has just sold his fancy mansion. This removes the last link of rumors that promised "when **Jean Harlow** sells her place she'll marry Bill and they'll live in his new home."

Clark Gable just bought a huge ranch estate in the Black Hills, said to be one of the most palatial homes in the country.

Inside information reveals that **Doug Fairbanks, Sr.,** is very interested in the career of **Simone Simon** following the preview of her debut film, "Girl's Dormitory." Doug immediately started trying to borrow Simone for his next production, "New Mexico." If unable to make that one, Fairbanks has told close friends that he will buy a starring vehicle for her.

Janet Gaynor was rescued from a nightmarish venture into the rip tides of the Pacific recently by a life guard. She was out of the cast of "Ladies in Love" for three days while she recovered from the shock of near-drowning.

Jimmie Stewart (with flower box in hand) and Ginger Rogers arriving at the Troc for her birthday party.

Another Love-match Shipwrecked...

...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

MILLIONS of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations ...childbirth.

Not liking to discuss such a delicate subject as feminine hygiene is natural...but when misinformation, ignorance, and half-truths threaten happiness, a wife is guilty of *serious neglect* if she fails to learn that there *is* a reliable answer to her problem.

You will find that "Lysol" gives you a new sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness that is most reassuring. But more important, "Lysol" brings the poise and peace of mind so essential to a truly happy marriage.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions... even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension—and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears very soon after use.
6. STABILITY...Keeps its full strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! Beginning Oct. 5th, "Lysol" presents the famous doctor of the quintuplets, on "Modern Child Care," Mon., Wed., Fri. mornings on Columbia Network.

Lysol Disinfectant

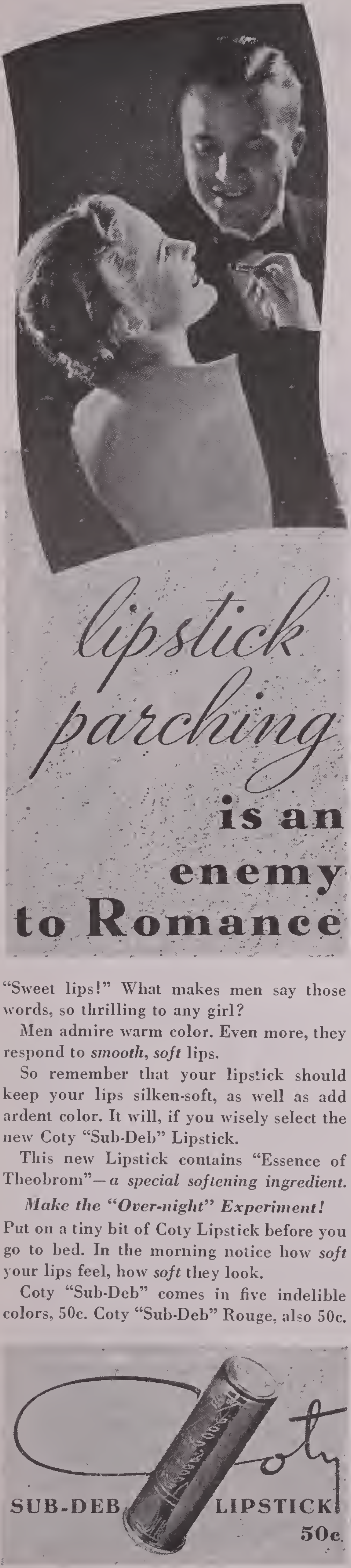
FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. MM-10
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________ State________

Copr. 1936 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.


lipstick parching is an enemy to Romance

"Sweet lips!" What makes men say those words, so thrilling to any girl?

Men admire warm color. Even more, they respond to *smooth, soft* lips.

So remember that your lipstick should keep your lips silken-soft, as well as add ardent color. It will, if you wisely select the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick.

This new Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom"—*a special softening ingredient.*

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Coty SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c.

INSIDE STUFF (Con't.)

Kay Francis, as superbly chic as ever, snapped with Delmer Daves, film writer. The rumor is that they'll marry soon.

Up-to-the-minute news that the stars are talking about in the film colony

THE Dizzy Dozen, including George Burns, Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Martha Raye, were all ready to start shooting the blizzard scene for "The Big Broadcast of 1937" when a cricket landed on the hearth. For about thirty minutes, at a cost of five hundred dollars a minute, the gang of stars, props and cameramen went mad trying to locate the bug. Nothing happened but more chirping. Finally Burns turned to Gracie with:

"Why don't you stop trying to think?"

That was all Gracie needed. Within two minutes she had located the cricket and the noise was silenced. The scene began. After a bit of side-play at the microphone, Jack Benny turned to the sound effects man and asked for a "blizzard." Obviously, the S.A. man didn't understand because from the wings floated a huge buzzard. The stuffed bird floated past the microphone and headed for George and Gracie. But just then Martha Raye (who hadn't been let in on the gag) looked up and saw the terrific bird right there in front of her. She screamed and ran. In two steps she knocked over a table and fell over a chair. The buzzard came to a graceful landing on her back.

The director had figured Martha would be scared and "take it big" but he hadn't figured on the scream and fall. The whole set was so hilarious

Above, Simone Simon, who promises to be a new film sensation, at the Trocadero with Alex Darcy.

At left, two other rapidly rising newcomers, Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson (Frances Farmer) at the Brown Derby.

There's nothing of the prima donna about Jean Harlow. She and Bobby Brown, her stand-in, are real pals.

that the gag was immediately incorporated into the picture. Martha sure was glad the first "take" was okay. She was really scared.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD, always looking for a gag, thought that Margaret Sullavan and her ex-husband, Willie Wyler, were putting it on when they started dancing together a few weeks ago. But they're still at it! Now Hollywood is changing its mind. Maybe it's a new courtship.

* * *

FRED MacMURRAY and his bride rushed straight from the boat to Sound Stage No. 4 at the Paramount lot where Fred was wanted for his first scenes of "Champagne Waltz" with Gladys Swarthout. Immediately after Fred had on his make-up, though, Lillian Lamont MacMurray took a taxi home to get the apartment ready for the groom, so she didn't see the "welcome" Fred got on the set.

We were standing at the far end of the huge ballroom set when MacMurray walked in. What a bedlam of cheers went up from the five hundred extras in the scene! The ovation lasted fully five minutes. Where they got so much energy, despite Fred's great popularity on the lot, I'll never know. The occasion was Hollywood's hottest summer day and the ballroom is built on the only stage that Paramount hasn't air-cooled.

Five minutes later, however, while Fred was standing ready for the first scene, a huge sun-arc overhead burst into a thousand pieces from the added

"Let Camay help your skin to *Lasting Loveliness*"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WASHINGTON BRIDE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I never miss my daily beauty treatment with Camay—gentlest, purest, best of all soaps! And I look to Camay to help my skin to lasting loveliness.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Irene Robbins Forbes

(Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes)

April 13, 1936

FAIR HAIR, flawless features, unforgetable dark eyes are the heritage of this lovely bride!—young Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes of Washington, D. C., and Ottawa, Canada. And to enhance it all, hers is a complexion so fresh and so fair, the effect is simply dazzling!

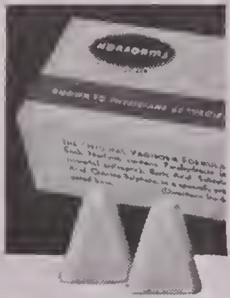
Yet any girl may follow this bride's simple beauty secret—*Camay for a lovely skin!* For this bland beauty soap, with its fresh and fragrant lather is so *deeply* cleansing, so gently stimulating, so pure! It's *milder*, too, by actual test. Even delicate skins respond to it joyously. If you want to see your complexion grow brighter, smoother, finer, *keep using Camay!* Buy at least six cakes (it costs so little!) and begin today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER!

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and *safest* way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use . . . much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro para hydroxy mercuri meta cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet *"The New Way."* It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

NORFORMS *for modern feminine hygiene*

©N. P. CO. 1936

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Look at the all-star cast at Pat O'Brien's picnic —Craig Reynolds, Tom Brown, Inez Courtney, Paula Stone, Pat and his wife, Donald Woods, Glenda Farrell, Anita Louise and Fred Keating. Left, John Howard and Anne Shirley at Ginger's birthday.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

heat and all the glass fell on Mr. MacMurray's head. The pieces were so small that no damage was done. Hardly was that scare over when the director called a halt and ordered the set cleared. The crystal chandelier, weighing eight hundred pounds, was swaying dizzily overhead. Over MacMurray's head. When workmen finished steadying it, they admitted Fred was in a dangerous spot for a couple of minutes. His first day back from a honeymoon, too!

* * *

COMEDIANS VS. LEADING MEN . . . WRIGLEY BASEBALL FIELD . . . TODAY

HOW would you like to see that sign on a streetcar in your home town? It actually appeared in Hollywood, and what a riot of fun the game was, too.

With the gate receipts going to charity, Gracie Allen at the microphone describing the plays (and by-plays) and Hugh Herbert, Fred Stone, Frank Morgan and Leon Errol defying pop bottles as the umpires, the game got under way. The comics had circulated a rumor that the leading men would have to use their stand-ins to stem the tide and the handsome heroes got so hot under the collar they appeared en masse. The line up:

Heroes: Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, George Raft, John Boles, Preston Foster, Pat O'Brien, Lew Ayres, Jack LaRue, Bob Armstrong and Cesar Romero.

Comics: Vince Barnett, Frank McHugh, George Burns, Eddie Cantor, Bill Frawley, Sid Silvers, Jack Benny, Jack Oakie and Mitchell & Durante.

The Heroes would have won by a large score, but the comedians had the score keeper in their pay. Also the comics had four runners hidden near third base, and when a hit was made all four would romp across home plate at once. Tie score—100 to 100.

* * *

ARE you scared when a black cat crosses your trail? Then listen to this:

Alan Crosland had been shooting on scenes for "The Caretaker's Cat," a "whodunit" with Ricardo Cortez in the role of *Perry Mason,* the detective. In almost all the scenes a large, slinky cat

Here's your chance to get in on filmland gossip!

Don't miss this monthly feature if you really want to know your Hollywood

Above, a real scoop picture—two world-famous opera singers at the same table: Lawrence Tibbet, Gladys Swarthout, his wife and her husband, Frank Chapman.

And here's a genuine sneak shot (below) that Bing didn't know we were taking! Mr. Crosby joking with Eleanore Whitney, George E. Stone and Jack LaRue.

was used. Then came a whole day of shooting when the cat was not needed. The next day, the cat refused to work at all. Crosland shot around the feline actor which sat on the sidelines and scowled.

That night, driving home late, Director Crosland failed to remember that they were digging up the street near his home in Beverly Hills. The car turned over three times and landed in the huge ditch.

Hollywood residents were horrified to learn a few hours later that Mr. Crosland had died as a result of the accident.

IF you were visiting in Hollywood these days and wanted to see just *one* movie set and get the most for your money, we'd take you over to watch Eleanor Powell doing her dance scenes for "Born to Dance." You'd see some grand dancing and hear beautiful music—but what else?

Now . . . millions are finding new beauty with HOLLYWOOD'S MAKE-UP *. . . are you?*

JEAN ARTHUR, star of Columbia's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" *shows you how Max Factor's new make-up can give you beauty.*

★

Hollywood's Rouge

Max Factor's Rouge will individualize your charm through the magic of the color harmony shades—a secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere . . . 50¢.

Powder Secret Revealed

Smart women everywhere are learning what every screen star knows—that the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder will make the skin look lovelier than any other. Try this powder secret and note the amazing difference . . . . $1.

★

New Lipstick Discovered

Max Factor has originated a new Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades that will give alluring, lasting color to your lips. May be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, smooth color . . . . $1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try Jean Arthur's make-up secret . . . powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? Mail this coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood: Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

25-10-7

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE ____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

Well, you'd see Joan Crawford. Joan can hardly work on her own picture for watching Eleanor. You'd see Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and most of the gang from "Libeled Lady." Jeanette MacDonald sneaks over every day.

So a trip to the Powell set is our idea of a grand tour for visitors.

DOT PONDELL is the unhappiest girl in Hollywood. Nellie Manley is probably the happiest. Dot is make-up girl for Marlene Dietrich and Nellie is her hair-dresser.

This week, Marlene boarded the *Normandie* (having had to rent an extra stateroom for her luggage) and with her went Nellie Manley.

Dot had been asked to go along as well, but Paramount had already assigned her to make up Gracie Allen for "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and she couldn't be spared.

"The Big Broadcast of 1937" is comedy, but it's a lot of grief to Dot, having gypped her out of a trip to Europe.

And so they were married! Above, Howard Strickling, best man; Allan Jones, bridegroom; Irene Hervey, the bride, and her small daughter, Gail; and Mildred Kelly, maid of honor.

Three of the players in the annual movieland baseball game for charity—Andy Devine, Fred MacMurray and director Mervyn LeRoy.

I INVESTED A FEW PENNIES... AND WON A HUSBAND!
IT WAS "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT" FOR ME! BUT ALTHO HARRY WAS CHARMING TO ME, I NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN
ONE DAY I MET HIS MOTHER BUYING LIFEBUOY. SHE EXPLAINED, "B.O.' IS ONE THING HARRY WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH"
I TOOK THE HINT. MADE LIFEBUOY MY SOAP. NEXT TIME I MET HARRY, HE FELL FOR ME WITH A BANG! THANKS TO LIFEBUOY, I'M NOW A HAPPY BRIDE
HOW CAN I KEEP MY COMPLEXION AS LOVELY AND YOUNG-LOOKING AS YOURS, MOTHER BAXTER?
LIFEBUOY'S MY BEAUTY SECRET!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

YES!—that same luxurious lather that keeps you personally *safe* is also marvelous for the complexion! . . . Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently!* "Patch" tests on skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many "beauty soaps."

Another shot of the charity ball game—comedians Vince Barnett and Jack Benny are choosing up sides.

FRANCIS LEDERER, gentleman farmer, has been sending samples of all crops to his pals in Hollywood. First cabbages, now apricots. The note, with each basket, said:

"You thought I was foolin' about my crops, but I wasn't. This time it's apricots. Next time, it's NUTS to you."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD stars and directors almost go nuts when they go to England to make a picture. London is in the same spot now that Hollywood was in a few years ago: time means nothing, money means nothing. The Hollywood gang, used to speed and action, are almost ready for a nervous break-down when they get back.

Dick Arlen signed a contract for one picture in London. He was to receive $50,000 for his work with a maximum of eight weeks shooting. If the picture took over that time he was to get $6,750 each week. Well, after about seven weeks of salary time, they finally started the picture. Then they changed leading women. Then they rewrote the story. Then another leading lady. Finally a third! But that's not all; the last half of the picture had to be filmed in Canada, where a large group of technicians had been hunting locations and making preparations for weeks. When Dick finally got there, they had already shot thousands of feet of mountain scenery stuff which the director promptly turned down. "The Barrier" company had to wait while new locations were found. Dick will be on the picture almost six months. Can you figure out how much money that is?

* * *

THE studios have hit upon a new idea: "Home Town Premieres." They are going to stage regular Holly-

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy

● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

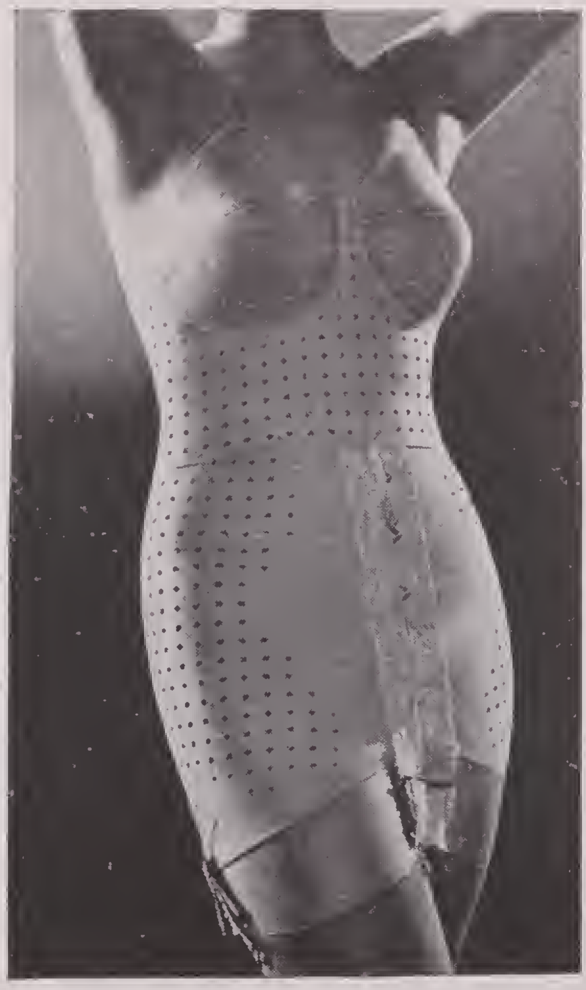
BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The excess fat is removed solely by the massage-like action of the Perfolastic material. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . you *actually* reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm . . . where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Notary Public

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 2810, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

YOU can't help feeling sorry for her—the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Guess who the couple is at left. Right the first time! Carole Lombard and Clark Gable at the "Romeo and Juliet" preview.

Below, another well-known couple at the previews, those smiling newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. (Myrna Loy).

INSIDE STUFF
(Continued)

wood First Nights all over the country. Joe E. Brown is going to Peoria, Illinois, for the premiere of "Earthworm Tractor." Bob Burns, whose home state is Arkansas, is going with the print of "Rhythm on the Range" to Little Rock for the premiere. It is rumored that "The Texas Ranger" will be spot-lighted in the South, and other out-of-town Hollywood First Nights are planned.

* * *

WAY up in Wyoming, far from Hollywood, a bloody feud is going on these days. Members of the 115th Cavalry are competing to find out which of their group will go with the C. B. DeMille troupe to Pole Mountain for the sensational Indian fight sequences for "The Plainsman." C. B. has been determined to top the thrilling and spectacular cavalry scene from "The Crusades" and the officers must be able to end their charge by tripping their horses in a huge semi-circle to protect a movie ammunition train from movie Indians.

Back in Hollywood, Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are submitting to vaccination against all diseases carried by the millions of ticks and mosquitoes that invest the region of the location.

Up in Montana, a whole tribe of Indians is at work fashioning war bonnets and deerbone breastplates for the tribesmen to wear in the picture. A studio scout is also browsing around the neighborhood looking for a beautiful Indian girl to play an important role in the picture.

* * *

HALF of the big-money players in Hollywood have taken a crack against the town at one period or another, but yesterday we found an answer for all of them. We were watching some scenes for "Dods-

Wendy Barrie befriends a stray kitten and gives it a drink from her paper cup.

worth" and found an extra player named Mrs. Geraldine Leslie. Here is her answer to those who have knocked Hollywood:

"When my husband died fourteen years ago, I tried extra work to feed my babies. Since then, I've put them all through grade school and given them a start in life. Hollywood has been grand to me and even though I finish just as I started, an extra, I'll always be grateful."

* * *

QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Name the brunette actress who, having made a big hit in Hollywood, is going to Europe with romance in view, saying that she doesn't know whether she'll be back or not?

What newcomer comedienne cries her eyes out every time the audience laughs at her on the screen and why?

Can you name two famous actors and one actress whose marriage plans have been held up because the ex-wife or ex-husband wouldn't play ball?

A little girl star is now having the same trouble Freddie Bartholomew had recently. Do you know her name?

What is the reason for a certain beautiful brunette star saying, "I give the dullest parties in Hollywood?"

What movie star name is the most famous in Washington, D. C., and why?

Who are the three handsome and eligible young leading men who have taken the vow "not to marry until thirty" and who are the three young ladies who are laughing up their sleeves?

Can you name the star who once made a bet of $75,000 on a single horse race and lost?

Art director Cedric Gibbons takes his wife (Dolores Del Rio) to see his work in the "Juliet" preview.

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *each* and *every* point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-106
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name ....
Address ....
City.............................. Age........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets – remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*

FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

- *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

INSIDE STUFF (Con't)

Which actor, when asked for the date of his wedding to a snappy blonde comedienne, answered, "How can I set the fatal date when we haven't decided to get married as yet?"

Who is the gorgeous brunette actress who is always given credit for a stupendous wardrobe and actually has to use studio wardrobe gowns for fashion pictures because she has none of her own?

* * *

THAT garden party that Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles threw the other Sunday was somethin'! Two hundred of Hollywood's finest (guests) were escorted to the spacious lawns behind the house for swimming, tennis, golf, picture taking and food. One look at the three (count 'em) orchestras which were playing lilting tunes in three separate corners of the estate, the huge bar in the playroom, the gorgeous pool (with bathing beauties) plus the food and the army of servants gave you the impression that you were at a summer hotel of the luxury type.

While some of the guests were playing golf on the private course and others were swimming or playing tennis, Georgie Jessel walked into the scene, looked around slowly and then said, "And I always thought this place wouldn't catch on!"

Remember Alice Terry and husband Rex Ingram of the old silent days? They've been making pictures in Morocco for years. But here they were at the party. Bing and Dixie Crosby had a grand time greeting oldtime favorite Louise Brooks. Tom Brown, Johnny Downs and a host of gorgeous gals played in the pool most of the afternoon. Movietone had a swell time taking pictures of the whole thing and a good time was had by all—even by the hula dancer, who got so unstrung at the sight of so many stars that she could hardly do a wiggle in front of one of the orchestras.

* * *

WE got a huge laugh the other night watching Mary Brian and Cary Grant slip and slide down the old battered fire-escape of the Santa Monica Stadium after the boxing matches. They went out the back way to avoid autograph hunters, and then made so much noise that at least a hundred signature hounds were waiting for them at the bottom.

* * *

THE M-G-M "Blarney Stone" is going to have a place of honor in the new air-cooled studio cafe. Mounted in a special glass case, the famous lucky door knob of the recently-demolished cafe will hang on the wall. For over ten years, the extras working at

Two dramatic real-life scenes at the Brown Derby—Romance: Elissa Landi and Nino Martini.

Reconciliation: Eddie Cantor and George Jessel together, the first time in three years.

M-G-M have made it a point to touch the lucky knob every day they worked on the lot. Over one hundred actors have touched that famous door knob and risen to stardom.

* * *

IT was the first day of shooting on "Come and Get It" over at Goldwyn's. The set resembled the mess hall of an oldtime lumber camp. The scene called for Walter Brennan, a lanky red-head, to rush across the room, wrap his legs around Edward Arnold's middle and start pummeling his chest in joy at meeting his old friend.

The scene started, Brennan came running and jumped in the air and fastened a "scissors" on Arnold. Then he let go, quickly, and fell to the floor.

"Holy sassafras!" cried Brennan. "What's on your hip? I think my ankle's broken."

"Sorry," apologized Arnold, fishing a large horseshoe from one hip pocket. "I always carry this with me for good luck the first day."

* * *

IN the lobby, after the preview of "Rhythm on the Range," the fans mobbed newcomer Martha Raye for autographs. Martha, so unused to such attention, handed her purse to a stranger to hold while she signed the scores of books. Later, when she got home, she realized the purse had $200 in it!

"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

ONE of the worst faults a powder can have is *showing* too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls brings out!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors—Pond's colors catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

POND'S FACE POWDER
POND'S FACE POWDER

Pond's never looks powdery—It clings

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

FREE 5 *"Glare-Proof" Shades*
(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. K, 132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name ______________

Address ______________

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Beauty is Good Form

By GLORIA MACK

Do you want a good figure? I know—that's Silly Question Number One. Of course you want a good figure; we all do. No one wants to feel self-conscious because of a "spare tire" around the waist line, or a too prominent "lower part of the back" (as one of you amusingly described it to me in a recent letter), a sagging bust, or other parts of the anatomy which may get away from their original youthful loveliness.

We all want to be able to buy clothes without having to pay for expensive alterations, and just now, fashion is harder than ever on figure faults.

Yet following fashion this season isn't the foolish chase which it unfortunately sometimes is. *The* figure right now is the natural, normal one, with all of its lovely curves and soft fullness. We don't have to strain for exaggerated effects, too, too ample curves, or the "string-bean look," nor truss ourselves up in punishing and often dangerous corsets, if we want to be in style. And that's good news for which I think we can thank Hollywood and its glamorous stars.

These beautiful and clever girls, groomed and advised by experts, know there are two essentials of charm—health and naturalness. The bizarre, the ultra this and the ultra that, may have their little day, but it passes quickly. Natural beauty (and this includes health) goes on charming us endlessly.

That's why you read about Ginger Rogers persistently bringing her weight back to normal by careful regimen, after she has lost precious pounds rehearsing for one of her wonderful dancing pictures. That's why other stars will take valuable time away from the screen to get rid of excess poundage. They all know you are at your best and prettiest when you are at your normal weight, and when the figure isn't being distorted to follow some silly fad.

You should hear the wails of discomfort that go up from a studio where a "costume" picture is being made, over the girls having to get themselves into the idiotic corsets of bygone days. Why in the world, they ask, did women ever submit to wearing such atrocities, instruments of torture, no less!

The good common sense of the screen stars in regard to health, and true wisdom in regard to the fundamentals of beauty, are right in line with the ideas of modern women, so this influence of the screen is being reflected in our present fashions.

If anyone laughs at you in your determination and effort to achieve a lovely figure, if they say you are "going Hollywood," you come right back with "I certainly *am*." It's a fine thing to go Hollywood when Hollywood points the way to health and beauty, as it does in this.

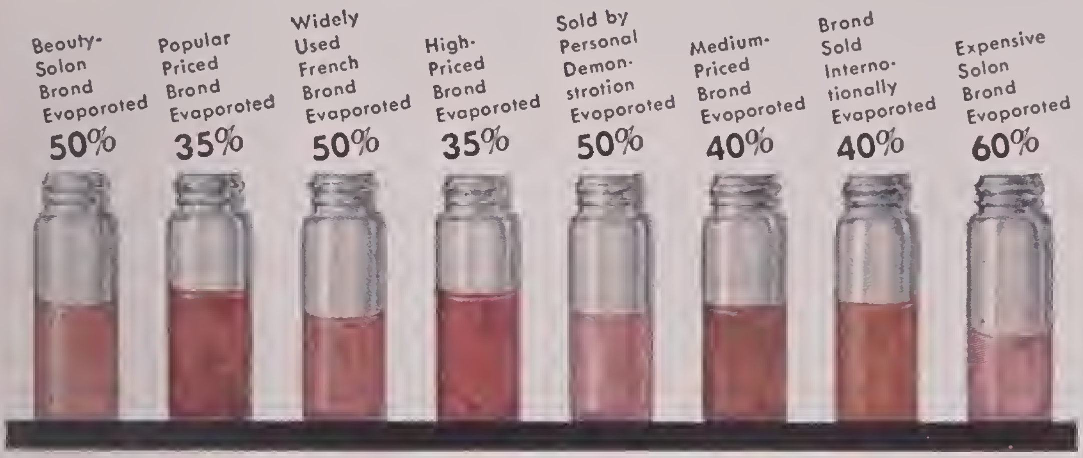
Now what (*Continued on page* 105)

Naturally perfect figures like that of Olivia De Havilland, beautiful Warner star, are rare. However, almost anyone today can wear the smart fashions of the stars by choosing the proper modern foundation garments.

WRITE TO GLORIA MACK: for further information about better girdles and brassieres, the ones you may need right now, and for the name of the new, practically invisible garter which lies flat, and never mangles stocking tops!
And if you want tried and true exercises and other aids to the figure, just ask her about them, remembering that your correspondence is strictly confidential and always "person to person." A new coiffure? Complexion troubles? Whatever it may be, there's no charge; just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

GLORIA MACK, c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable, *Evaporated 35% to 60%*

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop

Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish

Crème POLISH
CRÈME POLISH
CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
ROBIN
CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
ROBIN RED

TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many more costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!"

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray.

RUST—For sun-tanned hands. Wear with brown, beige, green, white, copper.

LIGHT RUST—A paler Rust.

Delicate and glamorous.

ROBIN RED—A new, softer red that even men like. Goes with *any* color costume.

OLD ROSE—Paler than Robin Red, but in the same key.

WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated *less than* half as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to *you* in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle. No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. So *little* money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6B10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

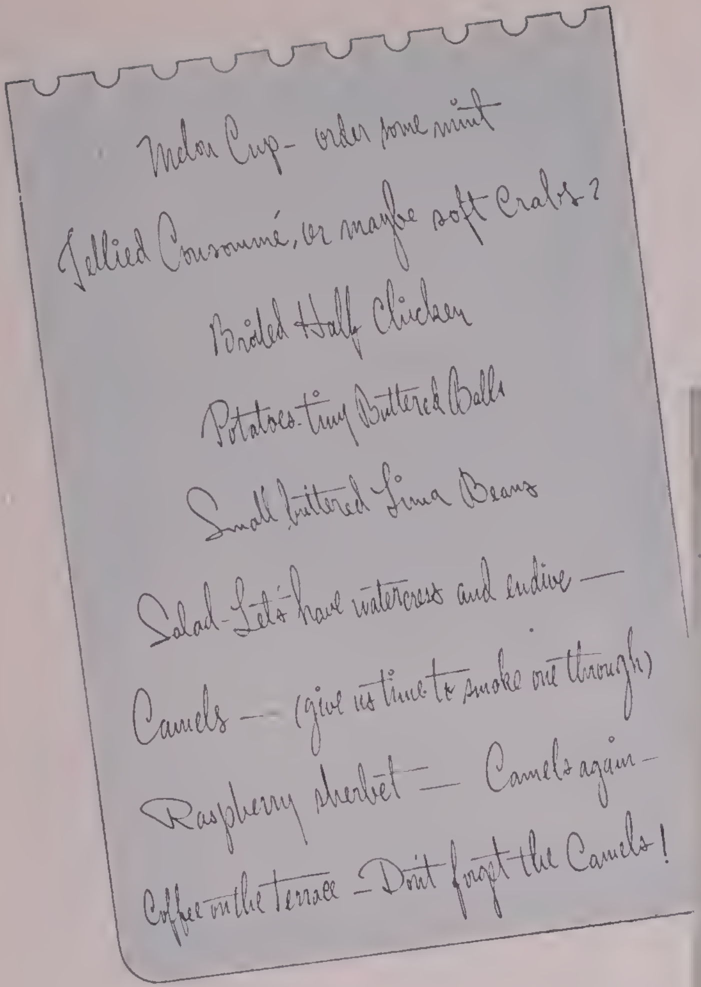
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City __________ State __________

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess



Melon Cup - order some mint

Jellied Consommé, or maybe soft Crabs?

Broiled Half Chicken

Potatoes - tiny Buttered Balls

Small buttered Lima Beans

Salad - Let's have watercress and endive —

Camels — (give us time to smoke one through)

Raspberry sherbet — Camels again —

Coffee on the terrace — Don't forget the Camels!

MRS. NICHOLAS GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III

MRS. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste *so* good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

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A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., *Los Angeles*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maître d'hôtel: *"We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

. . . Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels. Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion . . . give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

At Last!

RONNIE talks about ROMANCE

While all Hollywood wonders if lovely Benita Hume shares his plans for the future, Mr. Colman speaks out frankly on a long-forbidden subject

By SHEILA WORTH

DURING the nine years he has been in Hollywood, Ronald Colman, more than any other male star, I daresay, has been the subject of constant speculation about love and marriage. This interest on the part of the public in his private affairs has struck him as extraordinary, but nothing could have been more natural in view of his dashing good looks, his charm and his indefinable appeal. They are the epitome of what women everywhere seek in a man.

Yet during these nine years he has refused consistently to speak of marriage, either of his past one which was ended by divorce almost two years ago, or of any possible future union. It has been the *verboten* subject on which interviewers and even his closest friends dared not approach him.

Now at last he has broken that silence.

He still refuses to speak of his past marriage to the English actress, Thelma Raye. That is to him, and must be to all others, a closed book—a part of his life which is over and done with, dead and decently buried if not forgotten. By no word or gesture will he so much as refer to it or permit it to shadow his present life. He expects his friends to obey the same unwritten code.

But he has spoken finally of future marriage—to reveal that in his carefully made plans for his life ahead he has made no place for a wife!

He told me that, not as a pompous pronouncement or even as if he thought the news could be of any interest to anyone, but in the course of casual conversation. We were sitting in the combination study and library in his English home in Beverly Hills where we had gone direct from the sound stages at Columbia where he was playing the lead in James Hilton's unusual story, "Lost Horizon." And when he spoke of marriage it was with the extreme reserve and reticence which characterizes his every conversation except

(*Continued on page* 84)

Will Luise Rainer Really Leave The Screen?

For the first time the volatile Viennese star discusses her sensational success and reveals her plans for the future

By CHARLES DARNTON

Clarence Sinclair Bull

IT caught her young, but Hollywood can't hold her—that wild bird Luise Rainer.

When I went to see her for a simple, straightforward interview she startled me by saying, "I am all wrong here in Hollywood. I can't see myself as a film person. For me it is too impersonal. I intend to quit right now!"

Here was something both astounding and important. Astounding because it proved the exception to every rule of Hollywood; important for the reason that it was the deliberate statement of an actress who gave every promise of being the greatest of them all.

Still a comparative newcomer, Luise Rainer has come through with such flying colors that she now can get anything she wants from the motion picture industry. Arriving an unknown girl from Europe, she was made a star overnight. There had been no synthetic process, no paving of the tricky way, no elaborate ballyhoo to put an edge on public curiosity; no ecstasy of industry to accomplish what is laboriously called a build-up. Unexpectedly, startlingly, the new star flashed across the film heavens to sudden dazzling glory.

Wonder grew on the eventful preview night of "Escapade" when the meteoric phenomenon was not outshone by even the high powered William Powell. To his everlasting credit, that gallant actor insisted that the hitherto obscure actress should immediately share stellar honors with him. Then in her second picture, against still greater odds—the combination of Powell and Myrna Loy—she played Anna Held so glamorously and so poignantly—witness the telephone scene—that she made "The Great Ziegfeld" quite her own. And already word is whispered that, granting Paul Muni all his fame and power, Luise of the laurels has walked off with still another million dollar film production, "The

Good Earth," as easily and lightly as she might with a bowl of rice.

Yet this is the bright particular star who now incredibly declares she cannot see herself as a "film person and wants to quit."

Naturally I was not prepared to hear such unbelievable news. For that matter I was all eyes rather than ears, gazing first at that tumultuous hair of hers. It stormed about her raven head like a thunder cloud. She was driving it desperately out of her twin star eyes with one hand while giving the other in warm greeting as she bounded to the door, flinging back a reproving "Jonnay" to an alert Scotty when he growled experimentally.

Otherwise she was a study in brown, her tense face ochered to the Chinese shade of "The Good Earth," her willow figure all but lost in the loose hanging cotton coat and trousers of O-Lan. In her was every sign of a primitive character out of which the Rainer fame was sure to rise to new heights. But when I said as much she gravely shook her head with:

"To me it cannot matter. Nothing in Hollywood can matter. It is impossible for me to do anything, to be anyone. O-Lan, yes, she is a true character, a real human being. But it is not easy to understand her, she is so quiet, so deep, so strange. Yet she has many things I have. We all have in us every good and every bad, yes? Only O-Lan is more good. But it is difficult to play her so that the public sees her the first time as she is, then waits to see her again. It is like you meet a woman passing a peasant's house and you know nothing about her. I read the book but I do not get O-Lan out of the book. No, I go to Chinatown then I get her. In Los Angeles and in San Francisco I go many times to Chinatown and for hours I sit between the people there in their restaurants and theaters and I listen to them. But if I only imitate them that is nothing. I must look at them and listen to them, see how they behave and hear how they say things, then perhaps I know something about them—what they are and how they feel. It is only then I can hope to be the woman I play. I take her in and eat her

The predictions are that Luise Rainer's sympathetic and understanding portrayal of O-Lan, the patient, drudging Chinese wife in M-G-M's "The Good Earth," will surpass the poignant beauty of her performances in "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld."

"I'm not an intellectual actress. I am an instinctive actress. I must feel. But in pictures there is not time to feel. Everything it is short, quick, so that sometimes even a word is cut in two. For me pictures are too technical, too artificial. When I look at one of mine after it is finished it is like seeing a lover after ten years. Everything is changed. I have much to give but I can give nothing. I am afraid. Hollywood makes me afraid and so I know it is not for me."

She shrugged into one of her thoughtful silences, seeming actually to shrink in size.

"Yes," she admitted. "I'm much thinner than when I was Anna Held. I had to be for the starvation period in 'The Good Earth.' For three weeks I ate very little and lost twenty pounds. But the outside it makes no difference. In Hollywood nothing can ever make any difference with me."

Again she ended on that recurring note of hopelessness. Apparently her unfailing screen success had given her no satisfaction, had left her strangely indifferent. Her single interest of the moment, it now developed, was in the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and her questions about it led me to wonder whether she herself had ever played the part.

"Oh, yes," was her matter of fact reply. "When I was nineteen. Also I play Katharine in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' and Isabel in 'Measure For Measure.'"

Quite simply she revealed her classic background. It did much to explain her. Possibly she felt that what she now was doing was nothing to what she had done.

"But, please," she begged, "it is not that I am ungrateful. In many ways Hollywood has been good to me, but it is not good *for* me. Always it is strange. That is my fault, but I cannot help it. When first I come here I do not know a single word of English but I go to Mr. Louis B. Mayer and I tell him, 'In two months I learn English and be ready to start.' But I must learn it by myself. The teacher she is a mistake in my head. From her I could not learn English—I picked it up. Always it has been like that. I let come the world in me then I gave it back again. But never I learned things I didn't like to learn. At home I change eight times my school— (*Continued on page* 81)

The Perfect Way

Would you like to have a figure like that of the stars? It's yours for the asking, at the cost of only a little time and perseverance

By DONALD LOOMIS

Editor's Note: During the last two years Donald Loomis has come to be an integral cog in the great Hollywood machinery that manufactures glamor and beauty for its stars; to him is the credit due for many of the lovely figures you see on your neighborhood screen. The son of a physician, he left the stage to care for the flabby midriffs and over-fed bodies of Florida millionaires, and in ten years built for himself a progressive reputation by streamlining—with certain and lasting results—a large number of expensive and thoroughly unhealthy playboys in that region. To the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came the reports of his ability; they offered him a contract, a gymnasium, and the stars for his pupils—and thereby found a sedative for innumerable official headaches. He took actresses who were merely good-looking and gave them beauty; he created bodies that have become the lasting delight of dress-designers and photographers. This series of articles which he has written for Movie Mirror *offers you without reserve the methods he has invented and used during those two years.*

FOR several million years, anyway, it has been the special credo of the human race that beauty is a matter of luck. You were born with it (in a few rare cases) or you were not—a matter for the gods to decide and for you to accept without murmur and without complaint. Wherefore throughout the centuries a woman who possessed the precious quality called loveliness got everything she wanted and was feted to the skies and generally played havoc with history; the rest settled down quietly and got married.

You could do things with your face, of course. You could cream it and highlight its good points and tone down its bad ones; you could make up a new coiffure and paste on artificial eyelashes. You could have a beautiful face, if you wanted it.

You can today; and there are other departments in this magazine that will help you with that problem. But in the past if your figure was bad there were only two things to do—have a corset made and wear hoop skirts.

Well, that was the past. In this year of 1936 a beautiful body is not only a possibility; it's your right, your prerogative. At least you can have it for (*Continued on page* 95)

In this illuminating series on health and beauty, the author (left) will give you the same expert instruction he offers the stars in his capacity of Physical Director for M-G-M. First, how do your own measurements compare with the ideal ones in the chart on the opposite page?

to a Perfect Figure

SMALL BONE

Age 15 to 18

Ankle 7 to 8
Wrist 4½ to 5½

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	102	104	105	107	110	112	115	118	120	124
Neck	11	11¼	11½	11¾	12	12½	12½	12¾	13	13
Bust	31	32	32	32½	32½	33	33½	34	35	36
Waist	22	22	22	23	23	23½	24	24	24	25
Hips	31	32	32	32½	32½	33	33½	34	35	36
Thigh	18	18¼	18½	19	19½	20	21	21½	22	22½
Calf	11	11½	11½	12	12½	12½	13	13	13½	13½
Upper arm	8	8¼	8½	8¾	8¾	9	9¼	9¼	9½	9¾

Age 19 to 24

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	104	107	109	111	113	115	118	121	125	129
Neck	11¼	11½	11¾	12	12¼	12¾	12¾	13	13¼	13½
Bust	31½	32½	32½	33	33	33½	34	34½	35½	36½
Waist	22½	22½	22½	23¼	23¼	24	24½	24½	25	25½
Hips	31½	32½	32½	33	33	33½	34	34½	35½	36½
Thigh	18½	19	19	19½	20	20½	21½	22	22½	23
Calf	11¼	11¾	11¾	12¼	12¾	12¾	13¼	13½	13¾	13¾
Upper arm	8¼	8½	8¾	9	9	9¼	9½	9¾	10	10

Age 25 to 35

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	106	108	110	112	114	116	118	120	123	127
Neck	11½	11¾	12	12½	12¾	13	13½	13½	13¾	14
Bust	32	33	33	33½	34	34½	35	35½	36¾	37½
Waist	23	23	23	24	24	24½	25½	26	26	26½
Hips	32	33	33	33½	34	34½	35	35½	36¾	37½
Thigh	19	19½	19½	20	20½	21	22	22½	23	23½
Calf	11½	12	12	12½	13	13	13½	13¾	14	14
Upper arm	8¼	8½	8¾	9	9	9¼	9½	9¾	10	10¼

MEDIUM BONE

Age 15 to 18

Ankle 8 to 9
Wrist 5½ to 6½

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	106	107	109	111	114	116	118	120	123	126
Neck	11½	11¾	12	12½	13	13	13½	13½	13¾	14
Bust	32	33	33	33½	34	34½	35¼	36	37	38
Waist	23	23	23	24	24	24½	25½	26	26	26½
Hips	32½	33	33	33½	34	35	35	36½	37	38
Thigh	19	19½	20	21	21½	22	22½	22½	23	23
Calf	11½	12	12	12½	13	13¼	13¾	14	14	14¼
Upper arm	8½	8¾	8¾	9	9	9¼	9½	9½	10	10¼

Age 19 to 24

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	108	109	111	113	116	119	121	125	129	133
Neck	12	12¼	12½	13	13½	13½	13¾	13¾	14	14
Bust	32½	33½	33½	34	34½	35	36	37	38½	39
Waist	24	24½	25	25½	26	26	27	27	28	28
Hips	33	33½	34	34¼	35	35½	36	37	37	38½
Thigh	19	19½	20½	21½	22	22½	23	23½	24	24
Calf	12	12¼	12½	13	13¼	13½	14	14¼	14½	14½
Upper arm	9	9	9½	10	10	10¼	10½	10½	10¾	11

Age 25 to 35

Height	4–11	5—0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	110	111	113	115	118	121	125	129	132	136
Neck	12¼	12½	12¾	13¼	13¾	13¾	14	14	14¼	14¼
Bust	33	34	34	34½	35	35½	36	37	38	39
Waist	25	25	26	26	27	27	28	28	29	29
Hips	34	35	35	36	36	37	38	38	39	39
Thigh	19¼	19½	20½	21½	22	23	23	23½	24	24
Calf	12¼	12½	13	13	13¼	13¾	14	14¼	14½	14½
Upper arm	9½	9½	10	10	10½	10½	11	11	11	11½

The severely simple lines of the evening gown worn by Joan Crawford (above), and the softly pleated chiffon which Jean Harlow (below) has chosen, depend upon perfect proportions to achieve their smartness.

Henry Kolker, Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer are superb in "Romeo and Juliet," which is perfection.

"Mary of Scotland" is a distinct disappointment, in spite of Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Andy Devine, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Conway Tearle, Henry Kolker.*

It's About: *Shakespeare's immortal love story.*

One of the great pictures of all time! We bow in deep appreciation to the combined genius of producer Irving Thalberg and director George Cukor for their high courage, infinite patience and exacting artistry in bringing us a version of Shakespeare in which the characters actually live and breathe as human beings.

Norma Shearer as Juliet is superb. Never has she appeared more beautiful, more lovely, nor played with such perfection; each emotional turn is a gem of fine conception. In the equally famous role of Romeo, Leslie Howard surpasses his every past performance; brings a romantic and youthful quality to the lover of Juliet. John Barrymore as the high spirited Mercutio is fine. Edna May Oliver, C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Denny and Ralph Forbes head a cast which, to the lowest bit player, adds credit and artistry to the production. This is indeed a triumph.

Memorable highlights include the balcony scene, poignantly beautiful; the potion scene, the emotional crescendo of the play; and the death scene.

Our single regret is that this picture could not have been made in color. The gorgeous costumes, the marvelous settings deserve that added opportunity to thrill you.

Your Reviewer Says: The inadequacy of words defies our heart-felt praise.

✓ Mary of Scotland (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Douglas Walton, John Carradine, Robert Barrat, Gavin Muir, Ian Keith.*

It's About: *The historic rivalry between Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England.*

The big disappointment of the month. Using a famous Theater Guild play, the same writer and director that made film history with "The Informer," and with such stars as Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, naturally an exceptional picture was expected. Thus when the completed film proves to be over-written, directed with slow, laborious pace and acted without inspiration, it is heartbreaking. The production is beautifully mounted and extremely costly. But despite all the money spent, the entertainment value is not there.

Katharine Hepburn has seldom appeared to less advantage. Her conception of Mary of Scotland is cold, without color and hampered by numerous lengthy speeches. Fredric March's performance is far and away the best in an otherwise uneventful spectacle. Florence Eldridge, as Queen Elizabeth, does enough acting to round out the entire picture. Unfortunately, there are some forty other actors who have lines to speak.

Perhaps the picture may be speeded up by additional cutting (in its preview, it was over two hours long) and gain materially from an entertainment standpoint. We sincerely hope so.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad. Just as the depression was lifting, too.

✓✓ To Mary with Love (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Ian Hunter Claire Trevor, Jean Dixon, Pat Somerset, Florence Lake, Franklin Pangborn.*

It's About: *A modern marriage taken from 1926 to 1936 through honeymoon, success, the crash, depression and near-divorce.*

We mean it as high compliment when we say that the film version of this beautifully written marriage story is not quite so great as the now-famous, *Satevpost* yarn by Richard Sherman. That Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter came so close to realizing

"To Mary with Love" is an inspiring love story, played by Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and Ian Hunter.

It's lovely newcomer Frances Farmer that cowboy Bing Crosby croons to in "Rhythm on the Range."

the charm of this little literary masterpiece assures you of a grand evening of entertainment.

Ian Hunter, though desperately in love with Myrna Loy, is the best man at her marriage to Warner Baxter, and throughout the ten years of the film-recorded marriage he remains steadfast with both friendship and financial aid. When Baxter breaks pitifully during the worst of the depression, even when Loy and Hunter know he has been out drinking with other women, they both continue to help him. With his first new job, though, Myrna believes he no longer needs her and goes to lawyer Hunter for a divorce. You'll shed tears at the dramatic ending.

While we realize the invariable sympathy attending such a role, we still hand the acting palm to Ian Hunter. Myrna Loy, though not well photographed, does beautifully. Warner Baxter was not well cast; he hasn't quite the verve and pep the author intended. Claire Trevor is excellent as the blonde temptress and the cast is fine.

Your Reviewer Says: We advise everyone to see it, women especially.

✓ Rhythm On the Range (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Frances Farmer, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Lucile Webster Gleason, Samuel S. Hinds, Warren Hymer, James Burke, George E. Stone, Beau Baldwin, 50th.*

It's About: *A runaway heiress who falls in love with a cowboy on a freight train and is almost kidnapped. Set to music that swings.*

This picture has much to recommend it: the introduction of two newcomers, Martha Raye and Bob Burns; a flock of grand tunes and enough comedy. But indifferent story construction and none-too-witty dialogue keep it from being

(Continued on page 116)

Such a marvelous movie month! Just the regular routine pictures are perfectly good and the specials approach greatness. For beauty there is the enchanting "Romeo and Juliet," with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard giving exquisite performances. For a perfect modern love story there is "To Mary with Love," high lighted by Myrna Loy's tender playing. For the most interesting newcomer there's "Girls' Dormitory," with fascinating little Simone Simon; it's a grand picture, too. There's only one disappointment this month, but that's terrific. It is "Mary of Scotland." Much as we hate to say it, we must confess it is dull, ponderous, slow moving, with Hepburn way below her acting standard.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Lost Horizon. **Ronald Colman stars in the screen version of James Hilton's story about the adventurous journey of an Englishman into a strange land inhabited by a mystic cult. The important supporting cast includes Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton and Isabel Jewell.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Gorgeous Hussy. **Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor in a colorful story of life in Washington during the time of Andrew Jackson, with Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart and Alison Skipworth. Said to be Joan's best.**

The Good Earth. **From advance reports, one of the most extraordinary productions for fall release. Luise Rainer and Paul Muni play the chief roles in Pearl Buck's powerful, moving story of Chinese life.**

PARAMOUNT

The General Died At Dawn. **The war-torn Orient is the background for this drama of intrigue, starring Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.**

RKO-RADIO

Swing Time. **Another musical and dance film with Fred Astaire as a gambler and Ginger Rogers as a dancing instructress. Plenty of new steps, new tunes and new comedy.**

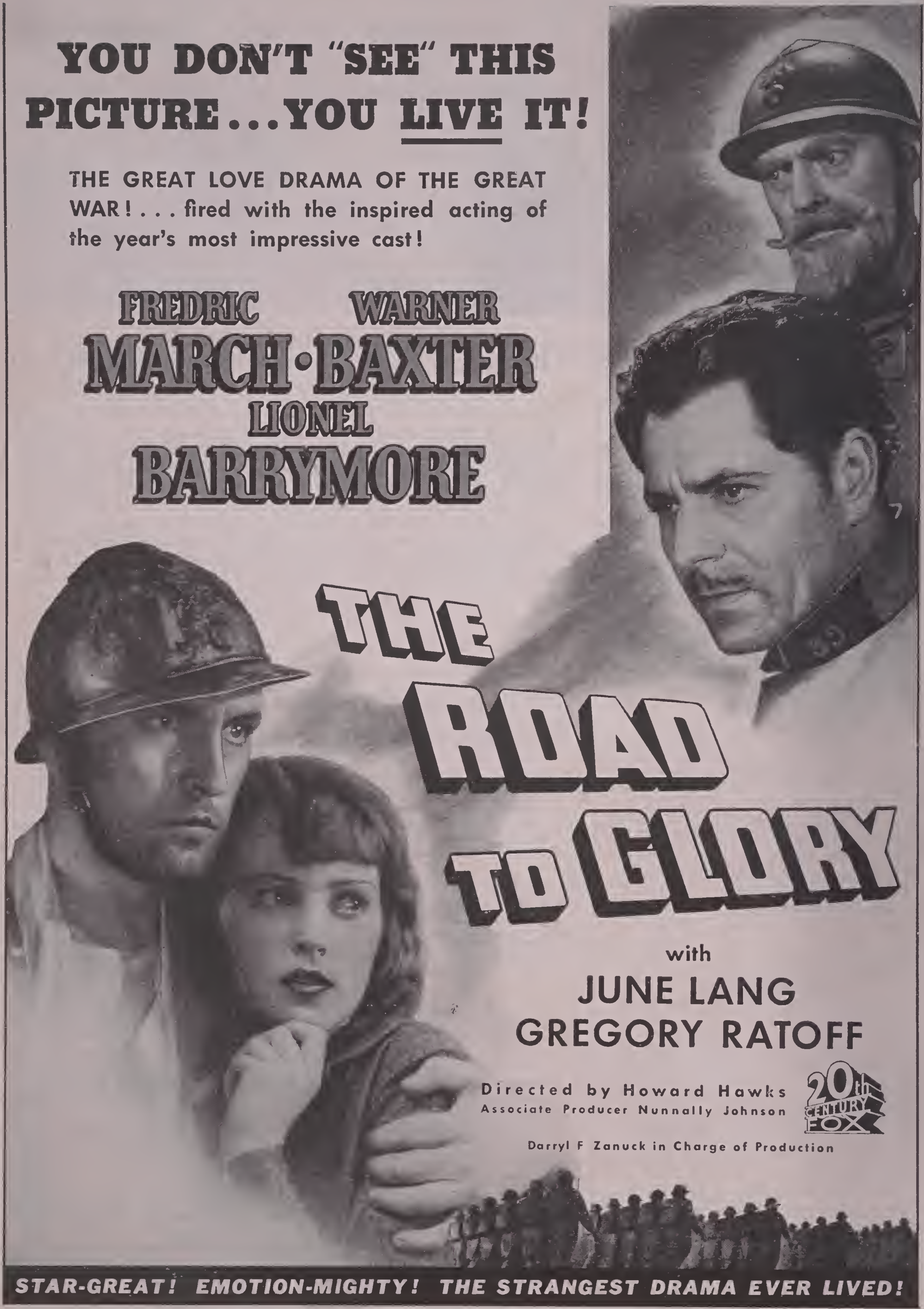
Walking on Air. **Ann Sothern hires Gene Raymond to act as a phoney count to woo her, in this light, romantic comedy. Harriet Hilliard, Jessie Ralph, Henry Stephenson and Gordon Jones.**

UNITED ARTISTS

Garden of Allah. **Glamorous Dietrich in a Technicolor film for the first time. Charles Boyer is her leading man, and is said to steal the picture.**

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

Polo Joe. **Joe E. Brown tries to live up to a false reputation as a "ten goal man." The scenes in which Joe E. does his practicing on a mule are said to be terrific. Carol Hughes is the romantic interest.**



YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR! . . . fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH · WARNER BAXTER

LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with

JUNE LANG

GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks

Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

Movie Mirror's

Personality parade

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans are so happy to be together again in "Piccadilly Jim." It's a real mutual admiration society, for Bob is Madge's favorite leading man and Madge is Bob's choice among leading ladies. Right now, Bob's all excited about his big chance in his next picture, "Night Must Fall," which will be entirely different from anything he's done before—and, if it can be arranged, Madge will be in that film with him, too!

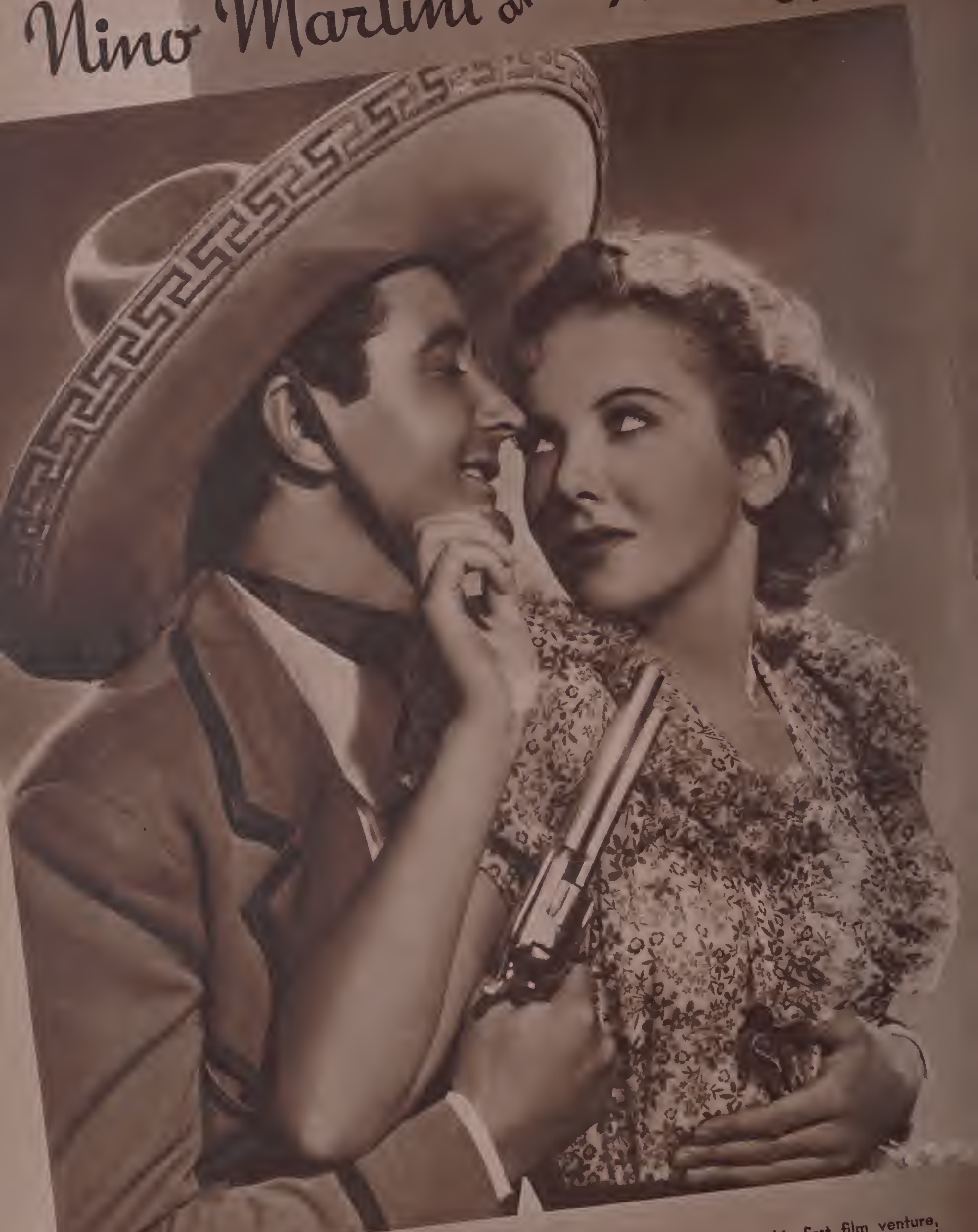
Marlene Dietrich

Autograph-hunting fans delayed the sailing of the mighty NORMANDIE thirty minutes when Marlene sailed for Europe with her daughter Maria (who was so thrilled when our eagle-eyed cameraman, Hyman Fink, gave her a regular speed camera to use on her travels).

It's the boom season for this handsome screen veteran. First, "The Prisoner of Shark's Island," then "Road to Glory," and now "To Mary With Love" (with lovely Myrna Loy as Mary), which is simply a knockout—one of the nicest love stories that's ever been filmed.

Warner Baxter

Nino Martini and Ida Lupino



Nino will have more acting to do than in his first film venture, in Pickford-Lasky's "The Gay Desperado." In private life, he and Elissa Landi are very much interested in each other, while Ida's big moment is Louis Hayward—and they may get married any day now.

Co-featured in "Lady Be Careful," Mary and Lew go out together occasionally, though Mary's being seen a lot with Paul Mitchell, the Londoner who followed her here from England; both Lew and Ginger are doing a lot of stepping these days—but not together.

Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres

Swing Time

It's "Swing Time" in the Adirondacks and the entire RKO crew (including director George Stevens and Hermes Pan, dance director) for the new Rogers-Astaire picture is on hand to film and record Ginger's and Fred's "A Fine Romance" number, one of the seven musical hits by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields. Left—Fred, as a chorus boy, tries to make peace with dancing teacher Rogers.

THIS story is an attempt to gather up all the characteristics that compose the personality of Gary Cooper and pin them down forever on paper with clear, concise, honest words.

Because so many writers before me have failed at this, I am turning over the following effort to five oddly assorted Cooper comrades.

It is through five revealing microscopes of friendship, then, manned by Henry Hathaway, director; Jim Davis, saddlemaker; Pearl Hutchinson, studio script clerk; Bob Roberts, master automobile mechanic and salesman, and Elvira Borg, housekeeper, that we shall peer ruthlessly into Gary's soul.

Said Henry Hathaway, the director—"Standoffish is what I thought the first time I met Gary back in 1926. But somehow I didn't resent it. In fact, no one on the whole lot criticized that reserve of his. Instead, we sort of respected him for it and wanted to know him better, if we could manage it. Funny, too, when you consider that around studios where quick and easy familiarity is the rule we usually give the hard-to-know guys the go-by.

"Well, it took me almost three years to get under Gary's skin. Came about when I was assigned to 'Wolf Song.' I was an assistant director in those days and Gary was the leading man of that picture. The company went into the mountains up north for several weeks of location work. Well, you know, that trip turned the trick. It seems that when you're around mountains and guns and horses Gary's the easiest person in North America to know.

"By the time we're back in Hollywood we're a couple of cronies. A little later that same year we're working together again in 'The Virginian.' Now there was a big cast to cope with on that production, and you know an assistant director is sort of unofficial nurse-maid to the players—has to see they're on the set on time, in their right costumes and all that sort of thing. I just crossed Gary's name off as one I wouldn't have to worry about. After 'Wolf Song' I put him down as a quiet, easy-going guy who would always do just what he was told.

"But I was wrong, how wrong I discovered on our first day of location work. Gary, you see, had just bought his first good car, one with twelve cylinders and a bright paint job, and if you know anything about him you're familiar with his mania for motors, good ones.

"It was right after lunch that first day when Gary disappeared. I couldn't believe it at first; thought some horrible accident had happened. I yelled my throat hoarse and my face red and sent boys out scouting the roads and brush, but no Gary.

"About two hours later he drives up with that happy look on his face and says, 'Gee, Henry, guess what she did on the straightaway—a good ninety-two.' Well, I decided to be firm with him the next time.

"Now that was my first collision with that strange quality of Gary's that enables him to forget completely his surroundings, engagements, even his work when his interest becomes fixed upon some fascinating object or subject. It's never deliberate truancy with Gary when he ambles off during a lunch hour to try out a new motor, a new gun or to follow a hawk through the brush to study its movements for his taxidermy work, because during such expeditions he has honestly shed the existence of a camera and a studio along with all the petty routine things of our workaday world.

"Of course, he doesn't hold up camera work often—just now and then. Locations are a sore temptation, however.

It took Henry Hathaway, who has directed most of Gary's hits, almost three years to know Gary. They are firm friends today and he tells you here what he's learned about this enigmatic actor.

This is the Real Gary Cooper

By JULIE LANG HUNT

For the first time, you can get the real lowdown on this star from those friends who know him best

"Down where I come from in Tennessee, we'd call that fellow just plain folks," says Jim Davis (above). "Oh, how he loves to sleep," grins Pearl Hutchinson, studio script girl.

but the directors who have worked with him know enough to shoot around his little jaunts.

"On 'Bengal Lancers' he came out to the Paramount ranch one day with two new guns on which he had just finished putting new sights and barrels. He was itching to try them out, so I knew what would probably happen and sure enough it did. He disappeared before lunch. Around three o'clock he showed up terribly surprised when he saw the time and astonished when he looked down at what was left of his elaborate Lancer uniform. It was actually in ribbons. Seems he had followed some buzzards and their flight had taken him through thick brush, but his complete concentration upon the speed and action of those rebuilt rifles made him quite oblivious to the fact that he was in make-up and due back on location.

"One afternoon on 'Peter Ibbetson' I left him sleeping peacefully between shots beneath a tree, but thirty minutes later he had vanished. He returned hours later, hot and tired, and explained that while lying under the tree he saw some very unusual birds and followed them to find out their habits of flight, eating and nesting, to help him with some difficult taxidermy work he was doing at home.

"Oh, yes, he mounts all his own hunting trophies; that's the main reason he likes hunting.

"I almost forgot that pencil and scratch pad he brings to the set when we're working indoors. He likes to sit for hours doing caricatures of everybody, but the funny thing is he won't show them to a soul when they're finished. He's so afraid that some thin-skinned person will get his feelings hurt. Funny that way, about hurting anybody. Bends over backwards about it, if you ask me.

"Of course, those little disappearances of his on location have their value, too. On one of them he actually discovered how to get authentic sound effects out of fired bullets. He knew during 'Bengal Lancers' that I was worried about the unnatural thud we always got from bullets, so one afternoon he took a sound man from the location, gathered up a .22 Hornet rifle, some dumdum bullets, and off they went into a secluded spot. He worked on the thing all day and perfected the trick. Everybody is using his little discovery today, but I don't believe he is getting any credit for it, not that such an omission would both Gary.

"Oh, yes, there's just one more experience I had to go through before I really knew Gary one hundred per cent, and that was the duck season. You never know Cooper until you've lived near him when the ducks are on the wing.

"The first time was when we were working on 'Now and Forever.' Gary came to me one night after work and mildly announced that he would not be on the set until ten the next morning. 'Just shoot around me, Hank, and don't worry, I'll get here,' he said.

"And, believe me, that was that, until the ducks went north—or maybe it was south. His schedule during the season calls for rising at four o'clock, driving fifty miles north along the ocean to Oxnard, where there is a duck blind. One and a half hours of shooting and then the fifty-mile drive back to the studio. He'll be dead for sleep all day, but will gladly work overtime to make up any loss, just so he can be up again the next morning at dawn looking down the sight of a gun."

Said Jim Davis, the saddlemaker—"No, I didn't know who he was the first time he (*Continued on page* 89)

Stars

By KAY PROCTOR

Fay Wray (below) holds Hollywood's record for air travel. Lower left, Bob Taylor with Avis Peak, the stewardess who bet on the stars. Right, Eleanore Whitney. Opposite page—the term "flying circus" must have been invented for Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez. Far right, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob with Milo Campbell, who piloted Bob on his first journey by airplane. Lower right, Myrna Loy.

HMMM," said Pilot Eddie Bellande as he looked over the list of passengers who would fly with him that day on the first leg of the flight to New York in his TWA transport plane. He had the calculating gleam in his eye of a man studying a race horse form chart.

"Hmmmm," countered Avis Peak, the stewardess scheduled to care for the comfort and happiness of the same passengers. "What odds will you give me this time?"

"Ten to one," said Eddie, "that they *will!*"

"Robber!" said Avis. "Oh, well, ten to one they *won't* before we reach Albuquerque. The law of averages ought to be on my side for once."

"Sucker!" said Eddie. "Those two don't know any law, average or otherwise."

Fourteen passengers settled comfortably in their seats. The plane took off, skimmed swiftly through the heavens at 12,000 feet. An hour passed. Within the compact cabin all was serene. Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller were engrossed in books.

Suddenly the air was split with a sharp expletive that came from the general direction of the Weissmullers.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

in the Air

Hollywood is as much at home in the skyways as on the ground—

The passengers looked startled; Avis looked resigned crossed her fingers. "Please," she pleaded silently, " this once . . ."

Wham! A book went sailing through the air, bounce off Johnny's head and landed with a dull thud in the narrow aisle. With it went a choice bit of Mexican name-calling.

Wham! Johnny's book clipped the top of the Velez ear. Wham! Wham! Two more, sent with Lupe's deadly aim, caught Johnny. Wham! Wham! Back they came straight at Lupe. Zero hour in the private Weissmuller-Velez war had come and gone again. For five long minutes the air was thick with missiles of any kind within reach. Avis and the other passengers did nothing on the theory that discretion is the better part of valor.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the umpty-umpth sortie of the Battling Weissmullers was over with Lupe capitulating to Johnny's better aim and cooing, "Oh, John-eee, you are my beeg beautiful man!"

The passengers openly enjoyed this impromptu bit of good clean fun furnished by crazy Hollywood; they were well out of range. Avis groaned and kissed good-by to eleven bucks—one of her own and ten she hoped to win from Eddie in the miraculous event that Johnny and Lupe could travel for more than an hour cooped up in a plane without doing battle.

Taken individually, it seems, Johnny and Lupe are model airline passengers. Put (*Continued on page* 107)

UNITED AIR LINES
UNITED AIR LINES

MERLE OBERON—
as only Norma knows

By SARA HAMILTON

Twosomes or foursomes, Merle and Norma go everywhere together. Here they are with David Niven, Merle's fiance, and Norma's husband, Irving Thalberg, at Victor Hugo's.

FLOORS, just ordinary floors, have played the darndest part in Merle Oberon's life. In Hollywood, at any rate.

They've given her two of the finest, truest friends she's ever known.

One came along when Merlie, herself, fell flat on a ballroom floor and the other happened when one fine day she walked into her own living room and there on her own floor, mind you, sandwiched between Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Freddy Astaire, lay David Niven.

The ballroom episode happened soon after Merle made her miserable entrance into Hollywood. Miserable because of her aching loneliness and the certain lack of friendliness on the part of the natives. Nobody made much effort to ring the Oberon front door bell.

Then came the Mayfair party and Merle went. She chose a between-dance lull to make her exit and as she did, her heel caught in the hem of her frock and down came baby, cradle and all.

From th eyes of an under-

Now to go back to the three on the living-room floor. It seems Niven, a former lieutenant of the British Army, had casually met Merle Oberon in London. Just once. No buildings fell. They just met and that was that. But shortly after his arrival in Hollywood, Niven ran into Freddy Astaire and Doug Fairbanks, Sr., who was here for a short business trip between ski-jumps at St. Moritz.

"Let's go down and see Merle Oberon," Doug suggested, so the three popped down to Merle's beach house and, regardless of the absence of the hostess, walked right in.

Then Doug was seized with a really magnificent idea. "Let's play a joke on Merle and all lie down on the floor and go right on talking when she comes in."

A few minutes later, Merle, all unaware, walked into her living room and beheld the three grown men lying in the center of the floor.

She walked over and looked at Doug who was in the midst of a heated argument with Freddie and David on the best method of raising a red mustache on a harelip. She moved from Niven to Astaire whose feet, for once, were strangely still. She walked back to Doug.

"Hello," she said meekly and not an answer did she get
l the weird expression of perplexity on her face threw
all into masculine hysterics.
and Niven clicked from that instant on.

week later Hollywood announced their engagement.
the delay is beyond me, but the two were having
t the Brown Derby when Niven nonchalantly
p a newspaper and just as nonchalantly choked on
ne steak. There was the announcement of their
ent.

ng as Merle's at the top and I'm at the foot of
r, there can and will be no engagement," David
o let that be a lesson to the Goldwyn publicity
nt.

no one ever received so violent a shock as Jock
(the two Goldwyn boys who write pieces about
stars) when they beheld Oberon for the first
erson. They had glimpsed that exotic critter
reen from time to time, and were prepared for
between a re-incarnated Egyptian siren and
owe'en monkey business, when one fine day the
open and there stood a little girl about five foot
n tan riding breeches, her brown hair all tousled
y, her brown eyes smiling.
Merle Oberon," she said. (*Continued on page* 101)

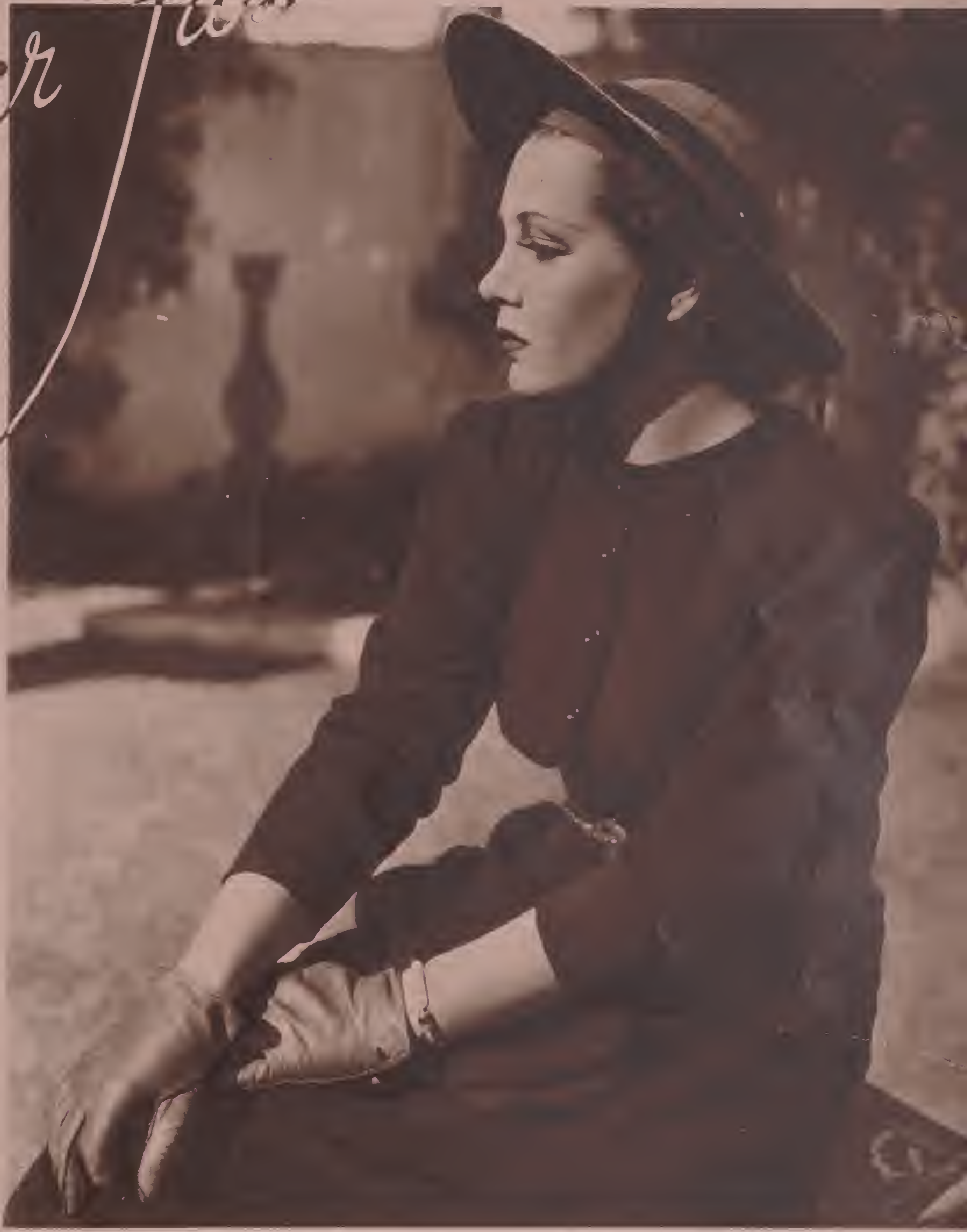
her

A real scoop—a great feminine star tells on another! You'll get the real, honest low down on Merlie from her best friend, Norma Shearer

Isn't this one of the grandest, friendliest pictures you ever saw of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell? It's the first sitting, informal as it is, for which they have ever consented to pose. We suspect they will be married not long after you read this, for Joan's divorce will become final on September 4th, then—who knows?

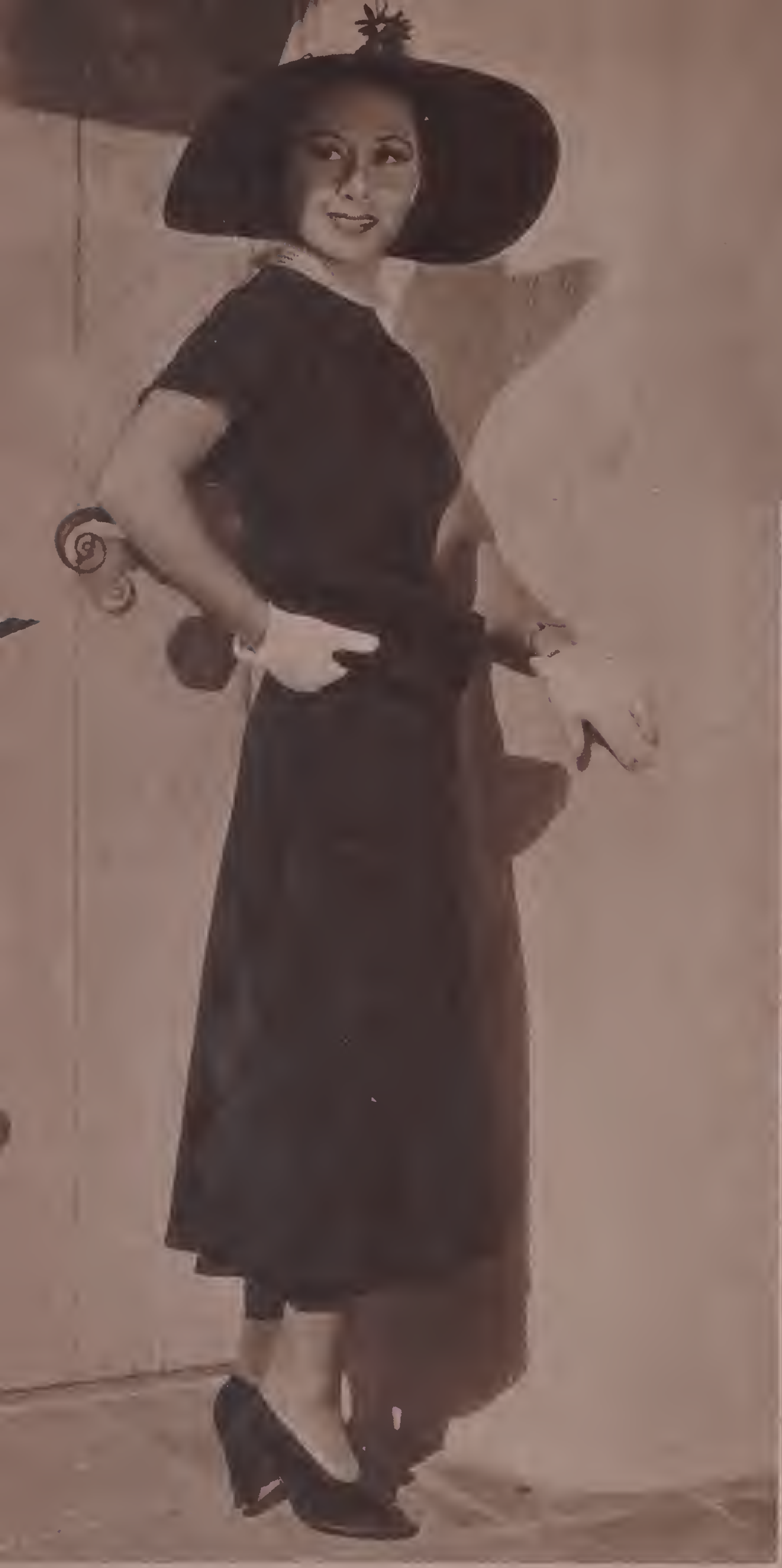
Star Fashions

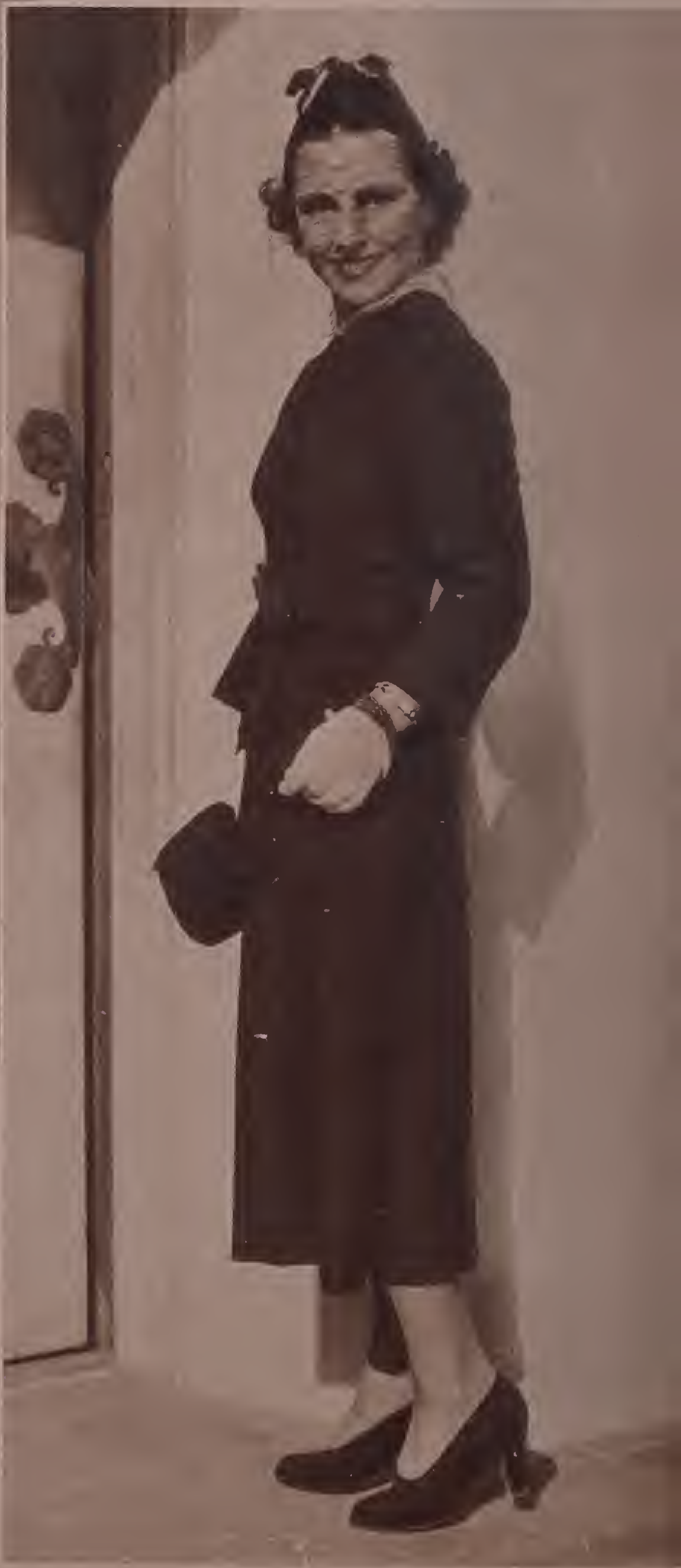
By GWENN WALTERS



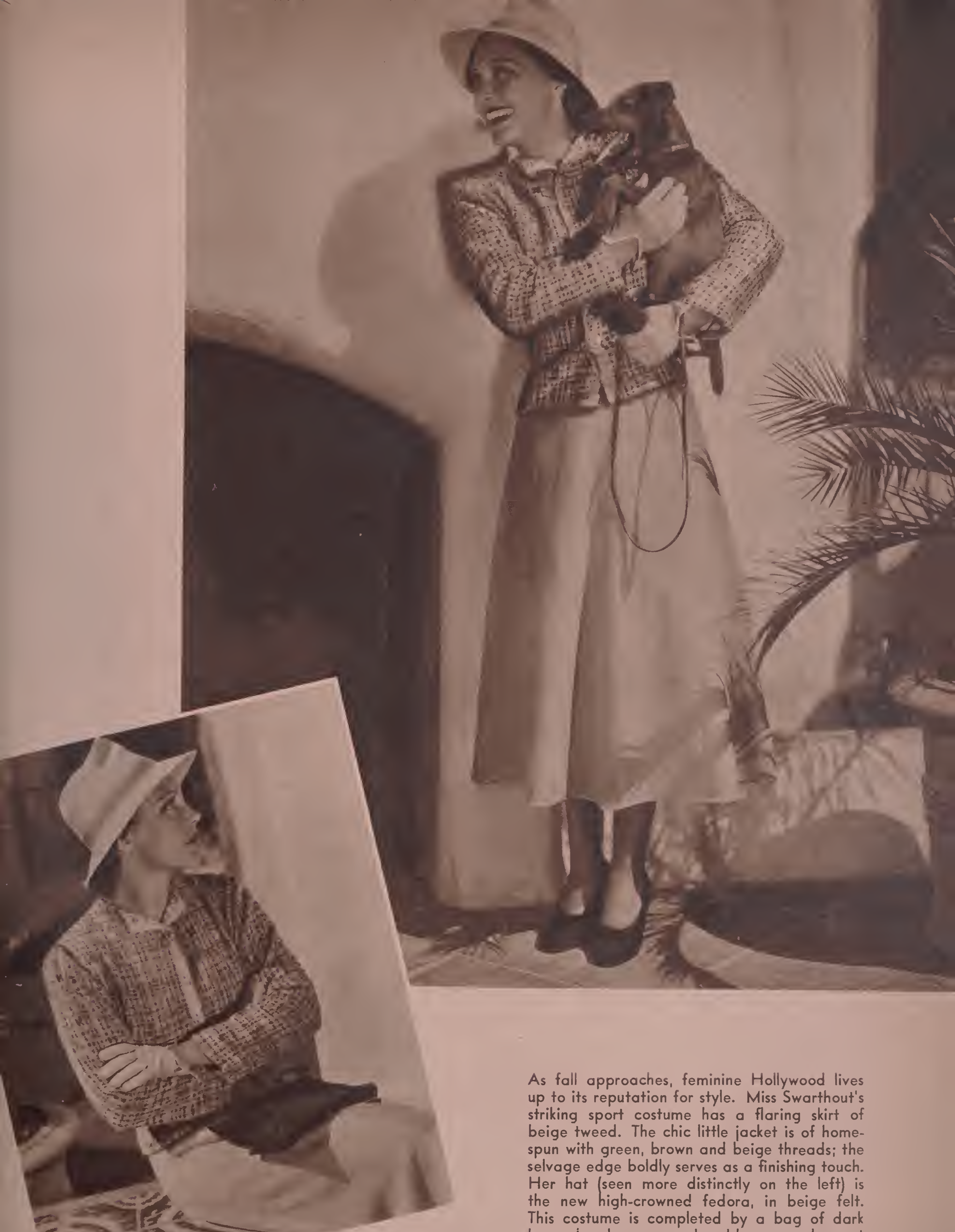
Simplicity characterizes this fall costume created by Valentina for Gladys Swarthout's personal wardrobe. A fashionable peasant silhouette is achieved with a full, circular skirt, a fitted bodice with front closing, widened shoulders, a high, curved waistline and draped sleeves that stop short just below the elbow. The frock is of navy sheer wool and is contrasted by a leather belt of London tan and matching gloves. Miss Swarthout's hat is of London tan felt with a navy grosgrain bandeau and trimming to harmonize with the dress.

If you would like fashion news about the smart new fall costumes the stars are wearing, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

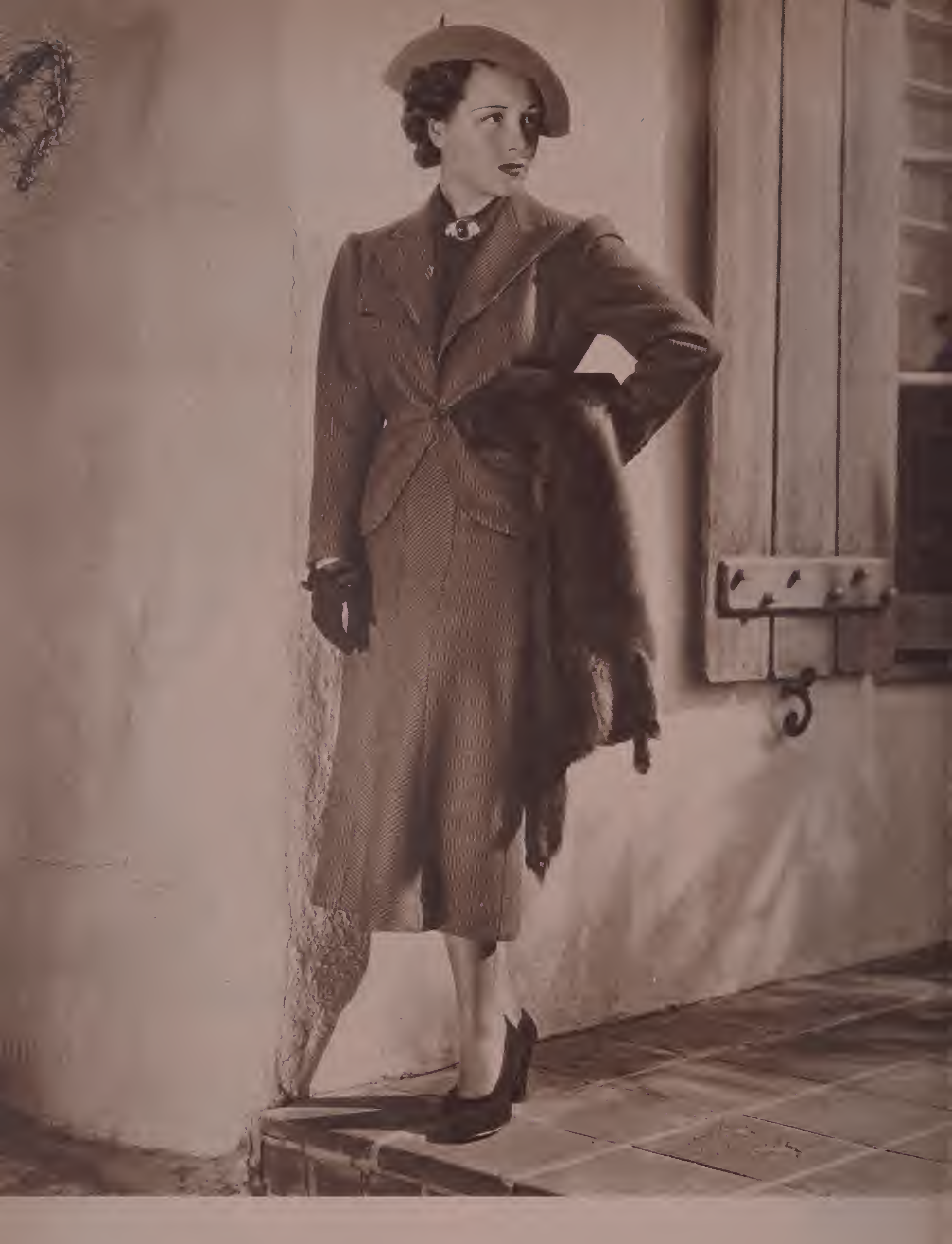




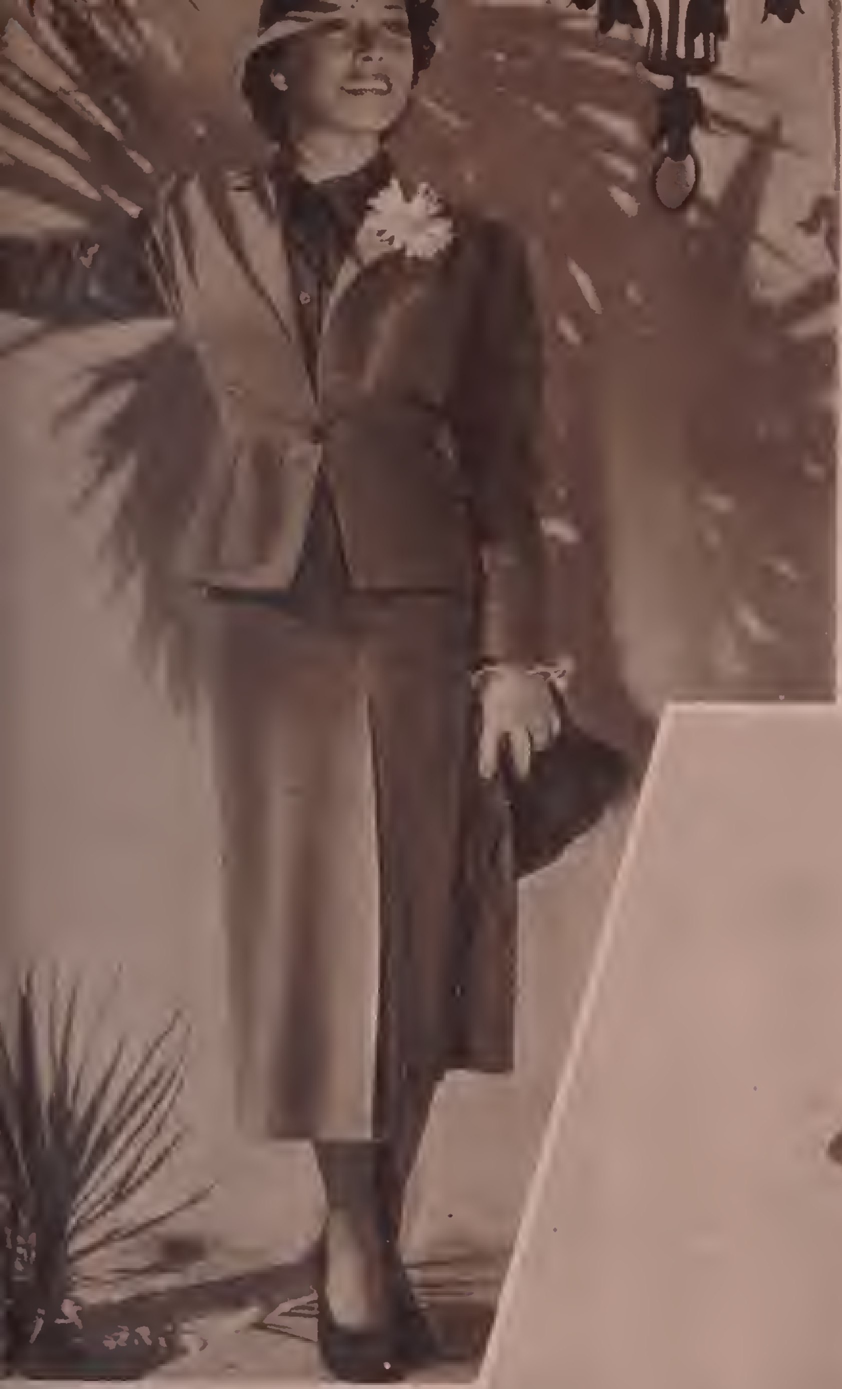
Two-way costumes are favored by Gladys Swarthout, and one of her favorite outfits for fall is this one of black crepe. The basis of the ensemble (above) is a one-piece short sleeved frock with a narrow white relief at the neckline. The blouse has kimono sleeves and the skirt is circular. With this frock, Gladys wears a large picture hat of stitched black crepe trimmed with black and white daisies. For dressier wear, a tunic jacket of matching crepe is added (right). This jacket, which closes with a front tie and has long bishop sleeves, gives one the impression of being part of the frock. With this combination, Gladys wears a stitched turban ornamented with a novel black and white feather and wide-mesh veil.



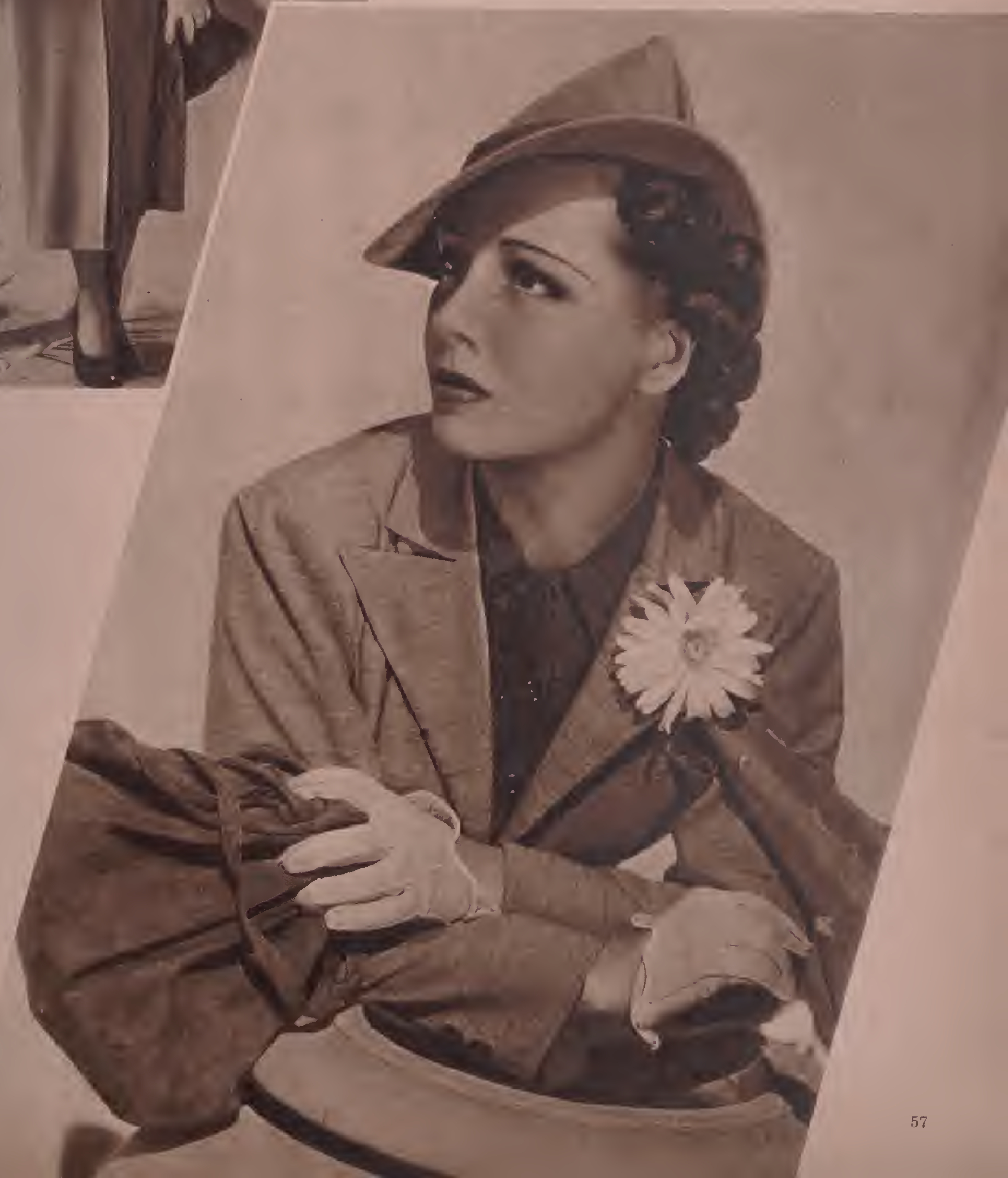
As fall approaches, feminine Hollywood lives up to its reputation for style. Miss Swarthout's striking sport costume has a flaring skirt of beige tweed. The chic little jacket is of homespun with green, brown and beige threads; the selvage edge boldly serves as a finishing touch. Her hat (seen more distinctly on the left) is the new high-crowned fedora, in beige felt. This costume is completed by a bag of dark brown hand-woven wool and brown suede sport pumps. Oh, yes—the fascinating young Airedale who appears with her above is "Nosey," who rules supreme in the Swarthout menage!



Light and dark gray form the stripes of the imported English woolen fabric in this dressmaker suit and give it decided tailored chic. The paneled treatment of the skirt provides a novel type of flare and the rounded, one-button jacket is important as an indication of the new style trends in tailored clothes. Miss Swarthout has chosen a gray felt hat, a brown crepe shirt, dark brown shoes, gloves and bag, and a scarf of sables to complete this street costume.



Beige and gray are harmoniously blended in Miss Swarthout's sport suit on the left. Either brown, black or gray accessories are suitable with this costume; in this instance, Gladys has selected a shirt of brown Rodier wool linen, a tailored hat of gray suede with a pouch bag to match and brown suede shoes. The inverted pleat in the center front of the skirt is especially interesting in motion; the center seams of the pockets are a reflection of the skirt treatment. The close-up below gives you the interesting detail of the hat, bag and blouse. Glad) Swarthout's next picture for Paramount will be "Champagne Waltz," opposite Fred MacMurray.



ROBERT TAYLOR'S

ROBERT TAYLOR was born Arlington Brugh August 5th, 1911, in Filley, Nebraska, a hamlet of fifty people, two grain elevators, a depot and a post office.

Almost exactly twenty-five years later, a Broadway riot squad of twenty policemen and ten motorcycle cops had to rescue the Nebraska kid from a horde of grabbing, pulling, shrieking, fighting females who seemed intent upon tearing him limb from limb as a little token of their esteem.

If the fifty folks back home had, in their wildest imaginings, been able to conceive any such fate for the red-faced, lusty-lunged son of Mr. Spangler A. Brugh, they might quite logically have asked:

"What has young Arlington done to all those women?" or "What are the policemen arrestin' him for?"

Spangler and Ruth Brugh were very young when their first and only child was born. So young, that the hot and parching summer sun and the bleak and howling winter wind of Nebraska had not yet robbed them of their ambition to get out and do things before the grind of farmer's-days piling upon farmer's-days had bleached them white of all initiative. The year of their honeymoon, the year before the baby (whom we shall call by his movie name of Bob) was born, they had been content to remain in the small town whose twelve houses made it little more than a whistle-stop for the railroad. The young husband operated one of the two grain elevators. The work wasn't hard and the income was enough for their needs. But, with the coming of the baby, they decided they could waste no more time. They moved to Kirksville, Missouri, and Spangler Brugh immediately enrolled in a medical school. All his life he had wanted to be a doctor. Now that he had a fine son for inspiration, he decided to delay that ambition no longer.

Soon he had a new ambition—he wanted his son to be a doctor. Ruth Brugh still tells stories of the speeches her husband used to make to their youthful son. Even before the boy could understand him he would say, "Medicine is the most honorable calling in the world!" So intent was his desire to start his son in the medical profession early in life, that he began taking him to surgery classes when he was only four years old. Bob's clear memory recalls the cadavers stretched on long tables—the men cutting them up. Maybe he was too young to be frightened by dead bodies; at any rate, they didn't scare him at all. His mother used to wring her hands over the fact that a "mere baby was witness to such a sight." But Papa Brugh was adamant. Young Bob accompanied his father to the carvings and disjointings of the surgery class for months.

He was a good youngster. Possibly that was the reason he was permitted to come at all. He sat very quietly and seriously during the lectures. Frequently, Papa Brugh had to awaken his sleepy offspring when the long sessions were over—Bob had become bored and dozed off. Bored because it wasn't particularly exciting to hear a man with a long white beard talk on and on. Far more exciting, to his way of thinking, were the periods between classes when the young medical students, with whom he was a big favorite, would take him out and buy him ice cream or—better yet—those little square chocolate bars with the beveled edges. Some had pink and white cocoanut inside. Finally one evening, after a late lecture, his father took him along with the gang to the Greek restaurant for scrambled eggs and bacon. Young Bob was "one of the fellows" from the start.

When their son was five, the Brughs moved to Fremont, Nebraska—and a very proud clan they were, too! It had already been arranged that the young doctor would go into practice with an established physician in town. Their future looked prosperous and rosy. They settled in a red brick house and a new and shining brass plate on the front door read, "Dr. Brugh. . . . By Appointment Only." Bob now laughs as he reveals how important the sign looked and how little attention the doctor paid to it. He answered the doorbell every time it rang, appointment or no.

Right, six-months-old Arlington Brugh of Nebraska, completely unaware of the fact that those strange boxes called cameras were to shape his career. Below, with his mother, at the age of five, two years before he fell in love—the first time!

The enthralling biography of Bob's

Always Been in Love!

By WALTER RAMSEY

Above, a portrait made at the time Arlington Brugh of Pomona College became Robert Taylor of filmland. Right, at the happy-go-lucky age of sixteen, with his dad, Dr. Spangler Brugh.

Bob was a handsome and rather advanced child, usually referred to by the local adults as a grown-up youngster. His companionship with older people, especially the young doctors at the college, had spoiled him for the usual games of make believe that fill a boy's first years. He was bored when the neighborhood kids in Fremont wanted him to join in a paper-doll game. And he tried valiantly to draw the line on attending kindergarten where they cut up papers all day. After but two weeks of compulsory attendance, he balked. It worried his mother, but his father was secretly amused.

Yet it was his father who was responsible for the first disillusioning event in his young life. One Christmas, he dressed up like Santa Claus. He marched, popgun in hand, into Bob's room. The boy immediately recognized him, despite the odd, red trappings and the long white cotton beard Papa Brugh was wearing.

He said: "Hello, Dad!"

In a horrible faked voice his father answered: "I am not Dad, I am Santa Claus."

That his best pal and closest companion should attempt to pull this kindergarten stuff on him, almost broke Bob's heart. He was speechless with humiliation. Dr. Brugh never again attempted to deceive his young son whose dignity he had so rudely assaulted.

The following Christmas found the caravaning Brughs in Beatrice, Nebraska, where the citizenship of ten thousand opened up a wider field of practice to the doctor. In the beginning Bob hated Beatrice from the bottom of his seven-year-old heart! He hated it mainly because of Central School which he had passed with his father on the day of their arrival. He saw that he was no longer going to be able to dodge school "because they cut out paper dolls." They weren't cutting out paper dolls at Central.

And then long before he would admit it, and much against his will, he began to enjoy school. The kids weren't so silly as the juveniles at Fremont. And then there was Grace Barger, another seven-year-old who wasn't silly at all!

In the long list of girls with whom Bob has been in love during the short (*Continued on page* 111)

life is one continuous love story

KNOCK ON HOLLYWOOD

IT'S a great and scientific age in which we live. An age of stream-lined trains, television and double-decker ice-cream cones. An age of international Zeppelin hops and backless brassieres. This is the enlightened era of the isolated atom, of glandular control and cigarettes kept sanitary in cellophane.

We drink dated coffee, and milk from only the happiest of cows. Eating is just a simple matter of collecting a balanced ration of proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins. And love—honeysuckle and moonlight play much less important parts in today's romances than do chemistry and conditioned reflexes!

But if you think that any of this knowledge has lessened Hollywood's faith and fear of superstitions, then you are entitled to one more big think. As Preston Foster says, superstitions can't do any harm and they might do some good. So he believes in all of them.

Most of the stars, however, have a special good luck or bad luck omen or article. For instance, whenever the nimble Fred Astaire gets stuck while creating a new dance routine, he drags from the closet an old pair of lucky shoes. With these on, the ideas come flying.

Frisky Francis Lederer is extremely superstitious. And, being a socially-minded person, he had four-hundred silver four-leaf clovers made which he gave to his delighted friends.

Jeanette MacDonald wouldn't think of beginning a picture unless she were wearing a green dress, while Dolores Del Rio is that way about red roses. The first day of any picture always finds a bowl of red roses in her dressing room. Colors and objects don't have any special significance to Fay Wray. But she wouldn't give any advice about marriage if it killed her. She's afraid it would jinx her happy union with John Monk Saunders.

Sir Guy Standing believes so firmly in the magic of an old felt hat that he takes it into a scene even when he can't wear it. He stuffs the hat in a pocket. Gary Cooper is another of the lucky hat boys. He wears a silly little number whenever he shaves for a picture. If he's shaving for just a social appearance, he doesn't bother about the hat.

Bing Crosby has a sweater that was given to him by his mother on the day that his horse, Aunt Kitty, won a race at Santa Anita. Now Bing won't place a bet unless he is wearing that sweater. Gene Raymond is another lucky clothes man. He still clings to a faded, misshapen dressing gown that he wore in his first Broadway hit, "Young Sinners." Ralph Bellamy says he will never part with a pair of lucky sheep-skin house slippers with which he began his acting career. And Alexander Hall, the director, always wears the same suit on the first day of production.

Frances Drake wouldn't think of making an important move without first reading the cards, while Donald Woods won't even whisper his plans until they are in action. He's afraid any advance talk might hex the results.

Almost everyone is a knocker-on-wooder, but Andy Devine is the only person we know to carry a little piece of wood for just that purpose. When Andy applied for his first contract, he tapped wood on the way to the producer's office. The little piece he now carries is framed in silver and dangles from his watch chain.

The rotund Edward Arnold says he wouldn't place a hat on a bed. When we asked him why, he answered, "I put my hat on a bed once and somebody sat on it."

Many married actresses won't do a scene without their wedding rings, but the girlish Mary Carlisle is one of the few single girls to have a lucky ring. It's a link-chain band that can be hidden by make-up if the part demands. Chester Morris won't give up his wedding ring, either. He hides it from the camera with a strip of adhesive tape. Chester is also attached to some lucky garments. He makes a point of wearing in each picture some article that he wore in a hit film. For several years after he made "Alibi" he clung to an old striped tie that he wore in the first scene.

JOHN BOLES pooh-poohs the idea of superstitions. None of that stuff for him. No sir. He does admit, however, that he puts on his left shoe first. The one day he started with his right shoe, he found a flat tire on his car, was late for work, got a ticket for speeding and blew up in his lines.

Walter Huston, making a return to the screen in "Dodsworth," is quite conservative in his superstitions. "They went out with the hoop-skirt," he will tell you. Though he does advise against standing in front of an approaching locomotive or stepping on rattle-snakes. The worst luck of all, he says, is to dive into a pool where there is no water.

A lot of stars are superstitious in reverse. For instance, Clark Gable will go out of his way to walk under a ladder. Kathleen Burke, the one-time Panther Woman whom Columbia is domesticating for a role in "Craig's Wife," is attached to the number thirteen. She was born in 1913, there are thirteen letters in her name and she always asks for dressing room thirteen. In Rosalind Russell's make-up kit there is a broken mirror which she refuses to take out. She broke it on her first picture, and seven year hoodoos notwithstanding, the cracked mirror is a cherished possession.

Lionel Stander, the raspy voiced comic, says it's bad luck to appear in a Shirley Temple picture. Nobody sees you.

A great many directors, notably Raoul Walsh, Archie Mayo and Lloyd Bacon, think it good luck to appear in one scene of their pictures. Mitchell Leison, now directing "The Big Broadcast of 1937," has this superstition, too. But he could find no place for himself in his latest picture. This didn't stump him, though. He had a bust of himself made by Gladys George. It will adorn Jack Benny's office in the picture.

Carole Lombard says she wouldn't make a picture without wearing Travis Banton gowns. This seems more good taste than superstition, however. Josephine Hutchinson, who plays such sane women, believes in all the conventional theatric superstitions, such as no whistling in the dressing room and never changing a powder puff or costume during the run of a show. She has a few pet phobias of her own, too. She will go into a rage if she finds that her shoes have been placed on a shelf higher than her head.

Anita Louise and Miriam Hopkins are devotees of the rabbit foot. Anita has them in varied shapes and sizes and uses them for belt and purse ornaments. Miriam Hopkins trusts in just a special kind of rabbit foot. It must be the left hind foot of a rabbit shot in a church-yard on a moonlit night. She is a constant patron of the astrologers and fortune tellers, as are so many players. Hollywood has more of these places, in proportion to its size, than any town in the world. Steeped in the superstitions of the old South, Miss Hopkins also refuses to have anything sewn up on her and she demands that her pictures start on Friday. Director King Vidor, on the other hand, starts all his pictures on Monday. This may be one reason they have never worked together. Vidor held up "The Texas Ranger" for two days, just to be in right with the voodoo.

Glenda Farrell believes that a bird in a dressing room is the curse of curses. There is an amusing story about the time she took a chance on a couple of love-birds that were raffled off at her son,

(*Continued on page* 106)

By MICHAEL JACKSON

Beware the jinx! Take a tip from the stars and their pet superstitions—for they know you can't afford to take any chances on luck

ILLUSTRATED BY W. G. FIX

Since he was a youngster in Brooklyn, Ross has wanted to own a real ranch, with pigs 'n' everything, and our candid cameraman caught him at work on the place where his ambition is realized. Above, when it's time to haul the chopped wood to the ranch house—well, it's Minnie who's the goat! Right, Ross with one of his prized pigs.

Ross Alexander the Great

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"WAIT a minute!" said Ross Alexander. "I'll wash my feet and then maybe we can have some lunch!"

He was not kidding. He had just finished a scene for "Loudspeaker Lowdown"—in his bare feet, in a hospital nightshirt and robe, with one bandage around his head, another across his jaw, and an x-marks-the-spot bruise under one eye. Though he removed the dirt from his feet, he would not remove the bandages from his face. "Not even for the Green Room!" he told me, winking. "Besides mine is the kind of mug that looks better in hiding!"

But in the Green Room, the stellar lunch-room at Warner Brothers studio, this get-up had only one effect. Sidney Skolsky dashed over for the story. Anita Louise stopped by to offer condolences. From every side: "Gee, fella, what happened? An accident or did you get into a fight?" "See," said Ross. "See? They think I'm a terror around here. They're sure it's the real thing." From a corner little Sybil Jason spied him and laughed, "Oh, you look funny in that make-up. Oh-oh-oh."

"Ah!" said Ross, grinning. "The only woman in the world who doesn't misunderstand me!"

There in his own words Ross had written the introduction to this story better than I could. People do misunderstand him. They believe he is a sort of terror, a hard-shelled personality who can go through one trouble after another without having it scathe him. Twice he had an unsuccessful try at the movies. The third time he came back fearlessly, like a world conqueror, past defeats seemingly forgotten. Twice he tried marriage, the second one ending in his wife's unfortunate death. But three days later he was back at work, going about his business as ever, retiring to his dressing room after every scene to avoid sympathetic glances and wishes. Hollywood, for some strange reason, misinterpreted this. Temporarily forgetting its show-must-go-on heritage, it would have preferred a more funereal air.

But how little it knows its Ross! A trouper to the nth degree, he is too young, too full of energy, too used to a life of activity and independence, ever to mope in a corner, or go sobbing for sympathy. Too eager to move on ever to look backward. Too proud to let his suffering show. But he has suffered. I can't tell you the revealing story of his breakdown following Aleta Freel's death, but I can tell you the torture that followed the unfortunate incident which occurred at the preview of "I Married a Doctor," and in his sensitiveness over this comparatively unimportant thing, you may well imagine his sensitiveness regarding the other!

It was at Warner's Hollywood theater. Ross came to the preview alone that night. The character he was playing in the picture as delineated by Sinclair Lewis, was that of a highly impulsive, love-sick boy who mistakes a married woman's interest for love and who goes, melodramatically, to face her husband, and claim her for his own. Ross knew the situation was potentially ridiculous, but he hoped that the audience would accept this foolish boy sincerely, as Lewis's story ordered. He never dreamed that they would *laugh*. But they did, in one scene, derisively. It was one of those scenes no one could foretell, a scene which had gone wrong. The laughter was brutal. It was cruel. But preview audiences are like that sometimes. And as suddenly as they had laughed, they stopped. Realizing at last that Ross might be there, they hushed. But this leashed laughter was even worse. It trickled through the audience insufferably. After the picture, as the previewers filed out, Ross sank down—not in his seat but under it! At that time he couldn't face anyone. He remained underneath the seat until the last person had gone.

To be laughed at is the worst thing that can ever happen to an actor. Even though Ross knew it was not his fault—not anyone's—and that that particular scene would be omitted at the final cutting before the picture's release (that is what previews are for) still it hurt. Then, as if that were not enough, Ross was summoned to do the same part on the air for Hollywood Hotel. By this time it was a detested part. And if he had refused, or pleaded sickness, no one would have blamed him. But he didn't. He went, with his shoulders square.

I happened to be there that day. I sat next to him in the control room during rehearsal. The dread of being laughed at again must have been uppermost in his mind. But he never let on. Only his high color, his nervousness, and his pacing up and down gave him away. "Nervous?" someone asked. "Oh no, I've done radio before. I was on the *Collier's* hour steadily several years ago!" The boy who had slid down under a seat to avoid recognition only a few days before was now disclaiming any rememberance of the episode.

Ross has always been like that—indomitable. When he got kicked out of school he found himself a job. When he lost that job he scared up another. When he had six flops in two years on the New York stage he survived those, too—not head down, asking help from others, but head up, pretending that help was the last thing in the world he needed. When Hollywood ignored him twice he still came back, made a definite hit in "Captain Blood" and "Brides Are Like That" and is soon to be starred in "Over the Wall," the Warden E. Lawes Sing Sing story. Ross has done no little wall jumping himself. His is a story of animation, domination, determination. He tells it in his own humorous fashion, but you can sense the sturdy substance behind it.

"IT was in Rochester, New York, that school and I finally parted. I was only fourteen, but I had reached six feet and long pants and I was raring to go. And I did—*out!* I don't remember what the final straw was that broke the principal's patience, but there had been a lot of things. Hookey, broken windows, spit balls, beebee shot, mutiny, rebellions, glue in the furnace which closed the whole school for one day, because of the stink—I was really quite ingenious. You see, I didn't like school. I wanted to be an actor, and I wanted to go back to New York, where we had lived before. But Dad said I was too young. I'd have to wait a couple of years. I could find another school, or I could find a job. Well, it would be easier to find a job than a school—I knew that—so I went after one.

"It so happened that the very next day the MacFarlane Outfitting Company, the Brooks Brothers of Rochester, was opening its 'biggest sale in history.' I had been buying clothes there for about a year, so I knew the store and most everybody there knew me. The doors were to open at eight-thirty. At eight I nodded (*Continued on page* 113)

He's a young conqueror today, but it took rare grit and humor to overcome the tragedies and bad luck he's known

When friends kid him about the wood-chopping he loves to do, Ross just answers, "Well, Lincoln swung an axe, and he did pretty well!" He gets a lot of fun out of taking his ranching seriously. Below, starting out to do some real farming, with his pet bulldog, Mr. Watson, close at his heels.

ALL was quiet on Sound Stage 9 of the Amalgamated Studios. Under the brilliant flood lights, they were preparing to shoot a night club scene. Rita Reynolds, blonde darling of the movies, was already seated at her table. Bert Carlock finished his last instructions. "Faint across the top of the table. And, Rita," he added, imploringly, "come down hard enough to break that table. Take it big!"

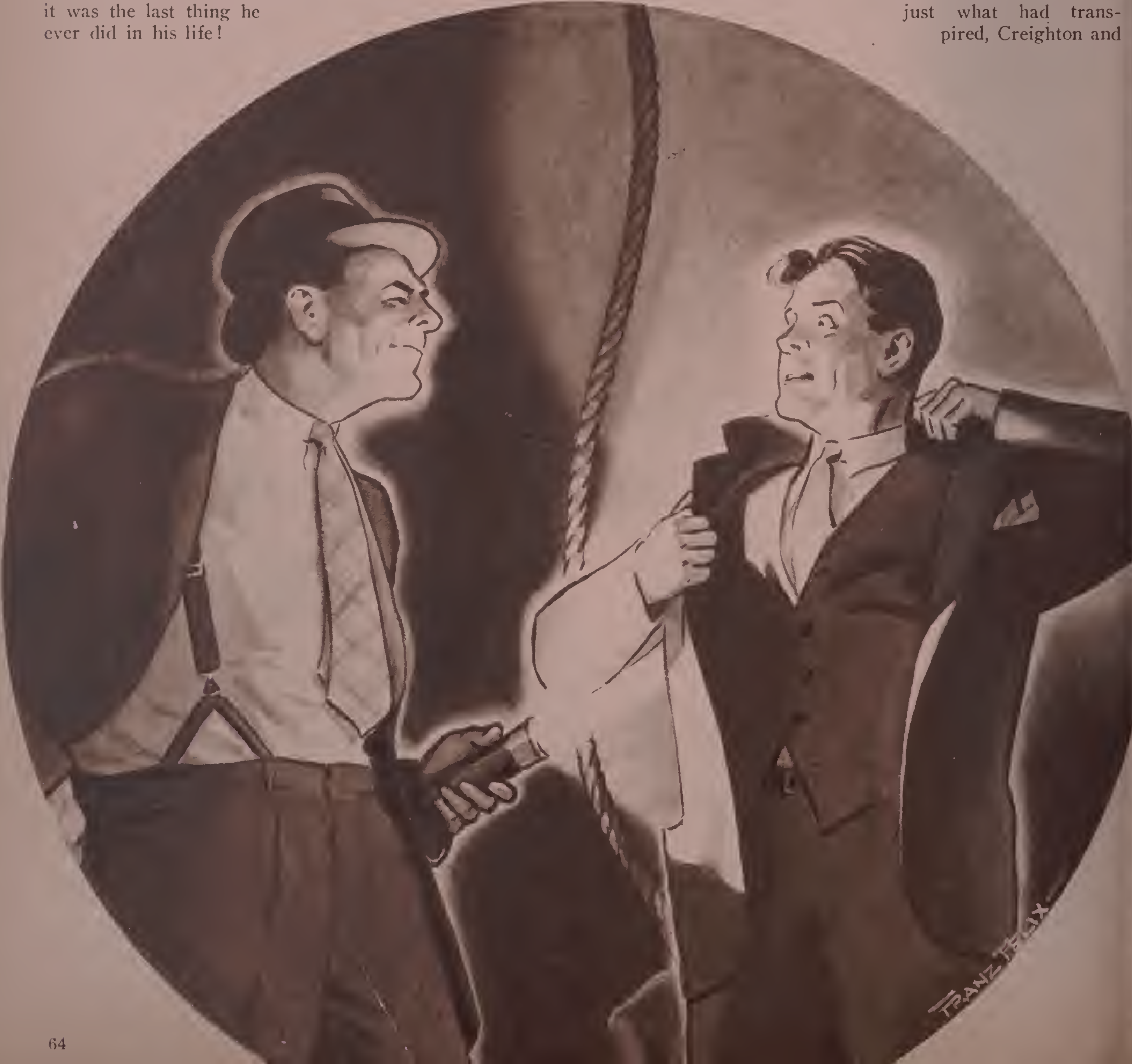
Rita took it big, all right, and the cast and crew watched spellbound until she slumped across the table, knocking over the small lamp and silverware. She fell with the table to the floor, quivered slightly and was still. Rita Reynolds was dead!

Dan Creighton, dapper detective whose business was guarding the lives and reputations of the movie great, came forward from the sidelines and took charge. It was no natural death, he was sure. Rita was young and healthy—and she had telephoned him agitatedly only a short time before, obviously frightened. He had arrived too late to prevent what happened. But just what had happened? Well, Dan Creighton would clear up the mystery of his client's sudden death if it was the last thing he ever did in his life!

When the autopsy disclosed that the star had died of cyanide poisoning, it only added to the general confusion. How had it been administered? No one was near her, everyone was watching her. She had no opportunity to take it herself. Everyone on the set, everyone in her private life, became a suspect. There was Draper Hayden, her leading man and current escort about town. He had been off to one side of the stage, not even watching the filming—filing his nails! There was Carlock, the director, whom Dan suspected of having installed the radio transmitter in Rita's portable dressing room for eavesdropping, jealous of her recent interest in her leading man. But Carlock had been at his station on a platform six feet above the stage, with his cameramen. There was Marion LaCourt, the dancer in the scene, who had approached nearest to Rita during the actual filming. But Marion had merely danced by, not even touching the actress or her table. There was Herman Petrovski, the feeble old man who made "prop" vases and ornaments for the studio. But the only reason Dan could find for suspecting him was that he was Marion's father and Marion had seemed so frightened about something.

In an attempt to find out just what had transpired, Creighton and

"What's the idea, trying to fill me full of slugs, you big ape?" snapped Creighton as quickly as he could get his breath. "Well if it ain't Little Lord Fauntleroy," grinned the detective with a smile as vicious as an oath.



DEATH on the Sound Track

By JOHN A. SAXON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ FELIX

Suspense! Surprises! True-to-life Hollywood characters—and murder! They're all packed into Movie Mirror's exciting and different mystery novel

Carlock ran off the film that evening. Ran it off slowly, several times. Something was wrong about the scene, but what? Dissatisfied, Dan strolled over to the locked sound stage, which he entered with Creighton's key. Here he prowled around in the darkness, examined the little radio transmitter in Rita's room, tried to reconstruct the day's events. Suddenly an end was put to his puzzled brooding. Someone crept up from behind and struck him viciously on the head. Dan Creighton, too, lay still on the same sound stage where Rita had met her death. The story continues:

IT might have been an hour later that Dan Creighton came to his senses; it might have been only a few minutes. The place was in pitch darkness and he had no way of telling. His head ached from the terrific blows and he dimly realized that only the soft felt hat he had been wearing had saved him from a cracked skull. He was flat on the floor just where he had fallen. His gun was still in the holster. Apparently his assailant, believing Creighton dead, had not bothered to touch the body. As memory returned, the investigator remembered that his flashlight had been in his hand when the blow landed. He rolled over on his stomach and spread-eagled his arms trying to find it. It couldn't have rolled far. Inch by inch he felt around the stage in pitch blackness. Then his hand touched something. It wasn't the flashlight. It felt like a bottle. He ran his fingers over it appraisingly. It had a big glass stopper, the sides were corrugated—a perfume bottle! Undoubtedly it was with that that he had been struck. The bottle weighed a couple of pounds, a deadly thing in the hands of a desperate person. He shook it gently. It was empty. He slipped it in the side pocket of his coat, continued searching for the flashlight, found it and rose to his feet, wobbling uncertainly.

A hundred to one, figured Creighton, the person who had attacked him was still in the building. He slipped off his shoes and, guided by the sense of feeling alone, worked his way toward the door by which he had entered the sound stage. But how, he asked himself, had that person been able to gain the inside of the building without his being aware of it? There were but two doors to the huge, barn-like place—the big, double doors through which scenery and equipment were brought upon the stage and the ordinary door through which employes entered. The former, he remembered, was barred on the inside with a huge cross-beam hanging in slots. The beam couldn't have been lifted out without his hearing it, and even were that possible, the opening of the big doors would have admitted enough light from the lot outside to have attracted his attention.

He found the wall, worked his way along until he came to the door. It was still locked on the inside!

Creighton rubbed his head again. But for the lump over his temple he might have imagined it. He worked his hand over the wall until he found the knife switch that controlled the working lights. It was open! He hadn't imagined it then, that was a cinch. Somebody had pulled the switch and cut off the lights. Well, by the fourteen Gods of War he would have a look around, and do it in such a way they wouldn't get another crack at him.

There was a flat leaning against the wall, he had felt it when he was looking for the light switch. It was ten feet high, a piece of pointed canvas on a light wooden frame. The light switch stuck out far enough from the wall so that by tipping the flat over it would strike against the switch, close it and throw on the lights. Because of the pressure of air against the canvas it would tip over slowly, giving him a chance to slide into the shadows before the lights came on.

The plan worked perfectly, but when the house-lights cast their dim rays into the shadows of the big stage, Creighton found himself as much alone as he had imagined himself to be in the beginning. The echoes made by the falling flat rumbled through the building like distant thunder, reflected back by the high roof, ricocheting from side to side across the grids above the stage.

Save for the single set representing the cafe, which had been used that afternoon, there was nothing else dressed up. No place for a man to hide on the floor of the stage, but plenty of places in the shadows of the grids or platforms above. At one end was a stairway, at other places of vantage along the walls were ladders used by electricians and those having business above.

Gun in hand, Dan Creighton started up the stairs, gained the grids and hesitated. The long runways from which overhead shots were made and lights handled stretched clear across the sound stage. Piles of tie-off ropes coiled neatly, sailor fashion, offered traps for unwary feet in the dark. What light there was came from

(*Continued on page 76*)

WHAT EVER BECAME OF THE TIN LIZZIE?

The day of the "sardine can" has passed in Hollywood—just look at the cars the stars drive now!

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18 CALIFORNIA 36
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1—Madge Evans with her black sedan. 2—Reginald Owen leaving the studio. 3—May Robson tours most of California in her car. 4—Everyone envies Clark Gable this specially built automobile. 5—Joseph Calleia enjoys tinkering with the motor in his coupe. 6—Edward Norris, beachward bound. 7—The very first thing Eleanor Powell did when she returned from Broadway was to buy her first car. 8—Leslie Howard's choice is a foreign make. 9—Mary Carlisle with her canary-yellow convertible at her home. 10—Maureen O'Sullivan has a small sedan. 11—Allan Jones entering his convertible. 12—James Stewart in his small runabout. 13—Nelson Eddy personally takes care of his car. 14—Frank Lawton about to leave for the tennis courts. 15—June Knight, with her white coupe.

IS ONE LOVE ENOUGH?

Not if you want to build a happy home and a lasting marriage, says Sally Eilers, and she gives her reasons in this intimate interview

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

Friends wondered, Hollywood fashion, if Sally's second marriage, to Harry Joe Brown (below), would last. The answer was Harry Joe, Jr.—and a big YES!

Sally's first marriage, to Hoot Gibson, was "an emotional merry-go-round." Divorce was already being rumored when this picture was taken.

IT was while Sally Eilers was arranging bowls of flowers, old-fashioned phlox, crimson gladioli, roses and delphinium to decorate her smart living room that we drifted into a discussion of the dissolution of a marriage of mutual friends that had shocked us very much.

If any, couple in Hollywood gave promise of reaching the shoals of safety in their married life, it was this girl and boy who had culminated five years of high school courtship with five intensely happy years of married life, and then, just out of a clear sky—divorce! It was tragic to their friends because it was one of those romances supposedly made in heaven. There had never been another man, even a high school beau, in the girl's life; there had never been another girl in the man's.

"And that," remarked Sally thoughtfully, as she artistically blended the pale delphinium into the center of a bowl of pastel gladioli, "is probably the secret of the whole disaster! As sentimental and lovely as it is in theory, I wonder if one love is enough to give the framework of sympathy, understanding and experience that is essential to happy marriages in this modern time. I wonder if we can expect the marriage rules of an out-dated era to remain as effective in a life-tempo that has changed radically in every other way? Unfortunately, modern life does not allow for two people in a world of their own, any more!"

All morning long Sally had been attending to a "few little things" that would have taken the entire day of a girl less used to managing her own life.

A telephone conversation had resulted in the agreement that, yes, she would be able to report at the M-G-M studio in two hours for a short re-take on her newest picture, "Florida Special," with Jack Oakie. A gentleman with plans under his arm had just departed, leaving sketches and estimates for transforming the Browns' Beverly Hills home from Spanish to modern. Harry Joe, Jr., had just been wheeled off his sunporch and turned over to his nurse.

There are few Hollywood girls I know who bother to attend to the little personal details of life as thoroughly as Sally. The Brown household boasts three servants and a nurse, yet I have actually seen them standing around waiting for something to do in moments when Sally is preparing a luncheon salad for a bridge foursome with her own hands, arranging her own vases, and calling her friends on the telephone to invite them to a small dinner party. In this day of leaving one's friends to a secretary, one's child to a nurse, and one's household to the management of servants, this close personal touch of Sally's is a charming trait.

With the flowers arranged, and placed, she settled down on the burgundy-colored divan, one foot curled under, the other swinging restlessly, and picked up some needle work—which is as close to relaxing as Sally ever gets.

"Of course," she continued, "by experience, I certainly do not mean promiscuity. Particularly in the case of women, this is definitely stupid and harmful. Women haven't, and probably never will reach the point where it is possible for them to love too often, wisely! The wrong kind of experience is worse than none at all. But there are various romantic experiences and interludes that every woman is entitled to before she can really recognize the one great love of her life when it comes along."

SHE looked very pretty in the pale blue sports dress she wore, her head bent intently over the work of her flying fingers. A strand of blonde hair escaped the blue hair-ribbon and was carelessly pushed back. She hesitated thoughtfully before she spoke again:

"You know that I am happy now, everyone who has known me over a period of years knows how very happy. Sometimes I wonder what I have done that I should have everything in the world to complete a girl's life—a husband I adore, a lovely baby, my home, my family, my friends, and my work that keeps me interested and gives me a life of my own separate from Harry's. I am truly grateful for what I have. There isn't a day goes by that I am not consciously grateful for it.

"*But if I had married into this same private heaven at eighteen, I doubt very much if this same marriage would have been a success!* I would not have been capable of realizing and appreciating all of it for what it is worth!

"That is why I believe it is impossible for this kind of love to be the first and only in the life of any woman! The girl of eighteen does not want a life partner as much as she wants a dancing partner. The (*Continued on page* 93)

Hollywood Nobleman

Sir Guy Standing wins his film honors as he won his knighthood—always for distinguished service

By MARJORIE HAYNES

ONE perfect accomplishment is about all any actor in Hollywood hopes to achieve, yet Sir Guy Standing, actor and gentleman, has built two perfect things in Hollywood. A house by the side of a lake, the kind most actors dream of but seldom realize, and his own important niche in pictures climaxed by his perfect portrayal of Colonel Stone in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," the picture that marked the turning point in his career.

The house was not a mere desire for a place to live, a thing to possess, or an abode in which to entertain friends. It was the fulfillment of a dream visioned some forty years before and never lost sight of. When he was a second mate in the British Navy, young Standing's boat docked one fine day near Los Angeles, and as he wandered out among the orange groves along a narrow dusty roadway, later to become Hollywood Boulevard, the English lad knew that some day he would come back to live out his life in this spot. There was no "I'd like to" or "I may." He just knew he would come back, and he did.

Forty years later, after he had lived a lifetime of events, he returned to Hollywood to find strange sights and even stranger smells. Instead of groves along the dusty highway there stood restaurants topped by Brown Derby hats, open air sandwich shops, and red-faced five-and-ten-cent stores. Strange tribes had moved in. People by the name of Warner came, and movies talked. A man named Goldfish became a man named Goldwyn, and, as a result, Eddie Cantor sang out his heart. Bright-eyed, heart-broken little girls smiled bravely and fooled no one. All was changed, but it made no difference to Standing, who never lost sight of the beauty of the place behind the feeble props. Here was where he had chosen to live out his life, and here was where he would live it.

He bought a trailer, and in it set out to find the land on which to build his house. His journey brought him out past the Paramount ranch in the San Fernando Valley to a lake called Malibu. Down a winding road he glimpsed *the* spot. And in this spot he built, along with his career in pictures, the home of his dreams.

This thing of doing two things at a time and doing them well seems to have been a part of the destiny of Guy Standing. Most actors are just actors—on screen and off. And most sailors are just sailors—on ship and off. But Standing is both an actor and a sailor, and, what's more, he's a fine actor and a splendid sailor.

He began alternating between sea and stage when he was fifteen. Setting out, at his father's request, to make his own way, he got himself a bit of stage work, and when that was finished, he simply set out, Bobby Shafto-like, to sea. This alternation between stage and sea continued for years. The stage won, however, and soon Guy Standing was touring over his native England, the province of (*Continued on page* 99)

Famous in England for his war work, in Hollywood for his fine acting, and on the sea for his seamanship, Standing has won more than 160 cups and trophies in European and American yacht races.

Good Looks
start UNDER
your Skin...
BLACKHEADS
are discouraged
PORES look smaller
LINES fade

Miss Katharine Aldridge—"I keep my pores fine, skin fresh looking, with Pond's Cold Cream."

When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

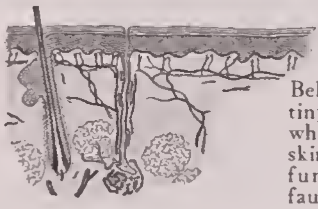
YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you "a pretty girl."

And girls with less claim to good features are "good looking"—simply *because they have a clear, fresh skin!*

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just *under* your skin!

Rousing . . . deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It's their work to keep your *outer* skin glowing and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.



Most faults start underneath

Below that dark layer are tiny glands, cells, fibres which keep your outer skin flawless. When they function poorly—skin faults start!

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—*is* wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling? . . . Face glowing? A sign you're rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned. Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Mrs. William Jay Iselin
"Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin toned up—glowing! I never have blackheads and blemishes."

Remember this

Here's the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond's. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. K131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State__________

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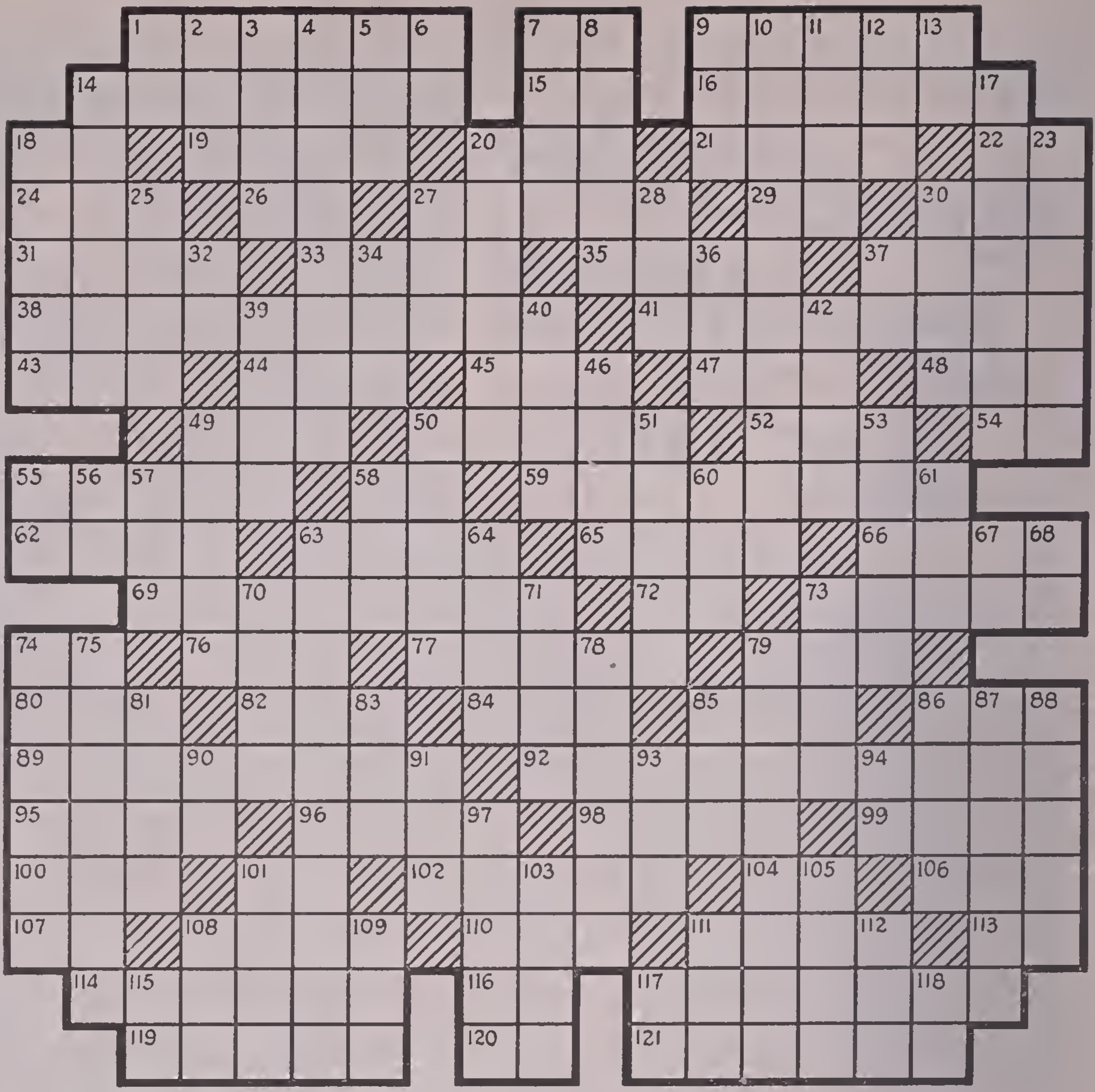
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps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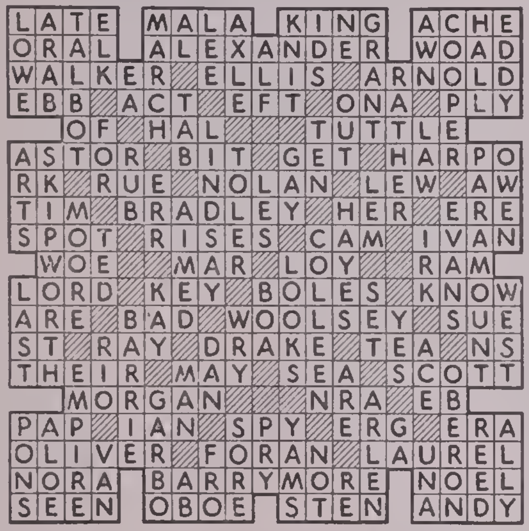
ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE


LATE MALA KING ACHE
ORAL ALEXANDER WOAD
WALKER ELLIS ARNOLD
EBB ACT EFT ONA PLY
OF HAL TUTTLE
ASTOR BIT GET HARPO
RK RUE NOLAN LEW AW
TIM BRADLEY HER ERE
SPOT RISES CAM IVAN
WOE MAR LOY RAM
LORD KEY BOLES KNOW
ARE BAD WOOLSEY SUE
ST RAY DRAKE TEA NS
THEIR MAY SEA SCOTT
MORGAN NRA EB
PAP IAN SPY ERG ERA
OLIVER FORAN LAUREL
NORA BARRYMORE NOEL
SEEN OBOE STEN ANDY

HORIZONTAL

1. A Paramount director
7. Her best role was in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (init.)
9. She plays in "Dodsworth"
14. Little ten-year-old player
15. A southern state
16. Lazy colored actor
18. Heroine in "The Harvester" (init.)
19. "Spit——" with Hepburn in the title role
20. —— Dagover, foreign player who did not click in Hollywood
21. "—— Comes Cookie"
22. James Stewart has this degree at Princeton
24. She will be replaced by Betty Grable in Wheeler and Woolsey comedies
26. "Escape —— Never" with Elizabeth Bergner
27. Comical tough guy in "The Widow from Monte Carlo"
29. Afternoon
30. A Greek letter
31. The Swedish Nightingale
33. Hanger-on at the race-track
35. A veteran actress of screen and radio
37. Egg shaped
38. "New ——— of Tarzan"
41. One of Chaplin's leading ladies
43. No
44. To row
45. Tenor struck dead in "Moonlight Murder"
47. Former wife of John Gilbert
48. Evelyn Venable returns in "The Holy ——"
49. "—— Miserables"
50. The famous "It" girl
52. Sally Blane calls Polly Ann Young this
54. Rumba dancer in "Millions in the Air" (init.)
55. Villain in "Private Number"
58. Katharine Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
59. His first success was in "Roberta"
62. Star of "Nana"
63. Star of "The Covered Wagon"
65. M-G-M's trade mark
66. He was replaced by Fred MacMurray in "The Princess Comes Across"
69. The ex-Mrs. Cabot
72. Constance Talmadge's husband (init.)
73. "Villa"
74. Beulah Bondi plays ——— Tolliver in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
76. To direct at something
77. South Sea Island
79. Tim Mc——, hero of Westerns
80. To request
82. Japanese sash
84. Constance Bennett's boy-friend
85. Erich —— Stroheim
86. Noah's houseboat
89. Spencer ——— is the sheriff in "F Man"
92. Paul lost a hundred pounds to win her
95. First name of the author of "Timothy's Quest"
96. Energetic young man in "Accent on Youth"
98. Conceited
99. She may join the other opera singers who have made movies
100. Joan Bennett in "Little Women"
101. His last name ends with his first
102. The ex-wife in "Snowed Under"
104. Star of silent days (init.)
106. Spot on a playing card
107. Plural of thou
108. God of Love
110. Affirmative answer
111. —— Clement has a part in "Whipsaw"
113. Talkie preview (init.)
114. Contrive
116. "—— Cucaracha" with Steffi Duna
117. Nick in "Riffraff"
119. Spencer Tracy plays in his version of "Inferno"
120. "Robin Hood of —— Dorado"
121. —— Washburn, favorite of silent films

VERTICAL

1. "Today —— Live"
2. A fairy
3. Captain Nazro in "Captain January"
4. ——— real name is Gretchen
5. Female sheep
6. Initials of Thomas Meighan's first talking picture
7. Mexican in "The White Angel"
8. Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband
9. Waste of burned coal
10. The professor in "Half Angel"
11. Limited time
12. Unclose (poetical)
13. Eastern state (abbr.)
14. —— Inescourt as Helena in "The King Steps Out"
17. Hollywood's princess
18. Irene Hervey's groom
20. Bert ———, former matinee idol
23. Singer from Texas who appears in "Palm Springs"
25. Covet
27. "Ben ——," in which Ramon Novarro starred
28. Nickname of the current "Perry Mason"
30. Sinful
32. Katherine —— Mille, the fair Rosaline in "Romeo and Juliet"
34. "The Moon's —— Home"
36. The Windy City (abbrev.)
37. "Bullets —— Ballots"
39. Famous playwright
40. Cauterize
42. Iron fence
46. Verbal
49. —— Parker, M-G-M player
50. Pieces of money
51. She'll be in "Green Light"
53. Jet of fine water
55. "Annie Oakley" (init.)
56. "Dinner —— Eight"
57. "We Saw the ——," hit song of "Follow the Fleet"
58. Began his career as a circus acrobat
60. Handsome young man in "Ramona"
61. Producer of comedies
63. "Girl of the ———"
64. Knot
67. Czechoslovakian actor (init.)
68. Famous baseball player
70. Uproar
71. ——— Jannings
73. China's favorite actress
74. Mrs. Irving Berlin's maiden name
75. Abashed by a sense of guilt
78. Arabella in "Captain Blood"
79. Beer guzzling comedian in "The King Steps Out"
81. RKO star called temperamental
83. Anger
85. Roman numeral seven
86. On the summit
87. Dancer in "The House of 1000 Candles"
88. Peggy in "Laughing Irish Eyes"
90. Prefix meaning again
91. Movie players' work-shop
93. Edward ——— Sloan appears in "Dracula's Daughter"
94. The elder Fairbanks
97. Warner Brothers scenario writer
101. Mrs. Hayden in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"
103. "Laddie"
105. Native player
108. "Little ——" was an early Mae West role
109. Observe
111. "—— 99"
112. "The Bitter Tea of General ——"
115. His middle name is Everett
117. She's a Marchioness (init.)
118. "—— Had to Happen"

Baby in Wonderland!

Special care . . . special foods . . .

even a special laxative . . . no wonder he thrives!

YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a *special* kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a *special* food formula. He advises *special* baby soap . . . *special* baby powder . . . yes, even *special* baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made *especially* for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Yes, even in "half-doses."*

Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—*and only*—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement — in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach — as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a *child's laxative*, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.

And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

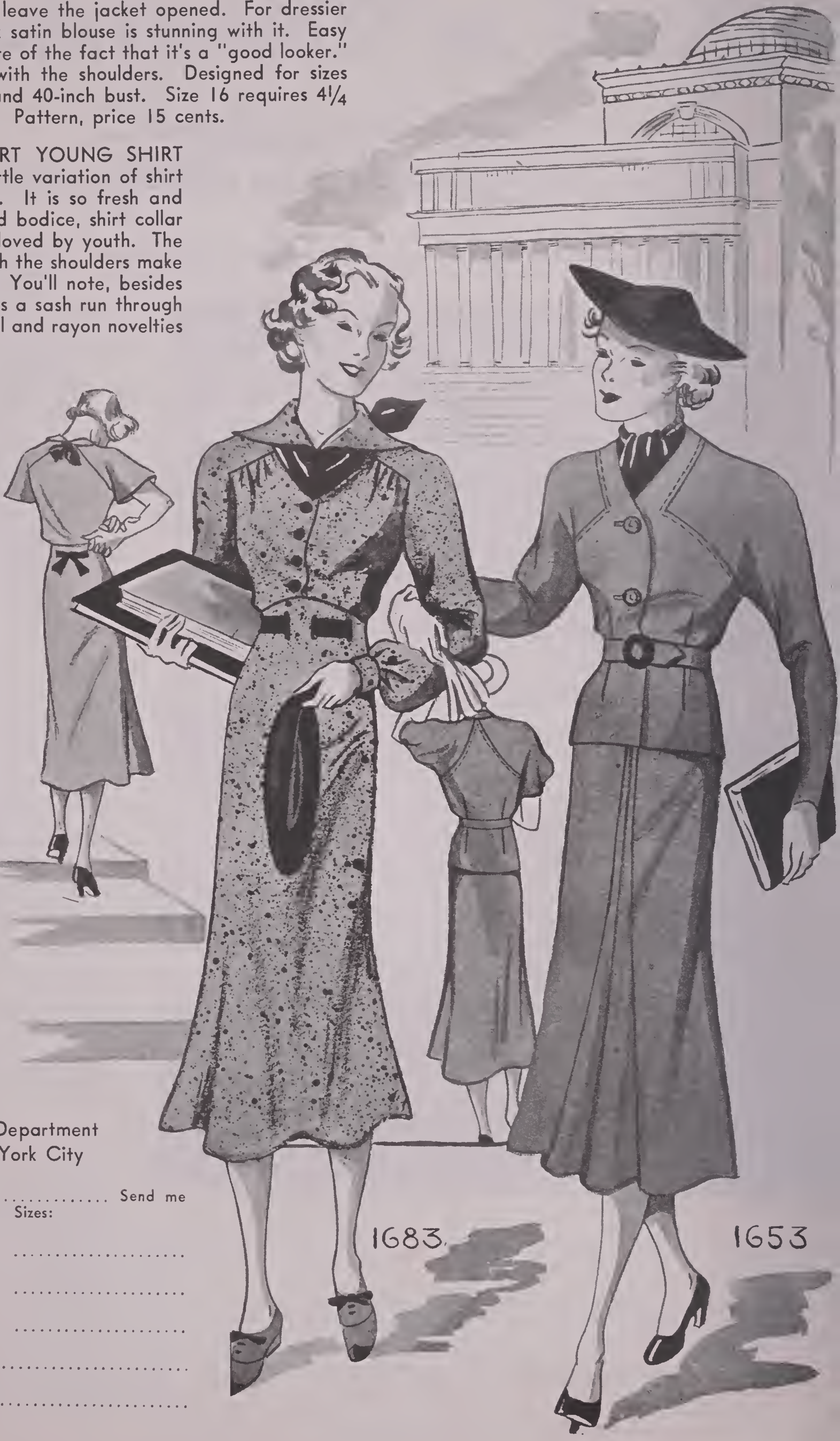
The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin.
(Coin Preferred)

Style No. 1653—VERSATILE JACKET DRESS. What about a new woolen jacket-type dress, which is ever a welcome addition to your fall wardrobe? You can wear this little wine-red woolen in a variety of ways. A navy crepe ascot scarf is tucked in at the neck. Again, by way of a change, wear a wine wool sweater with new shirt collar, and leave the jacket opened. For dressier occasions, a lustrous black satin blouse is stunning with it. Easy as A, B, C to make, in spite of the fact that it's a "good looker." Note sleeves cut in one with the shoulders. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern, price 15 cents.

Style No. 1683—SMART YOUNG SHIRT DRESS. Such a darling little variation of shirt type dress as shown here. It is so fresh and young, with front buttoned bodice, shirt collar and scarf tie, so much beloved by youth. The sleeves that cut in one with the shoulders make it very simple to fashion. You'll note, besides being shaped, the skirt has a sash run through slits at the waistline. Wool and rayon novelties are popular mediums for autumn. Thin woolens and crepe silks are also nice for this model. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting. Pattern, price 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.................. Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
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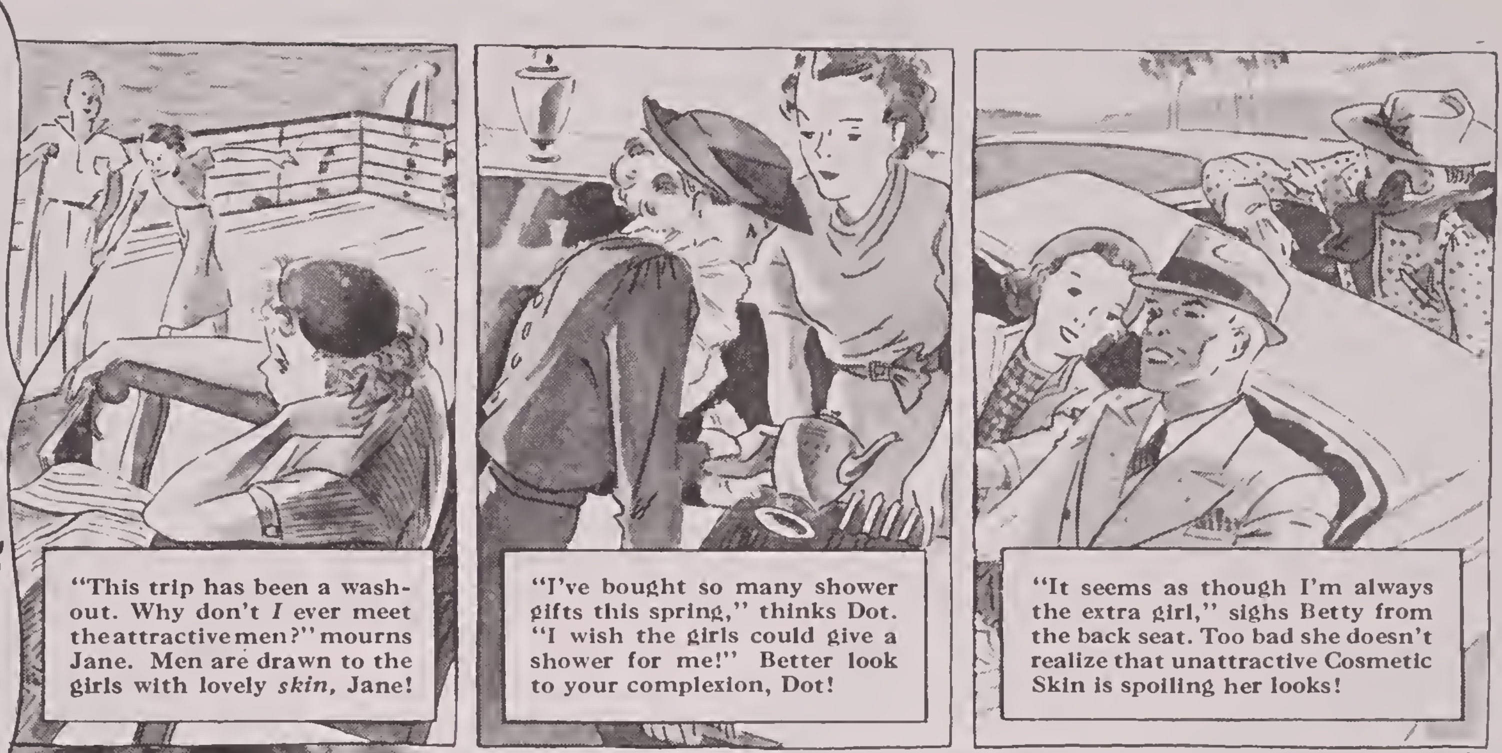
Name..

Address...

EVERY GIRL LONGS FOR ROMANCE



"This trip has been a washout. Why don't *I* ever meet the attractive men?" mourns Jane. Men are drawn to the girls with lovely *skin*, Jane!

"I've bought so many shower gifts this spring," thinks Dot. "I wish the girls could give a shower for me!" Better look to your complexion, Dot!

"It seems as though I'm always the extra girl," sighs Betty from the back seat. Too bad she doesn't realize that unattractive Cosmetic Skin is spoiling her looks!

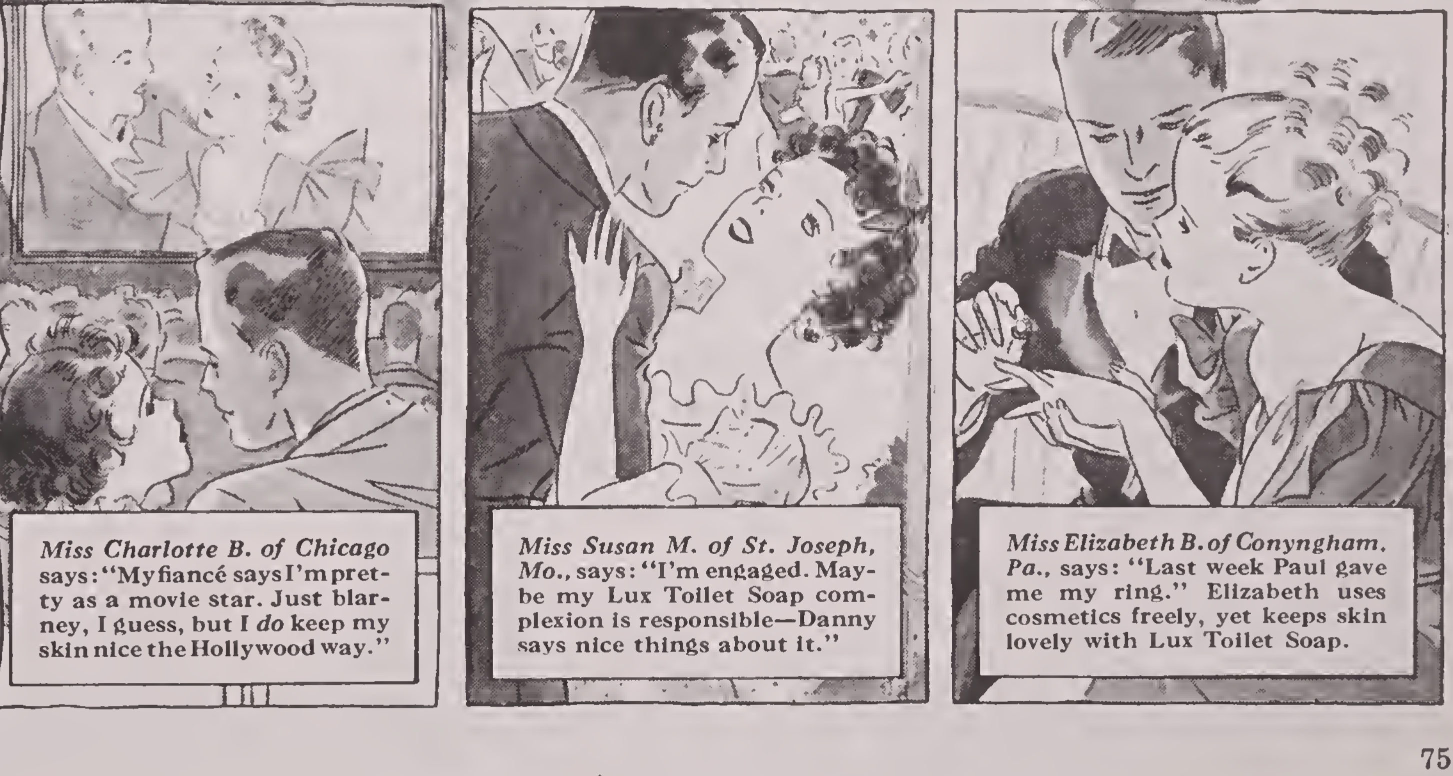
IRENE DUNNE

RKO RADIO STAR

DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN! MY COMPLEXION CARE—**LUX TOILET SOAP**—REMOVES COSMETICS **THOROUGHLY**—KEEPS SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

LUX
TOILET SOAP

IT COMES TO GIRLS WHO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN



Miss Charlotte B. of Chicago says: "My fiancé says I'm pretty as a movie star. Just blarney, I guess, but I *do* keep my skin nice the Hollywood way."

Miss Susan M. of St. Joseph, Mo., says: "I'm engaged. Maybe my Lux Toilet Soap complexion is responsible—Danny says nice things about it."

Miss Elizabeth B. of Conyngham, Pa., says: "Last week Paul gave me my ring." Elizabeth uses cosmetics freely, yet keeps skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

Death on the Sound Track

(*Continued from page* 65)

the working lights below. Every cross-beam cast a shadow twenty times its own width, offering a lurking place for a hidden assailant.

Then, suddenly, Creighton stopped, catching his breath, staring fifty feet below at the portable dressing room that had been occupied by Rita Reynolds in her lifetime. The lights were on! Five minutes before, when he had started up the stairs, he had passed the dressing room in the shadows and it had been dark.

Believing his attacker had returned to the scene of his effort to get Creighton, the investigator turned around and crept silently back toward the stairs. But in accepting the belief that the light below indicated the presence of the person who had struck him, Creighton over-looked the necessity for keeping out of the light from below. Creeping along in his stocking feet, he passed through the line of the rays of the pilot light on the stage.

"Bang!"

A BULLET whizzed by his head, struck the brick wall and whined off in another direction at it ricocheted.

"Bang!"

Another slug singed his ear.

Creighton had the man spotted now. No wonder he had missed him in his search. He had been hidden on top of a twenty-foot camera platform pushed against the wall. Flat on his stomach now, on the floor of the grid, Creighton was only partly protected. He couldn't stand up, for he would offer a better mark for the man below if he did. He couldn't run, for there was no place to run to. To make it worse, the man below had lighted a spot lamp and turned its rays upward. Creighton leveled his gun to fire at the lamp, then eased the tension on his finger. The lamp was moving, showing that the man below wasn't sure just where his quarry was.

Creighton knew it was just a matter of seconds until the full beam of the light fell on him. It was time for fast action now—no time to use the stairs.

A tie-off rope lay coiled on the grid a foot away. He unfastened it, breathed a prayer that it was securely fastened above, and swung off, sailing through the air like a pendulum, directly toward the camera stand.

As his feet left the grid, Creighton made a quick mental calculation. There was a canvas back-drop hanging back of the camera stand. How far did it clear the wall? If it was two or three feet out from the bricks it would break his wild swing, allow him to slide quickly to the floor, unharmed. If it was flush with the wall it would break his swing all right—and in all probability break his neck.

Straight through the rays of the spotlight he swung, cutting through the dazzling brightness of the light like a zooming clay pigeon, and like a clay pigeon he was being shot at from the stage. But his flight was too swift for accurate shooting from below. With a wham that took half the wind out of his body he struck the yielding canvas of the back-drop, let go the rope and slid to the floor. But the force of his swing and contact with the huge canvas curtain had ripped it loose from its supports and it fell on top of him in a billowing cloud.

Half smothered by the canvas he struggled to free himself when:

"Steady does it, me lad," boomed a voice. "Come out from under with your hands over your head or you'll be stopping a slug that'll tear you in two."

The voice was that of Joe Malarkey!

Creighton was flabbergasted. How the devil had Malarkey gotten into the place, and why was he gunning for Creighton?

He wormed out from under the canvas, stood on his feet facing the big dick from homicide.

"What's the idea, trying to fill me full of slugs, you big ape?" snapped Creighton as quickly as he could get his breath.

"Well, if it ain't Little Lord Fauntleroy," grinned the detective with a smile that was as vicious as an oath. "Ape, is it? Why is it then you're tryin' to make a monkey of yourself, climbin' around up there in the dark?"

The first flush of his anger gone, Creighton stared at the other man.

"How'd you get in here, Joe?" he asked directly. "And why?"

"As to why, me lad," retorted the big cop, putting away his gun, "I thought I'd have a look around for myself. As to how, I just came over here and walked in."

Creighton stared.

"You mean the door was open?"

"The door was open," the detective repeated.

"What were you doing on top of that camera stand?"

"I saw somebody, yourself it was, sneakin' along up above. So I says to myself, says I, 'I'll keep an eye on that bird,' not knowing all the time it was you."

"And because you didn't know it was me you took a pot shot at me without saying a word," complained Creighton.

Joe Malarkey twisted his mouth into the semblance of a grin. He looked down at Creighton's shoeless feet.

"Next time you go snoopin'," he said queerly, "wear your shoes. It'll save trouble. When I see shadows moving around the scene of a crime, I shoot first and argue later."

Despite himself Creighton started.

WHAT do you mean, crime, Joe? You said this afternoon you thought it was heart failure," he said.

Malarkey looked wise.

"Sure, only saps it is that never change their minds. That was this afternoon. The coroner says the girl died from cyanide poisoning."

He stuck his tongue in his cheek and looked at the ceiling. "What did you expect to find up there, Danny?" he asked, innocently.

But Creighton wasn't to be switched. "Then maybe she bumped herself off, Joe," he suggested quickly.

"Maybe," returned the cop, his tone entirely non-commital. "And then again, maybe not."

"You got any reason for thinking that?" snapped Creighton, quick as a flash.

And as quickly Malarkey answered. "No. Have you?"

Creighton shook his head. He was still wondering who had slugged him. Likewise he was wondering how long Malarkey had been on the stage, and who had opened the door. It must have been opened from the inside. That meant that the man who had struck him was still in the building—or was he?

Malarkey was looking at him with a queer expression. "Nasty bump you got on your head, Danny, me boy," he said, suggestively.

"Yeah," agreed the investigator. "Thanks to you. I must have cracked it when I swung over on that rope."

"Ugh-huh!" agreed the big dick, with a grin. "The blood's all dry. You must be hot like a stove, Danny. It ain't been five minutes since you hit that curtain."

Dan Creighton bit his lip. How much did Malarkey know?

"Listen, Joe," he said, "there's no use of you and me giving each other a run-around. I came down here tonight to give the place a look-see and got slugged. So what? Does that prove that Rita Reynolds got bumped? It does not. Does it prove that the girl took a powder and checked herself out? The answer is the same. So what?"

SO this," clipped the copper. "There was some hook-up between you and this Reynolds dame. She smells something coming her way and sends for you. That's why you're here when she does the fade-out. You're holdin' out on me, Creighton, and that ain't healthy. I ain't forgot that Harrington case and the way the papers rode me for a month. There's a couple of other gags you pulled that still smell bad to me. If I can hang it on you, Creighton, I'm gonna do it. All your drag with the D.A.'s office won't help you if I can smear a charge of suppressin' evidence on you."

"Why, you big mug," burned Creighton. "You knew that was me up on the grids, you Hibernian dope-head. You took a shot at me purposely—you couldn't get me any other way. All right! Let it go at that. Next time, though, there'll be a come back. Now get out of my way. I need air. There's a stink around here somewhere—maybe it's you."

Creighton's verbal castigation of the homicide dick was two-fold. He had it on his chest anyway, and if he could get Malarkey sore enough, he might stop asking questions. Besides that, Creighton wanted to figure out who had opened the door, and why the lights were on in Rita Reynold's dressing room.

He got the answer to the last question before he got the answer to the first. As he strode toward the portable dressing room the door opened and out came Bert Carlock, the director.

Malarkey was right on Creighton's heels.

"Where'd you come from, Carlock?" asked the homicide dick, his chin jutting

(*Continued on page* 78)

Sylvia of Hollywood Says: Change your looks!

IF YOU are not satisfied with your figure—if your face is not as beautiful as you would like—take Madame Sylvia's advice and *change your looks!*

Naturally it is impossible to make yourself taller or shorter. But you can shave down broad hips, re-shape your legs, acquire a flat abdomen, well-rounded breasts or anything else you desire.

Madame Sylvia, the internationally famous beauty expert, astonished Hollywood with her miraculous beauty treatments. The movie stars came to her studio by the hundreds and left even more beautiful than ever before. In New York, Madame Sylvia's clientele is comprised of the prominent social leaders and smart débutantes from Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue. People who gladly pay *one hundred dollars* for a single treatment!

What Sylvia does for her patients you can do for yourself in the privacy of your boudoir. For Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book! This book, *No More Alibis,* contains the very treatments she has given the stars of Hollywood. Treatments that bring out your latent beauty. Treatments that change your looks and transform your body into a dream of loveliness.

Picture if you will how beautiful you would look *if* your hips were not so broad . . . *if* your legs were not so heavy . . . *if* your ankles were not so thick . . . *if* your skin were not so blotchy . . . *if* your weight were 20 or 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your looks. Well, you can! For in *No More Alibis* Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

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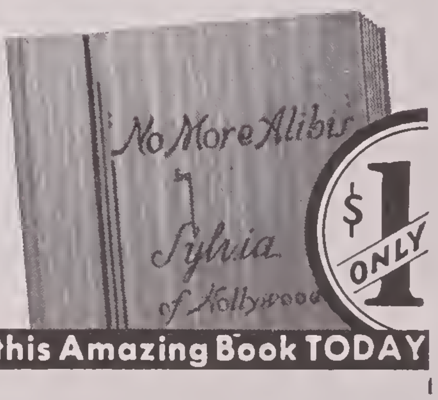

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(*Continued from page 76*)

out pugnaciously. "I thought I gave orders this afternoon to have this place locked up and kept locked. Instead of that I come down here and find the door open and this monkey prowling around."

"The watchman reported to me that he heard shots. I came over to investigate," replied the director sullenly.

"And with me and Creighton having a battle and arguin' our heads off," cut in the detective, "you start your investigation in the dressing room of the Reynolds girl. How come?"

For a moment it seemed that Carlock was about to refuse to answer the detective's question, then he said, "Well, since you put it that way, I'll tell you. Rita Reynolds and I were old friends. This afternoon I wrote her a note in answer to something she asked me about on the set yesterday. That note might have been misconstrued to mean something different from what was intended. I got to thinking it over and decided I'd better try and find it before somebody else did. I thought it was in her dressing room. It wasn't. And that's all there is to that."

Creighton wondered if it was.

SUPPOSE Carlock had taken the girl to task about her association with her leading man, Draper Hayden? Suppose they had quarreled? Somebody was interested enough in what the girl was doing to install the tiny radio transmitter in the ceiling of her dressing room in order to spy upon her. While there was no proof at hand to show that Carlock was that person, Creighton knew that the little transmitter was powerful enough to put out a short wave that could have easily been picked up by Carlock on the set in his office. Could have been—but was it?

There was something about Carlock's manner that didn't tie in with the story about the missing letter. Besides that, Carlock knew that Creighton was making an investigation on Stage 9. Suppose Carlock had been his mysterious assailant? That, too, was possible.

Malarkey stamped to the wall phone. "I'll put a stop to this monkey business," he blustered, shaking the hook up and down until he got the operator and was put through.

"Hollywood 22651," he called into the transmitter. "That you, Peterson? Okay. Send a squad car out here to the Amalgamated Studio. I want a half a dozen men to surround Stage 9 until daylight. Why? Say who do you think you are? I'm telling you. Get busy."

He turned to Creighton and Carlock. "Now get out of here, both of you," he ordered, sharply. "There'll be no more funny goings on around this place if I can stop it."

He followed them outside of the door. "Gi'me the key, Creighton," he ordered. "I'll look after things from now on. There'll be nobody go in—or come out."

Creighton shrugged his shoulders and turned the key over to Malarkey. As far as he could figure, it didn't make much difference whether the place was locked or not, the way people had come in and gone out.

They left Malarkey grumbling in front of the stage door, and elbow to elbow walked up the street toward the administration building. Creighton had picked up his shoes, but running around on the bare boards in his stockinged feet had made them sore. He limped a little.

It was after midnight and he was tired. The whole case seemed to be getting more and more jumbled. He was disgruntled; peevish. What was there about that scene in which Rita Reynolds had met her death, that was wrong? Something. Again and again he envisioned the action as he had seen it on the stage, as he had seen it later on the screen. Somewhere in that space of less than five minutes, the key to the solution of Rita Reynolds' death, whether it be by suicide or premeditated murder, was held. Why couldn't he figure it out?

He wondered just what part Carlock played in this drama. He wasn't at all sure the director was as much in the clear as he pretended to be, but there was nothing definite upon which he could put his finger and say, "This is definitely suspicious."

Carlock said little until they reached the door of his office, then, "This thing is getting on my nerves, Dan," he said. "Better come in and have a night-cap with me."

Inside, Carlock poured two stiff drinks, handed one to Creighton. As they bent elbows, Creighton couldn't help but notice that the radio was turned on. The tuning dial was set for 22 megacycles. What was on that band? Had Carlock been listening in on the wave of that transmitter hidden in the roof of Rita Reynolds' dressing room? And if he had, what had he heard?

He downed the drink, said good night to Carlock and went out through the big gates.

The boulevard was almost deserted now; a few cars were lined up against the high brick wall that shut off the studio from the outside world.

Creighton remembered all at once that he had eaten nothing since noon. He turned back and went across the street to an all night hamburger stand, ordered one "with everything" and a cup of coffee.

TWENTY-FOUR hours; part of it gone already and nothing accomplished. There were men in Hollywood who drew a thousand a week for bringing about the very thing Creighton was paid to block—it was his job to keep his clients and his studios out of the press, no adverse publicity. Of course a little thing like a murder wasn't adverse. Oh, no. He sank his teeth into the hamburger and swore under his breath. Malarkey, the big Mick, had a hunch. If he didn't have a hunch he had an idea, and mixing Malarkey and an idea together was like stirring nitroglycerine; something was bound to happen.

As he went out of the hamburger joint toward his car, a police car stopped in front of the gates, then went into the studio yard. Malarkey was making good his promise to keep people off the set. Well, that was okay with Creighton—there wasn't anything there anyway that he could dope out.

He slid behind the wheel of his roadster. It was wet, drippy from the night fog off the ocean. He backed away from the wall and as he did so, ready to turn toward town, a drunken driver whirling in from the beach at sixty miles an hour, crowded him so that he couldn't make his turn as he had figured. Well, he could go around the studio, come out on the other road and go to town that way. It would add another mile to the trip but time wasn't important right now.

As he circled the big gloomy studio, squat and impregnable as a fortress in the swirling fog, he turned the situation over and over in his mind. Somebody had slugged him on the set. Somebody didn't want him to find out something. It might have been Carlock, it might have been—

As his car sped along the back road near the carpenter shop, he saw a man slide down a rope from the top of the wall, start to run. There was something familiar about the bent-over form, something that stirred Creighton's memory. The man ran unsteadily, holding something in his hands. He crossed the road, cutting through Creighton's head-lights like a scared rabbit, and kept on going. To the right the road was level with a barley field, the stubble was less than six inches high, the ground, he knew, would be fairly hard, baked by the hot California sun.

With a sudden twist of his steering wheel he jerked the roadster off the highway, out into the field, hot on the heels of the running man who bobbed up and down in the fan-shaped wedge cut by the headlights of Creighton's car.

AWARE now that he was being followed, the man cast a frightened look over his shoulder, but kept running.

The front wheels of the roadster struck an irrigation ditch, stopped.

Creighton was out of the car in a flash, hot on the heels of the man. He knew who it was now—Herman Petrovski, the father of Marion LaCourt, the dancing girl. In his hand he held something that from a distance the investigator couldn't distinguish. As he gained on Petrovski the other stopped suddenly, raised his arm and threw the object from him. It fell on the hard ground, splintered into a tinkling shower.

"What the devil are you up to, Petrovski?" shouted Creighton, rushing up to the man who stood sullenly watching the approach of the investigator. "What did you throw away?"

Petrovski merely glared at Creighton without answering.

"Back to the studio, you wall jumper," announced Creighton. "What's the idea, making a getaway with a rope?"

Then, and then only, did Petrovski's manner change. At once he was a cringing, frightened old man.

"Don't do that, Mr. Creighton," he begged. "They'll fire me. I didn't do anything. I don't want to lose my job."

With his flashlight in one hand and his fingers tightened into the old man's collar, Creighton led him toward the place where he had thrown the object. It was broken, splintered in many pieces. But there was one part of it that still remained intact—a big cut glass stopper. It was a duplicate of the one in Creighton's pocket!

"Why did you throw that away when you saw me coming, Petrovski?" he snapped.

"Don't tell them," begged the man. "It wasn't nothing, really. I—I was very fond of Miss Reynolds, sir. She was good to me. So I hid in the studio and took the perfume bottle off her dressing table—just a keepsake—they'd fire me sure. That's why I didn't dare go through the gate. That's why I climbed over the back wall. When I saw you coming I threw it. I didn't want to be caught, mister."

Creighton stared at the little old weazened man. Could Petrovski have been the one who slugged him with the bottle, the mate of which now lay on the hard ground, splintered into many pieces? He doubted it. Petrovski was lying, no doubt about that, but what did he want with a perfume bottle?

Obviously nothing could be accomplished by taking the man to the studio. Creighton led him back to his car, started him down the road, half tempted to help him along with a lusty kick.

Creighton climbed back into his car, backed it out of the ditch into the road and started for his hotel. There was a strange similarity between the two cut glass bottles, too much similarity to be mere coincidence. There had been no indication whatever that the bottle thrown by Petrovski had contained anything. The ground under the splintered glass was dry. Two empty bottles. What did they mean? He shook his head wearily, stepped on the gas and sent the yellow roadster spinning into Washington Street at sixty miles an hour. He turned at a main cross street, cut across through Westwood, into Santa Monica Boulevard and through to Hollywood Boulevard. Half a block from his hotel he drove into a garage and left his car, walking the rest of the distance.

As he came into the lobby he glanced at the clock above the desk. Two-thirty. Of all the wild nights without results—

The clerk looked up as he came in. "Good evening, Mr. Creighton," he smiled, "or is it 'good morning'?"

Creighton looked at him through red lidded eyes.

"Nuts, Jimmie," he said, without acerbity. "What do you care? You're not going any place. Neither am I, except to bed."

The clerk's lips twisted into a queer grin. He never knew whether to take Creighton seriously or not.

"Somebody has been ringing you every five minutes for half an hour," he announced. "Wouldn't leave a number to call back—there goes the phone again," he added, pulling the instrument out of its cradle and holding it to his ear. "It's him again," he said, inelegantly, holding his hand over the mouth-piece. "He's plenty burned up."

"Well, I'm here," growled Creighton, taking the phone from the clerk's hand.

"Hello," he shouted into the instrument. "What's the idea of—who? Carlock? What's up?"

"I've been trying to get you for half an hour," came the unsteady voice of Bert Carlock over the phone. "It's about Draper Hayden. He called me an hour ago and said he had just returned to his apartment and found the place ransacked. I told him I'd get you. When I wasn't able to I called back and got no answer. The desk clerk said he hadn't gone out. Do you suppose anything could have happened to him?"

HEY, YOU SISSIES! THAT'S NO GHOST— IT'S JACK KINNEY TURN AROUND AND CHASE HIM
WHOOOOOO
PUFF PUFF
BUT WAIT, CHILDREN— WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THIS IS MY JACK?
'CAUSE HIS SHEET'S GOT TATTLE-TALE GRAY—AND MOM'S ALWAYS SAYING YOUR CLOTHES ARE FULL OF IT—'CAUSE YOUR SOAP DOESN'T GET 'EM REALLY CLEAN . . . .
I KNEW IT, MRS. KINNEY. WHY DON'T YOU BE SMART LIKE MY MOTHER AND USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP? SHE SAYS IT'S GOT HEAPS OF NAPTHA RIGHT IN THE GOLDEN SOAP AND GETS CLOTHES WHITER'N ANYTHING
HA! HA! IT IS JACKIE.
FEW WEEKS LATER
YES, THEY'RE FOR YOU SUSIE—FOR SHOWING ME HOW TO GET THE GRANDEST WASHES. OF MY LIFE!
WHOOPIE! SKATES! I'M GONNA TELL EVERYBODY TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every *golden* bar holds soothing glycerine.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

● "Looka here – this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head – heck, we've each got six!...Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all – only cross. I know why – he's hot. No wonder – all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"

● "Now stop and think –what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?...Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it–a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"

● "See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies!...I told you she was bright!"

Johnson's Baby Powder
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● "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skins in the pink of condition–which is the surest protection against skin infections!...I'm made of the very finest Italian talc, silky-fine and even. No gritty particles–and no orris-root...Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil–they're all made especially for babies."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Creighton's only answer was a grunt.

"There's one way to find out. If that baby had a finger in this mess now's the time to get a line on him. Where does he live?"

"The Castle Grande," replied the director. "It's over near Third and Rossmoyne. I'll meet you at Western and Third in fifteen minutes."

And for once, Creighton offered no objection to having company. He hung up the telephone and turned away. Wearily he returned to the garage and crawled into his car.

At Third and Western he picked up Carlock. The director was jumpy, nervous to the point of jitters. He left his sedan at the curb and got in with Creighton.

"When did you see him last?" asked Creighton, abruptly.

"About nine o'clock," answered Carlock. "Right after you went into Stage 9 he came to my office and asked if he could see the day's rush; said he wanted to watch the take we had just looked at. I told him yes and asked Bud to run it for him. I never thought anything about it; consequently I didn't mention it to you."

THEY rode the remaining distance in silence. Creighton wondered why it hadn't occurred to him before to consider the actor as a possibility in the death of Rita Reynolds, or at least as a factor in the events leading up to it. The mere circumstance that he had noted evidence of an unfriendly feeling between Bert Carlock and Rita's leading man, should have been sufficient to work Hayden over, if only for the purpose of finding out what he knew. He must be slipping.

The roadster slid to a stop in front of the Castle Grande. Without the formality of telling the night clerk where they were going they took the stairs two steps at a time—elevators were too slow.

"It's apartment 306," said Carlock, out of breath from the climb.

Disregarding the hour, Creighton laid on the bell. No answer. By that time the protesting night-lerk had followed them upstairs.

"Get a pass-key," ordered Creighton.

"I don't have one at night," the clerk replied, a puzzled expression on his thin face. "Is there anything wrong?"

"There is, unless I miss my guess. Gi'me a leg up, Carlock," he added. "I'll go over the transom—it's partly open. I can force it the rest of the way."

He slid over the top of the door, dropped easily to the floor on the opposite side. The room was in stygian darknes, the curtains drawn. Despite the blackness of the room, Creighton sensed trouble. He knew instinctively what he was going to find. The outer door was locked on the inside. He turned the key and opened the door. A beam of light cut into the room from the hall.

"God!" breathed Carlock, hoarsely.

Stretched out full length on the floor was Draper Hayden—dead.

Is Draper Hayden the murderer's second victim—or is he the murderer who, unable to face the consequences of his crime, has taken this way out? The startling solution of these thrilling studio mysteries will be revealed in the November MOVIE MIRROR, *on sale September 25th.*

Will Luise Rainer Really Leave the Screen?

(*Continued from page* 33)

quick, like that. It was the biggest joke in my life."

Speaking of her talent, by far the finest brought to Hollywood in years, I suggested that possibly she had inherited it.

"Oh, no," she protested. "I'm the black point in my family. My parents, they think the stage is wicked. At first I do not think of it; I just dance—but in school, very secretly, so that they do not know. It is for joy I dance. I can watch for hours people who move good. Always when I dance I jump high; for me dancing is to be away from the earth. But never I dance on the stage, because I don't think I'm beautiful—and most dancers are blonde, yes? I'm black and too tiny—nobody look at me. When I am on the stage in Vienna and Berlin I want only to be human. But for me in Hollywood it is impossible to be human.

IN Vienna I am offered a film contract from Berlin, but I do not take it because I love the stage. Never, I think, will I leave it. Then an offer it comes from Hollywood and I think I come here and see new people. That is how I make the big mistake. But never do I think I be a star—me, with my language.

"I know also," she added, "I'm not beautiful like a picture star. But I'm washed—you know—clean. I hate makeup in every day life and never put anything on my face. Of course in pictures I do, even if I can't make myself beautiful. I look for other beauty here, but in Hollywood I do not find it."

"Nothing?" I asked.

"Here is one thing, yes, that is beautiful. You know what that is? I will tell you. Oil wells. You go and see them some night, that is the time. Often when it is dark I go and sit in my car alone and look at them. Everything is in shadows. That is the beauty of it. You see those black towers like long ladders climbing high into the sky and the beeg pumps up and down—bom-bom-bom—that never get tired. Oh, that is thrilling!"

Beautiful perhaps but it seems a bit lonely for a girl.

"That is nothing, being alone," was her reply as she sank into a chair, "for from the first I come here I live alone in a beeg house, dark in a canyon, but I like it. Most what I like it is very quiet—so still you don't hear anything. But one night a funny thing it happen. I hear much sound coming through the canyon—whoo-whoo-whoooo. Jonnay he don't know what is that sound and he bark. But I know it is a siren screaming and I think maybe it is a police car chasing bandits who hide in the canyon. I'm not afraid, but excited like Jonnay. The siren it come louder and louder and closer and closer. Then bang bang there are knocks on the door. Two-three policemen they stand there and when I open it they say am I all right? I say, 'Yes. Why?' They say a friend he tell them I am all alone in the canyon. I say, 'No, Jonnay is with me.'

"Since then I think people they don't

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SHE HAD HIGH HOPES FOR HERSELF IN NEW YORK, *BUT...*
I'M SORRY, MISS HART. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T DO.
THAT'S ALL I HEAR EVERYWHERE I GO!
OTHER GIRLS GET JOBS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
BAD BREATH IS A REAL HANDICAP TO A GIRL LOOKING FOR WORK, MISS HART. WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DENTIST?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
A WEEK LATER- NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU CAME TO NEW YORK!
SO AM I-SINCE I GOT MY GRAND NEW JOB-
THANKS TO COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

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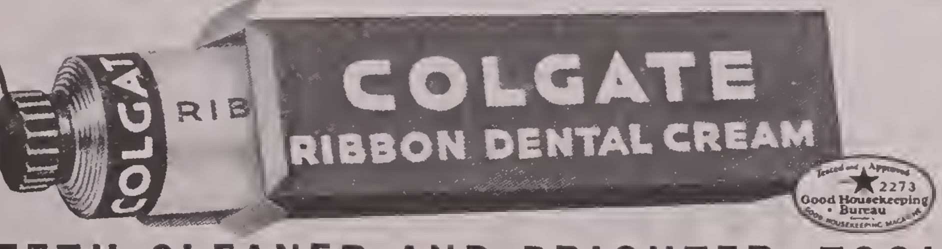
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MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

know what makes me afraid it is Hollywood."

A shiver ran through her slight frame as she drew the Chinese coat about her. This fear of hers was strangely puzzling.

"You see," she explained, "it is all box office. What is that to me and what has box office to do with art? This I cannot understand, so I do not fit in the business. No, not for ten cents."

In the circumstances it could only be surmised that Luise Rainer was at least one member of the film colony who had not been drawn to Hollywood by money.

"No," she declared, "but now I am here I take the money. Then use it for what I want—what here I cannot have. Hollywood is hard but I also can be hard."

Her hand clenched and she brought a small fist down on the table.

"I have not the skin of an elephant, but I do not let Hollywood break my heart. I feel lost. I have every reason to be happy but I am unhappy. And I quit."

OUT it came at last, the amazing revelation. No end of Hollywood actresses would give anything to be in her shoes, yet she was kicking them off.

"I stay till my contract it is finished, then I go," were her next words, strong with the freedom of choice. "I go and I do not come back. For me there will be no more pictures. I go back to the stage—New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, anywhere—and I do the thing I love. I yet will be so young that I can do all the things I want. For them then I will have enough money and I will grow with the things I cannot have in Hollywood.

"The time will come when I will be terribly happy again. Till then I work hard here; give for what I take. That is fair, it is not? All what I say I have been keeping to myself. Why now I say them to you I do not know, but what I tell you it is the truth.

"When my contract ends, I end here. Then I go away from Hollywood forever."

"Jonnay" accompanies his mistress everywhere, even to the Vendome.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 27*)

WHILE we were out on the location set, watching Ronald Colman in some scenes for "Lost Horizon," we met Jane Wyatt. Jane, who seems to remind you of Park Avenue, limousines and orchids, was supposed to do some dangerous riding in the next sequence. In accordance with an old Hollywood custom, a double had been engaged and Jane stood on the sidelines and watched "herself" jump on the horse's back and do the scene rather badly. Three times—and still Director Capra was not satisfied.

"Why not let me try?" pleaded Jane.

"You? Why—um—can *you* ride?" asked the surprised Capra.

"I can try," smiled Jane Wyatt. Climbing into the saddle, she rode off like the wind over the dangerous jumps. The very first shots were perfect. In fact, had anyone taken the trouble to ask her, Jane would have admitted that she has taken part in many eastern hunts and has even ridden in a few steeple-chases.

* * *

ROSALIND (ROZ) RUSSELL lost her sense of humor one day recently and it cost her plenty of humble pie eating. Roz decided she didn't want to play the leading role in "Craig's Wife" opposite John Boles. She liked Johnny, yes, but the role—well, she thought the lady she was to portray was too utterly nasty. So she balked.

"I want to get out of this assignment," she said to the head of her studio. Then, when he shook his head, she gave many excuses for her reaction to the role. Finally, she came up with, "But the audience will hate me in the role—what of my public?"

"What public?" withered the head man.

* * *

WE knew that "God's Country and the Woman" was a logging camp story, so were mildly surprised to find that title posted outside one of the sound stages at Warner Brothers studio. But we were even more surprised to find George Brent on the set built to resemble Paris in the spring! We asked George about it.

"You see I'm supposed to be the Paris representative of the lumber company, but I spend too much time flirting with the French gals—so my brother sends for me to come back to the lumber country. We leave for location in the logging country up in Longview, Washington, tomorrow."

The prop boys, electricians and cameramen didn't seem much interested in the final Paris scenes. They were all talking about the location trip; a million and one details had to be taken care of before they could start. Taking a Hollywood motion picture troupe into the woods of Washington for a month is a job! Paris on the sound stages couldn't compare with the prospect, though.

* * *

DESPITE the fact that blondes are now about as scarce as hoop-skirts, Alice Faye wasn't at all sure she had made the right move in darkening her hair. So she held a contest on the lot. The ballot

(*Continued on page 115*)

☆ Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you sweet and clean, and also fragrantly dainty!

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

How different from any other soap . . . this lovely Cashmere Bouquet! For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather . . . utterly free from any fear of ever offending . . . It also keeps you *fragrantly dainty*, with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath . . . lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such *perfect* daintiness?

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics, makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Six beauty experts witness proof that Glazo does not thicken!*

"Thrilling!" ...they said, of Glazo's Beauty!
"Amazing!" ...they exclaimed, when they saw...
GLAZO refuses to thicken in the bottle!*

Has anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved ... by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes ... world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality. Expensive internationally known polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing ... Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

*PROOF: In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever ... evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use ... evaporated an average of 45%.

GLAZO ... now only 20¢

G
GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

At Last! Ronnie Talks About Romance

(*Continued from page* 31)

with his most intimate friends. Even with them he could never be called exactly garrulous.

That library, incidentally, strikes the keynote of his home where three Filipino manservants look after his care and comfort. It is characteristic, too, of Colman's essential maleness, his innate good taste, and his liking for simplicity and a feeling of solid substance in things. The walls are of paneled oak. A desk of severe design stands in a bay window of leaded glass at which hang draperies of English chintz in crewel-work pattern in dark reds, blues and browns. One fine hunting print is on the wall. Elsewhere are books, good books which obviously have been read and re-read and handled with the loving care a bibliophile always reserves for his treasures.

I asked if he thought or planned to marry again; if there was any basis for the recent romantic linking of his name with that of one of the loveliest, most cultured and most intelligent women of the film colony.

"No, I do not plan to marry again," he told me. "It is not that I have been made cynical by what I see around me every day in Hollywood or that I have a closed mind on the subject. Nor is it that I have ever said in so many words to myself, any more than I say to you now, that I never will remarry. To me that would be stupid, for who amongst us ever knows what we will do tomorrow, even whether we will be among the living?

"But I am honest and entirely sincere with you when I say it is my hunch—my very strong hunch—that I will never marry again."

He smiled that quizzical, half-crooked smile of his and I was reminded that another man's hunch may be just an evasion or an idle guess but a Colman hunch, or so his close friends swear, is as good as his word of honor. Which would make his marriage hunch practically a vow.

Then he told me why.

He is not steering clear of marriage because, as some of his friends and many of the public have surmised, he was either irreparably hurt or disillusioned by the unhappy outcome of his first marriage, or even, as others have decided, because he is a "born bachelor" at heart.

It is only, he told me, because he feels marriage would jeopardize, would take away from him his independence, and independence is the staff of life to him.

"Perfect marriage is one thing," he said, "and the average marriage is quite another. Few of us are privileged to know that first ideal state. The second is more than sufficient for the majority, happily enough. But for me the second is not sufficient. My philosophy of living, which has as its basic tenet absolute independence of thought and action, selfish though that may be considered, never could become reconciled with the second.

"Living a single life, I realize, precludes my knowing a perfect bliss that is ideally possible. But we cannot have everything and that is the price I must pay for my choice of independence."

Does such an attitude and such a philosophy seem unreasonable or illogical in a man who is possessed of so much of the world's goods—fame, riches, popularity and the adoration of women? Perhaps if you know something of his past experiences with women, the part they have played in his life and the part they now fill, and of the man himself, it will not seem so.

He was shy with girls, he confessed, until he was just past sixteen. Whether he will admit it or not, he is still shy with women to an exaggerated degree, although it is difficult to believe this in the face of his gallantry with them and the eagerness with which they seek him out, usually with futile results.

At any rate he was a shy sixteen when a woman, or a girl as it was in this case, first influenced his life. He was an office boy in a London shipping concern. She was the lovely, blue-eyed girl with tumbling blonde curls who lived next door. He became enormously enamored of her.

"But this first young love never bloomed into an 'affair'," he recalled. "You see, I could never get past the stage of silent, and distant, adoration."

It is easy to picture the tall, handsome young Englishman, super-sensitive even then and modestly sure he had no charm that could possibly interest such a glorious creature, worshipping her from afar, while the girl probably wished with all her secret heart that he would not be such a stick about it but would take the initiative which she, as a well bred young English miss, could not.

This affair, must, however, have left its mark upon him in some subconscious way, else why would he have remembered it so clearly these many years after?

IN the years that followed—years in which he began his career on the stage, made his debut in films, receiving a pound (approximately five dollars) a day for playing the leading role, and served his king in Kitchener's famous "Contemptibles"—he must have met and known other girls. None of them, apparently, made much impression on him. At any rate he remembers them but vaguely; probably his shyness once more held in check any romantic notions he had about them.

Then, just after the war, he married Thelma Raye, an English actress with whom he was playing in a spy melodrama on the London stage. Of that marriage, as I said, he does not speak, and I did not violate his wishes by asking questions. Suffice it to say that it proved to be an unhappy one, probably because they were temperamentally unsuited to each other. Be assured of one thing, though; if any blame or responsibility for the break-up of the marriage is fixed, it is always others, not Colman, who fix it.

Although estranged from his wife, he was still a married man when he came to Hollywood and joined Sam Goldwyn's illustrious roster of stars after playing "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish in the Henry King production filmed in Italy. He was not divorced until 1934, when Mrs. Colman obtained the decree in England on the grounds of desertion.

Marriage sometimes means little in Hol-

"Chap your Hands and lose your Chap"

warns Walter

Winchell
(Your New York Correspondent)

Keep your hands soft, white, and young with Jergens . . . the Lotion that penetrates faster!

Men run at sight or touch of grater-rough hands on a woman. But they're attracted like bees to a flower by hands that are soft and white!

So begin *now* to use Jergens Lotion! It penetrates…quenches dried skin cells faster, overcomes chapping and roughness. Recent tests show that Jergens is absorbed by the skin more quickly than other lotions tested.

Two special skin-softening ingredients in Jergens soothe and whiten water-reddened hands. This is important. For careful check, kept by hundreds of women, revealed this fact:

You wash your hands on an average of 8 *times a day,* have them in water at least 8 times more! And water, like cold weather, drains the skin of its natural protective moisture, leaving your hands dried of their beauty!

Keep a bottle of Jergens in bathroom, kitchen and office. Use it every time your hands have been in water or exposed to cold. You can count on Jergens for hands of soft, white beauty that will tempt "his" touch!

Jergens Lotion

All four sizes—$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size the most economical of all.

JERGENS
LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth-guarding oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 622 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario)

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"Me? Afraid of Offending?
NOT ANY MORE"

NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX

100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that offers *positive* protection from all types of napkin and body odors!

No matter, now, that other methods haven't satisfied, especially on hottest days. Quest is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't "give itself away," can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds..only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter.

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Use it with
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THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
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Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
WONDERSOFT KOTEX

lywood. At least it seldom acts as a restraint in romantic adventures if the person is so much as separated from his or her legal spouse. But from the day of his arrival until this, not one breath of scandal or anything that could possibly impute questionable conduct on Colman's part has ever been heard.

That is an enviable, an almost unbelievable, record in a town where one's private thoughts and actions are bandied about as public property with careless regard for the truth. It is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that hordes of silly women constantly endeavor by fair means or foul to involve male stars in unpleasant or difficult situations.

The record, I think, tells a story in itself. Not a story of a goody-good man or of a misogynist, but of a man whose respect for women and womanhood is so deep and sincere, and whose gallantry is so unfailing, that scandal is impossible.

This gallantry, by the way, has been the despair of his fellow men in Hollywood. Try as they do to emulate it, they never quite reach their goal. It is not just that he has never been known to speak disparagingly of any woman and is as courteous to Judy O'Grady as to the colonel's lady. In that respect he is no different from many men.

IT is in other, more subtle ways that Colman scores. He is quick to observe and remedy, for example, such things as drafts unobserved by others in which a woman might catch a cold or be slightly uncomfortable. Or in retrieving dropped handkerchiefs and lighting cigarettes without making the little services ostentatious, or in commenting in exactly the right words upon a new frock or coiffure. In short, in making a woman feel that her presence, comfort and pleasure are the beginning and end of his interest. Not so much what he does, you see, as the way he does it. Other men call it the magic Colman touch; women call it sheer gallantry.

But if nothing scandalous has been linked with Colman's name, other things have been. He was (and still is) charged with being a monastic "mystery man," of being high hat and aloof, of exercising a caution in making new friends that amounted to a complex, of not liking women and having no women friends, of never mixing in public or relaxing in night clubs, restaurants or theaters as other film celebrities do.

Some of these charges have foundation in fact. Others are half fact, half fancy. But all of them, I think, have a bearing on his attitude about re-marrying.

The story is told of the arrival in Hollywood some time ago of a noted writer who is now the story head of one of the major studios. Her influential friends in the film colony asked her whom she desired to meet among the stars so that they might arrange it promptly. She named only Ronald Colman. Whereupon the friends were said to have looked at her aghast, as if she had suddenly requested a round trip to the moon, and declared:

"Don't be ridiculous! *We* haven't met *him!*"

The idea that he is a recluse, a snob whom nobody knows, is as preposterous as the idea that he lives a monastic life completely withdrawn from the everyday activities of Hollywood. He traces the origin of this rumor to the idea of a press agent who loosed a barrage of such tommyrot on the premise that it would give Colman added appeal to the public.

Still it is true that he is not a mixer. Seldom does he attend large functions, public or otherwise. Only twice in his life has he made personal appearances to greet his fans and be greeted by them, and of late he does not even attend the premieres of his own starring pictures, such as "Tale of Two Cities" and "Under Two Flags."

But it is not because he wants to be thought high hat or aloof, he said. It is only because he does not want to do anything that will brand him or point him out as anything other than an average ordinary citizen. Only inside the walls of a studio does he want to be considered a picture star.

"Is there anything reprehensible in that?" he asked me. "I am merely demanding for myself the right to live the way I like to live—quietly, with dignity, enjoying the contentment in my leisure that you want and may have without criticism in yours."

He admits frankly that he shies away from interviews and is reticent in answering questions about his private life. He supports this attitude by drawing an analogy.

LET us put it this way. You go into a bank to do business with your banker. You do not ask, or expect him to tell you, what he ate for breakfast, if he is in love with a certain woman, or whether being married interferes with his work. You talk about investments, the state of the stock market, or your balance in cash on hand.

"Well, as I see it, banking is his business and acting in motion pictures is mine. Personalities and private affairs are irrelevant."

Furthermore, he said the last vestige of an actor's private life would vanish if, in addition to having his every move and word noted in print when he was out in public, he was expected also to divulge everything that went on inside his home.

He does not have an ounce of caution about him in making new friends, he insisted. "I do not find or build friendship by studying it, dissecting it microscopically, as it were, to discover what makes it or the person tick. Either friendship, or potential friendship, is there where it can be sensed at once or it is not there at all. You cannot measure it by a yardstick as you would a length of cloth for a suit. Some of my most prized friendships were born with the first meeting of the person when I knew practically nothing about him."

But in the face of these words, one of his closest friends insisted that if he was considering you for a friend he invariably watched you closely for six months, then invited you to his home for dinner, then watched you for another six months. At the end of that time, and not before, he made up his mind whether or not you had won admission to the charmed inner circle of his associates in private life.

Perhaps, too, one reason he does not have more friends in the average sense of the word is that he draws such a fine

STAGE STARS, TOO, say...

BROWN-EYED
PEGGY CONKLIN
GRAY-EYED
MARTHA SLEEPER
BLUE-EYED
HELEN CHANDLER
HAZEL-EYED
ELIZABETH LOVE

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

FROM Broadway to Hollywood sweeps the good word—there's a *better* guide to makeup, a way to be sure you're wearing makeup that *matches*, makeup that's right for *you*...

Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes!

More than a million women have already discovered the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup—harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara—keyed to the color of your eyes. They're wearing it, praising it, telling their friends to try it, too.

Ask your own drug or department store, write your favorite beauty editor. They'll recommend Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup—explain that you can buy this harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara by the color of your eyes, in standard full-size packages, each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

Take the advice of these popular young stage stars. Discover this glamorous new makeup for yourself—it's a long step toward making the man you like best discover *you!*

55¢ each
MARVELOUS

Harmonizing face powder, rouge lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55¢ each. (Canada 65¢). Ask for DRESDEN type if your eyes are blue; PATRICIAN type if they are gray; CONTINENTAL type if your eyes are hazel; PARISIAN type if they are brown.

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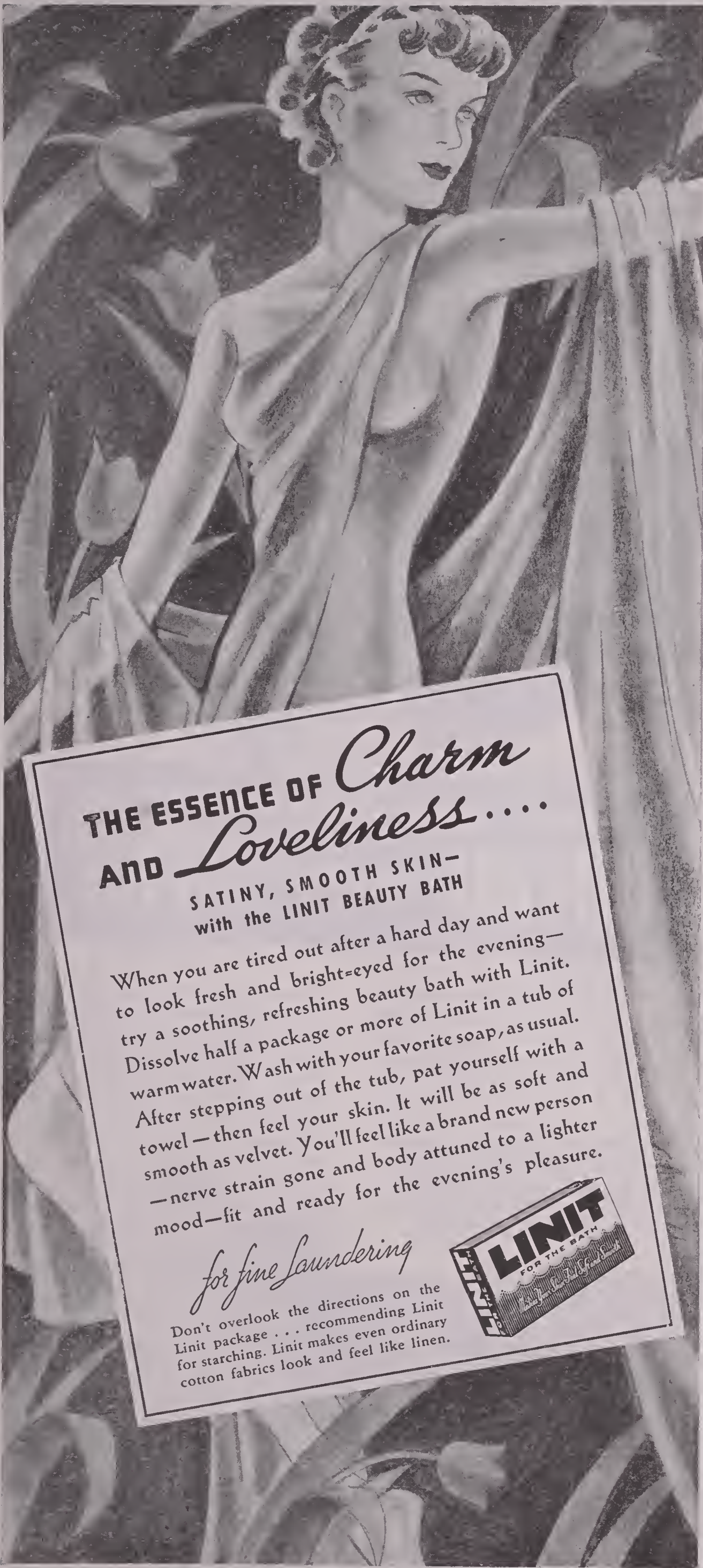
MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT



THE ESSENCE OF *Charm* AND *Loveliness*....

SATINY, SMOOTH SKIN—
with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

When you are tired out after a hard day and want to look fresh and bright-eyed for the evening—try a soothing, refreshing beauty bath with Linit. Dissolve half a package or more of Linit in a tub of warm water. Wash with your favorite soap, as usual. After stepping out of the tub, pat yourself with a towel—then feel your skin. It will be as soft and smooth as velvet. You'll feel like a brand new person—nerve strain gone and body attuned to a lighter mood—fit and ready for the evening's pleasure.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

line of distinction between 'friends' and acquaintances. The word friend must convey its full import before he will use it.

There are two reasons why he is seen so infrequently dining out or dancing in night spots with fellow actors. One is that he does not enjoy it but prefers to have his friends around him in his home where they can indulge their mutual tastes over such diversions as cards, music or meaty talk. The other is his absolute abhorrence of being watched and photographed, as inevitably happens. It amounts to a phobia with him and is particularly true if he is escorting a woman. Much as it embarrasses him, he feels it must embarrass the woman more. And that, for Colman, would be an unthinkable discourtesy for which he would feel responsible.

He does have women friends. A few. But they are women who share his simple tastes in diversion and his dread of the spotlight and of being ogled by the public. He is genuinely fond of them, finds them great fun and fine companions. His interest in them, though, never seems to develop beyond the platonic point.

THUS—not as often as you will find Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess, Clive Brook and Warner Baxter sailing with him in his boat, talking with him until the small hours of the morning in his home, or playing hard tennis with him on his courts, but still quite frequently—you will find such glamorous beauties as Marlene Dietrich, Benita Hume, Ruth Chatterton and Elizabeth Allan, among others, in his company.

Beauty, incidentally, is not the chief quality Colman seeks in a woman. A friend of his told me that Colman rates it third in importance, with brains and intelligence first and charm second.

Do these facets of his nature and this sketchy look into his pre-Hollywood life make his stand on marriage more understandable to you? They do to me. They make it the only natural one.

The swimming pool was the big attraction for Phyllis Claire, Binnie Barnes and Wendy Barrie at Vic McLaglen's party.

This Is the Real Gary Cooper

(*Continued from page* 47)

ambled in here. I just sort of noticed his build because he's tall and lanky just like me. Yeah, we're both of us a good six foot three. He said, 'Mind if I look around at some of your saddles and leather?' and I said, 'Sure, help yourelf,' because right off the way he touched some of the leather goods on that table I could see he loved the stuff. Few people do, you know; very few know anything about leather or that it can be beautiful.

"When he went out I said to a fellow who loafs about the shop sometimes, I said, 'Down where I come from in Tennessee, we'd call that fellow just plain good folks.'

"Next time he comes back to browse around again I know who he is, but I don't let on. I just let him sniff around and look at all my tools and I take out some of my show saddles and he gets awfully enthusiastic about the silver mountings and tooled stuff on them.

FINALLY he says to me one day, 'Jim, I want you to make me a saddle. I've never owned a saddle all my own in my life. As a kid on our ranch in Montana I had hand-me-downs from the hands on the place, and now I'm using studio hand-me-downs. I've thought about this saddle a lot and I want it made just like this.' And then he whips out a stub of a pencil and in a flash sketches out the best darned design I've ever seen. I couldn't have done better myself with all my years of experience. He sure knows how to handle a pencil, doesn't he?

"Well, while I am at work on that saddle he drops in just as regular every night at six-thirty, the minute they let him off the set over at the studio. Now ordinarily I don't like anyone hanging about me when I'm hard at work, and at first I thought I'd have to tell him to leave, but I put it off, he's so nice and quiet.

"Finally, I found I didn't mind him looking over my shoulder and taking up bits of leather to work on along with me. And then I find that I'm looking forward to six-thirty because his sitting there relaxes me. Funny, isn't it?

"He never thinks about dinner, when he gets interested watching that saddle get put together, so I learn to duck out early and snatch a bite for myself. We just sat there night after night, working until I had to stop for yawning. We usually turned down the lights at midnight, and then he'd suddenly remember that he was famished for food.

"When the saddle was finished I was sorry because I thought that's the end of his visits, but no, he keeps right on dropping in every week or so right through the years, always the same. Just comes in here and says, 'Hi, Jim, what you got that's new?' and then he'll sit here on that stool and watch me work for a while and sniff the good smell of leather and then go.

"No, we never talk about anything but saddles and leather and hunting. No, he never mentions about his work or private

Sensitive Skin like yours...needs the pampering care of these

Germ·Free Beauty Creams

GERMS . . . the cause of many skin blemishes, banished from Woodbury's Beauty Creams. New "Filtered Sunshine" element helps the skin to stay young!

WHAT'S the good of even talking about skin beauty, if blemish-germs are lurking in your pores?

To bring you one step nearer to clear skin beauty, Woodbury skin scientists have made these beauty creams *germ-free*. An exclusive ingredient in Woodbury's Creams inhibits the blemish-forming work of germs on the skin.

"Filtered Sunshine" Helps Skin to Breathe

Now Woodbury's Cold Cream brings you a second important element. Sunshine is vital to a good complexion. Certain rays, which produce Vitamin D, help the skin to *breathe*. Now these beneficial rays of "Filtered Sunshine" are irradiated into one ingredient of Woodbury's Cold Cream. This "Filtered Sunshine" element...Vitamin D ...stimulates the skin's *rapid* breathing process, to keep your complexion young, unmarred by lines and dryness.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften your skin. The Facial Cream holds powder and rouge smoothly. Protects, too, against wind, dust and blemish-germs. Each only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

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FACIAL CREAM
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COLD CREAM

SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

Brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream. Also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 sample packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder (Germ-free). Send 10c to cover mailing costs. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7470 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

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SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

Posed by professiondl model

A FEW WEEKS AGO
LOOK AT ME, I JUST TOOK IRONIZED YEAST
OH, IF I COULD ONLY GAIN WEIGHT AND LOOK BETTER
—AND NOW
YOU'RE THE MOST GORGEOUS GIRL ON THE BEACH SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT

NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS NEW CURVES
—*in a few weeks*

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

life. We got too many other things to interest us.

"But one day a year or so ago he comes in here and says, 'Jim, you've got to make me another saddle. It's for a friend of mine and I want you to copy my saddle exactly!' Well, I think that's funny—why doesn't he want it a little different—but I never ask questions; I just go ahead

"When it's almost finished, he's going out of town so he says, 'Jim, pack that saddle carefully and send it to this address.' Well, who do you think that duplicate saddle was for? King George of Greece! He was in exile then some place in Roumania. It seems the king was in the same hunting party with Gary down in Africa and was so interested in American horses and riding that Gary promised him a real western saddle.

"No, I've never got around to visiting him over at the studio although he always asks me to. He's got some fine mounted hunting trophies I'd like to see, but studios—I don't know, it seems a waste of time, when I'm so busy here, and then Gary does keep dropping in on me once a week or so."

PEARL HUTCHINSON, script clerk, said to me, "He reminded me of Wally Reid the first day I saw him on the set. It was almost a shock, Wally was such a close friend in the old days. Gary has the same qualities of boyishness and charm, even intensified, I think. But he wasn't as easy to know as Wally.

"It's part of my job to make the players like me a little, so I simply melted into the background for awhile to study Gary and some instinct warned me not to start calling him by his first name before lunch was called.

"For a few months I watched him from a distance and I discovered some interesting things about him. For instance, Gary puts people on a sort of friendly probation after he meets them, especially us girls. He sidesteps the smart-cracking females like the plague and he seems to prefer nice, easy going, quiet people like himself. Furthermore, I've noticed he will not let anyone force a friendship upon him.

"Now when I work on script with Henry Hathaway, he likes me to run over the dialogue with the players before each scene to see that they are letter perfect. On our first few pictures with Gary, I discovered that because he is quick at memorizing lines he simply refused the irksome business of studying at home at night. Now and then, of course, this ommission tripped him up when he had a long, difficult speech to make. I urged and coaxed him to do his studying at night. I say 'coax' because woe to the person who tries to push Gary around. But he always had some good sound argument ready to defeat me such as. 'Studying lines makes 'em stale, Pearl. Learning them just before a take keeps them alive and fresh.' Or, 'Why learn them the night before when the authors have them all changed around for you in the morning?'

"But one day I found his 'Achilles' heel'—scalp massage. Now I'm not bad at this head rubbing business, myself, so one day I made a bargain with him. We agreed that every day he arrived with his lines memorized there would be a nice long soothing massage from Pearl. But, no lines, no rub. Well, from that day on he's never missed once. There hasn't been dialogue written yet that's long enough or difficult enough to make him stumble. It's almost uncanny. And how he adores those head massages. He actually purrs.

"In spite of myself, after a year or so of working with Gary in one picture after another, I found myself fussing over him. I discovered that I was simply following a formula. All women who work near him for any sustained length of time seem to feel that he requires a lot of looking after. Yes, I'm afraid it's what is known as the maternal instinct. And he does need it, too. For instance, there's his tie. For some reason it's always awry before a take. And his hair—he never thinks of a comb unless it's shoved into his hand.

"And I keep a written detailed account each day of every item of his costume, because for the same scene the next day he's quite likely to show up wearing different trousers, tie and coat. You see, he has the happy capacity for shedding all the dull, pesky things in this business such as make-up and costumes.

"And then one day on 'Bengal Lancers' I found myself ordering a bucket of ice water and a chamois skin kept on the location set at all times, so that I could wrap something cool around his head after his long scenes under a scorching sun. He always looked so terribly hot and done up after each take. Oh, yes, the other players looked hot, too, but somehow one felt they could put ice water on their own heads.

"And, oh, how he loves to sleep. Never have I seen anyone who can sprawl out in an inadequate chair or curl up on the hard ground and go off into benevolent slumber as he can. And mind you there are usually generator motors roaring and assistants screaming right over his unconscious head.

"He seems to be the type that requires a lot of sleep, and when I have to shake him into wakefulness for a scene, I always hate to do it, he looks so utterly at peace."

BOB ROBERTS, automobile mechanic and salesman, reported: "I was alone in the sales room that night, because it was pouring cats and dogs and no one seemed to be motor conscious in that weather.

"Just as I'm closing up a tall man comes in and goes straight over to a bright yellow Duesenberg roadster. He doesn't look like the usual type that is interested in or has the capital to buy this sort of car, so I think I'll make this sales talk good and short and go home.

"But he starts the talking and his first words leave me stunned. He asks, 'Just how do you people develop all this horse power with the type of valve action, piston displacement and compression ratio used?'

"Well, there was no use talking to a guy like that about the paint job or the nice upholstering on the seats. He knew motors. He was a mechanic. Well, that question of his started us off and we talked motors for hours. I forgot about going home until after midnight. In fact, I even forgot about trying to sell him a car. Before he left I knew who he was, although he didn't give me his name.

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By Lady Esther

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (26) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

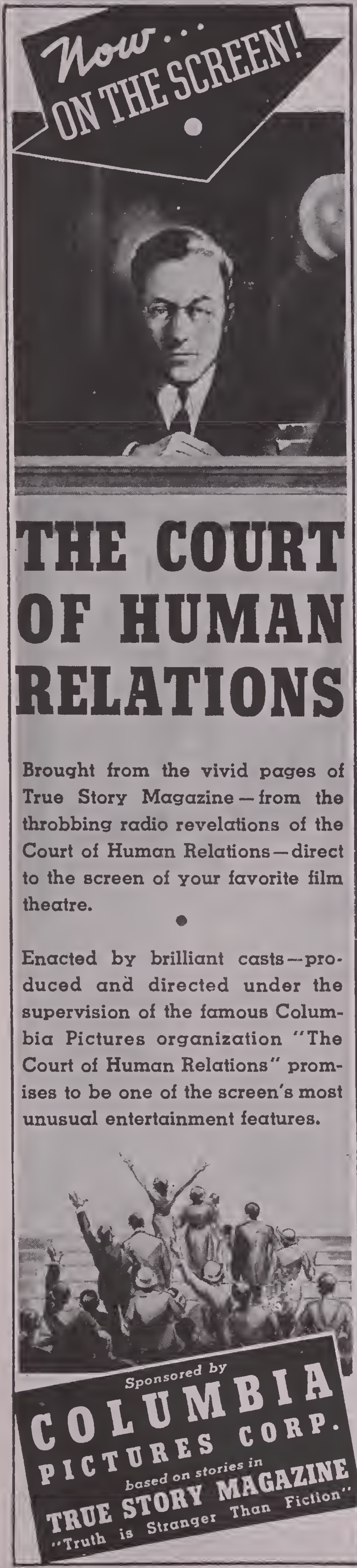
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



Now... ON THE SCREEN!

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Brought from the vivid pages of True Story Magazine—from the throbbing radio revelations of the Court of Human Relations—direct to the screen of your favorite film theatre.

Enacted by brilliant casts—produced and directed under the supervision of the famous Columbia Pictures organization "The Court of Human Relations" promises to be one of the screen's most unusual entertainment features.

Sponsored by COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP. based on stories in TRUE STORY MAGAZINE "Truth is Stranger Than Fiction"

"He came back every few days for about three months after that. He would just sit in the display cars, fondle the steering wheels, lift up the hoods and study the motors for hours. I just left him alone. You couldn't sell that sort of prospect with the usual formula. He just had to sell himself. Finally one day he asked to go out in a demonstration car. I went with him. He decided then to buy one and his reason was a queer one. He said, 'A car like this really isn't a luxury for me. You see, just the feel of a fine, powerful motor under my hands relaxes me. It's the only thing that can relax me after a long day's grind at the studio!'

I GUESS everybody remembers that first Duesenberg of Gary's, too. It was a bright yellow and green. It was the car he had dreamed about owning for so many years, and I guess, boy like, he wanted it to be as bright and flashing as possible.

"About a year later when the car was well broken in, Gary comes over one day and says he wants to overhaul the motor, put on superchargers, strip off fenders and running boards and try her out for speed on Muroc dry lake. You know the spot—it's just two hundred miles north-east of here.

"So he puts the car in the shop and I go to work on it. Every night when he's through at the studio he pops in, puts on overalls, bolts down a sandwich and digs into the grease with me. We'd never fold up until two or three in the morning and only then because I insisted. He just doesn't seem to be the type that needs sleep. He had just one day off from the studio during that overhaul job and he showed up at the shop at eight o'clock and worked straight through until three the next morning. And, believe me, that's a record.

"There were plenty of delays and mistakes, sometimes, and disappointments, but never once did I see a sign of irritation from him. He has one pat phrase when things go wrong and that is, 'Let's fix it up, eh Bob?'

"When the car was all set for the test we started trying her out at Muroc. I would go to Gary's house and spend the night because we'd start out at two o'clock in the morning. I'd turn in early, because I'm a guy that needs sleep, but Gary, he'd get in at twelve and then be the first one up when the alarm went off.

"We'd drive in record time to Muroc and get there just at dawn. After five trials over a period of a month we finally got her up to a hundred and twenty miles an hour and then Gary seemed satisfied. He just wanted to know that he had the fastest passenger car on wheels, that was all.

"Was I afraid? No, and he's the only driver I can say that for. You just know that his hands are meant to be on a wheel and fast driving for him is never reckless driving. He's one of the few people who love speed and know how to handle it, too.

"No, we never talked about his career or anything like that. It seemed queer, too, driving through those dark nights, because most actors like to talk about themselves. But we always found enough to keep us going for hours on cars and motors and new inventions and things like that. Gary is really a very talkative guy, you know.

"About a year ago Gary came into the shop one day with a sheaf of beautiful automobile designs, clever new streamline effects that fairly took my breath away. He had drawn them up himself and he told me he was working out a design for his next Duesenberg and wanted us to build it for him according to his specifications.

"Well, after that he shows up once a week with a new set of drawings, and that kept up for almost a year. He'd make constant changes and then tear up the lot and start all over again. We were all impressed with the skill and beauty of his designs. You know Gary could make a fortune tomorrow, if he wanted to, doing industrial designs for some big motor outfit. Or if necessary he could earn a good living as a mechanic. I'd say there isn't a car in existence that he couldn't take apart and put together again without help.

"Well, he finally made a design that satisfied him and we sent it East to be made. He came into the shop every day during the four months it took to build it, asking for reports on its progress. There are a lot of new ideas on that job. All the trimming, for instance, is in black chromium plate, the only car I know of that is decorated with it, and there is a short rear deck and a different hood.

"When Gary gets this new one broken in we're going to tear it apart and get it ready for a try-out on Muroc. Gary aims to hit a hundred and thirty this time. Believe me, I'm looking forward to it."

AND finally, I came to Elvira Borg, housekeeper, who said, "I have been with Mrs. Gary Cooper since she was a baby just two weeks old. I raised her, so when she marry and come West to live, of course, I come, too, to keep house for her. I have no friends out here and it is not like New York; lonely sometimes, and I think I will be very unhappy. But I did not count on Mr. Cooper then.

"When they build this new house, he asks me what are my favorite colors, and I said blue and yellow, and so he has the architect build for me a bedroom and bath and sitting-room in those colors, just so I will be more happy.

"And when we moved in he tells the gardener to make a private little garden for me outside the sitting-room because he learned that I like flowers so much.

"No, he never grumbles or is short when things go wrong in the kitchen or around the house, which is very surprising to me because busy hard-working men usually have the right to be grumbling sometime, don't you think?

"He eats such big meals, and I like that. No dieting around him. It is a pleasure to plan for him, and he likes to talk about food with me when he eats his breakfasts. He likes very much for me to prepare real Swedish dinners for him.

"Oh, yes, I like cooking difficult dishes for Mr. Cooper, he enjoys them so much. There is nothing too much trouble for Mr. Cooper."

Well, there's the story. I leave it up to you to judge whether or not it is successful, whether or not we have finally gathered up the personality of Gary Cooper and pinned it down with clear, concise, honest words.

Is One Love Enough?

(*Continued from page* 69)

girl of twenty is too emotionally restless to settle down to peace! I believe that every kid crush, every high school beau I ever had has in some way contributed to the happiness I know now."

Sally expertly bit at a thread with white even teeth, demonstrating what has always been to me a very professional touch with the needle. She smiled a little as she went on:

"I honestly pity the girl who hasn't gone through the speechless emotionalism of a 'puppy love' affair, though I hate that expression; it has such an undignified, inferior ring for a sentiment that is so important in every girl's life. I suppose the sophisticates argue that this first love in our early teens isn't real love at all! And perhaps it isn't, because what we feel is just a glorified illusion of love. In other words, we aren't really in love with that half-scared kid who stands awkwardly in the living room talking to our parents previous to that all-important first date. If we were we'd see him for just what he is, a bashful, thoroughly frightened kid with, probably, an unruly cowlick. But we don't see him that way because we invest him with every romantic trait we've ever dreamed about in a Prince Charming.

"It is such a thoroughly inarticulate thing—sitting in the moonlight, staring at the beach for hours, pressing flowers in a book, taking out notes tied with blue ribbon and reading and re-reading them every night before going to bed!

"It doesn't last in the average case. It couldn't because it isn't *real.* But the very awakening process, as disillusioning as it may be at the time, is invaluable. It is probably our first lesson in seeing things as they really are, and not as we imagined them to be.

I THINK the next important emotional illusion in a girl's romantic education is a romance with a man of the world," Sally laughed. "Maybe I say that because it happens to have been my own experience. I was just coming out of the ether of a romance with a boy I had been in love with for one year. After a lot of dramatized heartache we had broken off for several reasons, the only honest one being that we suddenly saw each other as human beings and not the dream god and goddess we had imagined. Naturally, I thought I knew all about men. I was very proud of my suddenly acquired cynicism concerning the male sex in general when I met this other man, who was such a direct opposite to my high school beau.

"This new suitor was much older. He was about thirty-two, I imagine, which seemed older than the hills to my eighteen. I was just starting out in Hollywood—it was right after my first starring picture, 'The Goodbye Kiss'—when I met this superlative specimen who was known by every headwaiter in town, who ordered the most sophisticated dinners and who flattered me by discussing life in general with me over caviar in night clubs.

"In time I became bored with my own

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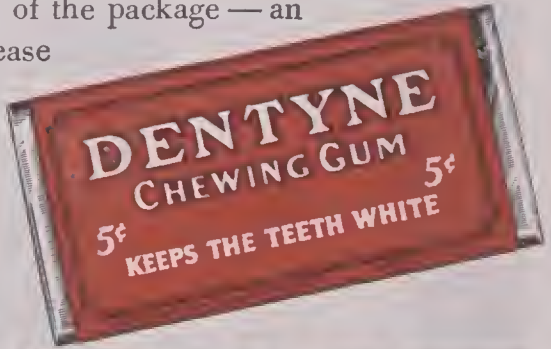

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Because it Can't Chafe..Can't Fail..Can't Show

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

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half-digested theories and the attempt to be something I wasn't, for suddenly this was all over, too, and I no longer swept into night clubs with narrowed eyes, with this gentleman as my most effective 'prop' in sophistication. It wasn't until considerably later that I recognized both of these romantic illusions in their true value. The first had opened my eyes to the reality of the boy I thought I loved. The second opened my eyes to myself."

The next romantic milestone in her life—which was not really an emotional experience at all, but an earthquake, a hurricane—was all the harder to bear because Sally knew her eyes should be open to the reality of the man with whom she was swept into love, and yet she deliberately closed them. Sally met and married Hoot Gibson!

Their married life was an existence alternately skyrocketing them onto the heights of happiness and plunging them into the depths of misunderstanding. It was one of those unreasoning loves that makes such good fiction, and such miserable living. Sally and Hoot were on an emotional merry-go-round, blindly bound to each other in a stormy love that encompassed everything but friendship, understanding, mutual interests and all the other things that go to make for real happiness in marriage. It ended, as it had to, in the divorce courts. Yet Sally does not regret that marriage, or look with bitterness on it, "because out of the melee, Hoot and I emerged wiser and more tempered people than we would have been without each other!"

SALLY doesn't talk easily about her love story with the man to whom she is now married, her producer-husband, Harry Joe Brown. She is afraid that the few stories she has given on the subject have not presented her true feelings. When she has spoken of the peaceful happiness she has known ever since she met Harry on that trip to London when she accompanied Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, it has been presented in such a prosaic fashion as to hint more of contentment than of the thrilling happiness Sally had found it.

"To be married to a man who shares every part of your life, not just one phase of it; whose friends are your friends, whose interests are your interests and, if you're lucky enough, whose very work is in harmony with your own, and to love that person deeply, is the crowning happiness in the life of every woman! But I can't believe this kind of happiness is an accident of one man and one woman stumbling blindly into a first love. We develop toward it through more than one emotion. We treasure it more because we know it to be the reality of love, and not just an illusion!"

Suddenly I remembered that other marriage, the girl who is tossing away something real and fine, blinded by an infatuation that could not possibly disrupt her happiness if she had learned the lesson of illusions and disillusions before, not after, marriage.

And then I thought of Sally's life as one of the most popular girls in Hollywood culminating in a marriage that is as safe from the shoals of folly as though she had insured it, as perhaps she has!

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page 35*)

the asking, and in return for a little work, if you'll follow the routines I offer in this series of articles.

There's no necessity for feeling that the stars you see in your theaters are especially privileged, that they are supernormal creatures created with supernormal beauty. I've worked with them intimately for two years and must remark, at the risk of shattering your collective illusions, that they're very human beings with quite their share of too-large hips and too-slim arms and too-prosperous stomachs. But they are clever enough, you see, to do something about the situation; as a group, they come to me with a firm determination and a willingness for hard work because their careers depend upon it.

Your own career, as a wife, as a public woman, as a stenographer or librarian or model or merely as a woman (occupation enough) depends just as much on your physical beauty. And, with the stars, you can create it for yourself by using the methods they follow under my instruction and which are revealed in the following series.

Understand this—and I stake my reputation on the statement—if you will do exactly as I tell you to do, if you will eat the foods I suggest and avoid the foods I taboo, if you will practice the exercises I prescribe without cheating on yourself and on me, you can make anything of yourself you care to. Whether you're sixteen or sixty, whether you're underweight or overweight, whether it's your hips or your legs that need readjustment; I make no exceptions.

A PROMISE of that sort is as an ordinary thing taken with several grains of salt, because it has been made so often by so many people who had not the means of justifying it. But in this case the circumstances are completely different.

First, I handle not only one phase of physical direction, but all phases—and I deal not in generalities but in a specialized way, wherein each individual case is a separate problem. In my experiences with the lovely Metro ladies I have found that what might be food for Joan Crawford would be poison for Jean Harlow; and exercises Myrna Loy might take with impunity would wear Greta Garbo into a shred after two days.

It's obvious of course that you can't come directly to me for diagnosis and specialized prescription, but you *can* diagnose your own troubles for yourself, and find the specific remedy for your specific problem in the articles that follow this one.

Wherefore, instead of merely covering outstanding phases of physical adjustment in a general slip-shod sort of way, I intend to offer insofar as it is humanly possible a particularized remedy for every fault and every ill of the feminine physique—in relation to its measurements and general health, you understand.

And when you have finished reading this series you will have, in toto, a sort

Love Marriage Romance

PASSED THIS WEAK, SICKLY, SKINNY GIRL BY UNTIL...

A Doctor Told Her of This Simple Common Mistake Now So Easily Corrected..

...And She Found the Way to Blossom into Full Glorious Womanhood!

Thousands of Tired-Out, Nervous, Skinny Girls Have Gained Flattering Pounds, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy This Quick, New Way!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery, and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny, hidden glands control this body-building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And—if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

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Kelpamalt Tablets

● **Manufacturer's Note:**—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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NAME................ ....

ST.......................... ....CITY....................

of encyclopaedia of beauty in which you need only discover the answer to your own personal problem and then set to work. To my knowledge it represents the most complete and comprehensive service of this kind ever written.

If you'll observe the charts included herewith you will better understand the task I have undertaken. They offer not only the ideal and perfect measurements of the beautiful woman in relation to age and height but also in relation to bone size, necessitating three entirely different scales.

You may be thirty-five years old and stand five feet and three inches, as an example, but if your structural frame is knit with small, delicate cartilage your complete proportions must be different from those of a woman who is exactly your age, and exactly your height, but who has larger, thicker bones.

So I have taken three Hollywood stars of about the same height and weight, but of various skeletal capacities, and I've measured them for your guidance; the scale, therefore, is not a theoretical one. Those figures are transplanted from the tape that calculated live, breathing women—beauty, in other words, that you can aspire to because it exists.

And since it would be impossible for you to knock on the door of my studio office seeking personal treatment, it will help me in outlining the forthcoming articles if you will write me stating your special problem. Naturally I can't send you a reply direct, but if your case is one I have not already considered I will include its remedy somewhere in the series.

YOUR first step, then, is to know yourself—and I confess the self-diagnosis will not be an entirely simple matter. Because for once you've got to be entirely honest with *you*, always a basic difficulty. In this case you may not say to yourself, "Well, I stick out a little behind, but I'll put a girdle on and all will be well." You must say, "I stick out a little behind and I will fix that so I won't have to buy a new girdle when this one wears out."

Before you begin it would be a good idea to get a thorough physical examination from a doctor you can trust, unless you happen to know that you're already in good health. Naturally, it would be fool-hardy for you to attempt the regimen I shall set forth in my articles if you've an infection of some sort, or a chronic organic illness, or glands that are out of order. Your teeth, too, may be the cause of your difficulty, especially if you're too thin, and the services of a dentist might save you a good deal of hard work when you begin this course.

However if you are satisfied there's nothing the matter in that direction, you should start by comparing yourself with the chart. Cut it out and tack it up somewhere as a reference, and then dig out the family tape-measure and a pencil and a piece of paper.

Find out your exact height, first—the old-fashioned method of standing sans shoes against a wall and making a mark with a ruler is perfectly good—and write it alongside your age on what is to be your own personal chart. Then decide whether the skeleton you inhabit is made of small, medium or large bones (relatively) and

1.
FORGETS NAME OF SWEEPER WIFE WANTED, SO HE BUYS "NEWEST" SWEEPER—THE "GADGET SPECIAL"
2. Lena Rue
LIKES IT BECAUSE IT HAS DETACHABLE MUD-GUARDS, FLOATING POWER, AND ACCORDION—PLEATED HANDLE
3.
DELIVERS SWEEPER BUT NOTES WIFE SEEMS PEEVED AS SHE PUTS "GADGET SPECIAL" THROUGH ITS PACES
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HEARS WIFE SAY "TAKE THIS CONTRAPTION BACK THIS MINUTE AND GET ME A BISSELL!"
5.
ON HIS WAY BACK MEETS MRS. KELLY. ASKS HER IF THIS SWEEPER ISN'T "JUST AS GOOD" AS A BISSELL
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THEN LISTENS AS MRS. K. ENLIGHTENS HIM..
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Don't Let SUN-BAKED SKIN TURN SALLOW

Lighten and freshen your skin as thousands of women have done for 25 years. Apply this dainty cream nightly and watch it clear away the tell-tale marks of the hot summer sun.

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OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S

New Cook Book

As Food Editor of MOVIE MIRROR, I heartily recommend this latest edition of Ida Bailey Allen's new Service Cook Book. The 196-page volume contains 1500 recipes—and all the things you want to know about: How to Measure, Correct Temperatures for all types of cooking, Meal Planning, Marketing, Table Service, etc. I know you'll be glad to have it.

Just send 25c in stamps or coin (wrap securely) to:

Pauline Nelson, *Food Editor*
MOVIE MIRROR Magazine
1926 Broadway, New York City

Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid.

weigh yourself on a trustworthy machine.

With this information as a basis you've only to discover the corresponding figures on my printed scale to find what your ideal measurements should be. Then measure yourself.

It would be better, of course, to let someone else do this for you; but if you don't care to broadcast the fact that you're starting a health campaign you can simply lock the door of your bathroom and undress and set to work.

Stand normally, of course, and stretch the tape around the largest part of the anatomical area you're measuring—that is, base your figures on the greatest circumference of the forearm, the biceps, the bust, the hips, the thighs—and don't pull the tape too tight. It should be merely snug.

After you've written down the results compare them with the exemplary measurements for your age and height on my chart—and you will, in a physical sense at least, "know yourself" pretty well. You may find that the only difference between you and Joan Crawford is that you have eaten too well during the past few years, or that you've sat too much, or that you should have allowed yourself more sleep at night. You may find that if you could put an inch or two of muscle on your collar-bones, or take three inches off your hips, you could crash a movie set any day.

STAND sideways in front of a full-length mirror, if you have one, and check your posture; if you cheat in this, you're cheating only yourself, because in ninety-nine cases you'll find you're either round-shouldered or sway-backed, that either your abdomen protrudes or your breasts are unfortunate. If that's true, you're not ready for the grave, by any means—you'll merely know you have to get busy.

If you discover you measure up perfectly except for one or two points that are wrong, somewhere in my series you'll find the answer to that specific problem, with treatment prescribed in relation to your age and bone-structure. However my next articles will be concerned in a large measure with the two greatest difficulties of all women: reducing, and gaining weight.

My chart, you understand, is not built on the scale of an Amazon. I have not given the measurements of muscular, too-active women, but of stars who are simply healthy and beautiful according to 1936 standards. In your self-comparison this is important: take cognizance of your knees and elbows—if they are larger than ordinary you will of necessity need to add a quarter of an inch or so to the eventual measurements of your arms and legs.

At any rate, no matter what faults in yourself you find to correct, the following things are basically necessary as a prelude to health. They are generalizations, yes, but emphatic ones.

Think about what you are going to do, first, until you have definitely made up your mind to follow the course through to its conclusion, which will be when you are satisfied with your own figure. Mentally you must agree with yourself that you will obey my injunctions and follow my orders to the letter, since I can't guarantee results unless you do. The stars who are my clients, of course, find

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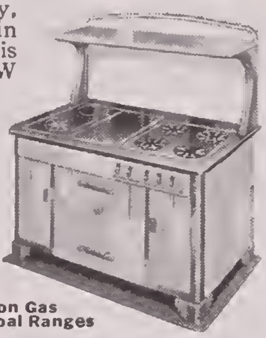
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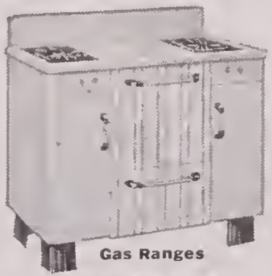
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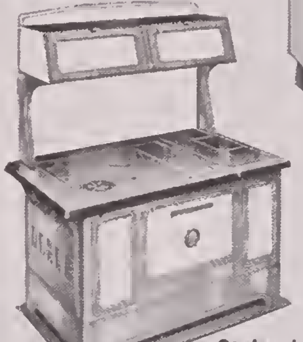
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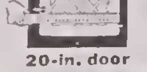
Furnaces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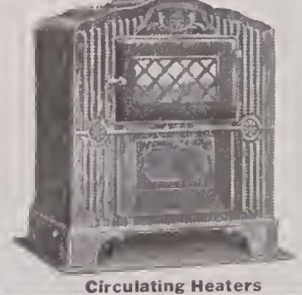
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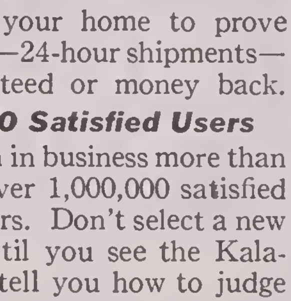

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Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulder. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a $2 massage.

Over 5 million people have used Allcock's, the original porous plaster. Don't take any plaster but Allcock's. It brings quickest relief. Lasts longer. Easy to apply and remove. 25¢ at druggists.

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LARGE BONE

Ankle 9 to 10; Wrist 6½ to 7½

Age 15 to 18

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	110	112	114	117	120	124	128	132	136	141
Neck	12	12¼	12½	12¾	13	13¼	13½	13¾	14	14¼
Bust	33	34	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41
Waist	22	22¾	23½	24¼	25	25¾	26½	27½	28½	29¾
Hips	33	34	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41
Thigh	21	21½	22	22½	22¾	23	23¼	23½	23¾	24
Calf	12½	13	13¼	13½	13¾	14	14¼	14¼	14½	14½
Upper arm	9¼	9½	9¾	10	10¼	10½	10¾	11	11¼	11½

Age 19 to 24

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	112	114	116	119	122	126	130	134	138	143
Neck	12¼	12½	12¾	13	13¼	13½	13¾	14	14¼	14½
Bust	33½	34½	35½	36½	37½	38½	39½	40½	41½	42½
Waist	23	23¾	24½	25¼	26	26¾	27½	28½	29½	30¾
Hips	33½	34½	35½	36½	37½	38½	39½	40½	41½	42½
Thigh	21¼	21¾	22¼	22¾	23	23¼	23½	23¾	24	24¼
Calf	12¾	13¼	13½	13¾	14	14¼	14½	14½	14¾	14¾
Upper arm	9½	9¾	10	10¼	10½	10¾	11	11¼	11½	11¾

Age 25 to 35

Height	4–11	5–0	5–1	5–2	5–3	5–4	5–5	5–6	5–7	5–8
Weight	114	116	119	122	126	130	134	138	143	147
Neck	12½	12¾	13	13¼	13½	13¾	14	14¼	14½	14¾
Bust	33¾	34¾	35¾	36¾	37¾	38¾	39¾	40¾	41¾	42¾
Waist	24	25	25¾	26½	27½	28¼	29	30¼	31½	33
Hips	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
Thigh	21½	22	22½	23	23¼	23½	23¾	24	24¼	24½
Calf	12¾	13¼	13¾	14	14¼	14½	14¾	14¾	15	15
Upper arm	9¾	10	10¼	10½	10¾	11	11¼	11½	11¾	12

no excuses and no alibis in their quest for beauty, although the treatment will not be too rigorous, it will probably take a certain amount of hardihood to keep at it religiously.

From a physical standpoint your first step is to start forming habits of regularity in sleeping, eating and drinking. If you feel that you don't need eight hours of sleep every night just now, get them anyway—and you will find a grateful body responding miraculously.

No matter what your health is, it will be better if you regulate your diet properly according to the following standards: avoid pastries, candy, too many spices, fried foods and very hot or very cold things to eat. Have your meals at regular intervals and stay away, if it's possible, from restaurants and cafes.

Smoke in moderation (give it up if you can), and if you drink, go on the wagon.

Drink as much water as you can comfortably swallow, and plan your meals so that they include a preponderance of all vegetables (especially the green, leafy kinds) and fruit. Eat meat, if you like, but don't fry it.

These are simple instructions, of course, but after you've followed them for a week or two you'll feel a general increase in spirits and health—and my diets henceforth will be specific to a degree. For your peace of mind I must remark that not in a single case are they strenuous or disagreeable. I have no patience with quack, do-it-quick methods which are always dangerous and never have a permanent effect.

Since the foremost problem of American women seems to be that of overweight, I'll discuss it next month, and follow that with an article on weight-building. In the interim remember: beauty is simply a matter of determination and a little work, and what the stars of Hollywood pay fortunes for you may have at the price of only your own intelligence and determination.

Mrs. Hal Roach, Sharon Lynn, Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Myrna Loy and Mrs. Jack Warner (Ann Alvarado) at Sharon's party.

Hollywood Nobleman

(*Continued from page 70*)

Australia, and the whole of these United States. While he was starring in "Daddy Long Legs" in New York, he signed a contract with Paramount to play in "The Silver King" on the screen. But something interfered with the plans. A shot was fired in Serbia, and across the sea war raged. "Sure, it will be over in a few months," Paramount officials told him when he informed them that he was sailing home. "You can come back when it's over and we'll have the script, ready and waiting."

IT'S still waiting, for it was sixteen years before actor Standing returned to the stage and America. Already a lieutenant in the Reserve Corp, he reported to his commander upon his arrival in England and was given command of a submarine patrol boat which had seen balmier days as a pleasure-going yacht. It's a long cry from the bright lights, the gaiety, and the applause of a New York stage to the gloomy, inky blackness of a submarine-infested sea—of course, no lights at all were permitted on ship board. But the sailor half of Standing came to the front gallantly and tight spots were somehow gotten through. Even the ghastly moment when Standing discovered, to his horror, they had forgotten to give him ammunition. Here he was, miles at sea with a submarine likely to pop up any minute, and no ammunition. He radiced in on his rickety, second-hand radio set, hoping for the best. The answer came: "Fancy you being way out there without ammunition." Standing didn't fancy it in the least, but he got by, somehow.

For a year and a half in his tumble-down boat, he patroled the coast line of England and was then transferred to the Intelligence Department. Heavens knows he'd given ample proof of his intelligence many times over in that rickety boat. But he gave it again and again in his reports to the Intelligence Department, and finally, one day, he was summoned to the palace of his king. The guards, as he passed through the gates, were a bit snappier, he noticed. He was ushered into an anteroom to wait.

Patiently, but with his heart beating high, he waited in the anteroom, and finally the door was flung open. On a throne, on a raised dais, sat King George V. "Bend the right knee," Standing was told. As he knelt there, before the King, a strange thing happened. He couldn't remember one of the bright, successful, outstanding things that had happened to him. Instead, a sudden vision of a dark, dismal little dressing-room in a theater in Madison, Wisconsin, of all places, rose before his eyes. Again he experienced the aching weariness of one night stands, heard the forboding booming of a dark and dreadful sea. Then the feeling that all these things were behind him poured over him in waves. It was finished. Done. And he was kneeling before his king. It clutched him by the throat and brought mist to his eyes. He wasn't even sure His Majesty was saying over the words that made of him a knight or merely saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

He rose and departed. A knight with forty dollars in his pocket and a bright idea in his mind. He needed that idea, for the forty dollars comprised his all. Why not, he thought, buy up the trucks left by the American Army in Europe and sell them at a profit? Forty dollars, of course, wouldn't go far toward the $37,000,000 the Americans asked, but he wasn't a friend of Lord Northcliff for nothing. With the aid of a few more rich and influential friends, the money was raised. and for nine years Sir Guy headed the company that bought and sold good old trucks from the U.S.A.

HE had money enough then to go back to the land of sunshine and orange groves and build the house that forty years before he knew he'd build. But Henry Miller, New York stage producer, halted him enroute to play with Ethel Barrymore in "The Constant Wife" and "The Road To Rome" with Jane Cowl. It was then Paramount remembered the contract. Elephant like, after sixteen years, they remembered. Long ago "The Silver King"

SKIN IS SO ROUGH... POWDER "CATCHES" TERRIBLY
POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXED THAT IN A SECOND!

For a smooth, lasting make-up . . . First melt away roughness

ALL READY to go out . . . then you start to powder. But, somehow, your powder just won't go on smoothly. It "catches" on every tiny roughness on your skin.

Do you know, you can smooth off those roughnesses—in an instant—by simply *melting* them!

Those "powder catchers" are really dried-out cells on top of your skin . . . old, dead ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they flake off part way. And there they cling, loose and harsh . . .

But one application of a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them right away—and out comes your true, smooth skin!

A prominent dermatologist explains: "The instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out cells on surface skin, these cells melt away. New cells come into view, that give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance.

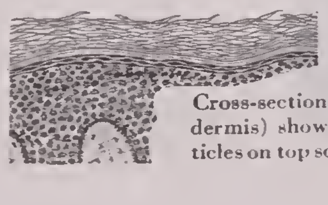
"Moreover," he adds, "Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, helps to keep the skin in a constantly softened condition."

Now you know why Pond's Vanishing Cream is an instant skin softener, a marvelous powder base.

For a smooth make-up—After cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a fine-texture look, a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on evenly. No need to make up again for hours!

Overnight for lasting softness—To keep your skin softened at all times, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream every night after cleansing. It won't smear the pillowcase. As you sleep, your skin gets softer by the minute!

MRS. EUGENE DUPONT III: *"Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder, too—keeps my make-up fresh."*



Outer Skin

Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. K135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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had slipped into some quaint oblivion, but there was "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" waiting. They wired him, "Don't take time for the train, but fly."

He flew, and four years later they got round to "Bengal Lancer." But in the meantime Sir Guy was kept busy with other pictures. There were "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Death Takes a Holiday," "Now And Forever," "The Witching Hour," and then "Annapolis Farewell," "Palm Springs," and "The Return of Sophie Lang."

Far from being a quaint and resigned old philosopher, Standing is, to my way of thinking, one of the most fascinating men in Hollywood. In a pair of chocolate-colored riding-breeches, a blue stock about his throat, a chocolate brown hat pulled down over a pair of hazel eyes—well! And, what's more, he—shall we say—suspects it? With strong fingers drawing forth soothing melodies from his piano that faces the lake—my goodness, it's lucky for him we remember our bringing up, isn't it? "Lucky at cards and lucky at business," he says. But he doesn't say a word about "lucky in love," though the feeling that he hasn't been can't be shaken off, somehow.

HE claims to have found something pretty swell in the muddy muck of a war. Like a diamond glittering in a clod of dirt, he found the meaning of friendship. The real, true meaning. He had known many people the world over and, man like, took them all at face value. But true friendship had somehow eluded him, until he actually saw it, felt it, experienced it in that fearful fracas. Today, he has many friends, because he knows how to be a friend. A prop boy, a carpenter, a star, a producer, an humble worker, anyone who reaches out a hand of friendship to Guy Standing, finds it clasped in grateful appreciation.

If ever the legendary tales of an Englishman's complete lack of humor were forever refuted, it's in Guy Standing. His whimsical tale of his Filipino boy, Charles, and Charles' henpecking little wife, is a classic of tale-telling. The twinkle in the Standing eye as he tells about them, however, fails to hide the sympathy and understanding he feels for them.

"Who was the chap that wrote that bit of music that says, 'Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries?'" he asked as we stood atop a high hill behind his house and surveyed the surrounding country side. "Hmmmmm. Did you ever notice the sunshine on a bowl of cherries?"

There you have him. Life may be just a bowl of cherries to you and me and probably is, but to Guy Standing, after all these years of living, it's a dash of sunlight on a bowl of crimson fruit.

Every moment of life that remains to him is crammed full of living with his work, his house, his fishing, his painting. For you see he knows that what he has built for himself isn't just a house. His years are too short for just houses. It's an anteroom he has fashioned for himself, really. An anteroom to a throne room, where he spends his last years of life all alone waiting happily and contented for the day when the door of the throne room is flung open, and once again he kneels before his King.

New-born closets

A NEW 5¢ WAY

FRESHEN your closets!

Make them smart, gay and cheerful — with *Royledge*, the improved shelving that looks so well, wears so well, costs so little! Even if you can afford the most expensive edgings, you can't get more beauty or wear. Yet Royledge costs but 5c for 9 full feet!

The strong, crisp edge hangs flat, without curling—even in steamy kitchens and bathrooms. It never needs laundering; once up, it stays until you choose to change it. It comes in dozens of colorful patterns designed by decorators. You'll love them all at first sight and love them more when you see how exquisitely they dress up pantry, linen and guest closet shelves!

Royledge packages are easily identified by a round sticker that says *"Feel the Edge."* At 5-and-10c, neighborhood or dept. stores—9 ft. for 5c; 10c sizes, too. ROYLACE, 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (makers of *"Roylies"*—lace-like, beautiful table doylies).

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Keeping your bathroom odor-free is not only an important health measure but also a mark of good housekeeping. Nothing is more offensive to guests in your home than bathroom odor. And it's so easy to prevent—*just use Creolin regularly.* Pour Creolin into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, basin and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. As a disinfectant, deodorant and antiseptic, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. At all drug stores with complete directions. Buy a bottle today. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN
banishes
Bathroom Odors

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Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many household and personal uses of Creolin.

Merle Oberon As Only Norma Knows Her

(*Continued from page* 51)

And Jerry took to fanning Jock and then Jock fanned Jerry.

The quality which one notices instantly about Oberon is her little girl enthusiasm for life and the living of it. Norma says it's all expressed in that wonderful little gasp of pleased surprise that follows every announcement of plans, no matter how trivial.

"Merle," Norma will phone, "we're all going out on the yacht over Sunday."

"Oh!"—the gasp—"are we?"

The camera boys were trying to snap a picture of her at a luncheon table. Would she be still? Would she be quiet?

"Mack, I swear the halibut was this long," her hands flew from the teacups to a yard spread, while Mack waited patiently for the pose. "Mack, do you think our chances of catching anything down near Coronado are good? Look, Mack, David caught a yellow tail this big"—and, well, how they ever got the picture is beyond me.

Mack and every other man in that crew adores her. It's written all over every man's face in flaming letters for all to read. And Merle can measure fish till the cows come home and it's all right with them.

Piebald horses without tails are the scourge of her life. I mean, if she sees one. It's all kinds of bad luck. So are cross-eyed men. Cross-eyed women mean instant good luck. And pins! Let Merle so much as enter the front door of a dressmaking shop and that settles it. She's down on all fours for hours, picking up pins. The pin business just stops everything for good luck. She claims the Leicester Square Theater in London is wonderfully lucky for her, and actually persuaded Sam Goldwyn to change the booking of "These Three" from another theater to that one.

She's an early riser. Seven-thirty every morning finds Merlie out on the sands with her two dogs, both grown beyond all decency. They're Dalmatians named, in true British fashion, Trubshawe and Entwhistle.

Like a kitten she can fall asleep any time at any place. In the midst of a conversation Norma will glance over and there's Merlie off to shut-eye town.

EVERY woman should nap every afternoon," she says. "Anywhere from thirty minutes to two hours." If Merle's been out late, for instance, she sleeps longer the next afternoon. And regardless, mind you, she sleeps.

Sometimes, of course, she makes unholy noises while she's doing it. One night on board a yacht, she and Norma occupied the same cabin. Both girls were sound asleep when suddenly Norma was aroused by a disturbingly distressing sound. Someone was crying. Was it a baby? Or a lost kitten? Softly she tip-toed to the other bed.

"Sh-h-h-h," Norma, still half asleep, was saying when the crying suddenly ceased and Norma saw it was Merlie Oberon, of all people.

Merle had simply been having herself a nightmare.

One other time, it wasn't a nightmare. It was a seal. Or so Merle thought. This time she had decided to sleep right smack on deck and suddenly, over and above the flapping of the canvas about her, she heard another sort of flapping. She lay still and listened. She sat up and listened. Yes, there it was. Flap, flap, flap. A seal was on board.

Like a shot she tore inside and wakened Harry Cohn who happened to have the first cabin.

"A seal is out there on deck, flapping," she cried.

"What's it doing?" Cohn asked in sleepy bewilderment.

"Flapping," Merle gasped, waving her arms.

"Seals don't flap," Harry sighed, sinking back to sleep, "they bark."

Slightly comforted, Merle crept back to bed and awakened next morning to find a huge flying-fish nesting cozily nearby. It had some how flown on deck and beat itself into exhaustion.

"A fine thing to have in one's bed," was the caustic opinion of all. "A fine thing."

LIKE all impulsive and affectionate people Merle is possessive. Fiercely so. From those she loves (and once her love is given it's given with whole-hearted completeness) she expects the same in return. And suffers cruelly when it doesn't work out. Coupled with her unfortunate possessiveness is a quaint little childishness that tugs at the heart-strings. A friend of Merle's, not in the profession, was talking about this characteristic in Merle when she thought about her little son.

"There's an example of it," she said. "Miss Oberon is passionately fond of children. My little son returned all the adoration she gave him.

"And then he started to school. The first week he confided to me he had a little sweetheart at school. I, amused, passed on the information to Merle.

"A deep hurt look crept into her brown eyes. Someone she loved, you see, though only a child, shared his affection with someone else.

"I could see it was an actual blow to Merle. I see that same possessiveness in her so much."

Streaks of economy hit her like nothing you've seen. When Merle was preparing for her luncheon for Douglas Fairbanks and his new wife, she decided she must have more plants in her garden so she and Norma set off in Norma's elegant limousine to select the plants themselves and save delivery charges. The Japanese horticulturist piled everything into the immaculate Rolls Royce and with odd little Japanese figures added up the amount in the sand. It came to $4.95. Merlie and Norma were practically in stitches at the Japanese counting up affair and then Merlie opened her purse. As usual, she hadn't a penny. Norma, who is notorious for never having five cents anywhere about her, had exactly five dollars.

It cost just that to clean the plant dirt out of the limousine. But no difference. They'd saved fifty whole cents.

"Only," Norma said in a comical matter-of-fact way, "Merle still owes me the five."

HERE'S Energy AND Alertness PACKED INTO A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST

CLAIRE TREVOR— CLAIRE TREVOR, BEAUTIFUL 20TH CENTURY FOX PLAYER IN "TO MARY... WITH LOVE," SAYS,"SHREDDED WHEAT HAS A DELICIOUS NATURAL FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT! NO WONDER IT'S FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS."

TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT

JAMES DUNN, STAR OF A LONG STRING OF HOLLYWOOD HITS, DIVES INTO SHREDDED WHEAT WITH A BIG SMILE OF SATISFACTION."IT'S A SMASH HIT!"HE EXCLAIMS."AND CERTAINLY TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT FOR REAL NOURISHMENT — THE KIND THAT KEEPS YOU ACTIVE AND ALERT."

NATURE'S PRIZE GRAIN

DIETITIANS AND FOOD EXPERTS GIVE YOU THESE IMPORTANT FACTS:"WHEAT IS NATURE'S MOST PERFECT GRAIN-CONTAINING AN UNUSUALLY FINE BALANCE OF MINERAL SALTS, CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND VITAMINS FOR ENERGY AND STRENGTH!"AND SHREDDED WHEAT IS 100% WHOLE WHEAT, NOTHING ADDED, NOTHING TAKEN AWAY!

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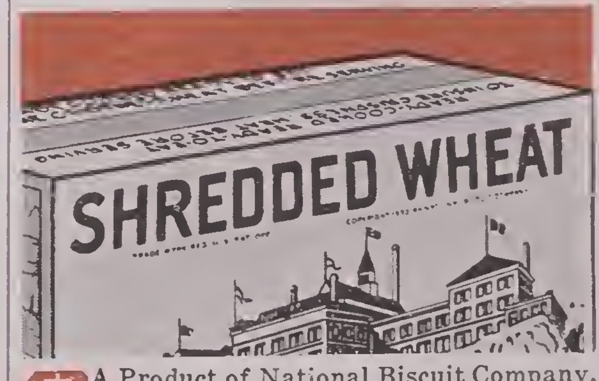

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A Tablet in a glass of water makes a clear sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

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Slightly Higher In Canada

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WHILE YOU SLEEP
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NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

Painting her own porch furniture was another bright economic idea on Oberon's part. Strolling over one afternoon Norma came upon her, overalls and all, knee deep in paint.

"It won't work," Oberon sighed. On one little table the paint stood out half an inch thick. It was exactly the same degree of thickness on Merle herself. Both dogs were green paint from nose to tail. Entwhistle was a sight. The porch, the beach, the cook, the neighbors, and even portions of the sea took on a green paint tinge as Merlie daubed and daubed.

Inconsistently she'll turn around and buy jewels and furs with an extravagance that's appalling.

ALL over the tables and walls of her dressing room are pictures of Norma and her children. On one particular photograph of Norma is this autograph: "From one giggler to another."

"Mr. Thalberg swears Merlie and I would giggle if he so much as wiggled his little finger," Norma laughed.

And somehow just the idea of busy Mr. Thalberg taking time out to wiggle a finger throws them into giggling spasms.

The coming of Merle Oberon into her life has filled a gap in the busy existence of Norma Shearer that otherwise may have been left unfilled. The friendship Oberon offers is a sweet, whole-hearted giving with no demands, no pretenses.

"With Merlie popping in unexpectedly in one's own dressing room or swimming pool there's no feeling of 'Wait, please, till I'm dressed,' and then tearing about fixing one's self for company. Merlie comes as she is—overalls, bathing suit, slacks—and takes one as she is.

"If she comes to swim, and I can't come down, I know it's just all right. Merlie has her swim and goes home without feeling slighted," Norma said.

Together they fling, with careful precision, gorgeously barbed brickbats. Don't forget that. Norma occasionally lets her have a few good strong ones, in a gay, teasing way, of course, and the beautiful part of it is Merlie enjoys them where most girls would be hurt or offended.

One day as that pause between daylight and evening swept in from the sea, the two sat on the sands and looked out across the seaweedy shores.

"Norma, I want your advice about my work," Merlie said, the lights in her brown eyes gleaming earnestly.

Norma thought a moment. "Well, Merlie, we must learn to be gay on the screen, and that is the most difficult thing to do convincingly," she said. "I think we both make the same mistake. We're apt to be too serious on the screen, too intense." Suddenly Norma turned and looked at her, her eyes twinkling.

"And you know, Merlie, I don't know why, for off screen we're a couple of swell comediennes."

Together they fell back on the sands and howled.

David Niven claims Merle Oberon possesses three vital attributes: 1. brains; 2. guts; 3. charm. "Not exactly beautiful the first two, but Merle has them," he claims.

She has other things, too. She has warmth. A great tender, all inclusive warmth for her fellow man. "Look," she'll say while dining, "this waiter is such a nice man, better, you know, give him a nice tip. Such a nice man." All waiters around Oberon are "such nice men." Children and old people become instant wards. A charge to keep for Merlie. She has an oft expressed theory that only the middle aged sin. "Youth and old age are beautiful in all they think and do and stand for."

THERE'S a pert, sweet childishness about her, Norma stated, that never grows coy or saccharine.

She once had a pip of a temper. She's getting over it. "It's about the same now," Norma laughs, "as a small child stamping its foot in rebellion. But she recovers quickly."

"She's a game playing fiend. Anything from scrambled words to Guggenheim. Gets right down and revels in it, and blithely changes the rules every night or so. So it works out right for her side," Niven says.

Fishing, her best beloved sport, is one

Among the stars at Louella Parsons' party were Bill Powell, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, Jack Warner and Marion Davies.

Norma has no desire to take part in.

"Fishy smells are too much for me," Norma says, wrinkling her lovely nose. But even in that Merlie feels she must somehow give to those she loves some part of this fun and sport. Hence it was that one morning Norma happened to walk to her bedroom window and let out a scream. There, on the clothesline in her backyard, hung Merlie's gift. A huge and monstrously unbeautiful twenty-five pound fish, its mouth gaping. She nearly passed out on the spot. Merlie thought it simply beautiful.

MERLE OBERON possesses the oddest group of fans, I venture to say, of any movie star in Hollywood. They gather daily in one spot to wait for her. Not to gasp in ecstasy at her loveliness. For Merlie in overalls or slacks with crumpled, rumpled hair and smelling to high heaven of barracuda is not a sight to bring forth gasps of ego-satisfying admiration. Neither do they beg beseechingly for autographs. For what Merle Oberon gives is infinitely more than a name on a slip of paper. It's a gift born of a thoughtful heart. They stand there, old men, weary women, even children, watching that speck on the horizon grow into form as her fishing boat comes into a certain secret port and the day's catch is distributed among them. Pounds of fresh fish to them, the poor, the needy, and the grateful.

She claims she's a gourmand, and loves eating herself to death. She prowled about a book shop until she finally located her treasure, "Recipes of All Nations." The Hungarian cook has worked her way through five nations to Italy, and together she and Merlie are now off on a macaroni gallop.

Sunday at the Thalbergs is a day of no guests, no droppers-in, no unrelaxing entertaining. And yet at twelve o'clock every Sunday, come rain, come shine, four people sit down to breakfast at the Thalbergs, Norma and Irving, Merle and David Niven. Pancakes and sausages are brought in and devoured in no time. The four, in fact, are pancake, maple syrup and sausages to their eyebrows. "It's our one dissipation for the week," Norma laughs.

"There are two things about Merlie that impress me most," Norma said. "One is that sphinx-like beauty of her face and her lack of vain primping and fussing. While most beautiful women give time and thought and care to their beauty, Merlie takes hers as a matter of course. Fifteen minutes after I've seen her rise from the ocean, a seaweedy mermaid, I've telephoned her house only to be told that Miss Oberon had already left for some formal dinner party. I've seen her come off that fishing boat in fish-smelly overalls, and in fifteen minutes she's at our front door, as coolly beautiful as a tuberose, off to some party. No time is wasted or frittered away on vanity."

Another impression is the quiet determination of this little soul to succeed. To rate, as David Niven says, number one lady of the screen.

A few minutes after I had left Norma Shearer's dressing room, a phone in the M-G-M publicity department rang. "Miss Shearer," they told me, "wishes to speak to you."

"Miss Hamilton," came that special Norma Shearer voice over the wire, "I do want to add this about Merlie. With all her ambition, her determination to succeed, she retains a great gentleness. In spite of her ambition she has never grown selfish, self-centered. Her lovely warmth and femininity have never been lost or even faintly sacrificed. She has never let the seriousness of her work overcome her joyousness of living. I think that's so important."

SINCERITY in work is the highway Merle Oberon has chosen for her travel on and up to the heights. Not by cunning, scheming, planning or conniving, but by giving to each and every picture the very best Merle Oberon has to give. Thus she toils onward, the warm, the friendly, the joyously alive, but nevertheless the most determined little soul in Hollywood.

"After all," they said over at the studio, "it was Sam Goldwyn who was responsible for the transformation of Oberon from exotic roles to straight, young girl parts. Better mention Goldwyn somehow."

But what I didn't tell them is that Norma is firmly convinced Merlie should go right on playing exotics every once in a while. A fact that would undoubtedly have Sammy screaming for mercy.

Oh, well, what with their giggling and all, Mr. Thalberg has probably suffered enough.

Now, it's Goldwyn's turn.

THE *Secret* OF HER *Alluring Eyes*

OH WENDY, THERE'LL BE SUCH GORGEOUS GIRLS AT THE BALL ... AND I'M SO DRAB!
NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY
FIRST THE EYE SHADOW AND NOW A BIT OF WINX MASCARA AND—VOILA! OH GLORIA, IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!
PATRONESS THE MEN SEEM FASCINATED—I MUST ASK JACK WHO SHE IS
WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO WHAT EYES!
BUT JACK, YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME SO WELL WHEN I UNMASK ...
SUCH ALLURING EYES COULD BELONG ONLY TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL GLORIA!

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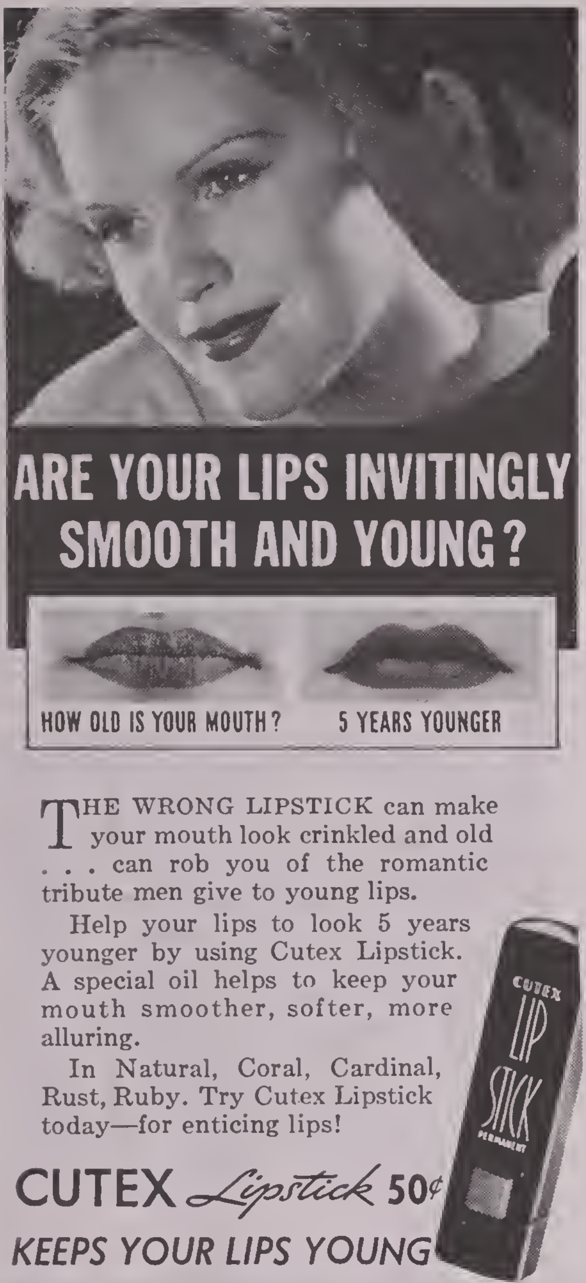
Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Brown Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of naturalness in eye beauty make-up.

WINX *Eye Beautifiers*



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THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

LAST MINUTE NEWS

M-G-M gave Bob Taylor a bonus check upon completing "His Brother's Wife." Bob bought two new cars with it. A year ago Bob had a small second-hand car!

Virginia Pine has announced that she will marry George Raft as soon as his divorce is granted. Mrs. George Raft says she knows nothing about any divorce.

After one year of studying, Francis X. Shields, the tennis big shot, will get a good role in "Come and Get It."

Jeanette MacDonald has just sold her own story, "Americans Can Sing Too," to M-G-M and will play the lead in it.

Bob Montgomery, having finished "Picadilly Jim," rushed to his Connecticut farm for a two months' rest.

Ginger Rogers has sailed for Europe. This leaves Jimmy Stewart dating Eleanor Powell.

Fred Astaire is in Europe, too, but Freddie is visiting his sister, Lady Cavendish.

Hottest romance now is Frances Langford and Ken Boland.

Margaret De Corr Seddon and Margaret McWade, the pixilated old maids of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," have just been signed by Paramount for "One Man's Bonus" with Eddie Horton.

Joan Crawford is that happy that she gets Spencer Tracy as her next leading man.

Isabel Jewell takes that matrimonial leap with Owen Crump in October.

The rift between Polly Moran and her husband, Martin Malone, has been patched up.

Herbert Marshall, with only fifteen days' vacation between pictures, plans to go to London for five days.

Claudette Colbert gets Fred MacMurray for her leading man in her next picture.

Remember "The Black Legion" discovered in Michigan? Humphrey Bogart will star in a picture of the same name. The story and the title were sold to Warner Brothers ten days before the headlines.

Robert Benchley, who has taught you "How to Eat" and "How to Sleep," is making "How to Vote."

Janet Gaynor has just signed a special contract to play the lead in that childhood classic, "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew."

Four hours after Robert Taylor said "How do you do?" to Greta Garbo for the first time the two were doing passionate love scenes for "Camille."

Bing Crosby has been asked to combine business with pleasure. He had planned a vacation in Honolulu after completing "Pennies from Heaven," and now the Paramount studio bosses are asking him to star in their Technicolor special "Waikiki Wedding," which will be made over there.

Gene Raymond deserves your cheers. He just returned from the drought area, where he made several benefit appearances for the fund for little children affected by the ordeal.

Thelma Raye, ex-wife of Ronald Colman, is in Hollywood for the first time and she's taking in all the famous night spots.

When Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, Mitchell Leisen and George Burns get together it's Gracie who's the life of the party with George making believe he's bored with her popularity.

Beauty Department

(*Continued from page* 28)

about your figure? Have you looked at it recently? I mean really looked? Strip down and stand in front of a long mirror and then analyze what you see. Don't flatter yourself, but on the other hand, don't be too discouraged. Don't even feel unhappy thinking about how much work and time it may take to change what you don't like. Because there's something you can do *right now*, and that's to check up on your girdle and brassiere. Confess, how long have you been wearing the type you have on now?

The other day, an older woman said to me she simply didn't know what she was going to do. The type of corset she always had worn was being discontinued. I looked at her figure, and I wanted to say, "It's a good thing for you that you can't keep on wearing that type!" Maybe it had fitted her, been right for her, when she first chose it, but it certainly wasn't now. Our figures change, you know, just as the color of our skins does, and that's why you should never take for granted either your cosmetics or your foundation garments. That corset gave my friend the funniest look, and I don't believe it could ever have been comfortable, but she was so used to it I suppose she didn't notice how it felt, nor how it looked, either, for that matter.

HABIT! What a powerful force that is for good or bad. It's fine to have a habit of eating sensibly, and doing special exercises and watching your posture. It's not fine when habit lets you do yourself an injustice by not making sure you are wearing the right things to look your best.

As I told you last month, I'd been taking a special look around at some of the new foundation garments, and what I saw makes me hope you'll go right out and have a look for yourself. Why, some of these girdles and brassieres and "all-overs" are even being designed on an entirely new principle. They not only improve your figure when you first get into them, but they are constructed to coax your figure gradually back to the place where it ought to be, thus working in perfect harmony with your health regime and exercises. At no time are they at variance with the natural, normal outline. This is more vital than you may think, because the comparatively slight discomfort of a badly fitted, badly designed corset doesn't *seem* dangerous. But if you could see an X-ray of the way some of your most important insides are being pushed around, day after day, you'd quickly appreciate the damage such malsupport can do!

The manufacturers have also been quick to utilize the every finding of science which could help them, and we have wonderful new fabrics which almost duplicate that most wonderful of fabrics, the human skin, which supports, yet stretches where it should.

And don't forget the type of foundation garment which actually helps you to reduce, through the gentle action of the material in it. It "works while you wear

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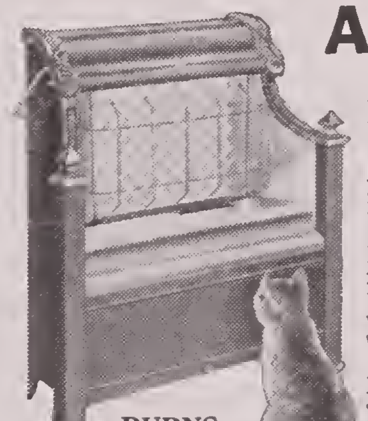

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it," so to speak, and it works well, too.

In fact, I know my mail will be heavy this month, since the news of all these things is here in this article in direct response to inquiries. I even took some of your letters along with me, when I went out hunting answers on this subject. And here are some more answers:

Yes, there is an excellent special-fitting corset service which can be used to advantage by any woman, but which, if I can judge by the results I saw, should be an absolute life-saver for the heavier woman who must pay the closest attention to her foundation garments.

Yes, there is a very interesting line of brassieres which *do* give you the normal "up-lift" line without too tight, or ill-placed constraint of sensitive tissues.

And there is a new clever little gadget to hold up stockings. It positively does *not* make a bump through a fitted skirt. And it's so simple, and the parts so beautifully finished that it holds firmly the sheerest stocking without hurting it. You can now buy these separately, I'm glad to say, as they were first used only on the more expensive girdles.

Please, whatever your beauty problems are (and don't forget I'm always ready to help with them all) *don't* neglect your figure. See that you are wearing a foundation garment which does things for you, for your health, your comfort, and for your appearance. Such a garment is truly a foundation for chic and for perfect grooming. Any other kind is a waste of effort and money.

Knock on Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 61)

Tommy's, school. She had never won anything in her life, so she felt safe taking the chance. This time, she won. When the birds were delivered to her, she bolted the door and told the messenger boy to take them back and raffle them off again.

Animals are Tom Brown's superstition, too. If any stray cats or dogs pass his house, he takes them in and finds a home for them. Richard Arlen is a star gazer and makes his plans when the moon is crescent.

Many of the movie folk superstitions are inexplicable: Minna Gombel won't drink out of a red cup or glass and Billie Burke, for reasons known best to herself, tears her hair if her shoes are placed beneath the level of her dressing table.

Not only personalities, but even big business is superstitious. At Warners' studio, now in the midst of a building rush, there is a new fifty-thousand dollar sound stage. It is Stage 12A. Warners know they could never round up a cast to play on a stage thirteen. On the corner of Sunset and Gower there is a bench for the weary wayfarer. But only the most fool-hardy of actors would use it. For the bench is jinxed by being identified with out-of-work players, waiting for a call from the nearby quickie studios.

Superstitions are older than history. Back in the cave-man epoch, when nature and the elements seemed to have a grudge against puny man, these phobias were born. If a man stumbled over a rock, that rock had something against him. So he kicked the rock. Some people do that even today. If he fell over a cliff, some unseen force pushed him. Thus, such things as knocking on wood, throwing salt over shoulders and keeping fingers crossed were developed to appease the evil spirits.

Man, in those dark days, had no control over his fate. He was buffeted by the winds of chance, against which he had no practical scheme of defense. And the chief reason that superstition plays such a large part in the lives of actors is that they, too, have little control over their destiny. It is all chance.

One scene can make or break a star. Because sound treatment was still uncertain, John Gilbert's voice came out a squeak and ruined his career. Marie Dressler was ready to quit pictures when she got the role in "Anna Christie." Myrna Loy was just about washed up as an Oriental vamp, when Arthur Hornblow, her husband, saw a bright modern type in her. A few years ago, Connie Bennett was the highest priced star in Hollywood. Now Miss Bennett, who hasn't changed at all, is hardly ever called by the studios. A short year and a half ago, Bob Taylor was making thirty-five dollars a week as a student actor and anxious to get into some other line of work.

Things are going perfectly for Bob right now. But he told me he wouldn't make, much less discuss, any future plans. It's all too complicated for him. He can't quite figure how he climbed to where he is and he hasn't the faintest idea where he'll be two years from now.

Is it any wonder that the stars, tossed about by the caprice of a fickle public and tricky mechanical studio devices, are uncertain of what tomorrow will bring? There is no such thing as planning a studio career. That is why the stars are slaves to superstitions. Some little action, unimportant of itself, may raise them to the heights or dash them to the depths.

All an actor can do is work hard, hope for the best, keep his fingers crossed, touch wood, stay away from black cats, wish on a new moon and never be the third on a match.

We think it's all very silly ourself.

But we wouldn't dream of trying to write anything unless an ancient brown felt hat were perched securely on our head at the time!

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Stars in the Air

(*Continued from page* 49)

them together and transport officials start taking aspirin and do not quit until word is wirelessed back that the ship has reached its destination and Mexican dynamite and American brawn have committed no worse than mayhem on each other.

No indeed, life in the skies is never dull with Johnny and Lupe aboard. Even without her husband Lupe generally manages to keep things interesting. There was the day, for instance, when Pilot La Mar Nelson stepped from the plane on a mid-west landing field to find Lupe so jack-knifed up that her mop of curly black hair was sweeping the ground. Strange moans came from her lips.

Nelson rushed to her side. "Are you ill, Miss Velez?" he asked solicitously. "May I get you something, do something?"

Lupe straightened. "Go away, you fool!" she stormed. "Lupe is relaxing!"

HOWEVER, this is not a story of the Weissmullers' didoes. It is the story of the Hollywood stars in the skies as the pilots and hostesses of the various airlines know them and see them.

They have been flying high, these movie boys and girls, for quite a spell now. Since, in fact, the pioneer days when air traveling was done in small, open cockpit affairs that carried the mail and one passenger. And speaking of those good old days which were plenty hazardous, veteran pilots still chuckle over the story of "The Bebe Daniels Scare" or "90 Minutes Late" whenever they gather to chin over the antics and qualities, good and bad, of their famous passengers.

Bebe was flying west and Jimmy James, now an august air official, was at the controls of the Western Air Express ship. In those days it was the pleasant, if highly informal, custom of the pilots to "sit down" when east and westbound planes met on the Nevada desert, have a smoke and exchange a yarn or two.

Studio officials were nervous enough as is was, what with such valuable property as Bebe a couple of miles up in the air, but when the plane was overdue half an hour, then an hour and finally an hour and a half, they were fit to be tied. A terrific calamity must have happened. Ere long their fears became contagious and the whole airport was in an uproar. Two-way communication with planes was unknown in those days, remember.

Eventually the plane came in. Out stepped James and Bebe, taken aback, to put it mildly, to find such a furor raging about them. What had happened, for pete sake? Why nothing. Bebe had had such an inexhaustible fund of swell yarns that it took an hour and a half of sitting in the middle of a patch of sagebrush to even make a dent in them!

Another favorite old-time yarn concerns Bebe's husband, Ben Lyon. Ben was waiting in Salt Lake to make connections with the westbound plane when the sad news was broken to him that there was no room for him, reservation or no reservation. The mail was extra heavy and the mail had to go through.

"But I've got to get to Los Angeles to-

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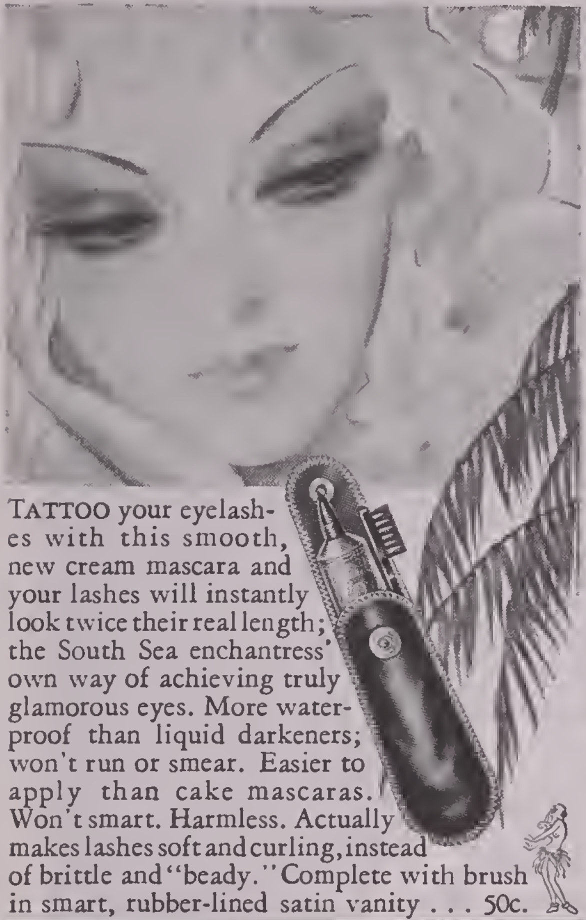

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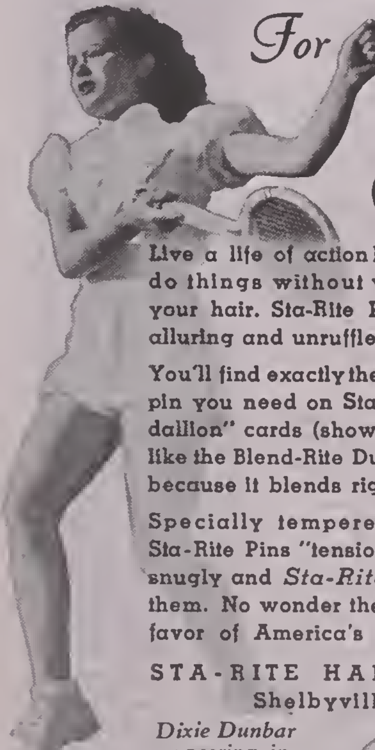

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STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. Shelbyville, Ill. ©1936

Dixie Dunbar appearing in PIGSKIN PARADE a 20th Century-Fox Production

STA-RITE Hair Pins • Bob Pins

night," Ben pleaded. "It is terrifically important!"

"No can do, fellow," Fred Kelly, the pilot, explained. "The mail is so heavy it would overload the ship dangerously to take you along, too."

"I don't care about the danger," Ben insisted. "I've got to get there tonight."

Kelly finally acquiesced. If Ben was willing to take the gamble, so would he. But what, he wondered, was so all-fired important that Ben was willing to risk his life for it? He found out the next day when he picked up a paper and read that Ben and Bebe had been married the night before.

All Hollywood flies today, making it seem unbelievable that as short a time as five years ago studios had strict edicts prohibiting it. Some million dollars is spent by stars, executives, writers, etc., annually for fares over TWA (Transcontinental & Western Air), United Air Lines and American Airlines, Inc., sky routes. Even that old hold-out, Mae West, gave in the other day and made her first air trip from San Francisco to Hollywood. Now, she says, when she says come up and see her sometime, she'll really mean up!

TRUE, Garbo still sticks to trains. But Garbo has flown, which probably will be news to a lot of people, including M-G-M. It was about eight years ago at the time of the famous St. Francis dam disaster. John Gilbert chartered a plane and persuaded Greta to go along with him on a sight-seeing trip over the raging flood-waters. Greta went—and loved it!

They are good sailors, too, these movie folk. Which means that their stomachs stay nicely put when weather gets choppy. Connie and Joan Bennett even prefer bumpy weather in the skies; it adds spice to the trip, they say. Incidentally, while we are talking about good sailors, you might take a tip (rather an expensive one, at that) from funster Donald Ogden Stewart if you have a stomach addicted to the squeams. He finds a pint of champagne every now and then equally as efficacious as Mother Sill's and ten times more enjoyable.

Here is something else that may surprise you. For all their wealth and temperament, for all they are in the habit of demanding this and that, the stars are the most popular passengers with airline employes. Not because they are famous but simply because they demand less service, are more amiable to get along with and far more amenable to reason when for one cause or another a plane must be grounded or is late in making connections.

True, Connie Bennett will fuss and fume now and then about excess baggage charges and Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn will cause a few headaches with their howling about being "protected" from the "mobs of fans" who storm the field when they land anywhere. That sort of thing strikes the pilots and hostesses as pretty silly; Connie has plenty of money to pay legitimate charges and both Hepburn and Sullavan are what they are today because of admiring fans.

Hepburn did one thing, though, that won their admiration. A child of four was traveling alone from California to New York and Katie, far from being annoyed at the natural spirits of the kid, undertook to amuse and mother him throughout the entire journey.

Speaking of excess baggage, be-monocled Ivan Lebedeff, he who kisses hands so suavely and is such an elegant villain on the screen, recently established a record. On a flight to New York he paid United Air $356.80 for luggage in excess of the allowed thirty pounds! Which, in case you are hazy on your flying rates, is almost $200 more than the fare for one person. Paul Lukas, on the other hand, usually skips off with nothing more than a hat box while Sally Rand—it would be Sally—holds the all-time low for luggage. Her fans weigh in the neighborhood of one pound.

What do they do, these famous passengers, to while away the hours in the air? They sleep, most of them, for hours on end; the steady thrum of the motors, or maybe the altitude, seems to act as a soporific. Elissa Landi says she flies because she cannot sleep on a train. During waking hours they read, knit, play checkers (L. B. Mayer is a fiend for this pastime), work cross word puzzles or just plain watch the landscape whizz by below.

Bert Wheeler, by the way, has the sight-seeing-from-the-air tale that tops them all. Accompanied by Bob Woolsey a couple of years ago, Bert booked passage for a special flight over the Swiss Alps. In no other way, he was given to understand, could he see or appreciate their vastness and grandeur.

A few minutes before the plane was due to sail over the snow-capped peaks, Bert went to a little room in the rear of the ship. For some unaccountable reason the door jammed. Equally unaccountable was the fact that no one missed him. So, Bert says, he saw the Alps "through a keyhole, as it were!" for two solid hours.

Fay Wray, with 12,000 miles in one month, now holds the title of the most air traveled miss or missus in Hollywood, a title she won from Lupe Velez after the death of Lilyan Tashman. Leland Hayward, Hepburn's manager and rumored husband, is undisputed champ among the men with Leo Carrillo and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., crowding for second place. Other constant users of the airlanes include Wallace Beery and George Brent, both of whom own their own planes; the Bennett sisters, Lionel Barrymore, Eddie Lowe, Gary Cooper, Roscoe Ates, Stepin Fetchit, Joe E. Brown, Jackie Coogan, Tala Birrell, Clark Gable, Ann Sothern, Anita Louise and, of course, Bebe and Ben Lyon.

LIL TASHMAN was a prime favorite with the pilots. They admired her beauty and talents, yes; but more than anything they admired her good fellowship and indomitable courage. They recall many a flight when the weather went "soupy," which means plenty rough, when Eddie Lowe would quit the ship in favor of a train while Lil stuck it out as long as the plane was in the air.

But if Eddie checked out of flights occasionally, he was not alone in the idea. Mary Pickford does it quite frequently. Mary flies by the stars. Actually. If her astrologist-adviser says the stars are propitious for such an undertaking, Mary flies; if not, Mary stays on the ground. And no amount of fair weather reports, assurances or anything else can budge her. She once

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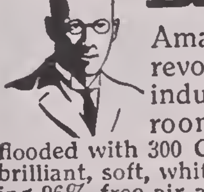

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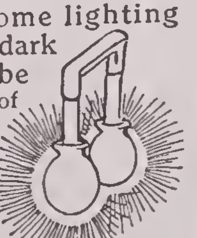

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J. C. Steese, Inventor, 120 Steese Bldg., Akron, Ohio

left a plane at Kansas City, when she was bound for New York, because a "propitious" day turned into an "unpropitious" one when the clock struck twelve midnight.

Joe E. Brown has an air idiosyncracy, too, but it is of a different nature. He will not buy a round-trip ticket although he could save himself many a dollar in so doing.

"No, it isn't any fool idea I have about fate or anything like that," Joe explains it. "I just always lose the blankety blank return portion!"

Slow-poke Stepin Fetchit has ticket-losing troubles, too. At least, he used to. Now he circumvents that misery by carrying the precious bit of paper between his sock and the sole of his shoe. It may delay matters somewhat in getting the ticket validated and such—getting a Fetchit shoe off and then *on* again is plenty of grief—but, by Joe, he doesn't lose it. No, ma'am!

Nancy Carroll, who gave studio employes many a headache in her heyday on the screen, has been the pet of the flying boys since that cold wet night some years ago when a plane had to land because of "soup" at a little settlement called Waynoka, Oklahoma. Making sure that the passengers were well covered with blankets while sleeping soundly in the plane, the pilots holed in at the emergency hut on the field for an all-night vigil. Soon there was a knock at the door. There stood Nancy. When she spied a small stove she immediately set to work to make them coffee with nary a word about the inconvenience of having to spend the night in so uncalculated a manner.

FREDRIC MARCH and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., head the list of the hostesses' pets because of gallantry. If the plane is full, Freddie always insists the girl occupy his seat while he takes the less comfortable jump-seat alloted to her and Doug insists on tucking her up in his blankets during the night.

Freddie and Doug cannot be blamed for their interest and solicitation; the hostesses and stewardesses on all lines are uncommonly fetching. So fetching, in fact, that many of them have been offered screen tests and contracts by movie big-wigs flying with them, and Will Rogers, after his first flight with one of them in attendance, succinctly wrote United's president: "Dear Mr. Patterson—Suggest you have a stewardess for each passenger. Will Rogers." The framed postcard hangs in Patterson's office today, a cherished memento of a great man.

Clark Gable, too, is a favorite with the airlines personnel. He won their allegiance after a trip through the Douglas factory in Santa Monica where he not only graciously autographed anything from a slide rule to a piece of crude metal but spent more than an hour posing with them for innumerable pictures snapped by the fortunate few who had their cameras with them.

His recent trip to New York marked a gala occasion for Robert Taylor. Not only was it his first visit to New York but likewise his first time in the air. Despite extremely rough weather all the way he was a model passenger, they say, and refreshingly curious about the whole trip.

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Incidentally, he tells a good story on himself about that trip. When the plane landed at Wichita the field literally was jammed with people.

"I was feeling pretty puffed up about it," Bob laughed, "until I discovered that Clarence Chamberlin, the famous flier, had just landed there and was the cause of all the commotion!"

What Bob did not add, but Pilot Milo Campbell did, was that the crowd switched its worship as soon as Bob's identity was revealed and all but tore him to pieces in their eagerness to see him at close range.

For downright courage, the pilots give the palm to fragile Anita Louise. She maintained unshaken calm through an experience that would have bothered many a veteran flier. She was riding at the controls (a practice no longer permitted) with Pilot Nelson when the steel inspection plate on the floor came loose. A gaping hole a foot long was left and through it the air rushed at terrifying speed and force.

"I wasn't any too happy about it myself," Nelson confessed. "But Miss Louise sat there as calm as you please with never a peep out of her. Believe me, that took nerve!"

Dick Powell and Gary Cooper both have had experiences on plane trips which they will not forget in a hurry. Dick's came when a mob actually besieged him in Fort Worth between planes and he had to take refuge in the chart tower at the airport and remain there behind locked doors until a police escort could arrive to clear a way out to the plane for him. Gary's happened when the plane on which he and Sandra, his wife, were returning from a hunting trip had to "sit down" at Palmdale on account of fog. As he started to step from the plane, a field official warned him back. The ground was overrun, suddenly, with rattlesnakes. That was right up Hunter Cooper's alley, however, so he whipped out one of his guns from its case and pop-popped away while Sandra calmly read a book until the coast was clear. Trust Gary to find excitement!

Finally there is the favorite story of all pilots, the story of Gloria Stuart and the Tail Wind. Gloria, it seems, was idly chatting about this and that with a pilot at Albuquerque on the occasion of her first flight.

"Why is it," she asked him, "that it takes only fifteen hours in the air going east to make the transcontinental flight and seventeen hours coming west?"

"Well," the pilot explained, "you see all ships have a tail wind going east. Coming back they don't."

Gloria pondered that a moment. Then her face lit up. "If it is as simple as all that, why don't they equip all ships with tail winds?" she said.

Kidding or not, it stopped the pilot cold.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford are congratulated by Cecil B. DeMille, Director of Lux Radio Theater, at the conclusion of their performance in "Chained" (remember Joan and Clark Gable in the picture?). This is the second time of late that Joan and Franchot have taken to the air; they did "Let Us Be Gay," the Rachel Crothers Broadway hit, for Shell Chateau recently.

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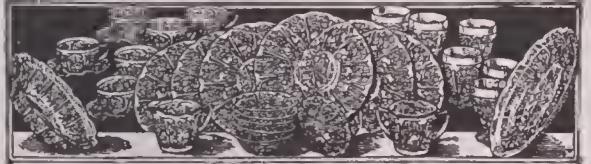

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Robert Taylor's Always Been in Love

(Continued from page 59)

span of his life— "and I have been in love with someone almost the entire time"—Bob admits that Grace was the first to stir tender sentiments in his chest. But Bob's feeling for the little girl who sat in front of him at school bloomed only to waste its sweetness on the desert air, for neither Grace nor the other kids knew of it.

On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, Bob accompanied his father on country calls. When he was eleven, his father gave him a pony, and his life was complete. Every spare moment from school he was on horseback. He need no longer wait for the doctor's professional trips to get around the countryside. He would drop in on farmer friends he had made with his father, sometimes staying for supper.

Every evening Bob took the same route from his country visits back to his home. And every evening a certain young lady of ten would manage to be out on her front lawn, swinging on her front gate to watch that dashing figure of eleven come galloping down the street headed for supper. He galloped, at first, but once he became conscious of Helen Rush he always slowed down to a walk.

"It was love again," sighs Bob.

It was Helen who was responsible for Bob's first fling in the social world. In her honor, he gave his first party, disastrous as it proved to be.

For weeks he had been thinking of ways and means to meet Helen. She did not attend his school and with the remote dignity of all ten-year-olds in such matters, they refused to speak without an introduction.

But there were several little girls Bob knew who were friends of Helen's, too. He conceived the idea of inviting eight of them to his home for a party, the only stipulation being that they bring Helen.

His first mistake was a decision to hold the party in the loft in the family barn. He had personally made the sandwiches and squeezed lemons for the event, and his mother had put twenty-five cents against the jelly bean refreshments. But the minute his guests, who had mistaken the invitation for a formal one, arrived in an array of party frocks with pink and blue ribbons bobbing on their heads, he realized it was going to be some job to boost them all through the trap door without considerable wreckage to those dresses! "Can't you just get a picture of me shoving them up through the hole in the roof?" Bob Laughs. "Still, I doubt if you can get the real depth of my feelings when it was discovered that everyone had come *but Helen Rush!*"

That first party was a bust. The young ladies complained loudly of the horsey odors from below. The flies added nothing to the delights of the refreshments. And the object of his affections had stayed severely away.

After that fiasco, he was temporarily through with girls.

When Bob was in the seventh grade, a new Junior High School was built in

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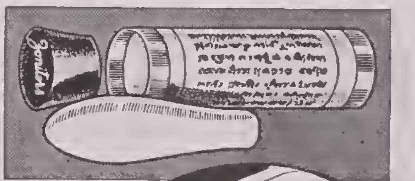

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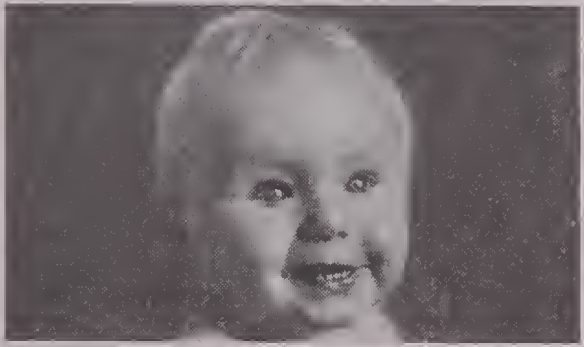

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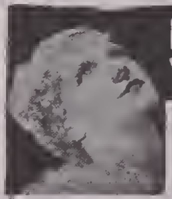

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The preview of "His Brother's Wife," the latest Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck picture, was a field day for the autograph hounds.

Beatrice and his interest turned to political activities. He was elected first president of the student body—"the biggest thrill I had had in my life."

His duties as "president of the whole darned thing" broadened Bob's interests considerably. He got it into his head that, as school president, he should be more or less master of everything. He turned seriously to his studies and surprised not only his teachers but himself by becoming an excellent student. He took up music in the guise of the cello and became so proficient that his local teacher prevailed on his parents to allow him to go to the Nebraska Conservatory of Music in nearby Lincoln. By the time he reached his second year in high school he was quite the school celebrity—a track man, an excellent tennis player, a "masterful" cellist and an orator of no mean ability.

But not until his senior year did he become an actor with a vengeance. It began when he won the oratory medal with his piece: "The Peculiar Position Held By School Teachers in Public Society."

Two other boys had won prizes in their respective divisions, and it was decided that these three celebrities should be entered in the county contest held in a neighboring town. "All three of us won firsts in that county contest, so we were sent to the district contest and won again." One of the judges of this final contest was the dramatic instructor of Doane College at Crete, Nebraska. Her name was Mary Ellen Inglis and she was the first person to predict an acting career for Bob. "I remembered her flattering interest in my career when, next year, I junked the idea of going to an Eastern college and enrolled at Doane along with my boon companion, Gerry Wiebe."

At Doane he felt out of things. Many of the students had known one another before coming to Doane, and cliques had been formed. The fellows were no longer fellows, but "men." But more terrifying than anything were the girls, who were "women."

Never had Bob seen a woman smoke before he came to Doane. He himself didn't smoke and he'd never had a drink of anything stronger than raspberry soda. Gerry Wiebe was as bewildered as Bob.

The first few months at Doane, Bob and Gerry spent most of their time—outside the classrooms—peering down from their dormitory windows on the spectacle of gay young men and women in their even gayer automobiles. They would have liked to be in the scene but they didn't know how to go about it. The local Demolay dance offered them their first opportunity.

For two days, Bob stood around trying to get up courage to invite a certain dark, slender and very *Vogue*-ish looking girl whose smartness and obvious sophistication had attracted him from the start. Finally, in desperation, he sought the council of a typical "Doane Man."

"Don't be a fool," grinned that gentleman of the world. "She's never been known to turn down an invitation. She's the party-going gal of the campus!"

Even with this heartening news, it took every bit of courage at his command to march up to this exotic princess in the commissary the following day and extend his invitation. Rather, he blurted:

"My name is Brugh. Would you mind terribly going out with a fellow who neither smokes nor drinks?"

That humorously naïve remark was extremely unfortunate. The siren threw back her head and let out a shriek of laughter that was heard around the campus.

It was the beginning of two miserable years of college life for Bob. He was considered a prig by the sophisticates. And he was not enough of a "grind" for the intellectuals. If it had not been for Gerry he would not have had a friend at college!

Bob had to fight for friends at college and the outcome of that struggle against misunderstanding, along with his adventures in getting to California, his days on the Pomona campus, and his sudden dazzling ascent to movie stardom will be told in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

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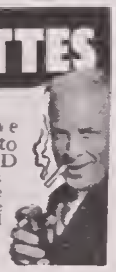

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Ross Alexander the Great

(*Continued from page 63*)

'hello' to the watchman at the employees' entrance and walked in. I went right to the president's office and told Mr. Bellows I was reporting for work. With a big sale like this surely he could use me. He said no, that the extra help had all been hired, and, 'I bid you goodday, young man!' He was very busy. I took the elevator down and went to the suit department. By ten o'clock I had sold seven suits and four overcoats. I put the sales in the store book and initialed them A. R. S.—Alexander Ross Smith is my real name. Then after the books were turned in that night I hung around until Mr. Bellows had sent for A. R. S. to commend him. When he recognized me, he was mad, but he hired me.

"Of course I never made any money while I was there. Since we could charge against our salary, when pay day came around I usually owed the company. Nice clothes have always been one of my weaknesses, and working right there in the department—well, you can imagine. Finally it got so bad I asked to be transferred to the boys' department, and if I do say so as shouldn't, I turned out some pretty smart boys while I was there! Of course their families never recognized them when they got home. I was crazy about color in those days, colored shirts, socks, etc. (shades of Broadway), and Rochester hadn't quite accepted it yet. But eventually the mothers coming back for exchanges got the best of me. I argued one woman into a faint one day, and Mr. Bellows sent for me. 'Smith,' he said, 'I don't think you're happy here.' The school principal had started his dismissal speech the same way. I saw what was coming. But I staved it off for a while. 'It's that department,' I said. 'You know, I think I could do much better as a window trimmer!' And so he gave me a chance at it. You see, I was still so in debt I *had* to stay on for a while longer.

THE window trimming wasn't bad. At least I could put a lot of my screwy ideas into practice there. One week I startled Rochester by a tremendous display in MacFarlane's biggest window. That window was about a half a block long, big enough to really do things." Ross grinned mischievously in rememberance. "Gosh, how that did attract the crowds! In the middle of that great big space I put *one* lonesome little hat!

"But this triumph caused jealousy. Oh my goodness, yes! The next day the head window trimmer made a wisecrack while I was standing in the middle of one of the windows where I couldn't reach him, so I let go with a hatstand. It missed and broke the back mirror! That time Mr. Bellows said, 'Smith, I *know* you're not happy here! I hate to see you go, but . . .'

"After that I was office boy in a manufacturing concern, until they practically shut the door in my face one day because I had taken the whole morning off for breakfast! So then I went into the restaurant business—and on a capital of $35. Oh, it was a great venture. I rented

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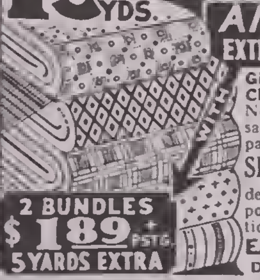

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space on percentage, bought second-hand furniture, and a crate full of old candles and called the place 'Le Coq D'Or!' The papers gave it great publicity: 'Bohemia Comes to Rochester!' I was cook, waiter, and cashier. It was a strictly one-man restaurant, though the first night about twenty customers showed up. There were never quite so many at one time after that, but still I did a good business. Didn't make any money, but I broke even. I was in business four months which was pretty good for a sixteen-year-old, don't you think? You see I couldn't make any money because I had to cook with electricity and I didn't have adequate refrigeration so I had to buy in small quantities at retail. One thing I really am proud of, though—the Thursday Evening Open Forums I instigated. You see the restaurant was right across the street from the Eastman School of Music, and because of that I had contact with quite a few important people. He doesn't remember it, but Mamoulian talked there one night, and so did Vladimar Rosing of the Rochester Opera, and O'Brien, one of the prominent politicians in the town. Who knows, if the Eastman school hadn't closed for the summer, and my restaurant along with it, I might have become one of the literati!

"At the end of the restaurant era Dad finally agreed to let me go to New York. He scraped up $500 and I went to the Packard School of the Theater. In six weeks they promised to turn me out, a full fledged actor, with an Equity card! Imagine anyone thinking he can learn to act—or do anything—in six weeks. But as luck would have it, the very day I graduated, I did get a job! Blanche Yurka came in looking for a young man to join her in a play in Boston. I was the only one graduating so she had to take me!"

FROM that day to this Ross has been one of those fortunate people who has never once had to look for a job. Not that he hasn't had his periods of near-starvation. He has. But early in his career he adopted the psychology of letting them, all-inclusive for job-offerers, come to him. Sometimes it was hard to stick to it. But always he stayed away from the casting offices. As he says: "It put me in an independent position when the job finally did come around. I could ask for things I wouldn't have dared to ask for had I been making the advances."

It was that way with the movies. Ross had made a hit in "That's Gratitude" with Frank Craven when motion picture studios first began to take an interest in him. Paramount was the most persistent and the highest bidder. But Ross turned a deaf ear. He didn't want to come to Hollywood at that time; he felt he still had too much to learn on the stage. Then he married, and in the months that followed he and his wife were both crudely awakened to the realization that this marriage should never have been. Before the marriage had really begun, they decided to call it quits. But calling it quits, in Ross's case, turned out to be an expensive affair. This sent him to Hollywood sooner than he expected. He told Paramount he'd sign with them if they gave him a certified check for ten thousand dollars in advance. They did, much to everyone's surprise, and Ross turned it over to his wife's lawyer.

There were other things about that contract which were unusual. There was a Ross-instigated clause which asserted that Ross was to get a bonus of one thousand dollars every time he stepped in front of a motion picture lens to make a motion picture. "I had a good reason for that. You see those contracts require you to do everything—make tests with other players, pose for publicity stills, advertising tie-ups, appear in benefits. From the length of those clauses you'd think that acting for pictures was the smallest part of it. And I wanted to be sure that when they did put me in a picture they'd think twice about the kind of part they were going to give me. It stands to reason that if they had to pay me an extra thousand dollars every time they gave me a part they wouldn't use me in little ones. The theory was all right. But it turned out all wrong. Instead of thinking twice they thought three times and didn't use me at all. I made one picture on my contract in New York, before I came out here. That was a three-months' super-special called 'The Weaker Sex.' Claudette Colbert was in it. And Lilyan Tashman, Franchot Tone, Douglas Dumbrille and William Boyd. And it was the *worst* picture ever produced! Ask Claudette if you don't believe me. Out here I didn't make one.

I WENT back to New York and during a period of two years appeared in six flops. And the pictures again took a flying leap—Metro signed me on a six week option at $850 a week. I married again and came back. That time they did get around to making a test of me. But even that wasn't until the sixth week. Afterwards the front office called me in. One of the executives said: 'Did you see your test, Mr. Alexander?' I said I had. 'Then tell us, if you were a producer, what would you pay that actor?' 'About fifty cents a week,' I answered. 'That's what we think!' he said. And for a second time I left Hollywood! The trouble with them was that they didn't have the heart to tell me what was the matter. I knew, but I wasn't going to tell them. I look like the west end of a horse going east! And don't think I think I'm kidding when I say that! If this third time try at the movies *is* going to be charm, then it's only because fans no longer care *what* kind of animal their heroes look like!"

And if that doesn't dispel the last whisper of the Ross Alexander conceit rumor, then nothing ever will. You'd like Ross. His good-natured-laughing-at-himself-humor. And most of all, his amazing vitality, the thing that has saved him through many of his recent trials.

A NEW PRIZE LETTER CONTEST

If you had one hour to live over again which would you choose? Would it be spent alone or with someone dear to you? Would it be a gay hour or a serious one? We asked a number of stars this question, and their answers will thrill you. Read them in November MOVIE MIRROR, on sale September 25th, and learn about the prizes to be awarded for the best letter on the subject, "If I Had One Hour to Live Over Again." Your letter may win a substantial cash award.

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- See your local newspaper for time and station

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 83*)

asked the question: "How do you like Faye's new hair?" The answers were nine to one in favor of the new color.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD LINE O' TYPE

Remember the fighter who hit his opponent so hard on the chin that he broke the fellow's ankle? Marion Davies danced so hard for musical scenes in "Cain and Mable" she fractured a rib.

Mae West has lost fourteen pounds.

The fifty chorus girls who work for dance director Leroy Printz wanted the afternoon off. So, when they heard it was his birthday, they ran onto the set with hundreds of gag presents. It took the poor guy three hours to unwrap them.

Even before the four gals had a chance to argue it out, the studio decided who was going to get the best breaks when Connie Bennet, Simone Simon, Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young get together for "Ladies in Love." Loretta, who has just finished a long seige with "Ramona," will be head woman, regardless of any other fits of temperament. Hollywood is watching the set for fireworks anyway.

Gary Evans Crosby is certainly getting his early training for his future role of man-about-town. Every afternoon, of late, his grandfather takes him over to the pony run and Gary takes a lesson in riding. Dancing comes next.

* * *

WE walked quietly onto the set of "Valiant is the Word for Carrie" and came face to face with the most nervous guy in Hollywood. It's John Howard. John has reason, too. All day he had been making love to Arline Judge on the set. If you remember the story, those love scenes are rather torrid. The director, sitting there with a scowl on his face, was Wesley Ruggles—Arline's husband.

* * *

LEO, the regular soft-drink salesman on the Fox lot, is about ready to sue Jane Withers for unfair trade practices. Jane gathered up all the kids in her neighborhood and formed a company. The gang was to chip in for a lemonade stand and all the fixin's and set up business just outside the studio gate. Between scenes, Jane picks up first one star and then another for a trip to the front gate.

* * *

HARPO MARX, the mum member of the outfit, is through with fortune-telling devices. Walking out of the Brown Derby the other day, Harpo stepped on one of those penny scales that weigh you and throw in a prediction, free. He picked up the card that flew out of the machine, read it. It said:

"You've a great future—if you'd stop talking so much!"

* * *

CLARK GABLE and Robert Taylor have been ordered to "de-tan." Gable was several shades darker than usual for "Cain and Mable" and Taylor had a grand tan for "His Brother's Wife." But Gable's next, "Parnell," and Taylor's "Camille" are strictly indoor pictures.

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★ and in-between shades! *Help your hair to more beauty!* Noted stylists agree that a color rinse is as necessary to true beauty as lipstick and rouge. Golden Glint Rinse imparts natural sunlight tints and subtle tones to every shade of hair — quickly, easily. Not a dye—not a bleach.

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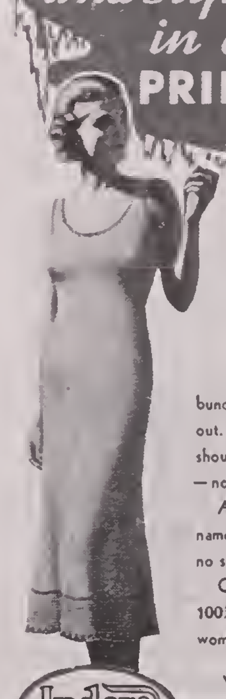

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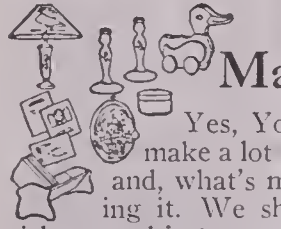

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 37*)

a great picture; it remains the vehicle of individual stand-out performances.

What story there is concerns an heiress who, on the eve of a loveless marriage, skips out and boards a freight train for escape. She finds a cowboy and his prize steer aboard. The cowboy, thinking she is a criminal on the "lam" tries to help her while three hoboes plot a kidnapping for ransom. Of course, they finally reach the ranch, many songs are sung and much comedy is played, and boy meets girl at altar.

Martha Raye steals the picture with an unrestrained brand of rowdy slapstick and a way of swingin' a swing tune that will make you cheer. What is left is divided between Bob (Bazooka) Burns and Bing Crosby. Plenty of good songs and laughs by Burns complete the demonstration. Best tunes: "You'll Have To Swing It" (Raye), "I Can't Escape From You" and "Empty Saddles" (Crosby) and a couple of bazooka toots by Burns.

Your Reviewer Says: Bing sings and Martha swings . . . better go.

Down the Stretch (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Patricia Ellis, Mickey Rooney, Dennis Moore, William Best, Gordon Hart, Gordon Elliot, Charles Wilson.*

It's About: *The outlawed jockey who throws away his future by fouling a "favorite" to repay an old kindness.*

A pleasant little picture about the son of a disreputable jockey who, on the day he is to be sent to reform school, is befriended by a young couple who own a large stable of horses. Although he is shunned by the other riders on the track because of his father's reputation, he gives his all until, at last, he becomes leading jockey of the country. Enter the big gamblers! They can't make him ride the way they want him to, so they frame him into being banned from riding for a year. He goes to England to ride in the sweepstakes. While there, the young couple arrive with their remaining one horse and enter him in the Big Race. True to his father's reputation, the kid jockey fouls the favorite so that his benefactor's one horse can win.

Mickey Rooney does well with the role of the kid jockey. Acting honors also go to his colored pal, Willie Best, who runs away with all the laughs. Patricia Ellis tries awfully hard.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild but okay.

✓✓ Give Me Your Heart (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, George Brent, Roland Young, Patric Knowles, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescourt, Helen Flint, Halliwell Hobbs.*

It's About: *A girl who gives up her illegitimate son to her lover's invalid wife and finds the memory too great a strain on her marriage.*

An exceptionally well-written play brought to the screen with splendid emotional restraint proves a perfect vehicle for the dramatic power of Kay Francis and Frieda Inescourt and the comedy forte of Roland Young and Helen Flint. While women will be spell-bound by the story and thrill to the problem involved, such fare is strictly adult.

Play concerns two problems—should a girl give up the child she has borne for a lover, or give it over to the lover's crippled wife, and should the memory of the unseen baby in the hands of a woman she has come to hate be allowed to spoil the happy marriage the girl has made in another country? Both cases demand high quality writing and direction as well as finesse and sincerity of acting. Kay Francis makes fine use of the superlative dialogue and story construction; her dramatic ability and beauty combine to offer a perfect result. High honor must also go to Roland Young for his characterization of an understandable comedy role to round out the intensity of the dramatic moments. Frieda Inescourt, as the crippled wife, give as fine a performance as we've seen in months and Helen Flint gets many laughs as the belated sweetheart of Young. George Brent and Henry Stephenson perform their roles admirably.

Too much credit cannot be given to the delicate and sensitive honesty displayed in the writing and direction.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine adult entertainment. Women will love it.

Suzy (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, Lewis Stone, Benita Hume, Inez Courtney, Reginald Mason, Greta Meyer, David Clyde.*

It's About: *A Broadway showgirl, stranded in London in 1914, who marries a French ace only to find her "murdered husband" isn't dead.*

You'll probably be fooled into thinking this is going to be a grand picture. Certainly, Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant and Lewis Stone should make a great film; but a great cast is no good without a great story and excellent direction. "Suzy" is hampered by the lack of both.

The story, long drawn out and over-told in many instances, concerns a show girl in London just before the war. She marries a handsome young Irish inventor only to see him shot by a spy. Thinking him dead, she escapes to France where she marries a French ace. Unfortunately, the Irish inventor doesn't die and the ace doesn't love the girl as much as she loves him. He becomes involved with a beautiful brunette (the same spy who shot the show girl's first husband) and it takes the combined efforts of the Irish inventor and the little show girl to trap and kill the spy.

Jean Harlow, pushed over her depth into dramatic waters, is weak and unbelievable as *Suzy*. Franchot Tone flounders around in the quicksand of a phoney Irish dialect and fails to rise to his past performances. Cary Grant tries hard.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't say we didn't warn you.

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✓ Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Keye Luke, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Alan Dinehart, Gavin Muir, Frankie Darro, Al Meers.*

It's About: *How Chan solves the mystery of the murdered horse owner in time for the big race at Santa Anita.*

With the old combination of Warner Oland and Keye Luke at their best, plus much better material and lots of good suspense, this latest "Chan" comes close to being the best to date.

Story opens with a bang when jockey Frankie Darro "pulls" the favorite in a big race at Sydney, Australia. Owner of the horse takes his stable aboard ship for Santa Anita and is murdered before the boat gets to Honolulu where his old friend, *Charlie Chan*, is asked to solve the crime. *Chan's* son gets a job on the ship and aids his illustrious father in gaining clues to the murderer before the boat docks. Warning messages, eerie screams and plenty of suspense and action keep the plot at high pitch.

Warner Oland does his usual grand job in the title role, but Keye Luke, his son, pushes him even more than usual for a share of those honors. Alan Dinehart and his henchmen carry the suspense and villainy with plenty of zip, and Helen Wood teams romantically with Thomas Beck. Exceptional race track stuff is certainly worthy of high praise.

Your Reviewer Says: We thought it was swell.

✓✓ Bengal Tiger (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Barton MacLane, June Travis, Warren Hull, Paul Graetz, Joseph King, Don Barclay, Gordon Hart, Carlyle Moore.*

It's About: *A romantic triangle between a drunken lion tamer, his wife and a handsome aerialist in a small circus.*

A circus picture with some new twists that should make the kids cheer and give their parents lots of fun.

Barton MacLane, a two-fisted drinker and animal trainer, is saved from sure death by his faithful partner when the "bad cat" gets out of hand. When the partner dies through his heroism, the animal man marries his daughter out of gratitude, only to fall in love with her. Warren Hull, an aerialist, helps MacLane save his tigers during a fire and MacLane's wife, June Travis, plays nurse to Hull. Gratitude again leads to love, this time between the wife and the handsome high-flyer. When MacLane learns the truth, he knocks Hull out and throws him to the cats and the drama really gets going.

Barton MacLane gives a strong and sincere performance. Warren Hull and June Travis do their small roles well. The cast is uniformly good, with Don Barclay carrying off top honors as a clown practicing a new routine preparatory to asking for a raise. The circus fire is very well done.

Your Reviewer Says: It's okay. Take the kids and go.

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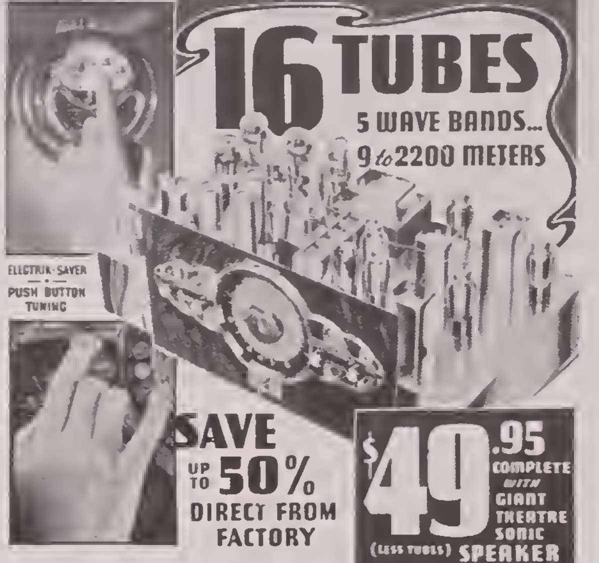
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✓✓ White Fang (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, Slim Summerville, Charles Winninger, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, Lightning (the dog).*
It's About: *A boy suspected of murder, his sweetheart, a pal and a dog in the frozen North.*

Here, against a backdrop of the North Country, is a fine story made even more interesting by the performance of a great dog actor, Lightning. Men, particularly, will love the lusty humor and adventure of this outdoor spectacle.

A young and none-too-brave sourdough, Michael Whalen, is suspected of murdering his sweetheart's brother to gain control of a gold mine. Suspicion is directed at him by the villain who knows the death was suicide but wants the mine for himself. Teeming with unusual and sometimes comical situations, the story rushes from gusty laughs to downright drama without a single let-up in action or interest.

Michael Whalen steps up the ladder with a fine performance as the murder suspect and Jean Muir is winsome and appealing.

Your Reviewer Says: Take the whole family.

✓ Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Florence Rice, Joseph Calleia, Lewis Stone, Nat Pendleton, Harvey Stephens, Leslie Fenton.*
It's About: *The victims of a vicious racketeer and how they get together to work out vengeance against him.*

We always get a kick out of seeing a "B" picture turn out almost Class "A" entertainment. This film is such a neat combination of comedy and melodrama, action and romance, as well as fine performances, that we doff our hat.

The plot concerns a small group of victims, and relatives of departed victims, of a crippled racketeer. Each of them has lost something precious through the depredations of this one man and they set out to get him. While this story is not original, the undercurrent of sub-plots and counter plots, together with a romance, makes for excellent entertainment.

Robert Young's performance is well nigh perfect and the way he carries off the romance will thrill you. Second honors go to Nat Pendleton. In the scene where Nat, as the screwy plug-ugly, cries his heart out, you'll do likewise. The next moment, though, he'll have you laughing—which is acting! Florence Rice does well as the other half of the romance and seems to be headed for bigger things.

Your Reviewer Says: A surprisingly good show.

✓ The Devil Doll (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, Robert Greig, Henry B. Walthall, Lucy Beaumont, Arthur Hohl.*
It's About: *The victim of a giant swindle who teams with a crackpot scientist to wreak his fantastic and horrible vengeance.*

Despite some rather good performances this picture, in its attempt to combine eerie fantasy and down-to-earth drama, falls short of pleasing both types of audience. Those who love horror pictures don't get enough: those who can't abide horror pictures get too much.

Lionel Barrymore escapes from the prison where he has been sent by a group of scheming bankers. Being innocent, his desire for terrible vengeance is understandable. He takes as a partner a goofy scientist who has the secret of reducing human beings to miniature people and, at the same time, reducing their will power to the point where they are the slaves of the two partners.

Lionel Barrymore, masquerading as a woman throughout most of the film, gets all there is out of his role. Maureen O'Sullivan, his daughter who believes him guilty, does well as she romances with Frank Lawton. Henry B. Walthall's final performance as a "crackpot scientist" is a fitting end to a great career. Special credit should be given to the trick photography.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a toss-up. You be the judge.

✓✓ Pepper (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Irvin S. Cobb, Dean Jagger, Slim Summerville, Muriel Robert, George Humbert, Ivan Lebedeff, Maurice Cass.*

It's About: *A tomboy who, with her gang, saves an old man's health and a young girl's heart.*

Kids will love this! It has everything to make them laugh and might even send the adults home chuckling. Plenty of good, clean fun.

Jane Withers is the leader of a gang of rough and tumble youngsters. Between street fights and other hilarious action, Jane stumbles upon Irvin S. Cobb, an old man who has about given up the fight to purchase health with his huge bankroll. She also runs into the rich man's daughter and gets a hunch that the oily gent who is paying her romantic attention is a phoney. How Miss Withers and her gang save the pretty daughter from the fake count and for the nice mounted policeman makes for plenty of laughs. But the real laughs are yet to come: Jane persuades the rich old man to go with the gang to Coney Island. All in all, the kids and their leader do a flock of good for the community.

Little Jane Withers is grand. To be sure she does a bit of mugging but that is the director's fault and doesn't detract from the fun. Irvin S. Cobb is okay and Muriel Robert should be heard from in the future.

Your Reviewer Says: Take all the neighborhood kids and go.

✓ Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jack Haley, Betty Furness, Robert McWade, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Bert Roach, Rosina Lawrence, Monroe Owsley.*

It's About: *A socially inclined barber who impersonates a wealthy playboy to crash the 400 as a house guest.*

If you like good, old-fashioned slapstick, this picture will send you away happy. It's been a long time since any Hollywood studio has decided to throw plot to the winds and just blend gags together. Everything from the old tried-and-true stunt where the hero loses his bathing suit under water to the chase by detectives and dogs has been revived. But they're still laughs.

Jack Haley, that comic with the wistful face, plays the barber with social ambitions who impersonates a famous and wealthy playboy as the house guest of one of the first families. Of course he falls in love with the wealthy daughter (Betty Furness) and then the fun begins. Plot (in the form of a newly-invented car that uses almost no fuel) threatens to come into the story, but is practically forgotten in a maze of slapstick antics and situations. The grand climax comes when Arthur Treacher gets under the hood of the car and peddles it about to show how "economical" the motor is. That one gag is worth the price of admission.

Jack Haley is refreshingly different from the run of comics and certainly comes off with high honors here. Arthur Treacher does one of his hilarious butlers for the usual loud laughs. Betty Furness is the only "straight" character. Monroe Owsley, Robert McWade and Edward Brophy head a swell cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Recommended as an excellent change of fare.

✓ I'd Give My Life (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sir Guy Standing, Frances Drake, Tom Brown, Janet Beecher, Robert Gleckler, Helen Lowell, Paul Hurst, Charles Wilson.*

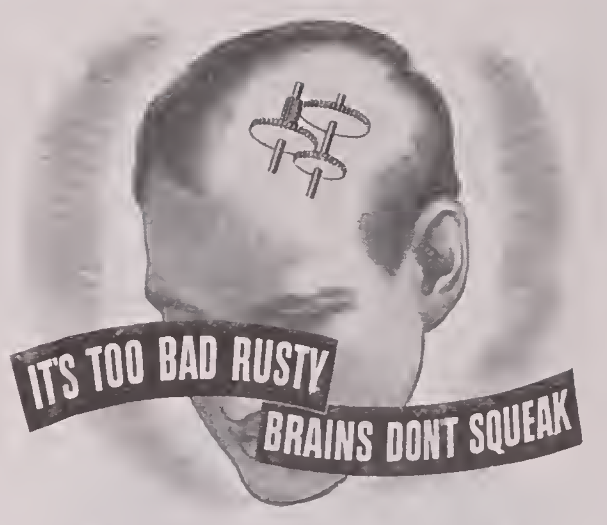
It's About: *A boy who, having killed his criminal father, refuses to tell why.*

Adapted from a famous stage play, "The Noose," this unpretentious picture fulfills every demand for good strong dramatic fare. While drama unrelieved by comedy might not be your favorite type of motion picture, there is little chance that this film will fail to interest you.

The story is meaty. An habitual criminal, failing at other devices, tries to persuade his son to aid him in blackmailing the governor of the state. The wife of the governor, unknown to the public, is the divorced wife of the criminal and the mother of the boy. Rather than submit, the son kills the father. Charged with murder, convicted and facing death by hanging, he still remains true to the idea that prompted the killing, and refuses to divulge the motive that would involve the very persons he is seeking to protect by his crime.

First honors go to Tom Brown for his honest sincerity and dignity in presenting a character who might easily have been overdone. Sir Guy Standing and Janet Beecher as the governor and his wife are very well cast and Robert Gleckler is exceptional in the role of the crook. Frances Drake, the other half of the romantic team with Tom Brown, appears to advantage and sings for the first time in her screen career. Sings well, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A good picture.



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His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia, John Eldridge, Samuel S. Hinds, Pedro de Cordoba, others.*

It's About: *The fight of a youthful doctor against disease and his tribulations with his brother's wife.*

This tiresome tangle of fever and serums and noble sacrifice dabbles in too many emotions, burdens itself with too many moods, and tries too hard to be a great story, and its bewildered stars perspire visibly in their efforts to clear the muddle.

Robert Taylor is the gay young doctor who, with ten days' grace before leaving on a dangerous medical expedition, spends them hysterically gadding with glamorous but honest Barbara Stanwyck. They love, they want to marry, but he has a gambling debt, and out of the ensuing confusion one gathers that Taylor's brother stops the match and then falls for the vengeful Stanwyck who marries him for a laugh. She reconsiders, joins her sulking sweetheart in the fever swamp, risks her life as a human guinea pig. The brother gets a divorce, Barbara gets well—and three cheers.

Hersholt as the old German scientist is amusing, Taylor is depressingly virile, and Miss Stanwyck is as good as her part allows her to be.

Your Reviewer Says: I wouldn't, if I were you.

✓ My American Wife (Paramount)

You'll See: *Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern, Fred Stone, Billie Burke, Ernest Cossart, Grant Mitchell, Hal K. Dawson, Adrian Morris, others.*

It's About: *An Arizona heiress who marries a European count and brings him back to her home.*

Francis Lederer is perfectly at home in cowboy garb in this amusing picture.

Grandpa (Fred Stone), a typical old Westerner and head of the family, is plenty annoyed when his granddaughter (Ann Sothern) and her socially inclined mother (Billy Burke) return from their eastern trip with a new member of the family, a real count—just a sissy, *Grandpa* concludes.

Lederer is installed in an ornate office in the family bank, given nothing to do but attend social functions and serve as a prize exhibit for the family. He rebels and seeks out *Grandpa* who puts him through a series of amusing and painful ranch tests, such as in "one-eyed Pete's place." His new bride is furious and packs her trunks for Reno, but of course never gets there.

Lederer and Stone capture acting honors with their excellent performances. Ann Sothern, Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart furnish good support.

Your Reviewer Says: An amusing light comedy romance.

Yours for the Asking (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino, Reginald Owen, James Gleason.*

It's About: *A big time gambler with society ambitions who almost gets cheated out of the right girl and all his money. Some high comedy antics go on.*

The sentimental title and the presence of Dolores Costello Barrymore might lead you to believe the muscular Mr. George Raft had gone in for romance in a big way. But don't let either the title or the lovely Dolores fool you. George is still the "guy who knows from nuttin'" in this fast-moving, really entertaining, action-crowded comedy set against the Miami social season. In fact, the love story is almost too nil. But you won't even mind that when such swell comedians as James Gleason, Reginald Owen, Ida Lupino, Edgar Kennedy, Lynne Overman, and, yes, even Dolores Barrymore get into action.

This time George is a small time gambler who goes into high gear with social ambitions when the "high society" Dolores Costello loses all her money at his roulette roadhouse. His three pals, a dealer, a barkeep, and a doorman—Gleason, Kennedy and Overman—decide Dolores is bad luck and try to frame their buddy into falling for Ida Lupino. Raft, exceptionally well photographed and looking thinner than usual, turns in one of his best performances. Dolores reveals her customary beauty plus unexpected comedy talents. Ida Lupino is delightful as the lady crook, and so is Reginald Owen as her bogus uncle.

Your Reviewer Says: Better see it.

✓✓ Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton, Simone Simon, Constance Collier, J. Edward Bromberg, Dixie Dunbar, John Qualen.*

It's About: *A school girl's adolescent love for the head professor of the school and what happened when she admitted it in writing.*

Introducing, in a picture full of exceptional performances and amazingly interesting situations, a new star—Simone Simon, the unusual foreign personality about whom so much has been rumored and so little seen.

The story concerns the love of a schoolgirl for the director of the Academy. When her love letter is discovered she admits that it was written with the director in mind. When she learns that an older woman in the school has been in love with her superior for over ten years she tries to make amends by saying that the whole thing was merely a hoax she perpetrated in order to graduate. The outcome is so unusual and arresting that we are loath to hint at the actual finale. This is one picture that must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated and we want you to enjoy it as we did.

You'll find yourself smiling at the unstudied ease with which newcomer Simone Simon portrays a girl of nineteen, with such girlish charm and talent that she appears even younger.

Herbert Marshall as the director and Ruth Chatterton as the woman who loves in silence are both superlative. The cast, including J. Edward Bromberg, John Qualen and Dixie Dunbar, is far above

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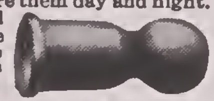

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Your Reviewer Says: Adult fare.

Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M)

You'll See: *Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Alan Hale, Sidney Toler, Daphne Pollard, Betty Healy, Noel Madison, Arthur Houseman.*

It's About: *Two sets of twins, their wives and sweethearts.*

The new Laurel and Hardy comedy, handicapped by poor comedy situations and direction that lacks spontaneity, isn't so funny.

The story concerns two hen-pecked husbands who, unknown to themselves, have each a twin brother. Of course, the twin brother in each case has a sweetheart. The paths of the two sets of twins cross on numerous occasions and the wives and sweethearts frequently get the boys mixed up. It's a good idea, but the oldtime zip and go are lacking. Thus, when the two hen-pecking wives pick up twins Laurel and Hardy—leaving the husbands to the sailors' sweethearts—the laughs that should have resulted are missing.

Laurel and Hardy are still our favorite funny men but they should get an excellent story and a really fine comedy director. In the supporting cast, Arthur Houseman, Alan Hale, Daphne Pollard and Iris Adrian do the best work.

Your Reviewer Says: A comedy without many laughs.

✓✓ Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Montgomery; Frank Morgan; Madge Evans; Eric Blore; Billie Burke; Robert Benchley; Ralph Forbes; Grant Mitchell.*

It's About: *A down-and-out actor and his artist son hunt moneyed and titled women together, but pick a family also hunting gold.*

At last Bob Montgomery gets the chance he has been forced to wait too long for, and the net result is one of the grandest bits of ultra funny entertainment we've seen for months.

The funny story by P. G. Wodehouse concerns a woman-chasing young English cartoonist who supports his actor father, Frank Morgan, who also fancies the ladies. Unknowingly, they get mixed up with different members of the same fortune hunting family. Bob likes the niece (Madge Evans) and Frank takes kindly to Billie Burke. Cartoonist Bob finds out about Papa's girl friend and makes an hilarious cartoon strip out of her family life before he discovers that Madge is also a member of the same family. How he works out of that one requires a fast crossing of the Atlantic, more love making and a flock of laughs.

Montgomery is at the head of the high comedy class again. He gives a swell performance and you'll love him. Frank Morgan is even better than usual. Madge Evans plays the love interest for Bob beautifully, while Billie Burke toys delightfully with Morgan's heart. Eric Blore and Bob Benchley are so funny it hurts.

Your Reviewer Says: A must see.

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J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 6KT
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

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Dept. 6KT
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

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CITY..............................STATE..............................

Rich Rewards in Radio

The Hidden Hollywood

In filmland, it's the previews that show what stars are made of and spell success or failure

By Ruth Waterbury

PREVIEWS are always the highlights of Hollywood. Beneath all the scandalizing, beyond all the whispers and rumors, despite the hysteria and longing and excitements of the career, the previews come. They are the final excuse for Hollywood existing at all.

THE highlight this month was the preview of "Romeo and Juliet." Early in the afternoon the autograph crowds began gathering before the Four Star Theater, where the showing was to be. No one knew how the autograph crowds discovered it was to be just that theater. But the boys and girls with the albums learned, as they always do. Sometimes the theater attendants talk; sometimes the smarter fans note quickly the unusual number of high powered cars in a near-to-the-theater parking station. One way or another they smell out the important previews.

By eight-thirty when we, the "working press" as Hollywood calls it (and I haven't an idea what an "unworking press" would be and I bet Hollywood hasn't, either), came along, the police had to be called and ropes put up to restrain the crowds. You could get through only by holding your tickets at arms length, above your head, and yelling. The preview began with exciting promptness for so important a one, being only ten minutes late—which might be listed as a miracle for Hollywood.

THIS "Romeo and Juliet" must certainly be the most beautiful ever made. I cannot see how anyone can ever produce it again on stage or screen, for there is no way to surpass this version aesthetically. Not at least until that probably never-to-be-realized day when some beautiful girl of fourteen comes along who can both play and look Juliet. The Shearer Juliet seems to me closer to perfection than any other I've ever seen or heard and, glimpsing her as I left the theater, huddled back in the last row of the house beside her husband, Irving Thalberg, I felt newly impressed by the miraculous way she keeps her head, unaffected by her own perfection in so many aspects of life.

BUT they do keep their heads, the really smart ones of Hollywood. Gable was at that showing of "Romeo and Juliet;" Clark Gable, who certainly has found the world at his feet for five years now. He could have gone so bad. He could have become fatally important, made such a nuisance of himself—and have got away with it, too, for quite a while. But he hasn't. And in the last year he had made "Bounty" and now "San Francisco," terrific hits, both of them, which means that the Gable career is set for many seasons to come.

AND Carole Lombard (who was at the preview with Gable and so beautiful) is coming along, too, with "Hands Across The Table" and "Princess Comes Across" and "My Man Godfrey."

THESE are three typical stars who watch their own and each other's previews, and stay wise. Maybe it is that they are really smarter than the rest of us. Or perhaps it is because of those shadowy people that they must watch still haunting the studios—Flora Finch, King Baggott, Eric Von Stroheim, Helene Chadwick, too many others. Proud, fine people, these latter, too proud, too fine to take money except through earning it. So Von Stroheim asks, and gets, a chance at writing at one of the major studios. The others are grateful when bits are written into pictures for them, and play their tiny roles valiantly.

Certainly today's stars have parties and gowns and flashy cars. They are young and vital and sometimes go through their nonsense moments. They fall in and out of love so quickly they seldom know what is happening. They buy jewels that are too large and furs that are too heavy. They have their quarrels and their jealousies. But behind it all they are reading stories, chattering with authors, watching other actors work, thinking, constantly and always, about their next preview which will increase or diminish them.

IT'S typical of the whole attitude when you recall that Robert Taylor by way of a reward to himself planned a trip to Honolulu. He was a big success; he had the money; he had always wanted to go to Honolulu.

But he went to New York.

Why?

Because Clarence Brown, his director, told him to. Said Mr. Brown to Mr. Taylor, "You go where you can see some good acting. You've no time for vacations. You've got too much to learn."

So Bob, the victorious, the overnight sensation, the new glamor boy, did meekly what he was told.

Proving, merely, that he, too, intends to stay around for a while and star and star.

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Imagine how eager, proud father and mother will be to wear a beautiful ring bearing the portrait of their precious child.

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Address..

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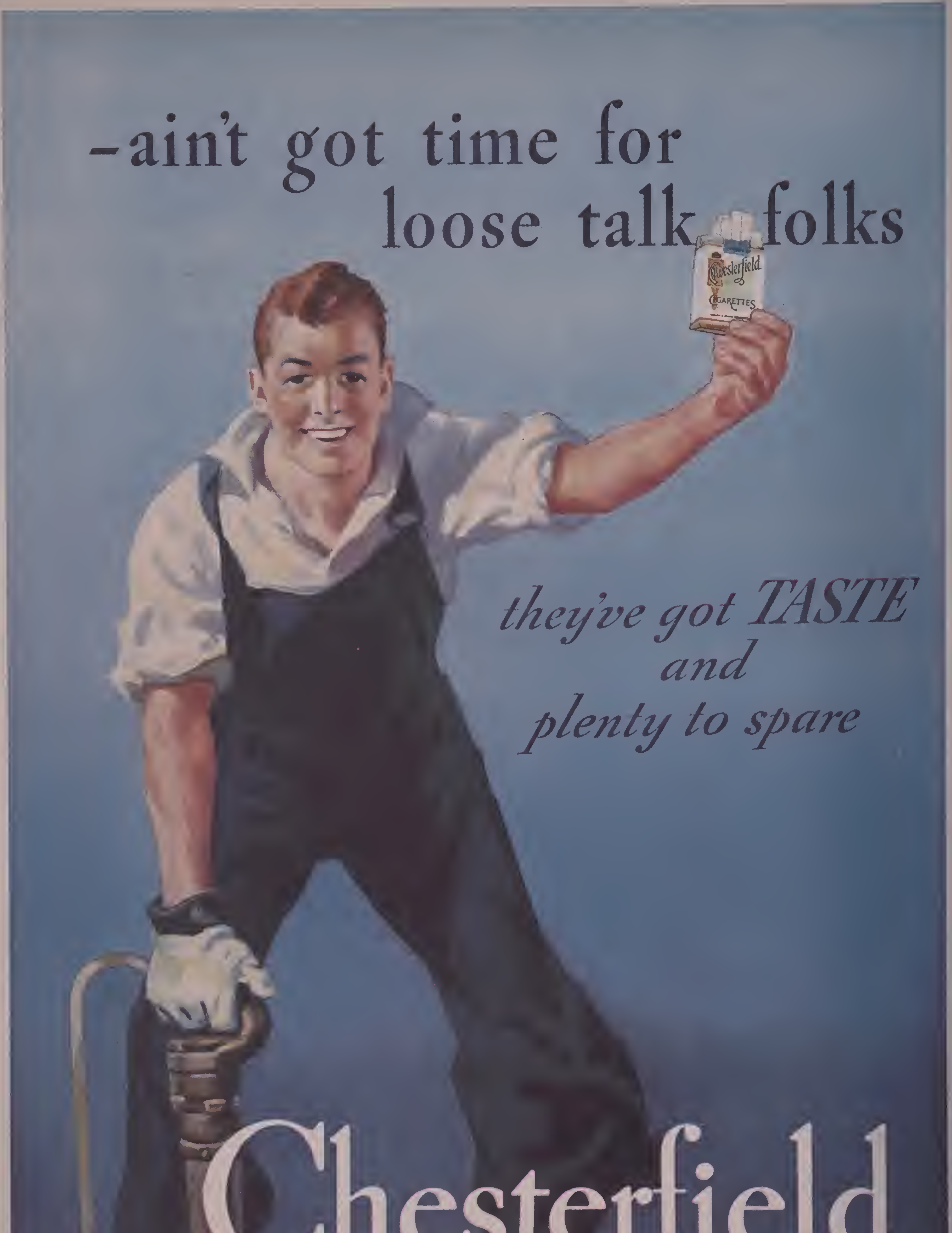
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13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loose talk folks
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CIGARETTES
they've got TASTE
and
plenty to spare
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Made by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*

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MIRROR

NOVEMBER

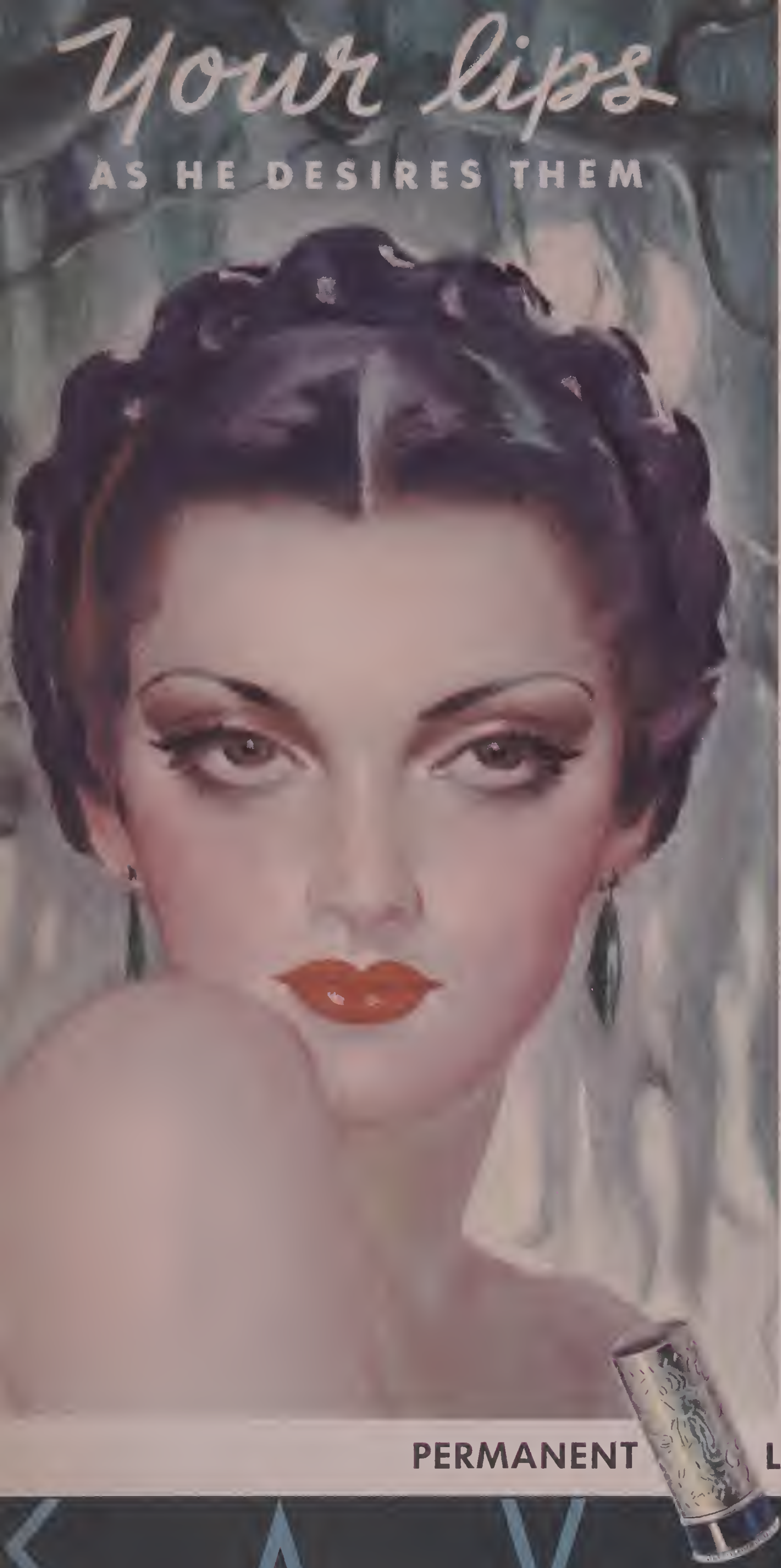
10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

NELSON EDDY and
JEANETTE MacDONALD

HOW JOAN ENDED THE CRAWFORD-HARLOW FEUD

THE UNTOLD LOVE STORIES OF KAY FRANCIS



savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft . . .

When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails . . . and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

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PERMANENT LIPSTICK BY

SAVAG

"How about a week from Thursday?"

Her phone was always ringing . . . would she like to see this? . . . would she like to go there? . . . could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, *do* whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

If you like Listerine Antiseptic, chances are you'll like Listerine Tooth Paste. 162 brushings in the big, double-size tube, 40¢. Regular size, 25¢.

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 9, NO. 6 • NOVEMBER, 1936

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Natural Color Photograph of JEANETTE MACDONALD and NELSON EDDY
by James N. Doolittle

IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

(OUT OCTOBER 23)

Let Eleanor Powell Teach You How to Dance!

Next month, Movie Mirror is proud to present the first of a series of articles in which Eleanor Powell, herself, will show you the basic principles of learning ballroom, ballet and tap dancing. With the aid of her simple but comprehensive instructions, anyone can learn to dance—and dance well!

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Printed in the U S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

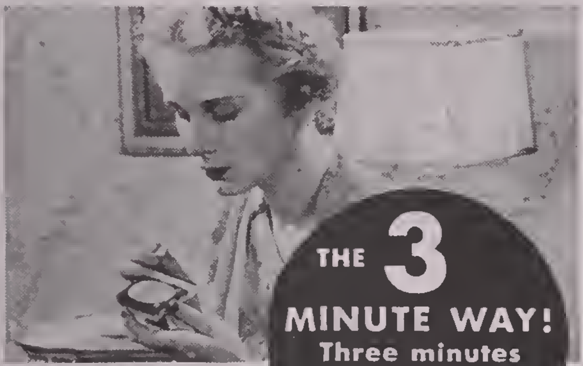
Jean HARLOW
William POWELL
Myrna LOY
Spencer TRACY
IN
LIBELED LADY
with WALTER CONNOLLY
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Production*

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

Another splitting Headache

● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● Just *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.

● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
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THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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Slightly higher in Canada.

Speak for Yourself

Arline Judge's figure is said to be the most nearly perfect in all the world. Well, doesn't it speak for itself?

$20 PRIZE LETTER

In All Fairness

We hear a great deal about the "constant divorcing and remarrying" that goes on in Hollywood, but is the film colony as a whole any worse than the average community in this respect? In the September issue of MOVIE MIRROR I found photos of forty-seven players who can be considered important. Of the forty-seven, ten have never been married; twenty were married and have never been divorced; five have been divorced once and are still married to their second choices; six have been divorced once and have not remarried; four have been divorced twice, and only two have been divorced three or more times.

Of course, there are many more players in Hollywood, but an issue of MOVIE MIRROR represents a fair cross-section. A lot of the nonsense we read about film folk comes from the newspapers' habit of calling the most insignificant bit player a "star" when he gets married, or divorced, or involved in any sort of difficulty.

M. A. Rogers,
Phoenix, Ariz.

(*Continued on page* 6)

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.

FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland
JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA

Have a Clear
LOVELY SKIN
"All Over!"
To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
. . . All of It!

GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

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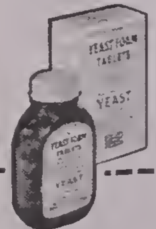
Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family) *RG 11-36*

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SPEAK for YOURSELF (Cont.)

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Backgrounds

Dolores Del Rio—Fiesta time in Spain—languorous nights, the click of castanets, scarlet skirts, ripe olives in bright bowls; lashes veiling the promise of love!

Jean Harlow—Penthouse—futuristic paintings, calla lilies in tall, white urns, caviar, innuendos, glamor; sophistication!

Joan Crawford—Park Avenue—tea in fragile cups, gardenias, faint sounds of salon music, brilliant conversation; Franchot!

Carole Lombard—Monte Carlo—dazzling lights, excited smiles, emeralds, top hats, cocktails, glitter; *affairs d'amour!*

Maureen O'Sullivan—White cottage with green shutters—lilacs, chintz, blue willow ware, biscuits in the oven, curly-haired babies; contentment!

Rochelle Hudson—Twilight down South—a white columned old mansion, from whose veranda the soft breeze brings a fragrance of honeysuckle blended with magnolias, a faint ripple of laughter in the dusk, splash of a paddle as a canoe glides down the lake; dreams!

Mrs. Preston Chapman,
Atlanta, Ga.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

If This Be Treason—

If it is allowed to presume that the future of Robert Taylor might be benefited by an humble suggestion, I have one to offer. You see, I do not like Robert, and I am not at all sure it's Robert's fault. New shoes are always a little stiff at first and too, too shiny. It happens I am the type made uncomfortable by a roomful of slick new furniture, yet there are others like me, and we like our movies natural, and not too—shiny.

Give Robert Taylor a part that muddies his shoes, tears his pants and musses his hair. Make him a miner or a wharf rat—something human, instead of a cross between a lace valentine and an *Esquire* ad, Heaven's gift to the ladies and mama's pretty boy. Please?

Mrs. C. S. Barker,
Washington, D. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Another Convert

Being a great movie-lover, I was greatly disappointed when I learned that my future husband disliked movies. We had been engaged for over a year, when finally I persuaded him to go to a theater. The show turned out to be a love picture, which I greatly enjoyed. All the way home Curly teased me about sitting with my mouth open when watching the picture. I realized that I must have looked silly. "You're not to look at me when at a show; you're to look at the picture." His answer was: "What! That mushy stuff?"

About two months later I coaxed him to go to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Well, it was my turn to laugh. Curly was the one who sat with his mouth agape. He raved for days about the picture. Imagine my surprise, when it wasn't even a week later, when Curly said, "Come on, honey, let's go to a show." "Mutiny on the Bounty" sure started him. And, boy! Do I see a lot of shows now!

Etna Conant,
Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Making the Most of the Movies

We have found a way to lead fuller and happier lives. We have organized a Gazer Club in which each member brings to each meeting some authentic bit of information which, added to those around him in their everyday lives, will serve some practical purposes. Our information is based on what we see or hear in the movies.

Our results have been astounding. We have sought out menus that have been served in many pictures, getting our information from department stores, publicity departments, magazines and bureaus. We have prepared diagrams of well-set tables exactly as prepared on the movie set. We have saved pictures and style drawings of chinaware and bric-a-brac as seen on the screen, while the use of a well-turned English phrase or even a word or more in a foreign language is never discarded as mere temporary entertainment. If it might help us culturally we absorb it like the proverbial sponge.

We feel the movies try their best to interpret modes and manners, no matter in what strata of society the camera might venture. Therefore, we wish to take advantage of this exhaustive treatment.

Solon S. Bloom,
Baltimore, Md.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

In Defense of Color

Why all the criticism about technicolor? Why the expressions, "the players looked like painted dolls" or "every scene was colored too highly?"

People are all dreamers, love to be deceived, and yearn to exercise the imagination. At the museum or in the home, they admire masterpieces which are nothing more than dabs of live and flashy colors. How elated is the person who objects to technicolor pictures when he can gaze upon his own tinted photograph which flatters him by many more

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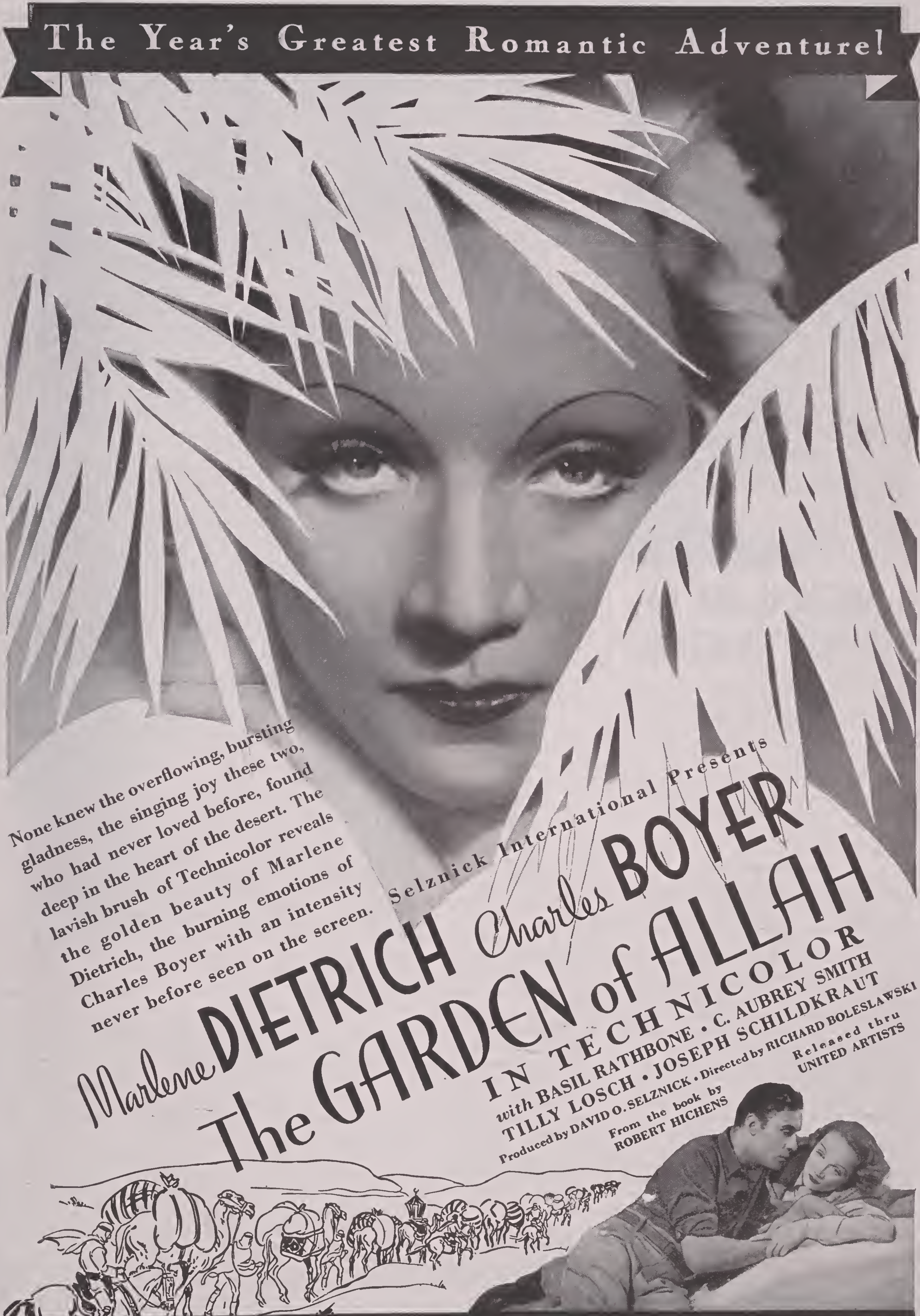


The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene **DIETRICH** Charles **BOYER**

The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR

with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

From the book by
ROBERT HICHENS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

AN AILMENT YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT!

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 73-MC, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.
Name________
Address________
City________ State________
This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Maybe you'd rather play checkers than be an editor, eh, Mickey?

MOVIE MIRROR junior

Mickey Rooney —GUEST EDITOR

GREETINGS, JUNIORS:

I am very glad to be editing this month's issue of the Junior Department in MOVIE MIRROR, because I think it is a swell way to talk to a lot of my friends. I want to tell all of you that I appreciate your interest in my picture work.

At present, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and I are working on a picture called "The Devil Is a Sissy." Both Freddie and Jackie have written articles for this department, so my being editor this month makes it sort of unanimous for our cast.

My mother and father were appearing in vaudeville on the New York stage when I was born. I've been growing up in theater and film work ever since.

Mother must have believed in that old saying, "Go West, young man," for she brought me to Hollywood when I was five years old.

Soon after we arrived in California, I got a job playing the part of a midget in a stage revue.

A movie writer, working on the script of a Colleen Moore picture, "Orchids and Ermine," came to the theater one night and saw me. He came around to my dressing room after the show and asked my mother if I would be interested in trying out for the movies. Of course, Mother and I both were happy at the chance.

This writer then wrote in a part for a boy in the Colleen Moore picture and arranged for his studio to give me a screen test. The studio liked the test and I got the job.

Shortly after that, Larry Darmour, the producer, started his series of Mickey McGuire comedies, and gave me the lead as Mickey. This lasted about six years, with a picture now and then at other studios. After that, I signed my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I've been there ever since, and like it very much.

I have played a lot of different kinds of parts in pictures.

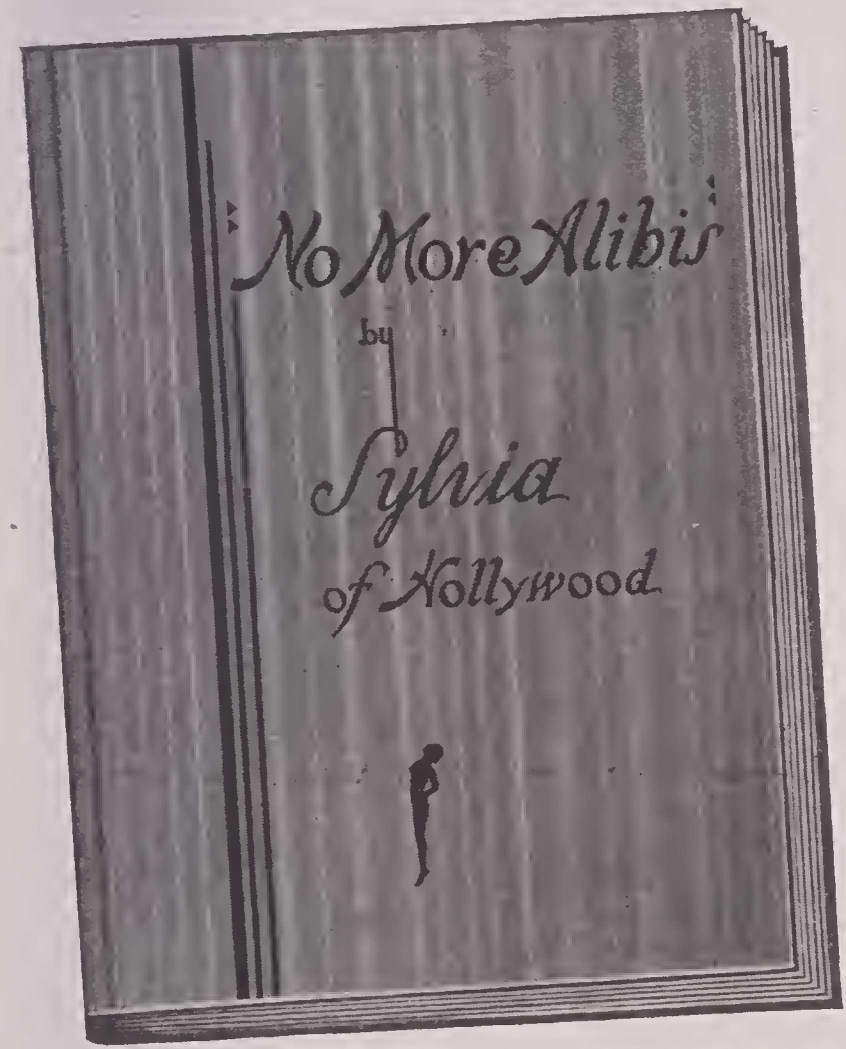
About the most difficult role I ever played was Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This was different in a lot of ways, because playing in Shakespeare isn't like making the usual picture with a modern background and up-to-date dialogue. I was certainly plenty nervous the first time I had to rehearse lines like "How now, spirit—"

You see, I played Puck in the stage production put on by Max Reinhardt at the Hollywood Bowl, before the picture was made.

I'll never forget what happened the night we had dress rehearsal for that first performance. I was nervous and jumpy. It was a

(*Continued on page* 121)

Sylvia of Hollywood Will *Streamline* Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce.
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls
DURING AND AFTER PREGNANCY
THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Sylvia of Hollywood

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth, velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

Carefully Guarded Secrets Now Revealed

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

This Amazing Book Only $1.00

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, send one dollar to address below.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. MM-11, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THRILLING NEW LIPSTICK DISCOVERY!

To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick has been added an amazing new ingredient that gives lips a more exciting glamour than they have ever had before!

ORDINARY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

Dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking, *unattractive!*

THE NEW TATTOO

Lustrous, moist, smooth, soft, youthful, *irresistible!*

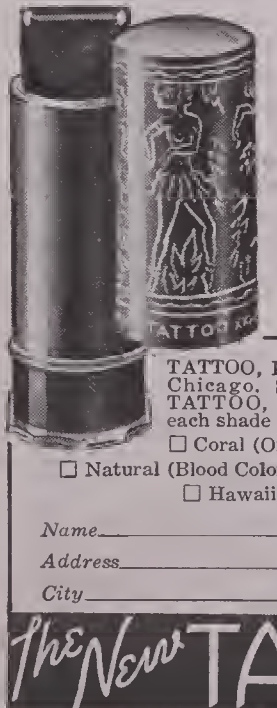
Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent . . . your lips soft and smooth . . . their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness. This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How the New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for . . . and the marvelous moistening agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips . . . thus keeping them moist . . . softer and smoother than ever before . . . thrillingly, youthfully irresistible . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! Instead of being rough and dry, they'll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color . . . and instead of being dull they'll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*



Send Coupon for Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous size of the *New* TATTOO will be sent for the coupon below and 10c. Five exciting shades! You'll want more than one. Send for several. You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill when you TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO!

TATTOO, Dept. 58, 11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago. Send me trial size *New* TATTOO, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Color) ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

The New TATTOO

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

This month we have some tasty pie recipes for you. Frederick, who makes pastry for the stars at the Brown Derby, shows you here how he puts the top crust on an apple pie and pinches it down securely so its rich filling can't leak out while baking

EVERYBODY likes pie! From the simple but perfectly made apple-pie, which is one of the glories of American cookery, to the most elaborate meringued concoction, a good pie is something you can boast about being able to make. A poor pie is just a waste of anybody's time; and since a pie cannot be better than its crust, it is important to understand and apply certain fundamentals of pastry-making.

Aren't you sometimes amazed at the way a favorite recipe can turn out when you lend it to someone else to try? Two people, using an identical set of ingredients, can produce surprisingly divergent results, and this is particularly true of pastry because the trick is in the handling.

I am giving here the ordinary recipe for plain pastry. From this you can make light, flaky, melt-in-your-mouth pie-crust. You can also, to your great annoyance, find this same recipe resulting in a heavy, tough crust, a complete pastry failure which even the most delicious filling cannot redeem. What has happened? Any one of a number of things.

If you've been having trouble with pie-crust, the next time you make a pie check what you have been accustomed to do against this method. I am sure you will find there was something you omitted to do, or something you overdid, and that correcting this one flaw in your method will give you complete success.

PLAIN PASTRY

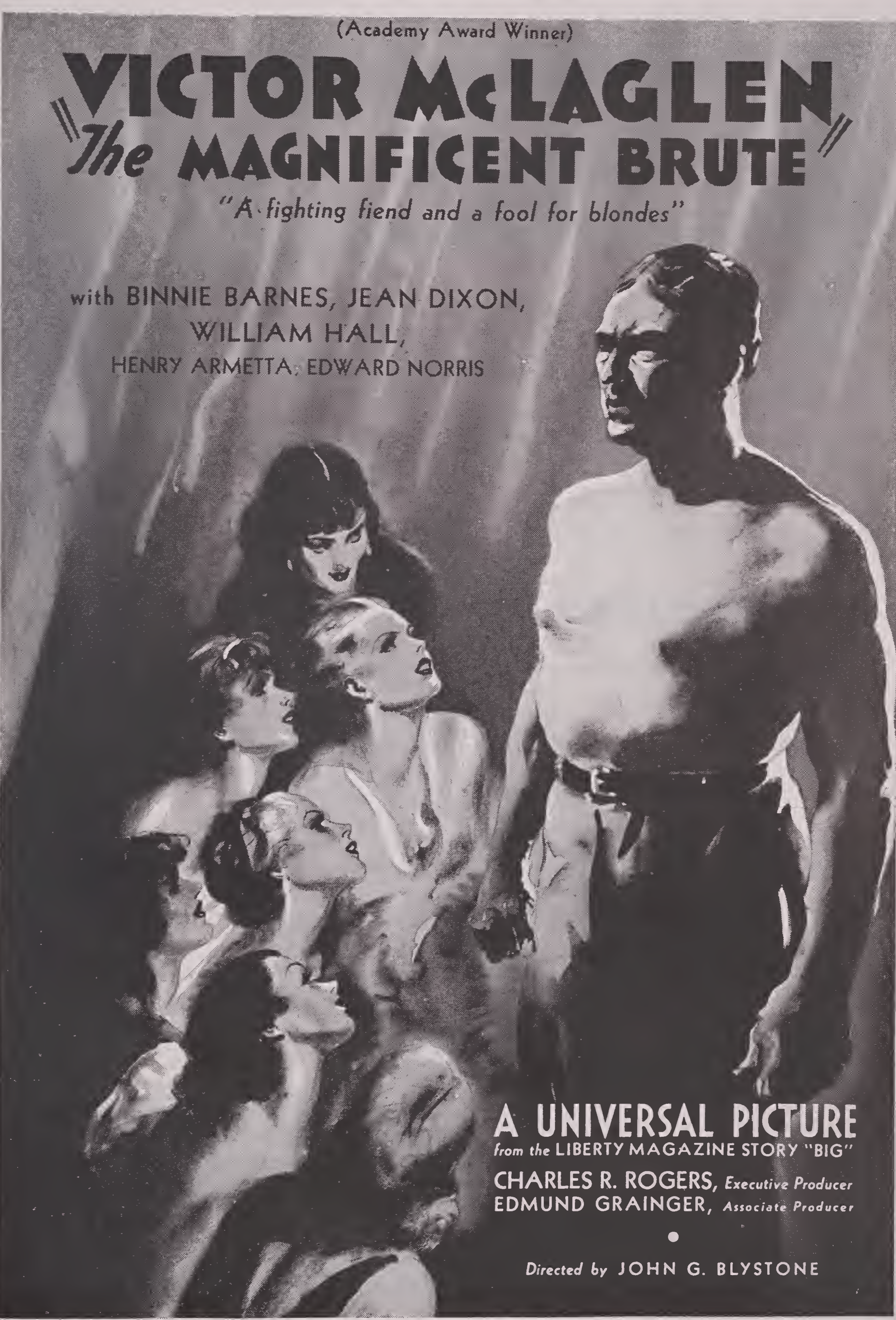
1½ cups flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
cold water

Sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the shortening, either with two knives, or with a regular pastry-blender. Whatever type of shortening you use, take precautions to see that it is cold, and that the mixing is done in a cold bowl. Blend until reduced to little particles about the size of coarse meal.

Now add the water, one tablespoon first (and the water must be ice-cold too). Work this in and continue to add water till you have a stiff dough that will hold together. You'll probably need between three and four tablespoons of water, but stop adding it the minute the dough has reached a consistency which can be handled.

So far, we have two important points: the ingredients and the mixing bowl must be cold; and the water must be used sparingly. Too much water is one of the commonest causes of tough pastry.

(*Continued on page* 120)



(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN
"The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

●

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

YOU CAN WRITE CONFIDENTIALLY TO GLORIA MACK

If there are aspects of your appearance you'd like to do something about! Have you had her skin regime, which, though simple, has helped so many girls with large pores and blackheads? Do you need exercises to normalize the body, a new coiffure, help with the basic technique of make-up—or any other little thing? She will answer you personally. No charge—just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

YOU CAN'T BEAT SOAP and WATER FOR BEAUTY

By GLORIA MACK

LET'S put one more thing on that famous deserted island where you'll find the hundred best books, the ten nicest people, and so large an assortment of other "best" items that it's probably the most populous, well-furnished deserted island we've got.

If you were going to be marooned on a deserted island, and could take just one beauty-aid with you, what would you choose? Right the first time! You'd take soap. Because plain soap and water, and lots of both, are the best beautifiers in the world; always have been and probably always will be.

But that doesn't mean that soap is a magic talisman. I've seen cases where the proper use of soap and water has seemed almost magical but, like every other beauty treatment, it must be suited to the individual and it must be done properly. There is you know, a right and a wrong way of doing even that seemingly simple thing: keeping your face clean.

Probably the lack of this knowledge—and the fact that certain types of skin do need other cleansing methods—is to blame for this question which continually pops up in my mail:

"Should soap ever be used on the face?"

For a normal skin, under normal conditions, the lavish use of soap and water is not only good, but necessary.

This delightful picture of Cecilia Parker, while it was taken especially for you, wasn't posed by any means. Cecilia, whom you'll remember as giving that beautiful performance in "Ah, Wilderness," and who has just finished "Old Hutch" with Wallace Beery, is one of M-G-M's most highly regarded young actresses. As with all screen folk, keeping her complexion fresh and lovely is a vital matter to Cecilia, and she uses soap and water in the grand splash-and-bubble style you see in the picture.

You see, the fundamental thing about a lovely complexion is thorough cleanliness. A great many of you have asked me where blackheads come from, and this is a good place to discuss those unpleasant little nuisances.

If the pores are in good, healthy, working order, they are continually doing their share to expel waste products from the system. They also

(*Continued on page* 118)

In the beauty regimes of the stars, soap is recognized as Cosmetic Number One. When you see Cecilia Parker in "Old Hutch," notice her complexion, for this is how she guards it, with plenty of good soapsuds.

Your VOICE!

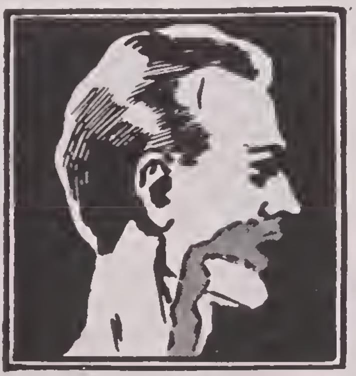
We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

WE give you a written guarantee that we can improve your singing or speaking voice 100% or our complete course in physical voice culture doesn't cost you a penny. You are the sole judge of the results. This is the most drastic guarantee ever given by any voice instructor. We will prove to your satisfaction that we can bring out—a new quality—a new power and force to *your voice.*

We make this guarantee because of our remarkable success for the last 20 years with this method. We have received testimonials of appreciation from students from all parts of the world. These testimonials reproduced here are only a few of thousands of students who have reported remarkable improvement.

"I have studied voice for 15 years. Have received more from you in 9 lessons than I did in the whole 15 years previous study with others." J. W. Malone, North Adams, Mass. Pompeo Tomasini, a famous Italian tenor writes, "I heartily endorse your Silent Method of Voice Training . . . it restored my voice after other methods failed. The first lessons brought amazing results." S. E. Martin of Rusk, Texas, writes, "I could not speak above a whisper, but now my voice is normal and is developing into a good singing voice."



In the shaded area is shown the tone passage. Lining the walls of this passage are the muscles of the tongue, palate and throat which control the volume and strength of the voice.

"People who used to laugh at me because I stammered are the ones I can laugh at now . . . thanks to you and your course," says Samuel Bryson of Chadron, Texas. . . . .

O. M. Rennie says, "I had a very poor voice, always nervous and short of breath . . . that is gone now. I am only a student, yet I could stop right now and still be repaid 100%".

This famous Method of physical voice culture is based on the elementary principle of strengthening the throat and tongue muscles by silent physical exercises. In the big free 96-page book which we send you without cost, we explain what these muscles are — how they function in the singing and speaking voice and how you can strengthen and control them to improve *YOUR voice.*

Free Book

without cost or obligation

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send at once for Free 96-page voice book. It will be mailed without cost or obligation to any serious-minded adult. Get the complete facts of what we can do to assist you by this world famous Perfect Voice method. In this book we give you the same priceless facts that we have given operatic stars and noted public speakers. Get this book NOW.

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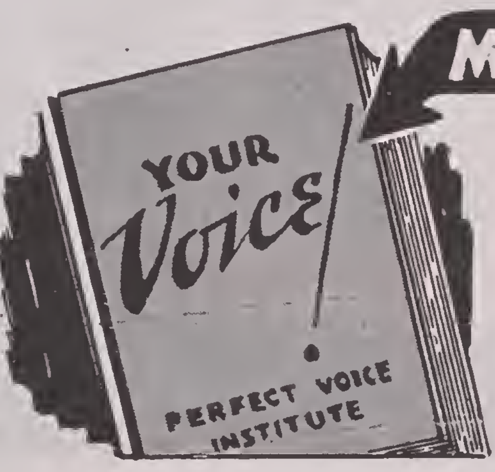

Mail Coupon—*NOW!*

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Please send me FREE, and without obligation, your book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ Weak Voice ☐ Singing ☐ Stammering ☐ Speaking

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Address ______________________

City ______________ *State* __________ *Age* ______

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Inside Stuff

BY PETER ABBOTT

While mother looks on, Lillian Emerson, heiress to the Bromo-Selzer millions, now in Hollywood, cuts her birthday cake, which is in the shape of a pretzel to blend with the Bavarian beer-garden atmosphere of her party.

Frances Langford and **Eleanor Powell** have written a song called "Taptation" . . . Frances did the music and Eleanor the lyrics.

June Lang, newcomer sensation of "The Road to Glory," has half the males of Hollywood in a dither. First one then another occupies first place—just now **Vic Orsatti** is head man.

It's rumored that **William S. Hart** will soon return to the screen in a series of his old time westerns, some to be written by Bill himself.

The team of **Jeanette MacDonald** and **Nelson Eddy** is to be temporarily broken up while Jeanette makes "The Firefly" with **Allan Jones.**

NEW DEAL: For the first time in Hollywood film history, a star is under contract to two studios at once. 20th-Century Fox has bought a half interest in **Barbara Stanwyck** from RKO and she will make pictures for both companies.

The hottest love story in Hollywood remains **Barbara Stanwyck** and **Robert Taylor.**

(*Continued on page* 16)

Left, Phil Reed (in disguise), Evalyn Knapp and her husband, Dr. George Snyder, at the Emersons'.

Below, the LeRoy Prinzes (she's Warner's niece) and the Warner Baxters—some of the costumes may not be Bavarian, but at least they're Bohemian, and that's pretty close.

HOT NEWS: The long lasting feud between **Ann Sothern** and **Gene Raymond** has ended. They now speak between love scenes.

Shirley Temple's next will be "Sunbonnet Sue," a western in which Shirley will have her first movie romance with a young boy.

Gertrude Michael and Director **Rouben Mamoulian** have resumed their romance.

The romance of **Elissa Landi** and **Nino Martini** is getting way past the rumor stage. Her fifth novel, "Today, the Rebels," will be on sale soon.

Hollywood is to be foiled if they continue to wait for a glimpse of **Randy' Scott's** wealthy Eastern bride because it now looks as though she will not come to Hollywood after all. The couple's trying marriage "between pictures."

After **Isabel Jewell** marries her radio man, **Owen Crump,** they'll buy a yacht and just cruise life away—Isabel writing and Owen painting.

The biggest feud in Hollywood these days is going on between **Mae West** and **Alice Brady** on the set of "Go West, Young Man."

Ann Dvorak had but eight days between pictures but was so lonesome she hopped a plane to New York and husband **Leslie Fenton.**

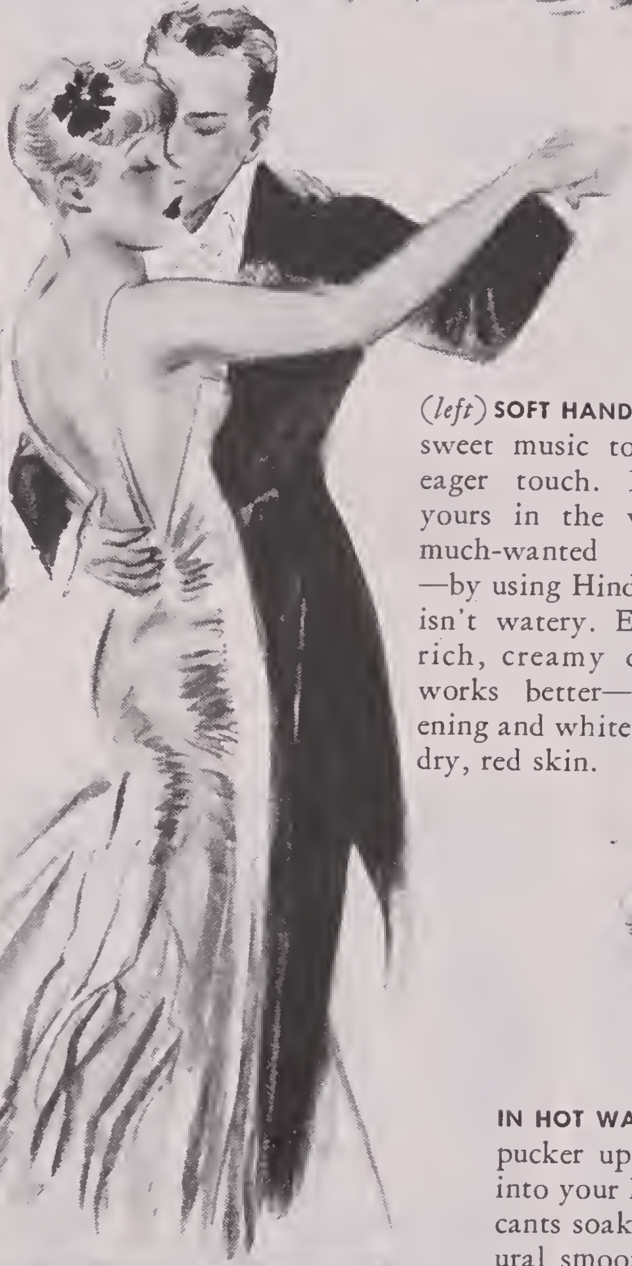
Here's your monthly news letter from Hollywood, with all the latest gossip!

QUICKER-ACTING LOTION SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN *Sooner!*

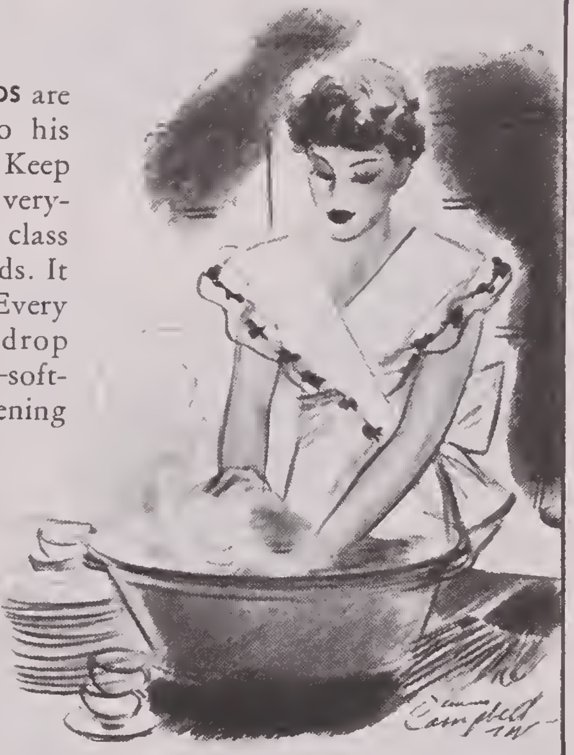
(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)

IT'S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—*sooner*—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour's slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.

BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it's cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It's quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!



(left) **SOFT HANDS** are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.



IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It's *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works!

HINDS
CREAM

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

FREE *The first One-Piece* DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

HINDS *is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!*

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Recognized as America's Smartest Styles

Paris Fashion Shoes

Glamorously lovely! Paris-inspired! Designed in the new soaring, high lines...and the choice of style-minded women everywhere! See these beautiful styles today. *Write for name of dealer in your city.*

$3. to
$4.
Braid chevrons on black or brown suede side tie.
(Below) High-in-front pump of Ink blue or black "shadow" kid.

FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES TO 100 WOMEN

Nothing to buy! Just finish this sentence: "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because . . . ." (in 25 words or less). Winners will receive 8 pairs of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet . . . and name of your dealer from whom you can get entry blank. Contest closes December 15th. Dept. F-2, Wohl Shoe Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING at advertised therein

What an autographans' paradise! Standing: Count Carpegna, Frank Shields, Johnny Weissmuller and Irving Thalberg; seated: Benita Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Norma Shearer at the West Side Tennis Club.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

ROSALIND RUSSELL took her visiting sister, Mary Jane, on a tour of Hollywood that would have been the envy of every self-respecting tourist. They took in all the studios, the Troc, the Derby, the Bowl concerts, and finally Roz decided that nothing much remained but a tour of Beverly Hills, looking at the homes of the stars.

They hired one of those professional guides and started out in his old Ford. Both of the girls had heard stories about the screwy information one gets on some of these personally conducted tours. They didn't have to wait long for a trial. Hardly had they gone a mile before the guide, pointing to a certain house, said, "There is the home of movie star Rosalind Russell."

Both girls fainted. It *was* the home of Roz Russell.

* * *

QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Can you name the beautiful, blonde star who has but to look across the room at a certain auburn-haired actress to make her cheeks match her hair? Cue: they once danced in contests and the lady

Human interest notes at the auction of the late John Gilbert's possessions. Above, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, his daughter, with her governess, Irene Ryan; among other personal effects, they bid in John's make-up box. Right, director Clarence Brown with the Gutenberg Bible page he bought from auctioneer Ben Bail.

with the copper tresses doesn't want to be reminded in her present glory.

Can you name the married laugh-team who were both furious when an announcement was made to the effect that they were going to adopt another baby?

Which actor recently made the statement " . . . there are only about six capable directors in Hollywood . . . the average actor could do as well or better . . . and some of us are going to prove it soon?"

What famous athlete, after a full year of training, held up the company on his first picture for over four days while he tried to make his one, emotional scene? (And it was still bad.)

Can you name the most popular Romeo in Hollywood at the moment—a man who is neither very famous, very handsome nor very rich?

* * *

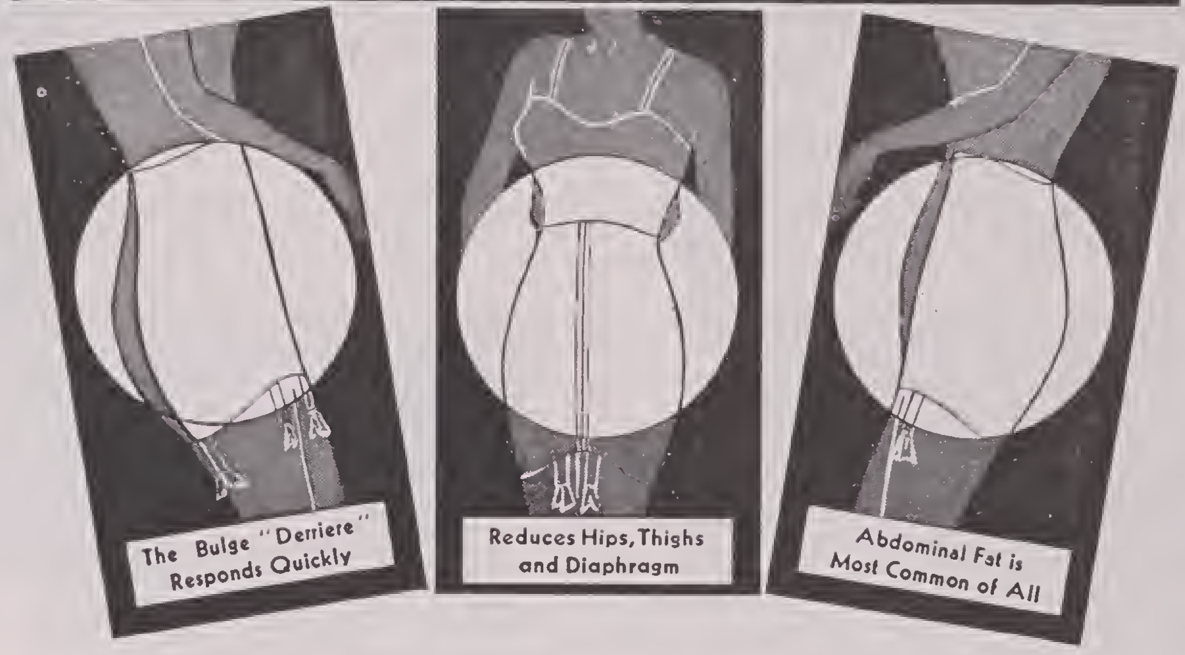
WE saw the most amazing dinner party out on the M-G-M back lot the other day. The party was held in honor of the three couples who became engaged to marry while working on the new "Tarzan" picture: Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, Grace Durkin and Bill Henry, and Ulla Kazanova and John Butler. Director Richard Thorpe thought three engagements on one picture deserved a party. So he threw it in a tree. The party, we mean.

One of the most unique props on the lot is the "tree house" where Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller live during the picture. Thorpe thought it would be cute to crowd the whole gang

Those costumes Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris wore to the Emerson party are certainly becoming, aren't they?

"*Quickly* CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY *CONFINES*...IT *REMOVES* UGLY BULGES!


The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . it will cost you nothing!

GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," Writes Miss Richardson! "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.

TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at *our expense!*

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

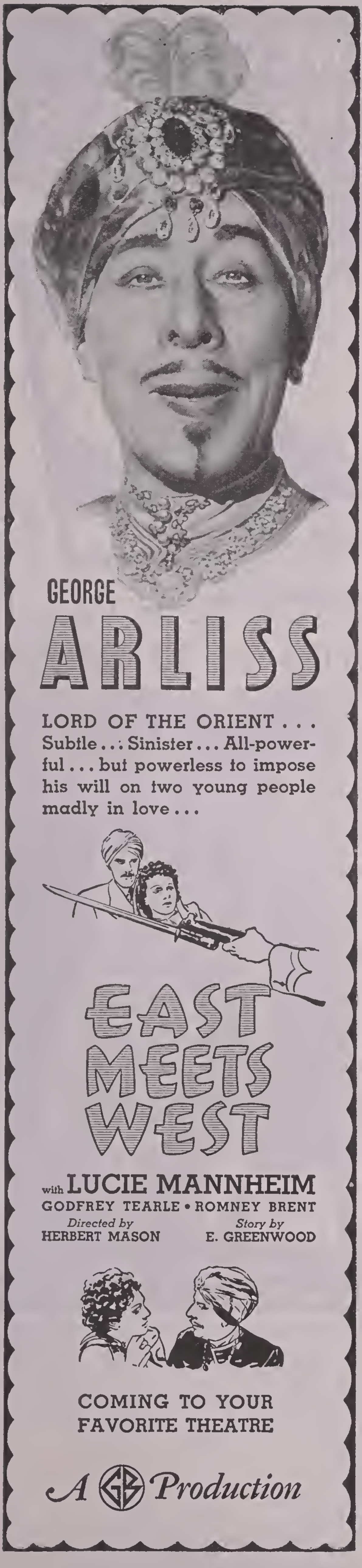
■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 2811, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.


GEORGE
ARLISS
LORD OF THE ORIENT . . . Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .
EAST MEETS WEST
with LUCIE MANNHEIM
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by HERBERT MASON
Story by E. GREENWOOD
COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
A GB Production

Do you want to know when who goes where with whom? Here are all the answers

Right, at Hal Roach's party, Bill Gargan, the host (in white), Joan Blondell and—well, if it isn't Dick Powell!

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

in the lofty perch and offer his congratulations with food. After the dinner had been carted in, the gang amused themselves by sending first one and then another of the girls down the ladder and then seeing how close to the edge of the precarious loft her "intended" could walk without "falling" for her. You could hear that happy gang's laughter clear up to the watchman's tower near the front gate.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD LINE O' TYPE

Mary Pickford and Anita Louise spent Sunday afternoon autographing discarded polo balls for the autograph

In the oval—and also at the Hal Roach party—Mrs. Roach herself and Allan E. Tomblin.

Still as inseparable as Amos 'n' Andy (otherwise known as Freeman Gosden and Charles J. Correll) are Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson; all four are shown at the Roaches'.

Arline Judge and Hobart Cavanaugh in costume for the Emerson affair.

enthusiasts out at Will Rogers' Field.

Dick Arlen may have made $100,000 by staying in England six months instead of six weeks for his picture, "The Barrier," but he has lost three pictures in Hollywood during that time. Dick's still laughing: he went to England only to be shipped back to Canada for work.

Tilly Losch has shown Hollywood a new idea: she collects superstitions. Every time she hears a new one she immediately puts it into practice.

So! Randy Scott ran off and got himself married six months ago and never breathed it to us. Such a wealthy lady is Marion duPont Somerville, too. Scads of dough, horses and land.

Both James Cagney and Charlie Bickford will turn director-star in their efforts for the newly-formed Grand National Company.

* * *

BING CROSBY surprised one Hollywood hostess this week by saying he'd come to her party. But he didn't surprise the guests by singing. He refused as usual and left early. On the way home, he stopped in at a neighborhood theater to see a late show of "Anything Goes." Hardly had the show started, when the manager sent an usher "to stop whoever's singing harmony to the Crosby songs." The second time the usher came, he recognized the singer. That's Bing all over, sings when you don't want it and stomps when you do.

* * *

VINCE BARNETT, the champion ribber, was called for a test at M-G-M. They made him up as a China-

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?

YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? . . . Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are *doubly* important to a child's welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate . . . so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It's the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

—TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!—
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-116
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... Age........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

BORN TO BE A *Belle*, BUT—

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
3 MONTHS LATER—
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND SUE'S SPARKLING SMILE!
SUSAN STUART PLANS BRIDAL
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIB
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

man and told him that he would find director Vic Fleming on the "Good Earth" set. When he arrived, the electricians told him that the director had gone to the test set. After he got way over here (it's almost a mile walk) the boys sent him elsewhere. After three hours of tramping, he finally caught on.

* * *

THE boys were ribbing director Sam Wood out at the Lakeside golf course the other morning about how his game had gone sour. Just then a Chinese laundry man drove up in a rickety old truck. "Bet you can't even beat him!" the boys yipped. While some of the gang were making hundred-dollar bets with Sam, the rest coaxed the Chinaman over and offered him three bucks to play golf. He finally consented when he had been shown the money.

An old bag with four or five clubs was found for the Oriental and Sam almost died watching him try to tee off at the first hole. The director won the first hole and offered to let "Wong" drive first. He watched quite a drive, too. "Wong" let one fly about 275 yards. Along about the fifth hole, Sam Wood was looking for the boys. But they waited until he came into the club house. After they had collected, they revealed that "Wong" was none other than William Law, wealthy Chinese from San Francisco and rated one of the best golfers in California.

* * *

MRS. PAT O'BRIEN came back from her vacation with such a craze for knitting that Pat couldn't get her to go out for dinner and dancing; she wanted to stay home and make a sweater.

One night, instead of the usual plea for a big evening, Pat settled himself into an arm-chair, whipped out a pair of old socks and a needle and thread, and started mending.

"What on earth are you doing?" Mrs. O'Brien asked finally.

He merely raised his eyebrows and went on sewing.

And it was two nights before he would relent and take her to the Troc. She gave the sweater to the cook to finish.

* * *

TWO NEW RACKETS

The stars are sure falling for that gag the kid magazine salesmen are using! The youngster, after trying to make a sale, will ask, "Will you buy a magazine if I tell you what state you were born in, your first name and your last name?" Everyone bites on that bait and the kid says, "You were born in a state of Nudity, your first name was Baby and your last name will be Corpse." Then the gang shells out.

A gentleman of color has a grand gag for Hollywood Boulevard: standing near a parked town car, he will stop a passer-by, tip his chauffeur's cap and ask if he can borrow a dollar for gas because ". . . the boss is just a mile away, waiting." After he gets the dollar he starts out for gas. When next seen, he will be standing next to a different town car.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS

Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien, George Raft and Gary Cooper will help each other lay the corner stone for the new race track in Hollywood soon. They are all stock holders, too, and each has promised to have a string of race horses ready for the opening next summer. The management has promised us a match race with the four boys as jockeys—but we aren't holding our breath.

Rumor has it that Herbert Marshall's flying trip to London is for conferences with Edna Best. If he can convince Edna, it is said he will hurry back to marry Gloria Swanson.

This never happened before: little Betty Lou Jackson wandered into the wrong producer's office looking for a job and before she could bow her way out, the wrong producer had signed her for a picture!

Wait until you see the grand number done by Jalna and Georges for Eleanor Powell's "Born To Dance!" They dance on a glass platform and Jalna has glass heels on her shoes, mirrors tacked to the hem of her gown and mirrors hooked on other conspicuous places. It was one of the most beautiful things to watch, and Miss Powell gave them a big hand when they danced the final take.

* * *

TWO WAY BARGAIN

Back-of-the-hand whispers tell us that there is but a slight sum of about $25,000 separating Jeanette MacDonald's bid and Wesley Ruggles' asking price for the Ruggles mansion and grounds. This story has double significance:

It means that the Ruggles-Arline Judge marriage is almost at an end; we say this because it has been no secret that they were merely "sticking it out until the home could be sold."

It is also taken to mean that the MacDonald marriage to Gene Raymond is a matter of weeks! These two have been skimming the edges of serious romance for quite some time and this home-and-fireside deal seems to clinch the rumors. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

WHY DOES SHE HESITATE? That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!

PEACE OF MIND AT LAST! Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through.* Wear *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.

End "accident panic" ask for Certain-Safe

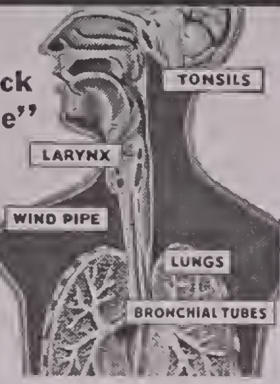
Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

- *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche tablet. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

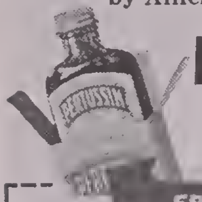
Relieve COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

Get your throat's moisture glands back to work and "soothe" your cough away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year.* This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.



PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name
Address R-1

TUNE IN
TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	Station	Local Time
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EST
Boston	WEEI	9:30 PM EST
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EST
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EST
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EST
Portland	WCSH	9:30 PM EST
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EST
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EST
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EST
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EST
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSO	8:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	8:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	8:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	8:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
Cincinnati	SUNDAY WLW	6:30 PM EST

Take Your Choice of These Stations . . . Every Friday Night

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

MORE darned fun on the "Libeled Lady" set—which is unusual where so many stars are concerned. The day of Myrna Loy's birthday, the cast hauled on a huge birthday cake with the inscription, "Happy Birthday to Mrs. Horntoot." Myrna, who has just married Arthur Hornblow, got a big laugh out of it.

Then when Myrna and Bill Powell had to go on location, Jean Harlow (who was suffering from second-degree sunburn) and Spencer Tracy got together and sent a brass band down to the train to wish their co-workers well. To further impress you with their grand group trouping, not a single yowl was heard when Myrna announced that husband Hornblow was coming to the location with her. That's love from a cast, in case you're in doubt.

* * *

VIRGINIA BRUCE is wearing a sparkler on the right finger of the left! That's news in three languages: Miss Bruce is a gorgeous star, a grand gal and (to add to her charms) a wealthy (now that she has inherited a quarter of a million from the estate of the late Jack Gilbert) widow. Who is the lucky guy? Mr. Cesar Romero is the gentleman's name.

IF you think Georgie Raft isn't taking his wife's dictum of "no divorce" seriously, you should have seen him the other Friday night. Friday, for George and most of the Hollywood boys, is fight night. But George, for the first time on record, missed the boxing matches. It was later learned that he had spent the evening with Virginia Pine's little daughter whom he had taken on a fun-tour of the local Coney Island. We certainly hope George and Virginia get their wish soon. They're so in love, and they've waited so long.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD SIGHT AND SOUND

A member of the American Legion, John Boles, met a man at the Hollywood convention whom he had worked with in France. John, a spy, was suspicious of a certain Paul Garmont and after they had watched one another for two solid weeks, each discovered the other was a friend, not an enemy. They drank a toast.

Mary Brian's dizzy Filipino chauffeur got her mixed up in the four-hour Legion parade down Hollywood Boulevard so Mary made the best of an accidental personal appearance and went over big with the crowd.

Little Edith Fellows, whose mother has suddenly shown up in local courts to ask for her custody, says she wants to stay with her grandmother.

That story about Garbo not being able to play tennis after a Hollywood party because she couldn't find tennis shoes to fit is silly—Garbo brought her own and beat all the male players present.

* * *

WE saw Joan Crawford hopping mad the other day, and rightly so. She

Above, Brian Aherne and Gloria Swanson at the star-studded Stokowski concert.

Everyone's talking about Simone Simon since her American film debut, but no romance rumors, as yet—she goes with too many different escorts! This time it is Phil Rosen.

What's Margaret Sullavan up to now? One night she's at the Bowl with Leland Hayward (below), who's said to be secretly married to Katharine Hepburn. Another night (right) she turns up at the same place with ex-husband William Wyler; the other man's Gregory Ratoff.

had just come from signing an application for a new private phone number. Soon after we had taken a plunge in the pool, Mrs. Tone was called to the phone. It turned out to be a jewelry salesman. Franchot had stopped by on his way to look at some pieces for Joan and the salesman was so anxious to cinch the sale that he wanted to talk it over with Joan.

"*Where* did you get this telephone number?" asked Joan in a deadly calm voice. The man explained that he had merely called a certain company that specializes in furnishing private numbers for a consideration. That was enough for Joan! She hung up and immediately called the company and told them what she thought of the private number graft.

P. S.: A new number was surrendered by the company and Franchot has decided not to buy jewelry from that gem emporium to "surprise" Joan.

* * *

IT begins to look as though Doug Fairbanks and his Lady have won the so-called "social war" with Mary Pickford for possession of the first rights to the colony. There was much talk when they first arrived; sides had to be taken. But now, just as Doug is returning once more with his bride, Mary announces that she will live, henceforth, in New York.

(*Continued on page* 83)

"I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

THE test of a powder is *strong light.* And showing too much is one of the worst faults a powder can have, the vote among 1,067 girls proved.

Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Three times the vote of the third favorite.

"Glare-proof" colors, the reason. Pond's colors are "glare-proof"—catch only the softer rays of light—can't show up "powdery" in strongest light. A special ingredient makes Pond's soft, clinging. Two other ingredients make it stay fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Never looks powdery—Clings
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

☆ Try it Free
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. L-132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires Jan. 1, 1937)

Name________ Address________

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POND'S FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

Two music-lovers at the Hollywood Bowl for a concert—Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who have just announced their engagement (above).

10 PEOPLE VERY MUCH IN LOVE

PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINK

And two interested playgoers at the Tallulah Bankhead play—Freddie and Florence Eldridge March, who plan a return to the stage themselves.

Below, another of filmland's truly happy married couples at the Bowl, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, who are now in Europe on a second honeymoon.

Back from honeymooning at Carmel, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones (above) try the pause that refreshes between acts of Tallulah Bankhead's play.

Another of Hollywood's inseparable husband-and-wife combinations are Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout, above, also at the Hollywood Bowl.

Isabel Jewell

Gertrude Michael

By GEORGE MADDEN

What Two Hollywood Girls Have Done for Each Other

Together, Gertrude Michael and Isabel Jewell have fought poverty, illness — heartbreak

THE truest friendship story in Hollywood is that of Gertrude Michael and Isabel Jewell. It is a fiercely dramatic tale and today, when neither of these girls lingers any longer on the fringe of screen fame, it can be told.

Together they have battled poverty, sickness, and the dreadful pain of heartbreak. They have shared their last dimes while putting up a gala front. In New York, before they dared dream of pictures, they struggled for roles in the theater. Later, in adjoining apartments in Hollywood itself, they bolstered each other's nerve through terrific ups and downs.

Finally, however, they have very definitely clicked; they, too, are important people in the world now. Gertrude, laughing sophisticate hailing from a small town in Alabama, and Isabel, tiny dynamo of emotions from the hills of Wyoming, have licked all the odds that were stacked against them in their early stage days.

Four years ago, "Becky" and Isabel came to Hollywood to find their greatest struggle still ahead, but at last they've triumphed.

Isabel adored Gertrude from the start. She had been given such a glowing account from a mutual acquaintance.

"I felt that she must be the most wonderful actress and the finest musician who ever was," Isabel relates with a grin. "I was in stock in Essex, Connecticut, and every week when I'd get my new role I'd learn how superlatively Becky Michael had already done it. Whenever someone touched a piano I was sure to be informed that Becky could not only play infinitely better, but probably she'd composed that particular piece.

"When I went to New York to tackle Broadway I took a cheap apartment in Greenwich Village. One night Elizabeth, this mutual girl friend, said, 'Becky's on her way here to dinner.' I was prepared to be thoroughly bowled over. And I was! But you ought to have heard her Southern accent. You could slice it with a knife!"

That accent had to be deliberately forgotten, just one of Gertrude's tasks. But the tall, accomplished blonde who had forsaken Stuart Walker's noted stock troupe in Cincinnati for a New York gamble couldn't stand Isabel at first.

"I hate pretty little blondes who're always on the verge of being coy," says Gertrude (*Continued on page* 79)

THE UNTOLD LOVE STORIES of KAY FRANCIS

THE New York columnist flashed: *It is believed on the West Coast that Delmer Daves, Warner's crack scenarist, and Kay Francis, glamor queen of the same lot, have already taken the step that makes Daves fourth—or is it fifth—husband in Kay's series of untold love stories.*

Kay's untold love stories? Was it possible for any star in the giant gold fish bowl that is Hollywood to manage to keep her private life so much to herself that even America's No. 1 Gossip admitted defeat on the facts of her personal life?

When you stop to think of it, it is precious little you and I do know about Kay's emotional life, at least in comparison with what has been hurled at the world about other glamorous women. For this reason alone, Kay is to me the most amazing woman of stardom; if her emotional life had been lived by any other woman of Hollywood fame it would have made her one of the most sensational figures in the world's most sensationally publicized town!

Have you, too, been led far afield by the friendly little stories Kay grants, telling of her simple, uninvolved life in Hollywood, into believing her a beautiful, but somewhat colorless personality up there in the front van of the star parade? Then stop and ask yourself:

What other star of the screen could have been married and divorced three times (several records claim four) without landing in the same blinding spotlight that has made every romance and marriage in the lives of Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow so sensational?

How many other stars have remained immune from the sob stories that invariably follow broken marriages? Joan Crawford did not. Ginger Rogers did not. Nor Claudette Colbert, nor dozens of others, no matter how much they may have desired to preserve their privacy.

What other beautiful and famous woman has been a box office star for seven years with so little known concerning her home life, the way she lives, the kind of person she is? Garbo builds eight-foot walls around every home she rents. Kay Francis lives in a bungalow in Hollywood with neighbors so close on both sides they might easily mistake her cream bottles for their own. And yet I do not know a reporter who has ever set foot in Kay's home, or a cameraman who has taken a picture of it.

Kay makes no pretense of being a professional recluse. She attends parties, premieres and first nights and she frequently entertains. Still she remains a more authentic "mystery woman" than either Garbo or Dietrich, who have spent their entire Hollywood lives working at the title.

But above everything else, what does Hollywood or the world know of Kay's emotional life, other than the bare data of marriage and divorce records? These aren't secrets of Kay's life. They're known facts on available records. The amazing angle is not Kay's reticence where her private world is concerned, but that she has made the most curious public

Despite her previous unfortunate marital experiences, Hollywood is sure Kay has either already married or will soon marry film writer Delmer Daves. In this informal shot, they're with Bob Montgomery (center) at West Side Tennis Club, watching Errol Flynn and Frank Shields in a match.

There's a colorful, dramatic story in the unpublicized life of this quietest of the great stars. Now rumor says she's secretly married again

By MARJORIE HAYNES

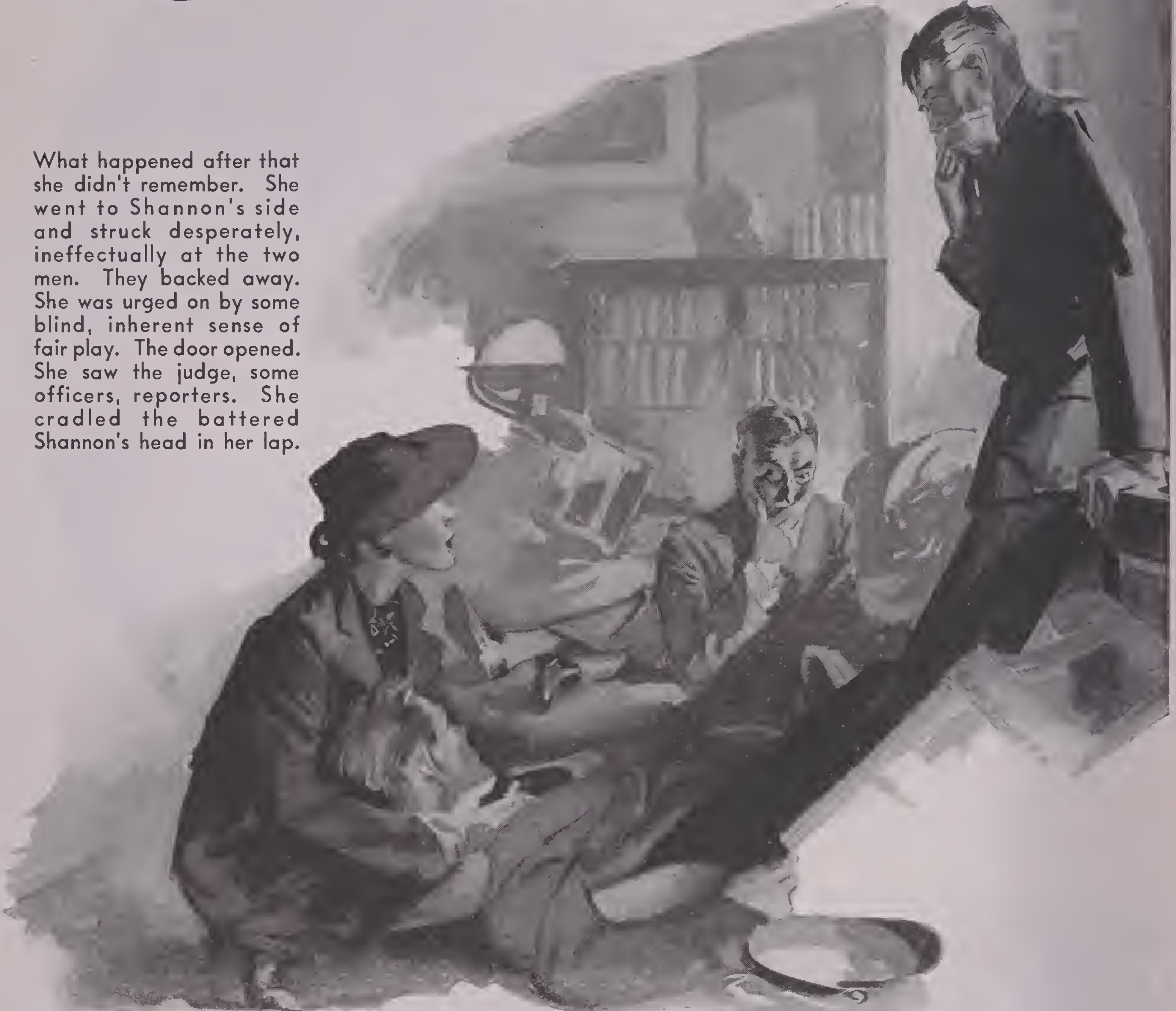
in the world, the Hollywood fan public, forget and shrug away one of the most amazing and colorful histories of the movies, and remember her merely as the completely retiring person her publicity paints!

It is impossible to know Kay and not realize that that great, dusky beauty of hers must have inspired the love of many men. And Kay herself must have known a great deal of the romance and ecstasy and then the disillusionment of love in the three marriages which have failed her. Love must have mattered to her terribly or else she could not have been so quiet and depressed after her separation from Kenneth McKenna, and then have bloomed so magnificently as an artist in "The White Angel" and "Give Me Your Heart" under the sway of the love they now say is her greatest, Delmer Daves.

Two important names, those, in Kay's "series of untold love stories," but to most of the world they are just that—names, not emotions. Nor are they the only names in the exciting and colorful life of the woman who has left the world guessing, a great star who stands alone because she has never told!

Even now it is not clearly on (*Continued on page* 98)

STAND-IN FOR LOVE



What happened after that she didn't remember. She went to Shannon's side and struck desperately, ineffectually at the two men. They backed away. She was urged on by some blind, inherent sense of fair play. The door opened. She saw the judge, some officers, reporters. She cradled the battered Shannon's head in her lap.

The Time: *3:49 A. M. A spring dawn.*
The Cast: *Charmein Chase, screen star of stellar magnitude. An unimportant sergeant of police. Ditto a motorcycle policeman.*
The Place: *Hollywood, the most fabulous city in the world.*

IN front of the police station stood the black-and-silver Rolls-Royce, one fender, one headlight and one horn crumpled; inside the station, Charmien Chase, the roadster's owner—the incredible Charmien, the remote, the mysterious—glared at the sergeant of police and said, "That's a lie!" She said it distinctly, clipping her words with that lyric quality that was known and loved on the screen in forty countries.

The sergeant didn't answer. He was too busy having his first avid close-up of this internationally famous young screen star, whose name, each night, burned above countless theaters; this beautiful and angry girl who had reached the pinnacle of success.

The sergeant had seen her latest picture two nights before. Here, in the flesh, was this exciting girl who knew how to crowd more allure, more promise, more passion,

By ROY SOMERS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

Sheila Grant wasn't a star, but she looked like one and that seemed enough to ruin her career. Was it to ruin her chance for romance, too?

more loveliness into a screen kiss than most women could offer in complete surrender.

When the sergeant said, "Officer Connel says you were speeding, Miss Chase, when the accident occurred," she straightened, her direct gray eyes hot and smoky, and said, "That's a lie!"

Officer Connel glared. He was a native with a streak of duty, and he could take his beautiful women or let them alone.

"She was doing sixty down Wilshire, Sarge," he said. "I gave her the siren and all she did was step on it harder. Near the Brown Derby, the taxi came out and—*wham!*"

"Where's the taxi driver?" the sergeant asked Connel.

"In the hospital," said the officer.

"Hurt bad, Connel?"

Connel shrugged. "He was out cold," he stated. "No telling till we get the report. Knocked goofy, Sarge."

Miss Chase's eyes blazed. Apparently, she knew swear words. "He might have killed me," she snapped, "the fool! Isn't he supposed to stop before entering a boulevard?"

The phone rang. The sergeant answered it. "Oh, yeah!" he said, and listened. In a moment, he said, "Okay, doctor," and hung up. "That was the doctor, at the hospital. He says the taxi driver isn't hurt. Just shaken up—no bones broken." He grinned with relief. "I'm glad of that, Miss Chase," he said. "Now, then, if you'll show up in the morning, in court—"

Miss Chase's slim figure grew taut. "Court?"

"Well, you see, Miss Chase, when anyone's injured, you have to appear. I guess it won't amount to nothin' but a fine—"

"Please phone my home for my car," she instructed icily.

"Sure. Miss Chase," said the sergeant.

Thirty minutes later, Charmien Chase, more infuriated than shaken by the impact of the two cars, stepped into her town car and told the anxious, elderly chauffeur, "Home, Roger."

As she rode, her fury increased. This *would* have to happen to her, after she left Neil Hart's house party in a burst of anger because National insisted on making another picture before she went on her annual visit to Vienna! Her eyes filled with irrational tears.

The car stopped. She was home. A servant opened the initialed, wrought-iron entrance gates, and she was driven in.

Her maid, the butler, her secretary, admitted her in silence. Their eyes were filled with mute questions. They were only partly dressed, the call from the police station having awakened them. Presumably, their mistress had been at a house party, at the country home of Neil Hart, her director.

Charmien Chase vouchsafed no explanation. She strode into the white and gold drawing room, her eyes flaming like translucent gems. The others followed but paused, irresolutely, on the threshold. Charmien sat down in one of the needle-point chairs and stared unseeingly at the great French circular rugs; at the gold-brocaded curtains; then she noticed the little group.

"I won't need you," she said, shortly. "I'm going right to bed. There was an accident, and so I had to go to the police station. Miss Hughes," she turned to her secretary, "phone my attorney to take care of the matter and to be in court at ten. Fellows, please have Roger go back to the station and bring in the roadster."

She walked past them and went to her satin-walled bedroom. She undressed swiftly, in silence, her mutinous mouth trembling; then she flung herself on her bed and lay, stretched out, her arms extended, her breast rising and falling with repressed emotion, her eyes brimming with anger, mortification and reaction.

She picked up her bed-side phone and called a number. An excited male voice answered her almost immediately:

"Charmien! Thank Heaven (*Continued on page* 70)

Clark Gable, Marion Davies and David Carlyle have fun in "Cain and Mabel," Marion's best film in ages.

Georges Metaxa debuts, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance and sing, and "Swing Time" is a swell musical.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓The Texas Rangers (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker, Lloyd Nolan, Edward Ellis, Bennie Bartlett, Fred Kohler, Sr.*

It's About: *The adventure and final redemption of two outlaws who join the Rangers to help a bandit pal.*

A "Cowboy Special," more cowboy than special. High hopes were held for this extravagantly-produced spectacle but, despite authentic background, excellent cast and beautiful photography, the familiar story becomes more important than the background, thus falling far short of the mark intended.

The story concerns three outlaw buddies (Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan) who have come to Texas to grab off all they can "while the grabbing is good." Through circumstances, MacMurray and Oakie are forced to join the Texas Rangers although they do so with the hope of aiding their pal. Love (the girl is Jean Parker) changes Fred into a good boy, and Oakie's reform follows his rescue of a little boy from the Indians.

Mr. Oakie (the acting clan should take up a collection to pay him off for good) steals the picture with every motion and line and comes off with high honors for both comedy and drama. Jean Parker looks sweet. Lloyd Nolan looks bitter. The scenery looks grand.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a big "western" with bigger names than usual.

✓✓Swing Time (RKO)

You'll See: *Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Eric Blore, Georges Metaxa.*

It's About: *The efforts of a gentleman dancer to run twenty-five cents up to twenty-five thousand dollars, so he can marry the wrong girl—then he meets the right one.*

"Swing Time" is Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire time again and that bare fact is enough for their long list of dancing fans. It has a costly production, a tuneful musical score by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, stunning gowns by Newman, some extra special funny comedy by Victor Moore plus the breathtaking dancing of Fred and Ginger.

It is a very slender story, indeed, strung between the excellent dance numbers, all about the young fellow (Fred) who is trying to make enough money to marry Betty Furness until he goes to New York and meets the pretty dance instructress (Ginger). After that he doesn't want to marry Betty any more and does everything to keep from being such a success that he will have to.

Fred spends so much time with his comedy and his singing there's just barely enough time for about four or five dance numbers. Ginger is a delight to behold at all times and what gowns the gal wears! Among the tunes you will probably remember "This Is a Fine Romance" the best.

Your Reviewer Says: Swell.

✓✓Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart, Beulah Bondi.*

It's About: *Peggy O'Neill, her life and loves, and her effect on President Andrew Jackson and American politics at that time.*

One of the most interesting sirens in American history, Peggy O'Neill, is brought to the screen in the lovely person of Joan Crawford, looking very beautiful in her first costume role. Joan plays the young tavern keeper's daughter who loves John Randolph (Melvyn Douglas), the Virginia senator, all her life, but who through pique marries first, Bow Timberlake (Robert Taylor) and then for political reasons marries John Eaton (Franchot Tone). Because of this and her close association with President Jackson she is much criticized by Washington society, but she remains fine and brave through it all.

Joan Crawford, Beulah Bondi, Bob Taylor and Melvyn Douglas give the outstanding performances in a generally fine cast.

Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford do much to make "The Gorgeous Hussy" a truly glamorous historical romance.

Despite lavish production, picture-stealer Jack Oakie, and Fred MacMurray, "The Texas Rangers" disappoints.

Your Reviewer Says: It has glamor, romance and reality. So you must go.

✓✓Cain and Mabel (Warners)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Allen Jenkins, Roscoe Karns, Walter Catlett, Ruth Donnelly, William Collier, Sr., Pert Kelton, Sammy White.*

It's About: *A show girl and a prize fighter who hate each other but are teamed in a phony romance by their mutual press agent for box office.*

Remember the newspaper story a few weeks ago about how Clark Gable knocked out a well-known fighter while making a scene in the ring? This is it. It's a knockout of a picture, too—swell story and lots of laughs.

Marion Davies, a former hash slinger, gets a break in a musical show just as Clark Gable is winning the world's heavyweight championship. Neither is bringing in the customers so, to remedy the situation, press agent Roscoe Karns starts a fake romance between these two who dislike each other cordially. It's really a big laugh to watch these two smile through their sneers for the press in order to build up a glamor romance.

This is the best show Marion Davies has had for some time and she looks prettier than ever. Gable is Gable, which is very good as always. Roscoe Karns, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly and William Collier, Sr., head the laugh brigade and Sammy White dances beautifully. The music is grand.

Your Reviewer Says: An evening of fun and music. You'll like it.

Back to Nature (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar, Tony Martin, Spring Byington, George Ernest, George E. Stone.*

It's About: *The further adventures of*

(*Continued on page* 105)

There's an Astaire-Rogers picture out now, so you can guess the rest—that is, "Swing Time" is the best musical of the month. "Gorgeous Hussy" you'll want to see. It's a beautiful picture, and what's more it stars Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor. And there's nothing can top that combination for sheer glamour and excitement. "Cain and Mable," with Marion Davies and Clark Gable, is good fun. So are "Stage Struck" and "China Clipper." The four-handkerchief special of the month is "A Son Comes Home." "The Texas Rangers" is a knockout western. A new low in entertainment is "Isle of Fury."

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Pennies From Heaven. **Bing calls himself "The Last of the Wandering Troubadours" in this singing film about a carefree young man who finds himself unexpectedly the guardian of little Edith Fellows. Those who have been allowed a peep during its making declare it is a pip.**

Adventure in Manhattan. **Joel McCrea, a crime reporter, becomes involved with actress Jean Arthur in a daring jewel robbery. It has a very unusual plot and isn't the same old jewel robbery business.**

M-G-M

The Devil Is a Sissy. **This "boy special," if it lives up to the advance raves about it, is going to be some entertainment. The story is about the young son (Freddie Bartholomew) of an Englishman who comes penniless with his dad to America and has to "take it" from Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and the rest of the boys.**

PARAMOUNT

Valiant Is the Word for Carrie. **This brilliant, moving story of an outcast woman in a small Louisiana town was a best selling book by Barry Benfield. It comes to the screen with Gladys George, well known stage actress, Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, and Dudley Digges.**

The Big Broadcast of 1937. **Another humorous musical, girl and dance review staged in the rooms of a broadcasting station. Jack Benny is head of the station, with Gracie Allen as a sponsor. Bob Burns, George Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Benny Fields, and many others do their bit.**

RKO-RADIO

Plough and the Stars. **Ace director John Ford is working toward another "Informer" in this stirring drama of the days of the Irish revolution. Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Barry Fitzgerald, and a strong supporting cast.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Three Men on a Horse. **This laugh hit from the stage brings Frank McHugh, Joan Blondell, Allen Jenkins, in fact, Warner's best comedians, to play the highly amusing story of a timid young man who can mysteriously pick the winners in a horse race.**

FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands
Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson

Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT
in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY
Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

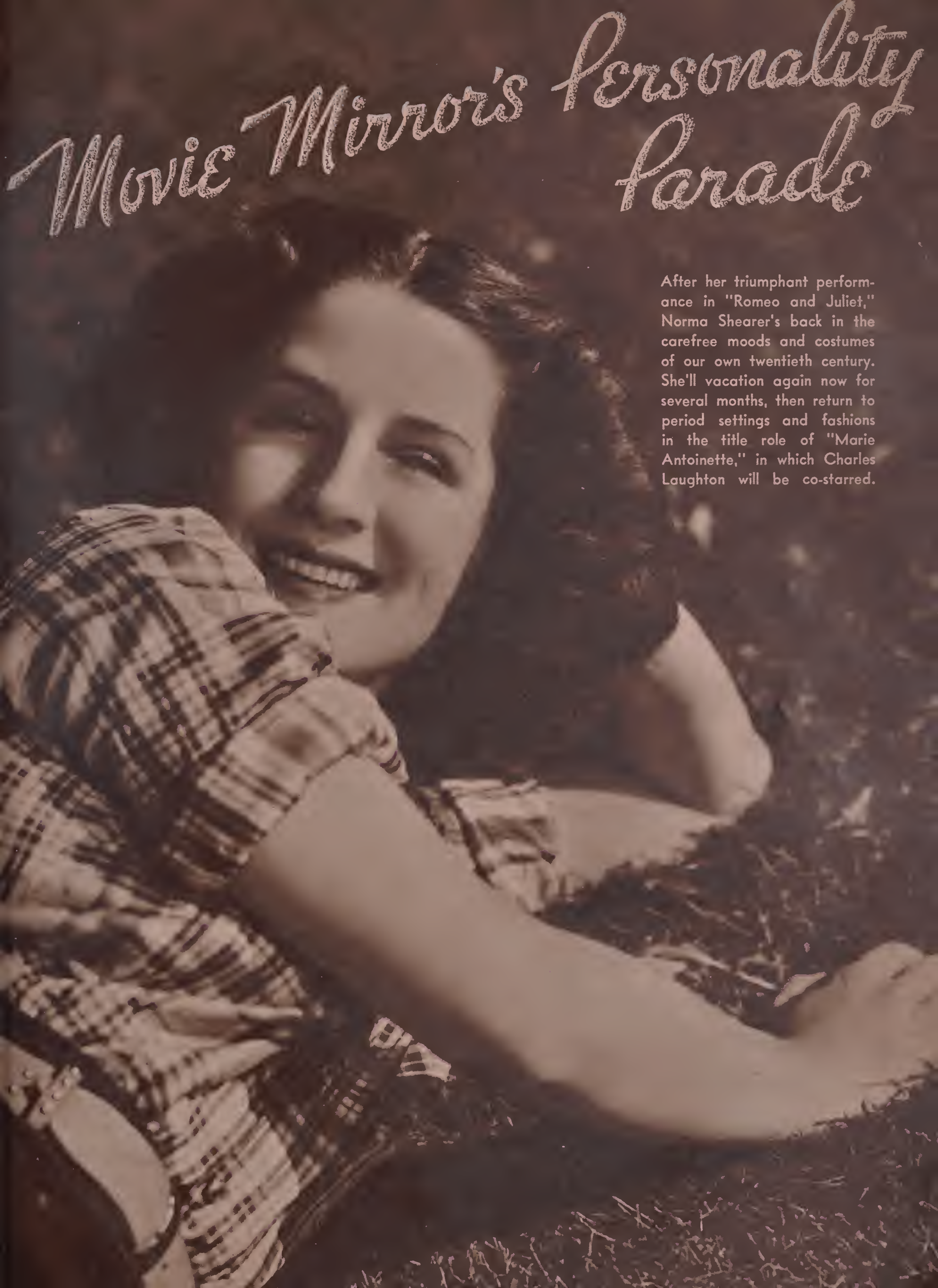
It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND
Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Movie Mirror's Personality Parade



After her triumphant performance in "Romeo and Juliet," Norma Shearer's back in the carefree moods and costumes of our own twentieth century. She'll vacation again now for several months, then return to period settings and fashions in the title role of "Marie Antoinette," in which Charles Laughton will be co-starred.

Richard Arlen

Maybe you've wondered where Dick's been lately. Well, he's been up in Revelstoke, British Columbia, on one of the longest location trips ever taken by any film company, to star in one of the most ambitious British pictures to date—"The Great Barrier," GB's epic of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Janet Gaynor

Back on the home lot after her outstanding success in M-G-M's "Small Town Girl," Janet is scheduled to do a new type of picture at 20th Century-Fox. The big film's called "Ladies in Love" and will have three (count 'em) feminine stars, the others in question being Constance Bennett and Loretta Young.

During the making of "Lost Horizon," for Columbia, Jane and Ronnie had their fortunes told by Tatzumbie, 77-year-old Cherokee squaw in the supporting cast, who predicted that Ronnie (who already plans a long vacation in England) would marry again—but not until he had retired from all film work!

Jane Wyatt

Marion Davies and

and Ronald Colman

Clark Gable

Marion's another star who expects to take a holiday trip to Europe, now that work on Warner's "Cain and Mabel" is completed. Meanwhile, Clark goes back to M-G-M, his home studio, for his next co-starring film with Joan Crawford, the much-heralded romantic comedy, "Love on the Run."

Ann Southern

RKO has found the team of Sothern and Gene Raymond so popular that, following "Walking on Air," they'll be teamed again in "Million Dollar Profile," with the kind of supporting cast—Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes and Helen Broderick, for instance—usually reserved for Astaire-Rogers films.

Martha Raye

Born in Butte, a member of her parents' vaudeville act at the age of three, discovered at the Trocadero by Director Norman Taurog, she made the standout hit of the season in "Rhythm on the Range." Now she has a Paramount contract and will be in "Big Broadcast of 1937"—with Bob Burns!

How Joan Ended the

IN telling this tale of the ending of one of the longest smouldering feuds in Hollywood, I'm risking the two stellar friendships that mean the most to me—Jean Harlow's and Joan Crawford's. Particularly Joan's! Yet the ending of the Crawford-Harlow feud is the happy ending of one of the most amazing stories in all Hollywood.

Jean won't mind so much my telling this story. Even at the height of their unspoken antagonism when they were passing each other almost daily on the lot and not speaking, when they met only to turn their eyes away and to seek the far corners at unfortunate parties where they chanced to be at the same time, Jean has always been more puzzled than vindictive at the three-year war between herself and Joan.

I remember she once said to me, "I sincerely don't know what this is all about. I wish I did. It would make it so much easier for me not to speak to Joan if I knew what we weren't speaking about. As it is, I find myself avoiding her for no better reason than the obvious fact that she doesn't like me!"

And Joan didn't like her! From the bottom of her honest, uncompromising heart, Joan did not like Jean Harlow. There was never any doubt of the source of the force that generated this prolonged antagonism, the greatest stellar feud in Hollywood since the well publicized Swanson-Negri affair. But unlike its famous predecessor, there were no temperamental scenes, no "big takes" to intrigue the attention of the columnists and make an undignified three ring circus of their feelings.

Joan Crawford quietly, but very cordially hated Jean Harlow and because of that Jean half-heartedly returned the feeling. And that was that.

In the very beginning, Hollywood, expecting firecrackers in the situation, watched the war between the two box-office queens with bated breath. "The big scene" must be in the immediate offing, and you don't know your Hollywood if you don't realize how much they love their scenes! They figured it was impossible for Joan, the greatest personality draw in pictures, and Jean, the Queen of Sex Appeal, to remain under the same studio roof without one head falling—and Hollywood didn't think it would be Joan's.

Joan was the established queen—no two ways about it. Three years ago, Jean was just a contender, *if* a sensational one. And contenders have not always been the lucky ones, if you remember your history. It was Mary of Scotland's head that fell, not Elizabeth's; and modernizing the same idea in Hollywood, it was Pola's that bowed in that old Paramount battle of the movie century, not Gloria's.

There was only one thing that puzzled the excited onlookers—what was the battle about?

Well, what is the battle ever about between two beautiful and famous women? In this particular case it was re-

Crawford-Harlow Feud

Joan and Jean didn't speak to each other for three years, until—well, read the whole dramatic story!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

membered that Joan's greatest friend had been Paul Bern, whose morbid philosophy of life had brought death by his own hand while he was married to Jean. Or was it that the queen who had worked so hard for her enviable position as No. 1 star in the Hollywood heavens resented the skyrocketing success of the girl who boomed into stardom on the color of her hair?

Personally, I've always believed what lay between Joan and Jean was more chemical than concrete. Even when Joan's swell French-Irish temper flared highest at me (after I had written a story of the feud) for even mentioning their names together, there was never anything definite, no tangible personal injustice to serve as a foundation for the great antagonism between them. That is, in the beginning, when they would meet on the dressing room stairs, eye to eye, these two beautiful and otherwise humorous girls, and, mentally drawing their regal skirts about them, pass without a glimmer of recognition.

Later, little things that seemed big things, crept into the calculations. Did Joan believe that Jean deliberately requested the presence of Franchot Tone, Joan's fiance, in "The Girl From Missouri," and refused to have any other leading man for the sheer deviltry of annoying her? Did Joan believe Jean played those love scenes with Franchot more ardently than she had ever played love scenes with any leading man, just for the effect it might have on Joan at the preview?

Joan never attended a Harlow preview even if Franchot was in the cast—for that matter she would not have (*Continued on page* 86)

Jim Stewart's LIFE IS FULL

A FEW good things came out of the depression. Take, for instance, James Stewart.

But for the big blight James Stewart might be humped right now over a drafting board in some New York architect's office, designing cozy corners for courageous couples.

Instead, Jimmy Stewart is the newest important discovery and the most talked about young feller in Hollywood today. And his B.S., the degree which was supposed to fix him up for life as an architect, looks as if it might very well signify "Big Shot" in the acting racket.

Yet he still starts on occasions when his police pup yaps in the night. It sounds a little like the wolf. Jimmy Stewart should know that wolves don't stall around exclusive Brentwood. But then, habit is a hard thing to break—and while he contemplates his success, Jimmy Stewart of Broadway is still repairing his coat-tails where the choppers snapped—not so long ago—while he struggled for a stage career.

Broadway knew him as a promising young actor—yes, indeed—but that didn't keep his last play from closing after three days.

However, this is all a bit in advance. Hark back to sometime in 1930 when a tall Princeton sophomore with a lot of hands and feet and a forelock of hair which defied the discipline of military brushes, mortgaged his future income—if any—for (of all things) an accordion.

It was a very lovely accordion. It still is. You can see it, if you go, as I did, out to the ranchito where Jimmy and his old roommate of the leaner days, Hank Fonda, hold forth in the state of country gents—bachelor country gents.

The squeeze-box is very elegantly inlaid with iridescent sapphire blue stuff and mother-of-pearl. Filigreed across its front in German silver is the impressive legend "Superio." It is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to the ear as well, for despite its six years of wear and tear, hoping to get paid for, it still squeezes and wheezes melodious music—as Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Woody Van Dyke and various inhabitants, wild and civilized, of the Lake Tahoe district will testify.

The same year that Jimmy Stewart acquired this particular accordion—on an honest face and the installment plan—he also acquired a look or two at a girl named Margaret Sullavan who came down to Princeton during the course of one of the sleeper jumps she was accustomed to make in those days with a traveling stock outfit.

And you can credit to the weird jig-saw puzzle of life the fact that the fortitude to plank down the very much overdue final payment on the accordion, managed a short while ago, came from an association with the same Peggy Sullavan, for whose ex-spouse and others it now pumps out melody on occasions. The association was quite recent—in a picture called "Next Time We Love."

If you are wondering how this all came about, you have little or nothing on James Stewart, who observes, "It's kind of crazy, isn't it?" as he wags his long, thin, attractive face and surveys with a quizzical grin the spacious rooms of his present quarters with the real log burning fireplace, the grand piano and comfortable doo-dads, the big lawn, the tennis court and the pups.

It hasn't been so awfully long since he and Hank were wedging themselves into a two-room New York apartment, and sharing that with two other guys.

"Seems as if," he sighs as he stretches half or more of

It's often a triangle when Jim and Henry Fonda decide to do the town, as in this case with Virginia Bruce; Hank is Jim's best friend, for whom he has suffered much —and vice versa! Right, with Alice Faye and Eleanore Whitney. Opposite page, with Ginger Rogers, talking to Mrs. Jack Benny (Mary Livingstone); though James is the favorite escort of the glamor gals today, Ginger's said to be his choice of them all.

It's amazing how much that one geometrical figure has influenced the destiny of happy-go-lucky Jimmy, from Princeton to Hollywood

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

OF TRIANGLES!

his six-feet-two toward the fire, "when you have a place like this to live, you ought to just sit around and read a book or something."

You get the impression that James Stewart is lazy when you first meet him. He's long and loose, a couple of inches taller than Clark Gable and forty pounds lighter. His hair still won't stay back. When he combs it there's a lock that jumps right back out over his eyebrow. He talks in a slow voice that seems perpetually tired, almost husky. It's a very attractive voice, and Jimmy Stewart is a very attractive lad, as you know if you saw "Next Time We Love," or "Rose Marie" or "Wife vs. Secretary." He's no Arrow-collar model. His jaw is a little long and his neck is longer. He still has lots of feet and hands. The face around his gray eyes is pleasantly ruddy, as you'd expect in a chap with as Scotch a name as James Stewart.

Princeton seems just behind the corner, instead of four years back. Jimmy Stewart could amble his long legs across the campus at Old Nassau any day this week and no one would suspect he wasn't a student. He's twenty-seven, but he still looks like a college boy. Maybe it's because college definitely took with him, even if architecture didn't.

And maybe this was because at Princeton they have a club called "The Triangle." It has nothing to do with architecture. It has, on the other hand, everything to do with singing and playing and staging shows. In your time you've probably hummed tunes such as "East of the Sun" and "Love on a Dime" from its shows.

When Jimmy came down to Old Nassau from Indiana, Pennsylvania, via Mercersburg Academy, the first triangle he tried was an engineer's triangle, but it seemed you had to like mathematics to be an (*Continued on page* 84)

WHEN Madeleine Carroll returned to London after making two pictures in Hollywood, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," and "The General Died at Dawn," she returned to keep a date. It was more important than a date with mere men. It was, extraordinarily enough, a rendezvous with seven hundred years of family heritage, *an appointment with tradition!*

Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Philip Astley in private life and in September the family from which Captain Astley descends celebrated its seven-hundredth year in the same ancestral castle. Lord Hastings, head of the family, received its illustrious members in the baronial hall, and there were receptions, dinners, a great ball. It is hard for us, in this country, with less than half that many years in our entire history, to realize the magnificence of this occasion. But we can recognize Madeleine Carroll's unique social position.

Still, if you think Madeleine is haughty about such a royal rendezvous, you're wrong. This particular Cinderella went to her ball with quite a different attitude. When she talked about it, before leaving Hollywood, her eyes glowed and her words leap-frogged all over each other. She was as excited as a sweet girl graduate.

"Oh, it's going to be beautiful," she said. "Awe-inspiring. Everyone hushed by the glory of the occasion. It's nothing to be haughty about. True, it makes you hold your head high, makes you walk better, carry your clothes better, makes you want to dance more gracefully. But not in *pride* —in *humility*, rather. Perhaps it sounds paradoxical, but I

cinderella's still a Working Girl

Madeleine Carroll has wealth, fame, a brilliant marriage—so why does she prefer her career to the gay society life she might be living in England?

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

At present, Madeleine is in England with her husband, Captain Philip Astley, to join in the rites of a 700-year-old family tradition. But she'll soon be back to work—and this story tells you why.

hope you see what I mean. In humility I'll try to live up to the glory!"

Why, then, if she likes that sort of thing—and the star-twinkle in her eyes indicates that she does—why then, has she given it up, forsaking all but a small part of it for a life on the screen? Why, in place of Mayfair, a martyrdom to fame, fans and autograph hunters? Why, instead of delicate candlelight, the life-sapping Kleigs? Why, in place of leisure and luxury, only work-filled days? These, naturally, are the questions that everyone is asking.

"Oh, but you don't understand me," she said quickly. "Our celebration in the Astley family, I do not call that society. That is tradition. I love that. But I could never love what *passes* for society today, what the word has come to mean. Society these days is a career. Anybody with money and manners enough can swing it. Not that I belittle it. I don't. It is just that, like any career, it has to be a full-time job. And you can't be an actress and a society woman, too. I chose to be the former. You suggest that an actress' life is the harder, but you know I'm not quite sure of that." Miss Carroll puckered her pretty brow in a smile-and-frown mixture. "Of course, an actress has to start a picture on that picture's starting date whether she likes it or not. And if she's sick or discouraged still the show goes on. But pity your poor society woman. She has to go to the races in the racing season, to polo when the polo bloom is on, to the Riviera when it's in swing, to the Alps when that's the thing. Like the actress, if she doesn't keep her opening dates, she loses out. See, it's not so terribly different.

"There's another similarity: press agentry," she went on. "In London they don't quite own up to it, but I'm sure they have society publicity agents there just as they do in New York, people who will see to it that your picture-in-the-proper-place gets into the paper at the proper time. A third similarity: society women, like actresses, are always on parade, and *must* always look their most beautiful best! But there, and I'll be ultra serious now, there the likeness ceases. I can see no real purpose in society for myself, no real satisfaction, nothing worthwhile to be gained."

In making this very fine distinction between society and tradition, Madeleine Carroll has made an interesting point. They used to be the same thing, but they aren't any more. But still she is qualified to talk about both, because she has had experience with both. When she emerged in a leading part in her very first film and became a star overnight, it was London society which "took her up."

"I think I must have been a very funny little person. I had just left the University, and up until that time I had lived the most sheltered of existences," Miss Carroll said. "I was filled with a burning desire to succeed as an actress, and, like all careerists in their first stages, had very little sense of humor about myself. I cannot think I was much of an asset socially. I know that I was teased unmercifully on many occasions.

"I remember well my first visit to a London night club. I was taken there by a very worldly 'young man about town' who was much amused at taking out such a pathetically ingenuous film star.

"I was intent on appearing as sophisticated as he was, and he called my bluff by ordering me a drink (which I pretended was just what I wanted) of absinthe and brandy mixed. I drank it as unconcernedly as I could, and fortunately, having been brought up by a French mother, and being used at least to wine since I was a child, the effect was not so disastrous as it might have been. But I didn't feel very friendly toward night clubs, worldly 'young men about town' or spirits for quite a long time afterwards!

"Then there was the sad story of the pajama and bottle party to which I was invited. This was a much more difficult problem, and there was no one to whom I could turn for advice. The bottle part of the puzzle was solved by my escort-to-be, who happened to mention that, of course, he'd take care of the bottle! But the pajamas! You see, the fashion of evening or lounging pajamas hadn't yet reached London, and I couldn't imagine wearing sleeping pajamas to a party. Still that was what (*Continued on page* 125)

FOR Young Girls ONLY

By
KATHERINE
ALBERT

Presenting some of the young experts in our article, from left to right: Cecilia Parker, going to the movies with William Henry; Anita Louise, at the Trocadero with Tom Beck; Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, her "steady"—let Madge tell you how to keep a man's interest; Marsha Hunt with Henry Fonda; Anne Shirley and Maurice Murphy at a broadcast; Ida Lupino and her big moment, Louis Hayward. Right, typical glimpses of Hollywood's younger set: Beverly Roberts and Marie Wilson, two more of our advisers, with Tom Brown (the ubiquitous, as our author calls him); and Anita Louise, on her way to London, saying goodbye to Betty Furness (another of our experts), Jimmy Stewart and Hank Fonda.

Do you remember that day when you were about seventeen and you came into your mother's living room and threw yourself across the divan with your pretty large eyes red from weeping and your hair all tousled? Let's pretend that I was there, too.

Do you remember how kind your mother was when she asked you what the trouble was? She thought you were crying because you had failed to pass your exams. Or maybe that you had not made the basketball team.

When you explained to us that you were miserable because your friend, Betty, had taken your boy friend away from you, do you remember how your mother laughed that infuriating adult laugh and said, "Oh, that's not serious." She went on to say that when you were older you would look back on today and smile at your present suffering.

Do you remember what you said to me later? "I can't understand it. It's easy enough to get a beau. It's what to do with 'em after you've got 'em that keeps me worried. Should you sit by the telephone and wait for the man to call or break down and call him yourself? Should you let him kiss you? Or would that make you cheap? Should you keep him guessing and make him jealous of other boys—or what? What did Betty do that I failed to do? I wish somebody would tell me—somebody who *knows.* Even if Mother would take me seriously enough to talk to me she wouldn't know. Things were different when she was a girl."

"What you need," I said, "is the advice of some young person with your own problems but with more worldly experience than you to tell you how to hold your beau."

I left you then because I had an idea. And just two days later I had rounded up practically all the Bright Young People of Hollywood—all the girls who are in constant demand for dining, dancing and party dates.

The first one I saw was June Travis, that breezy youngster in "Ceiling Zero." She is young. She is pretty. And, better still for my purposes, when she was in school she was in constant demand as a youthful mother confessor. The girls were always bringing her their problems.

"I've always said that the main thing is to be natural with a man and treat him well," June began. "Don't cling. Don't whine. Stand on your own two feet, but for heaven's sake don't be possessive.

"Never criticize him openly. There's a more subtle way of correcting his faults. Tell him of the qualities you admire most in other men. If he has a lick of sense he'll catch on and make himself more like those you admire.

"Call him on the telephone if you feel like it, but don't let him get the idea that you're keeping tabs on him.

"As for the kissing problem, that depends on you. If you're fickle and go around with a different smooth citizen every few weeks you're going to cheapen yourself by promiscuous kissing. So don't kiss unless you're fairly sure that this is a pretty important man in your life. If you know yourself to be fickle, save your kisses until the big flame comes along."

Next on my list was Anne Shirley, one of the most popular kids in the younger set. She considered earnestly the question of what to do to hold your beau. She ran her

Advice from eleven of the most popular actresses in Hollywood's younger set on how to attract that nice young man—and keep him!

hands through that mop of red gold hair and her eyes shone when she talked.

"I don't believe in making a habit of calling boys up," she said. "If they really want to get you on the telephone they can.

"A lot of times I don't follow the rules. I know, for instance, that a boy hates to see you use make-up in public. And I can't understand why. Gee whizz, they should know that no lipstick in the world stays on indefinitely. I'd rather look nice and use it before my beau than look like a mess. It will make him mad for a minute—sure. But it makes me madder not to look nice.

"I know men don't like red fingernails. They never come out and say so but when I use natural polish on my nails they always tell me how nice my hands look. I can't understand it. I adore red fingernails.

"I believe in being honest with men. I think you hold them much better that way. When I break a date I never give them the line about a headache or say that my mother wants me to go somewhere with her. I just come out and say something more exciting that I'd rather do has come up.

"You see, I hate playing a game with men. I believe in just being natural. I never criticize men. If little things they do get on my nerves, then I think real hard about all the nice things about them and play those up. Because I know it makes me awfully mad to be criticized and so I'm sure it makes men mad, too.

"Anyhow, I want a man I can respect. I like to have a man win an argument, no matter what sort of fight I put up. Right now, I'm terribly fickle—that's my great trouble—but when I do get married I won't be any more, if I can absolutely respect the man I marry. You see, I want him to be a lot more brainy than I am. I think all women really want that, don't you?

"But truly I think the main thing about holding a man is to be sweet and natural and just have fun."

Any girl would have a lot of fun at Anne Shirley's house. In her crowd there are, among others, Phyllis Frazer, June Lang, Pat Ellis, Anita Louise, Cecilia Parker, Johnny Downs, Henry Wilson and Tom Brown. Anne never pairs them off. The kids just arrive, boys and girls separately. "Dates are too much trouble," Anne says. They play kid games. One of their favorites is Mickey Mouse.

This is how you play it. Give (*Continued on page* 89)

"FIRST LOVE is DANGEROUS," Warns JOHN HOWARD

Young romance and a career just don't mix—but you'll notice he's still wearing his first sweetheart's ring!

By BEN MADDOX

BECAUSE he was violently in love at eighteen and *didn't* marry the girl, John Howard is today in the front row of Hollywood's rising male favorites.

And only by knowing his love story can you really understand John Howard. This is the way it happened:

He was so positive that Marion meant everything to him. Neither family nor friends nor future mattered half so much to him as she, the only girl, did during the ecstatic interlude. Suddenly came that wonderful lift from everyday, commonplace routines. Life was laughter, and gay, exciting kisses. Life was a tonic, to be gulped avidly. It was a sharing of magnificent moments. Marion was what existence was for, and in her he believed he had the final answer to his secret yearnings.

They thought they were to be one and the fierce passion which wanted to consume them was their constant companion. It was, in fact, the crescendo prelude to their parting.

Then the world, callous and calculating, stepped into the "perfect" set-up. Slowly, painfully, the bubble broke. And yet how lucky for John Howard was that disruption!

"First love is dangerous!" he exclaims. "It's so completely enveloping that you lose track of your sense of values. You forget so much that you must recall to make a success of yourself.

"I was in a daze. I didn't care what happened to me, nor about pleasing anyone else. I was silly and tactless; my plans and resolutions were shot. I hated to be reminded of them."

He talks like this now. Calmly, wisely. The hunger for romance that is obvious in his challenging blue eyes is somewhat tempered. That particular desire that overwhelmed him has passed and, at twenty-three, he is astonishingly sane on the subject of femininity. Of course, he is still just on the threshold of promising tomorrows and I'm not implying that he professes to "know women;" John's no such fool. But very definitely he is aware of the part they shall play in his scheme of things.

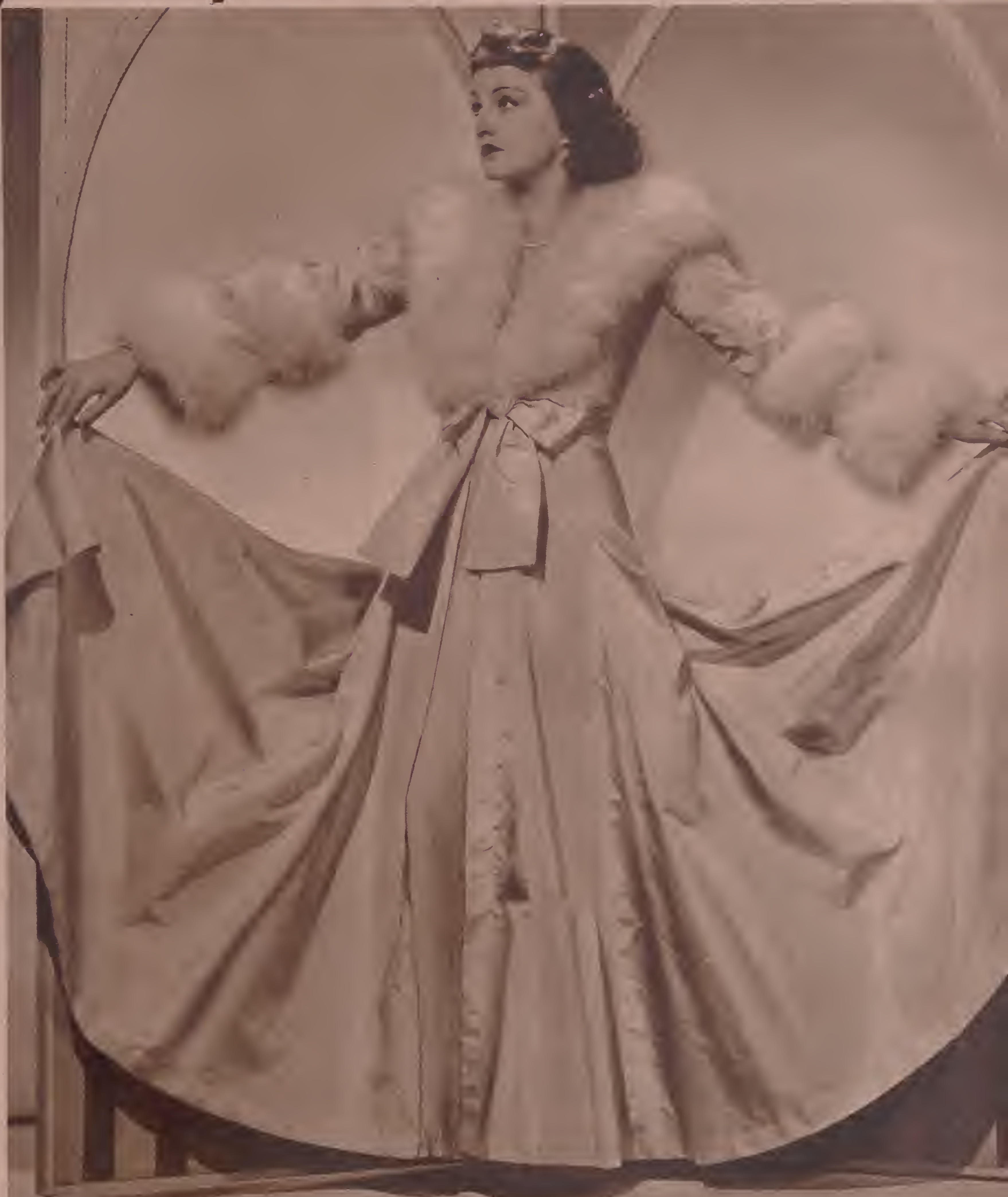
He thanks Marion and what he describes as "young madness" for the apparent balance he has obtained. For this splendid Hollywood opportunity that's unfolding before him, too.

As smart as any newcomer to pictures, he can realize that the emotional tornado which swept him off his feet was a valuable experience. He loved—and learned from loving. Moreover, he credits the girl

(*Continued on page* 100)

Star Fashions

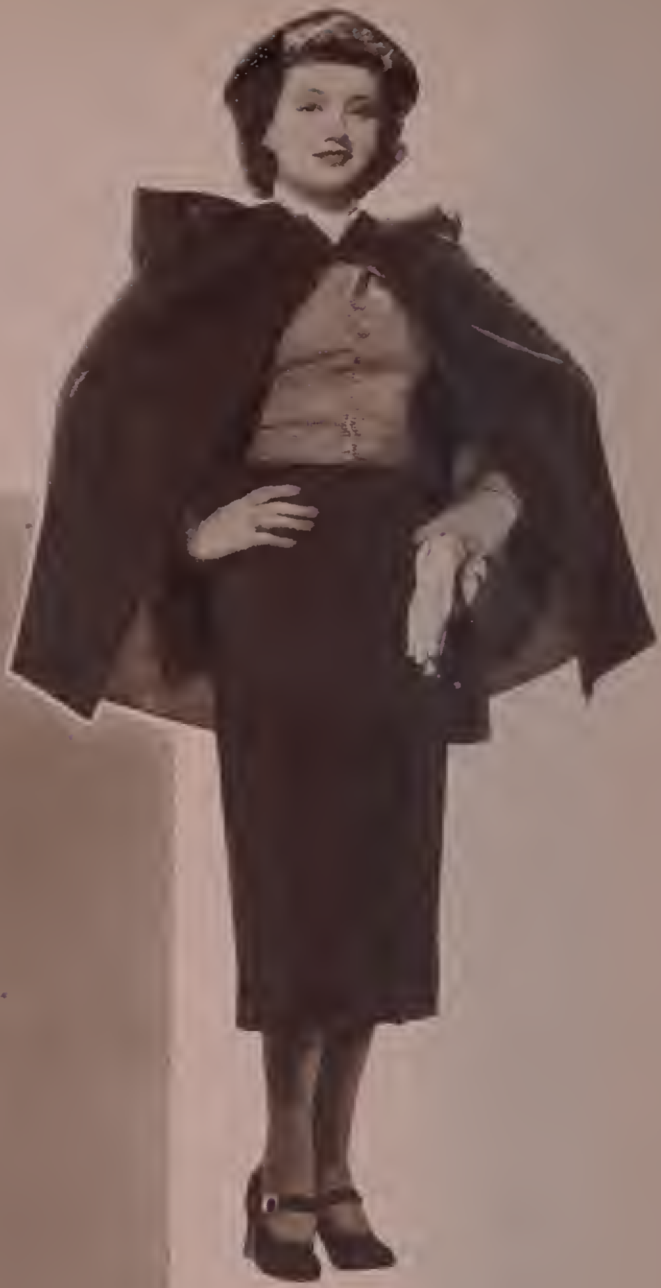
By GWENN WALTERS

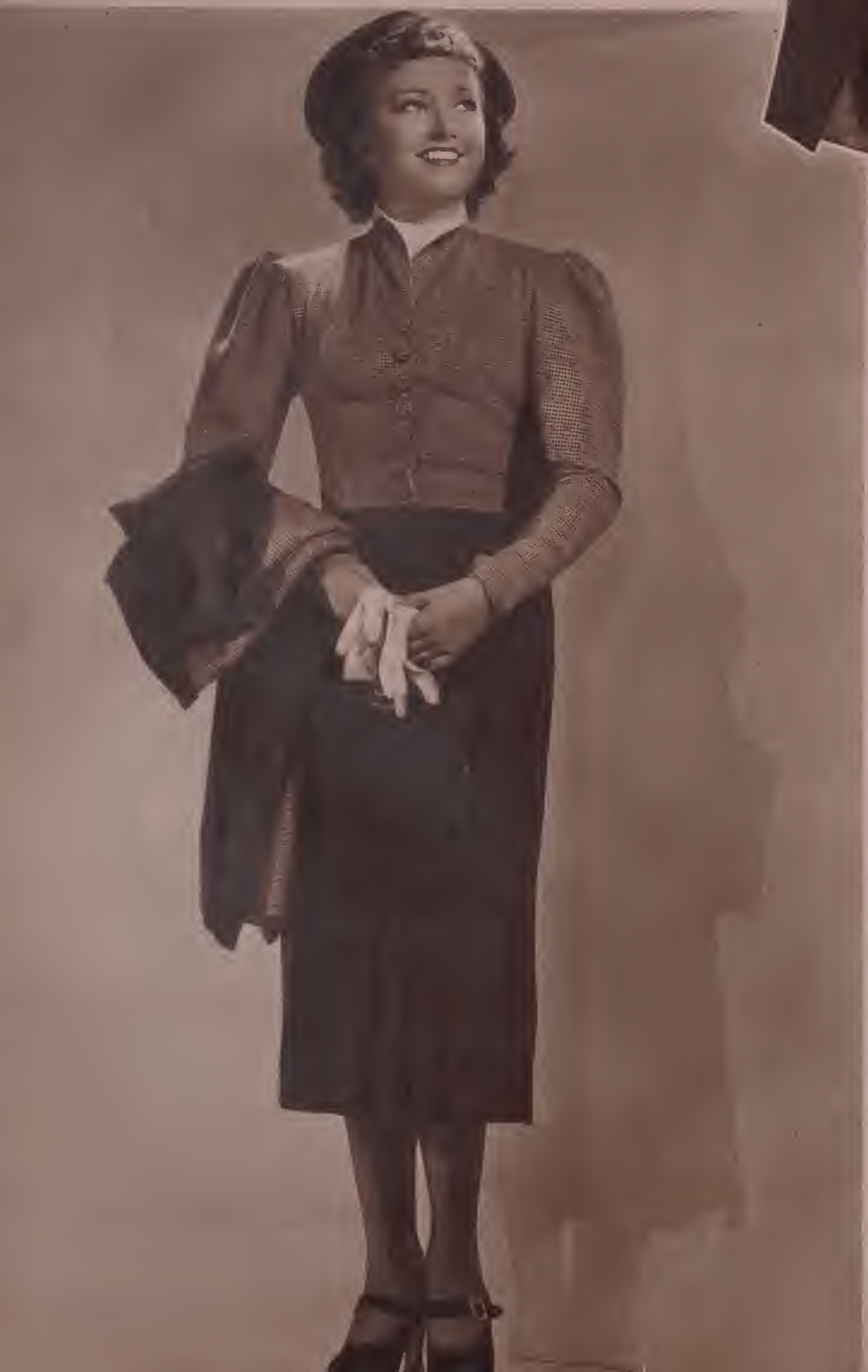


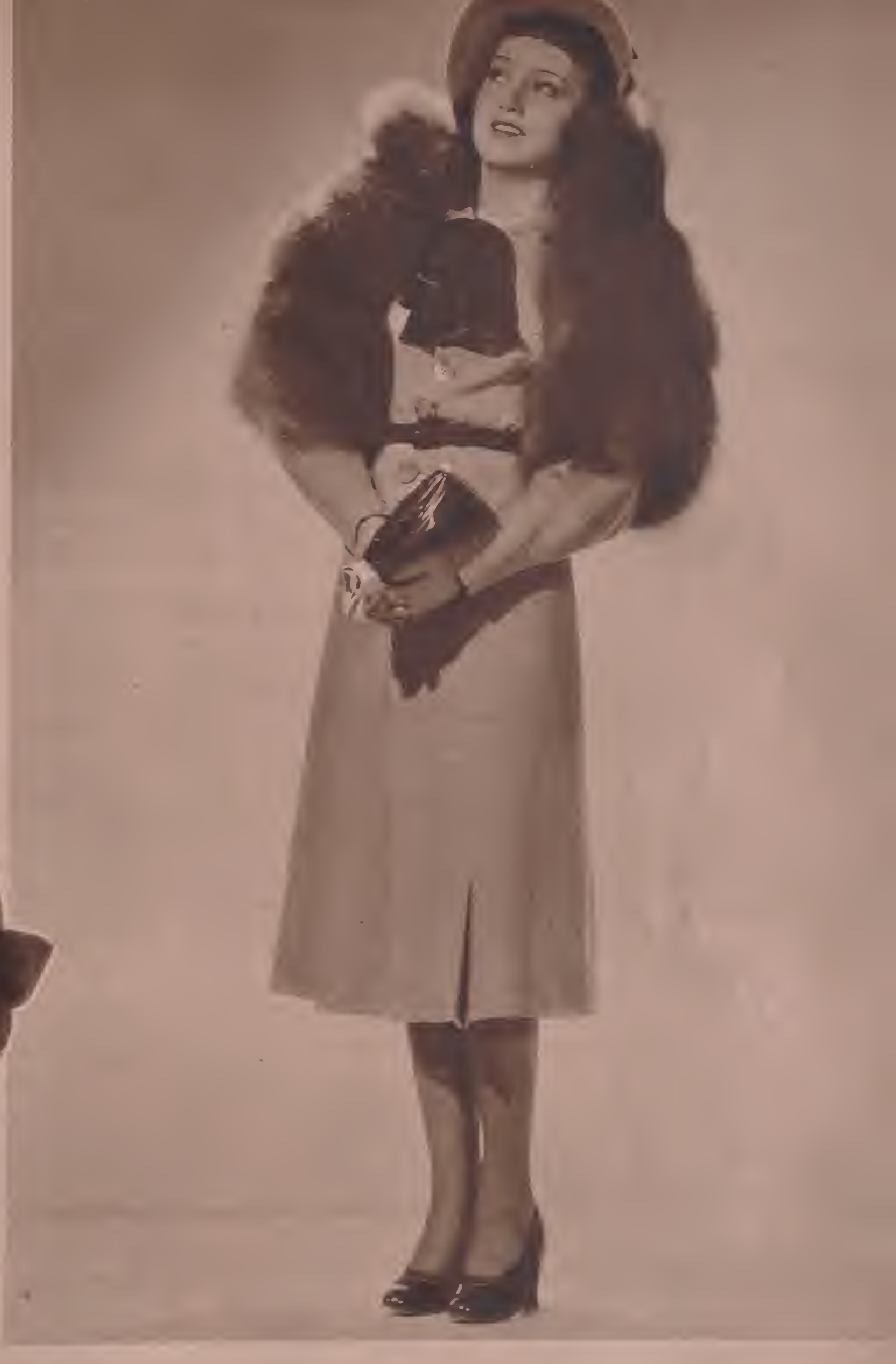
Photography William Walling, Jr.

Clothes of youthful chic touched with sophisticated glamor are Travis Banton's newest fashion fancy. Arline Judge wears the distinctive creations on this and the following pages in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." Arline's exquisitely feminine negligee coat of peach taffeta mounted on a matching pleated chiffon slip has soft, luxurious collar and cuffs of apricot maribou.

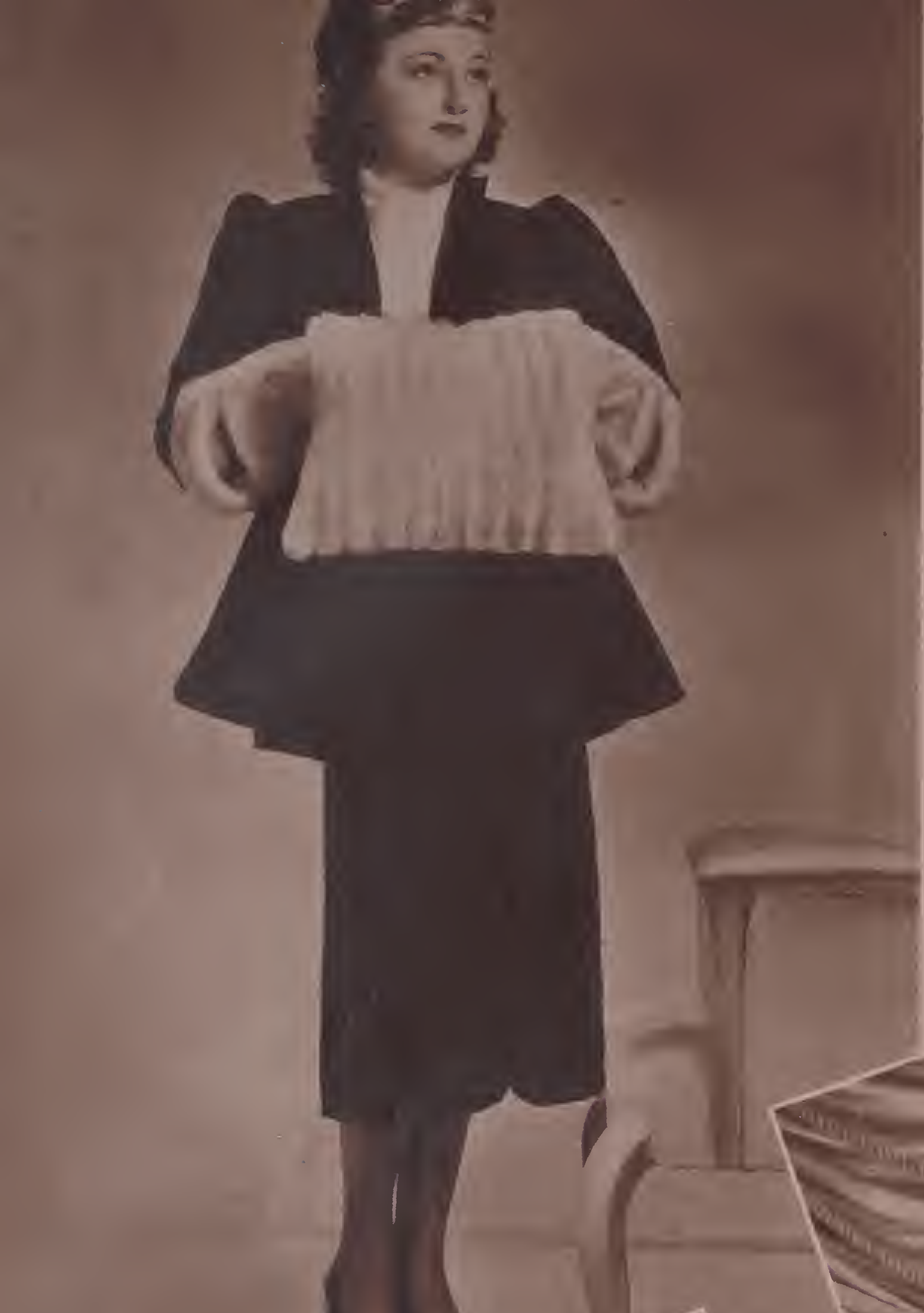
Navy homespun was selected for Arline's town costume, which boasts a cunning box-shoulder cape (as shown in the smaller picture at right). Shepherd's plaid in navy and white fashions the fitted blouse and lines the cape. Arline's off-the-face hat is pierced by a tiny white feather; her gloves are white to contrast with her navy bag and shoes.



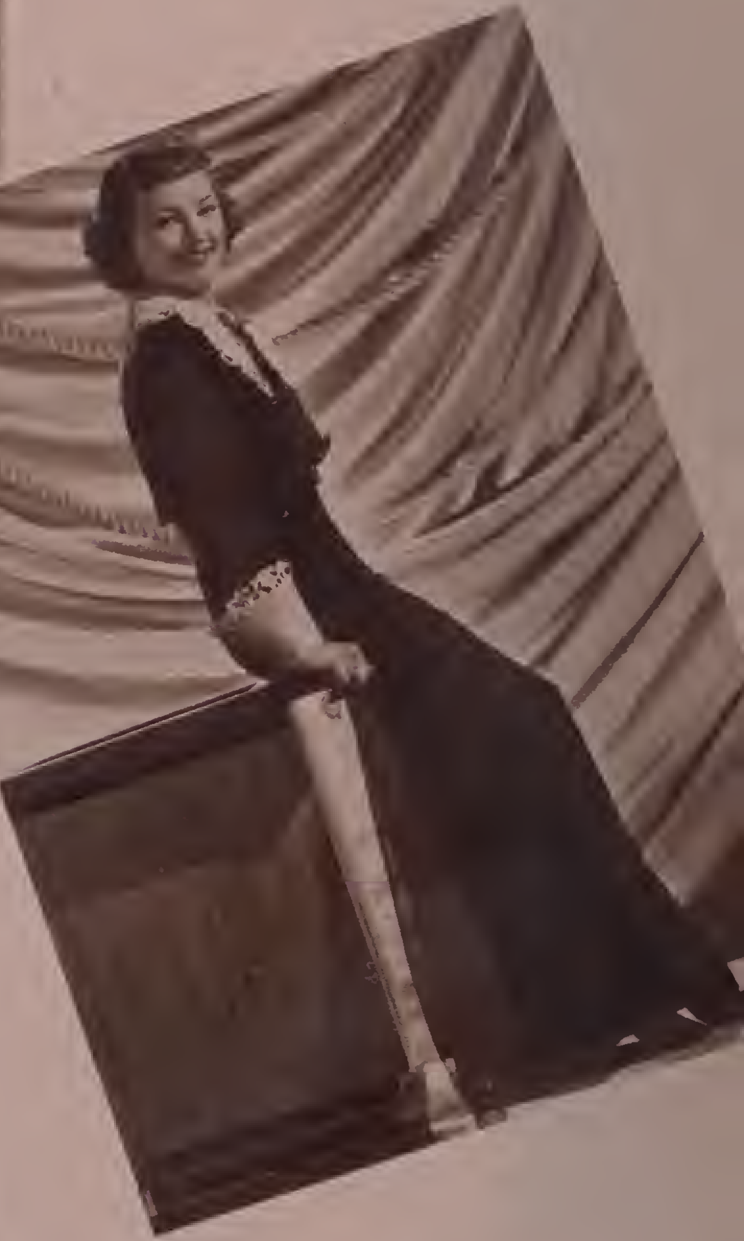


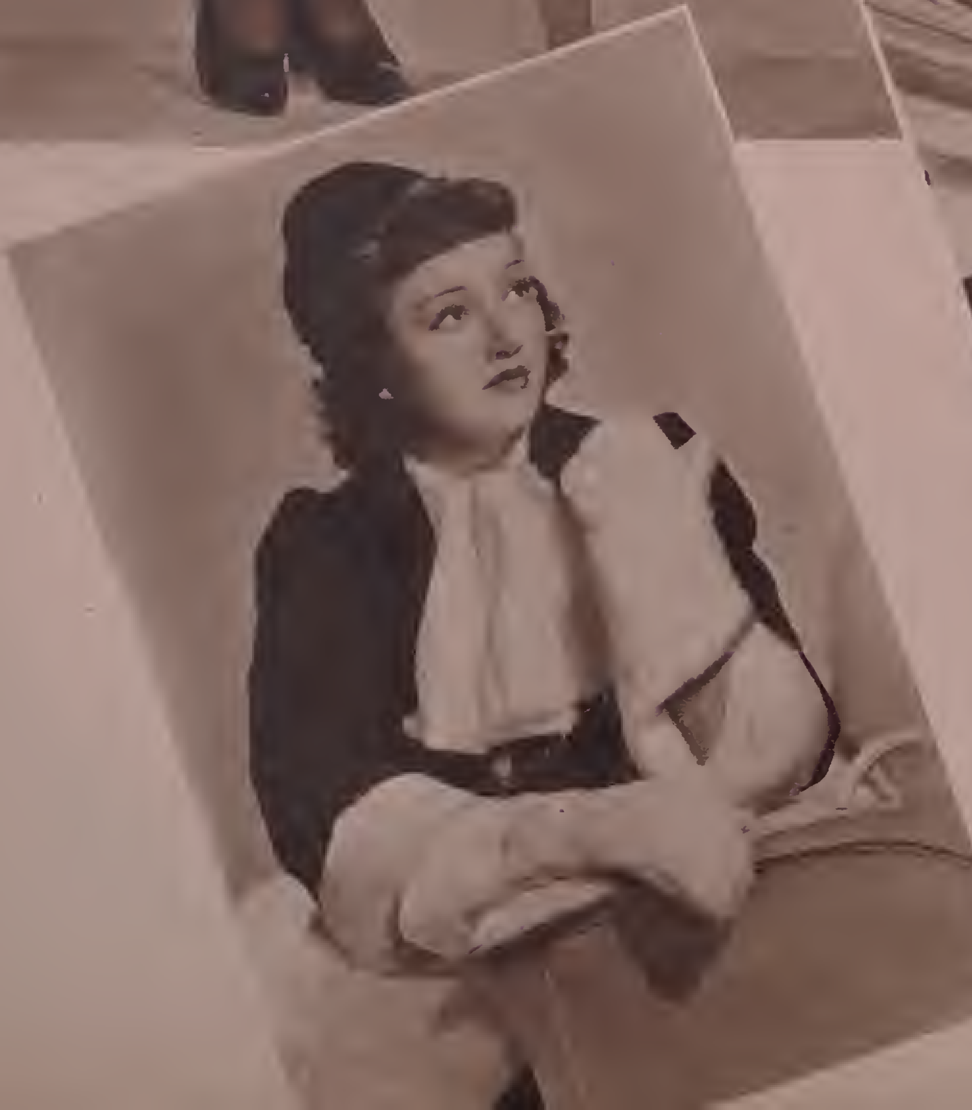


A beige fox cape furnishes lavish trimming for Arline's dressy single-breasted coat of matching homespun. The brown satin bow that closes the coat neckline is the trimming on the matching frock worn beneath. Her new-style bonnet hat of beige felt has a novel decoration made of brown double-faced satin ribbon. All accessories, of course, are brown.

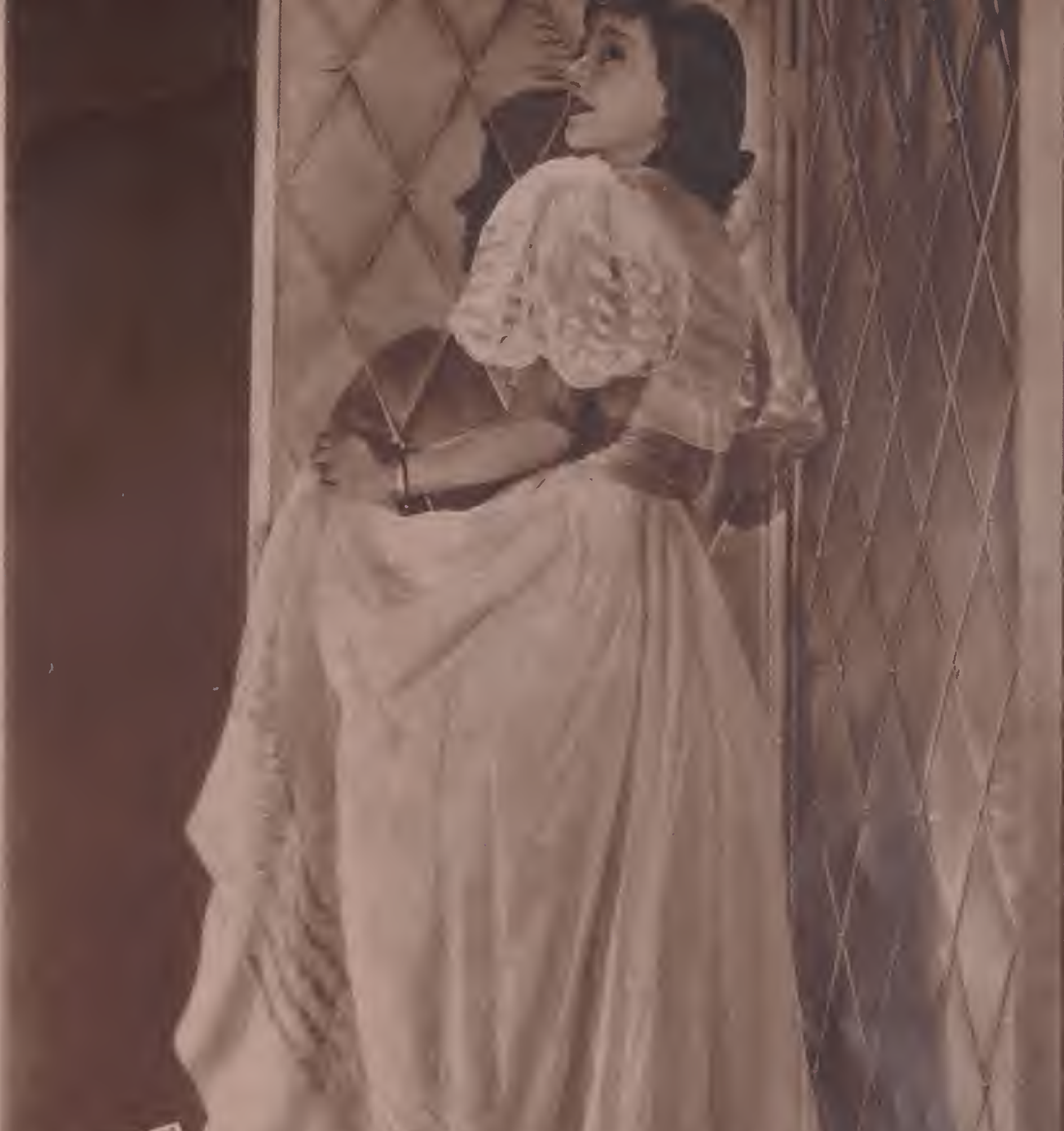


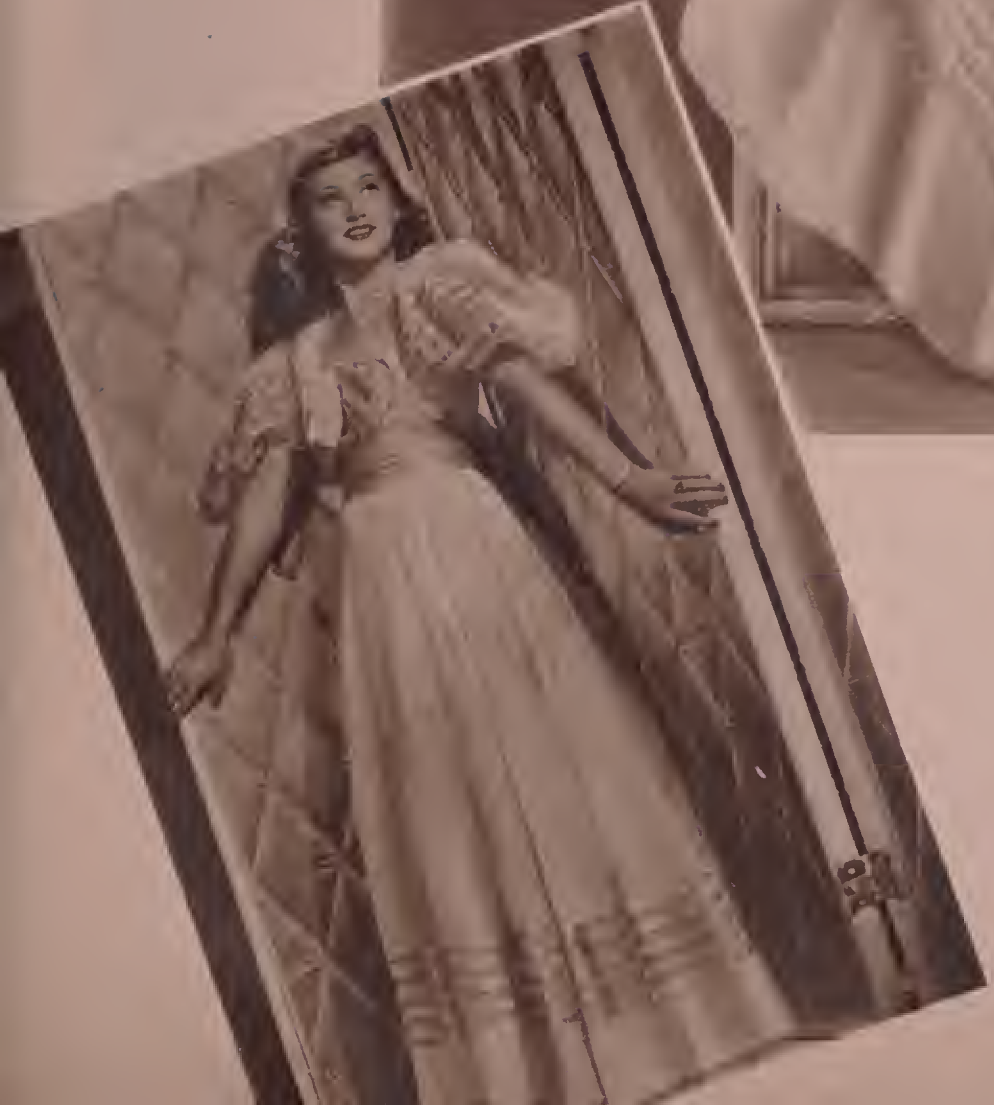
Left—A dressmaker suit of black Lyons velvet is so smart for the theater or any "little occasion." Travis Banton executed this one of Arline's with a silhouette skirt accented by a circular flaring coat with shoulder fullness that stops discreetly this side of the bizarre. White ermine trims the cuffs and fashions the ascot, quaint muff and startlingly new gauntlet mittens (see close-up below). A short-sleeved satin blouse completes this classic suit. Just below—For informal holiday dinners, Travis Banton has interpreted the popular shirtmaker frock in Prussian blue chiffon velvet, closed it down the front with self-covered buttons, and ornamented it with collar and cuffs in the mode of Charles II, in white linen and Point de Venise. For contrast, there's a sophisticated bow of cerise grosgrain ribbon to fasten the collar.





Movie Mirror's Fashion Editor has just returned from New York. If you would like a fashion forecast of New York styles as interpreted by her, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.





Arline's gown of nude organdie (incidentally, this is Travis Banton's favorite evening fabric for fall) is delightfully provocative. A delicate color contrast is achieved by a peach taffeta foundation and stripings and a crushed girdle of satin in the same hue. The wee bolero jacket, girdle and full skirt betray the peasant inspiration of this new fashion.

There's no similarity between the important incidents chosen from their lives by Joan Bennett, Frances Drake and Fay Wray (left to right), but they all have definite reasons for their choices—and they give them frankly.

Irene Dunne, the songbird, didn't hesitate a moment in choosing her hour—so characteristic, but we bet you'll never guess what it is! Dick Barthelmess's answer concerned Jessica, his wife, and a trip to Hawaii, as shown below.

IF YOU HAD *One Hou*

Which sixty minutes of your life would you choose? Read these answers, then try our contest!

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

If you could have one hour out of your lifetime to live over again—not that you might do anything differently but that you might relive that sixty-minute span simply for the sheer joy you experienced in it—which hour would you choose?

I asked Spencer Tracy that question. Irene Dunne and Anita Louise, too. Also Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Joan Bennett, Frances Drake, Una Merkel, Richard Barthelmess and Madam Schumann-Heink. And I think their answers splendidly indicate those things which are really important to human beings and also those things which hold the very essence of happiness.

Spencer Tracy didn't have to reach far back into his memory for the hour he would choose. For it was only about a year ago that Mrs. Tracy and the little son who has been deaf since he was a baby flew up to San Francisco on a visit. One night Mrs. Tracy called Spencer on the phone and said she had something to tell him.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is it?" He thought he could detect in her voice a promise of good news to come.

"Oh, it's nothing important," she said. "They just want you to come up here for a polo match. I'll tell you all about it when I see you."

Hanging up the telephone, Spencer felt as if he had lost something. He had been so sure he was about to hear something that would please him.

Two nights after that Mrs. Tracy was waiting when he got home from the studios. "Go upstairs and see your son," she said. "He has something to tell you."

Spencer sat down on the side of the little fellow's bed.

"What's this news you have for me?" he asked in their customary manner of communication.

And it was then Spencer heard the good news which Mrs. Tracy's voice had promised him over the phone in that minute before she decided to wait and let the boy tell Spencer himself. In San Francisco tests had been made, and audiphone reports showed that young Tracy was not totally deaf but that he had eight per cent of his hearing—

which meant that science could help him tremendously and in time make it possible for him to adjust himself to an active life, to play and study with young companions.

In a rush Spencer could see himself sharing pleasures and confidences of all kinds and of all ages with this son whom he loves so devotedly. It was a moment almost too wonderful to be endured with any calm.

"I wonder," Spencer said over lunch in the Metro commissary, "if any happiness can be greater than that which counteracts unhappiness, than that which brings you the very things you have tortured yourself dreaming about. I doubt it."

FRANCES DRAKE chose an exciting, romantic hour. Some years ago when Frances began her career as a ballroom dancer at Ciro's in Paris, an actor who sat at a ringside table asked a mutual friend to introduce him to Frances. They saw each other many times after that but never with much regularity and usually in company with other people.

"Always," Frances said, "a certain man and a certain woman came between us—diverted us, in a manner of speaking. But from the first night I met that man I knew he was important to me. He was, for one thing, the only man in the world with whom I was completely myself. But I disciplined my emotions. I felt I had to, in self defense. I was sure I was merely the object of a mild flirtation as far as he was concerned. And I didn't want my need of him to become too demanding."

Constantly, however, Frances carried an awareness of this man about with her. Even when she went to Hollywood to stake her claim to the gold which fame pays out there. And in her memory she knew how his eyes moved and she could hear the timbre of his voice. Beside him other men were pleasant or unpleasant, nothing more. And all of this brought Frances to her greatest hour.

That important day the Paramount commissary was as noisy and crowded as it always is. There was no sign that anything special was about to happen, that a man was going to arise from his place at one of the tables and stand waiting until his eyes caught Frances' eyes and that when this happened his voice and her voice together were going to say, "It's—it's *you!*"

For it had, you see, been the same with him as it had been with her. And now at last the eyes she remembered so well moved to see her dark curving mouth that he remembered so well. For the two of them life caught up its beat and truly went on again.

And when that happens it is an hour to remember, an hour to be lived over again! (*Continued on page 112*)

to Live OVER AGAIN

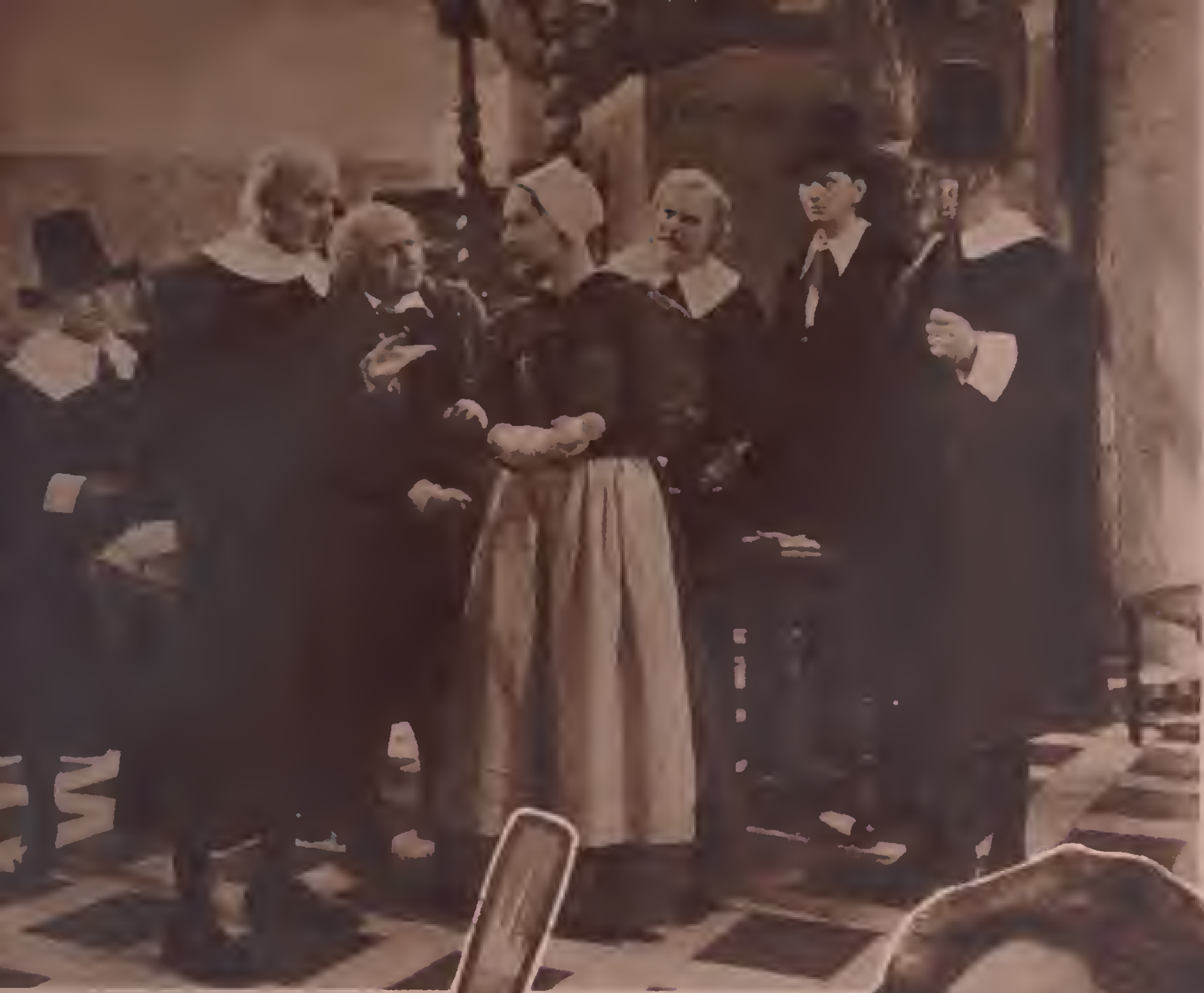
Above, an early picture of Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen on their boat, taken about the same time as the hour which Dick describes. Right, Spencer Tracy's most memorable experience is perhaps the most dramatic hour of all.

What replies would you expect from such varied types as the stars on the right? You'll know them all much better, after you've read the intimate revelations of young Anita Louise, gay Una Merkel, and wise Schumann-Heink.

One of the greatest master painters of all time comes to life upon the screen, portrayed by Charles Laughton's artistry

Rembrandt

Above, Rembrandt van Rijn (Charles Laughton), center foreground, surveys one of his masterpieces. Laughton's own wife, Elsa Lanchester (above, at right) plays the role of Hendrickje Stoffels, faithful serving girl from the country. Right, Hendrickje on trial before the Consistory Court, on a morality charge.



These exclusive stills from the London Films picture, "Rembrandt," directed by Alexander Korda, possess the same dramatic qualities in lighting and design as the painter's own work. At left is Laughton's other feminine lead, Gertrude Lawrence, as Geertke, Rembrandt's mistress, with Lawrence Hanray, Meinhart Maur, Sam Livesey, Raymond Huntley and others of the supporting cast.

DEATH on the Sound Track

By JOHN A. SAXON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ FELIX

I—OH, my Lord," stuttered the night clerk between chattering teeth. "I'll—I'll telephone the police."

"That ain't goin' to be necessary," boomed the voice of Joe Malarkey as he stamped up the stairs, halted in front of the door and stood with arms akimbo, staring at Dan Creighton.

"Say, what is this?" he bellowed. "Hide and go seek or ring around the rosie? I saw that yellow tin can of yours out in front of the house when I came in but I don't think you'd—"

He caught sight of the dead man and clipped the words short.

"Holy mackerel," he blurted. "Every place I find you I find a corpse. Why don't you hire yourself out to an undertaker? What's happened to *him?*"

Creighton looked up with a quizzical expression.

"You're the law, Malarkey," he grinned. "Suppose you tell us. We just got here."

"As usual," retorted Malarkey. "That's your story and some day you're gonna be stuck with it."

He stood over the body, towering above it like some mighty Goliath.

"What hit *him?*" he demanded, addressing no one in particular and apparently not expecting an answer.

"Whatever it was, it hit him quick and sudden," chipped in Creighton.

Malarkey made a growling noise that was comparable only to the surly grunt of an angry bear.

"Funny," he snapped. "I was here myself less than an hour ago."

"Then it was you frisked the place, eh?" cut in Creighton.

Malarkey turned, his neck purpling. "Who said so?" he came back. "I don't need no search warrant in a suspected felony case. Sure I was here! What of it?"

Creighton nodded toward the corpse. "You should have stuck around Joe," he said. "Maybe this wouldn't have happened."

"Maybe not," clipped the homicide dick, significantly.

He walked to the side of the body and stooped down. "There ain't a mark on him," he said succinctly. "Suicide!"

"Uh-huh," said Creighton. "Another one, says you."

"And no witnesses."

Creighton grinned and said, "Not unless you can make that parrot talk."

Malarkey snorted. "Crackin' wise won't get us nowhere, smart guy," he countered. "Guys don't usually send out for witnesses when they decide to give themselves a bumping-off party."

He leaned over and picked up a perfume atomizer off the floor. "Nice dope for a guy that plays he-man parts to be monkeying with," he said, disgustedly. "I'll bet it's heliotrope."

He wrapped his fingers around the rubber bulb, was about to squeeze it when, with a bound, Creighton struck Malarkey's wrist with one hand, grabbed the atomizer with the other.

"Don't be a sap, Malarkey," he shouted. "If my hunch is right you squeeze that thing and you'll be playing partners with Hayden. Look!"

He walked into the breakfast room where a parrot was staring owlishly at the scene, pressed the bulb and stepped back quickly. The bird blinked a couple of times, fell to the floor with a plunk.

"There's your method, Joe," he said slowly. "Cyanide, probably, but I'm not so sure Hayden knew what was going to happen when he pressed that bulb."

Carlock swallowed hard. "That atomizer came off of Rita Reynolds' dressing table," he stammered. "Look! There are her initials, 'RR,' cut in the glass."

Creighton was unscrewing the rubber bulb. He got it loose, took his knife and cut it open. Inside the bulb was a white powder. He tipped up the bottle and spilled some of the contents on the white dresser scarf. It sizzled and burned.

"Sulphuric acid," announced Creighton laconically. "Cyanide crystals in the bulb, sulphuric in the bottle. Press the rubber ball—sudden death from the gas. Clever, eh?"

"Then it's murder," blurted Malarkey.

"Smart, these Chinese," said Creighton, apparently addressing the ceiling.

"That's what killed Rita Reynolds," said Carlock in a hushed voice, then looked at Creighton for confirmation.

Creighton shook his head. "Hayden's death was instantaneous," he disagreed. "Rita didn't use perfume on the set. If she had used it in her dressing room she couldn't have walked the distance from her portable bungalow to the stage. Besides," he added with a peculiar look in the direction of Joe Malarkey, "Joe, here, figures Rita died of heart failure."

By the time Dan Creighton had piloted the nerve shaken director back to his car, it was daylight. As Carlock climbed into the seat of his sedan and slammed the door, Creighton stood on the

At last, Dan Creighton's great adventure is brought to a victorious close as he answers the question: Who murdered the movie stars?

Thus, Bob's first connection with the theater was not as an actor. It was his job to book the college plays out over a circuit of nearby towns, where they were very popular. Just once, when they needed a musical duo for "Helena's Boys," were he and Gerry drafted for service. It surprised them when their harmonizing was well accepted. It gave them the idea of practicing up on a few numbers "just in case" and it wasn't much later that their combined singing earned them a job on the radio where they sang and lauded the products of the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria, Illinois.

"But before the start of my senior year at Doane, I was becoming very restless," Bob told me from a huge lounge chair in the patio of his little house in Beverly Hills. "I don't know what prompted this restlessness. I was conscious of no thwarted ambition. Acting, as a career, had never occurred to me, though I seemed to have a real interest in being connected with the professional world in some way. I thought music was my forte and when Herbert Gray, who had been my cello instructor for almost four years, told me that he was going out to the West Coast, to Pomona College, I made up my mind to go, too. In other words, I came to California, eventually to Hollywood, for the express purpose of taking cello lessons! It was just like that. And suddenly I was anxious to be on my way, even though I knew little of where I was going."

His brief activities on the radio had earned him enough money for a second-hand car for the trip and a stake for at least six months in California. After a flying trip home to obtain the reluctant consent of his parents to finish his education at Pomona College, and with a police dog as his only companion, Bob set out for California.

The trip to the Coast was the first adventure of his life—and it almost ended it! In Laramie, Wyoming, he met a racing driver and his wife who told him they were hitch-hiking to California. He offered to give them a lift in return for a little relief at the wheel. He thought it would be swell just to sit back and watch the scenery for a while. Bob was just a bit worried when he saw the driver drinking from a bottle of liquor, but when the first couple of drinks made little difference in the race driver's steering, he relaxed. In fact, he went to sleep. When he came to, he was lying in a ditch, a deep gash in his forehead; his car, upset, was nearby. He got to his feet and examined the car to find it almost resembling a tired accordion, so battered was it. The hitch-hikers were gone.

"I wasn't killed because it just wasn't my time to go," is Bob's fatalistic comment on that narrow escape. After that, though, he didn't pick up hitch-hikers. Within a few days, his car was repaired and he was on his way again.

As he neared California, his excitement grew. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but I felt as though I were being drawn here, that something important to my life was in store for me. And the minute I saw those old purple hills and saw oranges actually growing on trees, I felt like a long-lost son coming home at last." Bob drew into Pomona about two o'clock in the afternoon and spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around the tree-shaded streets of that quiet little college town, which is about fifty miles from Hollywood.

He had one friend already in California, a boy from "back home" who was now living in the nearby town of San Bernardino. He called him and was delighted when he was invited to drive over for the evening. That was a fatal mistake for the friend to make. Because Bob Taylor hadn't been in California twenty-four hours when he fell head-over-heels, impulsively in love with his friend's sweetheart!

(*Continued on page 102*)

Always Been in Love

Far left—When they were both struggling for screen success, Bob and Irene Hervey shared their joys and heartaches; today, Irene is happily married to Allan Jones and Bob is obviously more than interested in Barbara Stanwyck (at left). Above, Bob's much-publicized romance with Janet Gaynor.

And here's Bob with the woman who has always been one of the best inspirations in his life—Mrs. Ruth Brugh, his mother. Bob was a proud son when he first showed her the mammoth studios where he worked, but even then they didn't guess what great success was to be his, so very soon.

THE PERFECT WAY TO A PERFECT FIGURE

What shape are you in? You'll find the answers to all your questions in this series by the man who guards the health and beauty of the stars

By DONALD LOOMIS

IN MY work with Hollywood stars I've found that overweight is not always the most important handicap to be faced; these women could not have found their several ways into a studio in the first place unless the scale-pointers selected the right numeral when they stepped on the machine. Nevertheless they have the usual battle with the monster, fat—good contracts and the resultant good living seem to carry with them a tendency toward excessive eating and not enough exercise. I spend a good half of my time and effort not in reducing these beautiful women but in keeping them reduced. Which is the second step.

But with American women there is, according to the thousands of letters I have received from anxious fans, the universal bugaboo of too-large stomachs and too-wide hips and too-heavy thighs; a problem so primary that I am forced to devote this second article entirely to methods of reducing.

In ensuing installments I shall give instructions on how to increase or diminish the measurements of various portions of the body. Those of you who are troubled with only one disfigurement may find the solution to your difficulties then.

This article is for the special benefit of those women who are, simply and without any trimmings, too stout.

The greatest misfortune, in the case of this group, is seemingly in attitude. They have a deep-rooted belief—entirely peculiar to over-weight people—that fat is the unwelcome gift of unkind gods, that their condition is due to misguided glands with unpronounceable names, that they were born to be fat and will always be fat and the best thing to do is accept, with all the usual rationalizations, things as they are.

Which is too bad. Obesity has its origin in two causes, both of which are easy to eliminate: they are merely overeating and lack of exercise, a natural outcome of an age in which a housewife's work is done by machinery and food is so inexpensive.

If you were born with a sensitive palate and prefer being a gourmet to being beautiful, that is your own concern; if you were born with a passion for repose, and would rather read on a chaise-longue than work off what super-abundance of flesh you possess, that again remains to your choice. And on the other hand if you are one of those very rare people who have genuine gland trouble, my series can do you no good. Go to a reputable physician and let him find the cure for your particular ailment.

But if posssessing a figure as symmetrical and lovely as those of the screen stars who come to me daily is so important to you that you can exchange stuffed squab for a slenderizing green salad, and at the same time spend twenty minutes a day exercising, I can offer you beauty of body at these prices.

Let this be my most persistent warning: that of all the problems you have to face the greatest is laziness. Perhaps this failing is consistent with the type of person who is plump, easy-going, casual and good humored—at any rate I have yet to discover a woman troubled by too much weight who is not at the same time weak-willed. This quality is paramount among the stars who come to me; one will say to her friend, "I really can't understand it, I've eaten almost nothing for a week and I've gained two pounds," when in reality she has cheated on her diet and substituted candied yams for mashed potatoes.

In the following method for general reducing I offer a system with three phases. One is a general regimen of liv-

Can you touch your fingers to the floor (keeping your knees straight all the while) as easily as Shirley Ross does? You, too, can achieve slim flexibility and glowing health by following our author's advice.

ing which will bring to you a greater all around health, one is diet and one exercise. Included here you'll find the menu which I prescribed for Luise Rainer, whose needs were average and certainly applicable to any person who wants to reduce. She followed it religiously for a week, then used it as an idea-chart to suggest further menus for her table.

The calorie scale, also given, contains only food compatible with losing weight, and you may consider any food not listed there as completely taboo. Don't let the little figures alarm you; there is absolutely no need to consider a chart of this sort as difficult or incomprehensible. It's merely a matter of sixth grade arithmetic, and I'll explain its use very clearly in a moment.

You have, from last month's Movie Mirror, my chart of the perfect measurements for beauty in accordance with age, weight and height, and bone structure; and with its aid you have taken your own measurements and found the ideal which is your goal.

Before you begin your exercises and dieting, decide for yourself whether or not you are an active or inactive person and note whether you are under or over the age of twenty-one, since the routine you are to follow will be altered to some measure in accordance with these circumstances. Naturally it is obvious that a physically immature girl who is at the same time very active in her daily life will need more food to sustain her strength; and fully-grown women who do nothing all day can follow a more strenuous routine with the expectancy of quicker results.

Your first concern must be with general habits of living. No matter what your problem—or what routines of mine you must follow to overcome that problem—good health is a basic necessity for success, and if you will obey the following rules I guarantee you a smoothly running physical machinery and buoyant spirits.

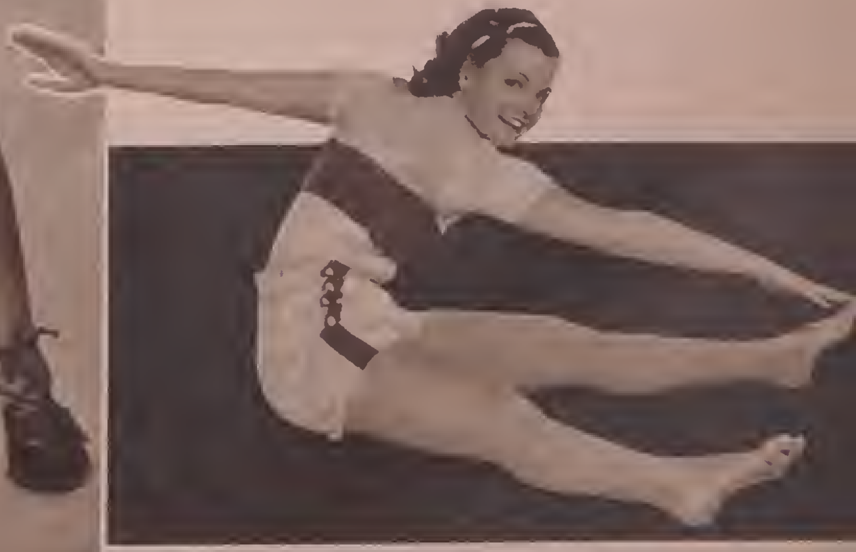
See that you get, first, at least eight hours of uninterrupted sleep each night, in a well-ventilated room; and if it's possible or convenient sleep alone. Use light covers even on cold nights, which needn't mean sacrifice of warmth—feather-weight comforts are just as satisfactory as weighty blankets and are three times as healthy.

Second, be more active during the day. It's probably true that you have a tendency to sit in chairs during most of your waking hours and this is the sheerest folly for anyone with the yen for a respectable figure. If you knit, give up knitting; if you are a book-worm apportion your reading hours at least during this campaign; when you find idle time on your hands go for a walk or dig in your garden or go over the living room rug again with your vacuum cleaner, even if it doesn't need it. Walk to and from the store, or to your office, if you work, instead of taking a street car or driving. Do your own washing for a week or two.

Third, give (*Continued on page* 16)

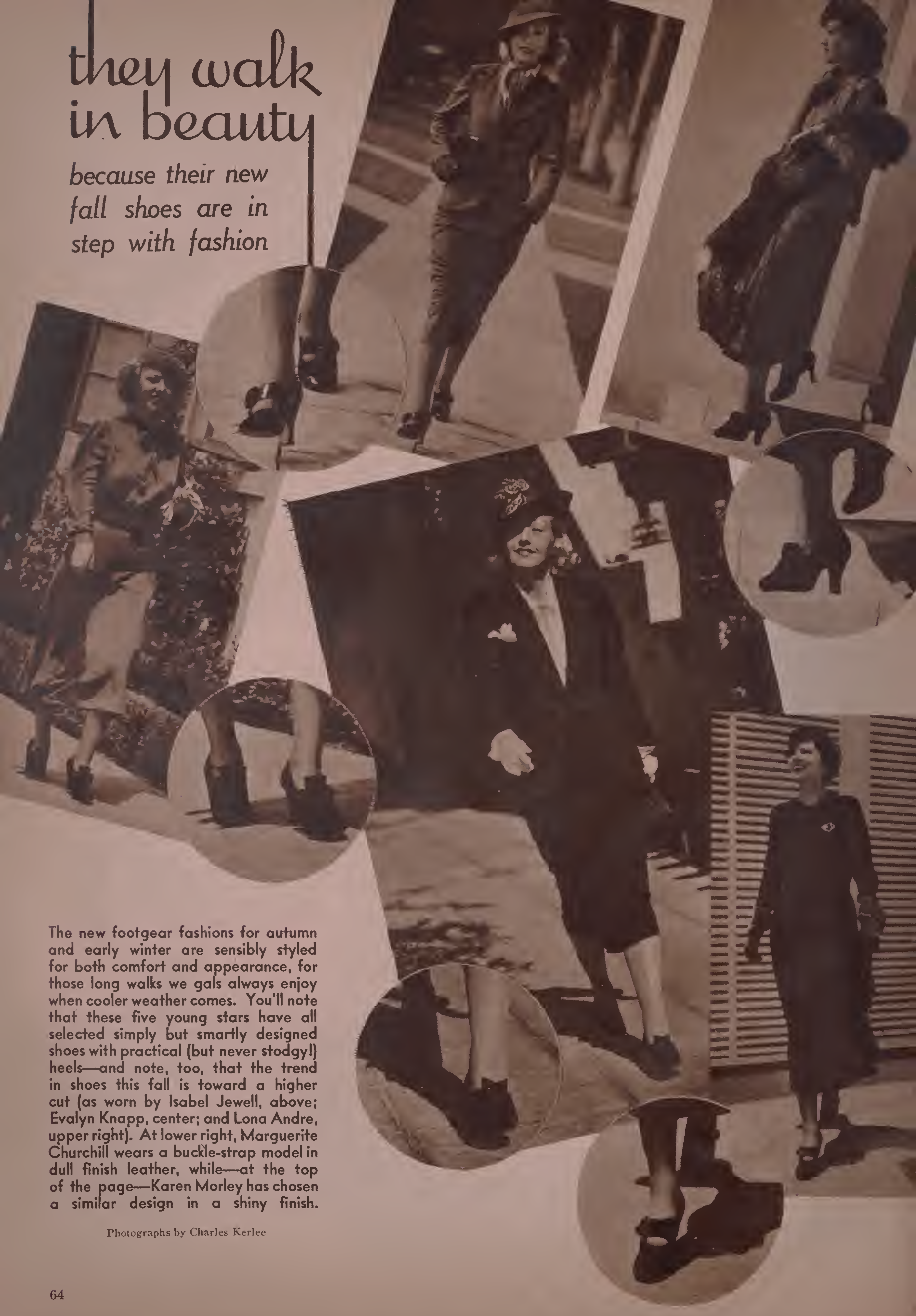
As physical director of the stars at M-G-M's studios, Donald Loomis has many of filmland's loveliest ladies under his supervision. Here, at the left, he is working with Elizabeth Allan on a grand arm-conditioning exercise.

Below, Wanda Perry illustrates how you can do exercise number nine in this month's regime. Do this every night and morning, and it will just work wonders with your waist measure.



they walk in beauty

because their new fall shoes are in step with fashion



The new footgear fashions for autumn and early winter are sensibly styled for both comfort and appearance, for those long walks we gals always enjoy when cooler weather comes. You'll note that these five young stars have all selected simply but smartly designed shoes with practical (but never stodgy!) heels—and note, too, that the trend in shoes this fall is toward a higher cut (as worn by Isabel Jewell, above; Evalyn Knapp, center; and Lona Andre, upper right). At lower right, Marguerite Churchill wears a buckle-strap model in dull finish leather, while—at the top of the page—Karen Morley has chosen a similar design in a shiny finish.

Photographs by Charles Kerlee

Anne Rockefeller

Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—*Anne C. Rockefeller*

...and her famous "Little Dinners"

Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure ... the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée ... a pause for a Camel ... followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee ... with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., *Wilmington*
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, *Baltimore*
Miss Lucy Saunders, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... *TURKISH AND DOMESTIC*... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DO
BL
QUALITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything specially for him... even a special laxative!

MOTHER . . . Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby . . . use *special* soap . . . *special* powder . . . and a *special* food formula, of course.

Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, *it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives!* That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild . . . gentle . . . and above all, SAFE. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

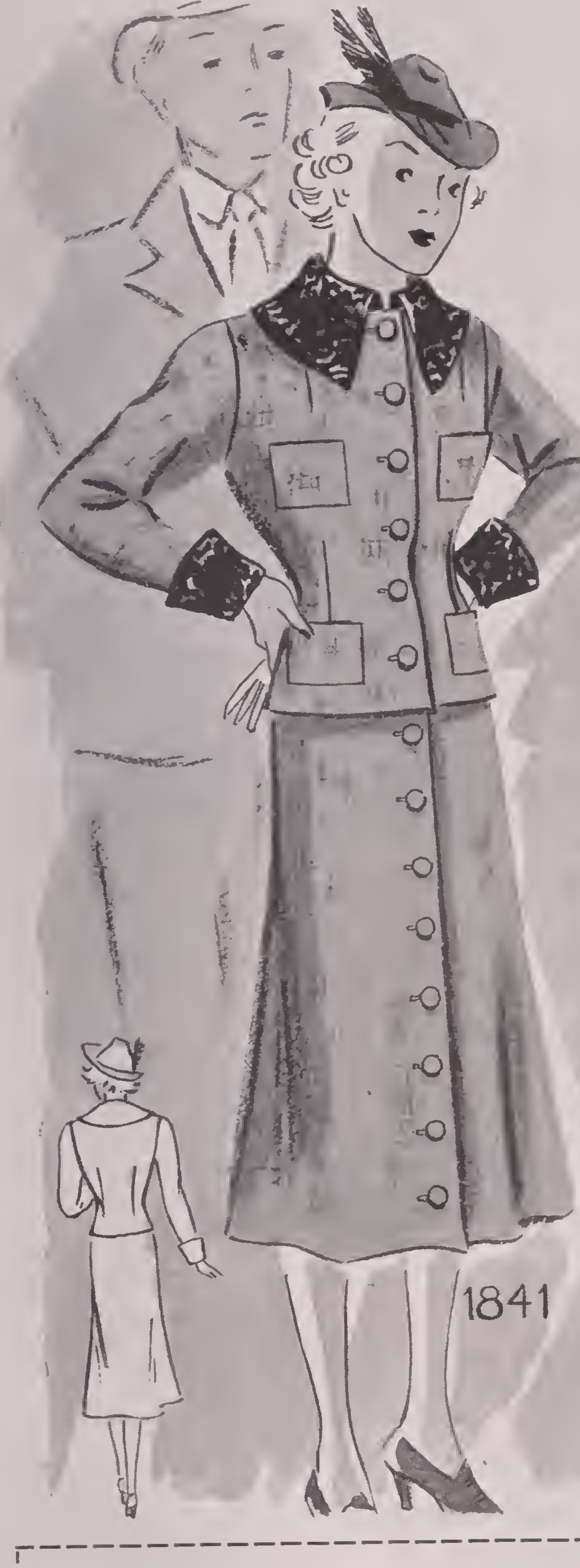
So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in . . . the laxative made especially for children . . . FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

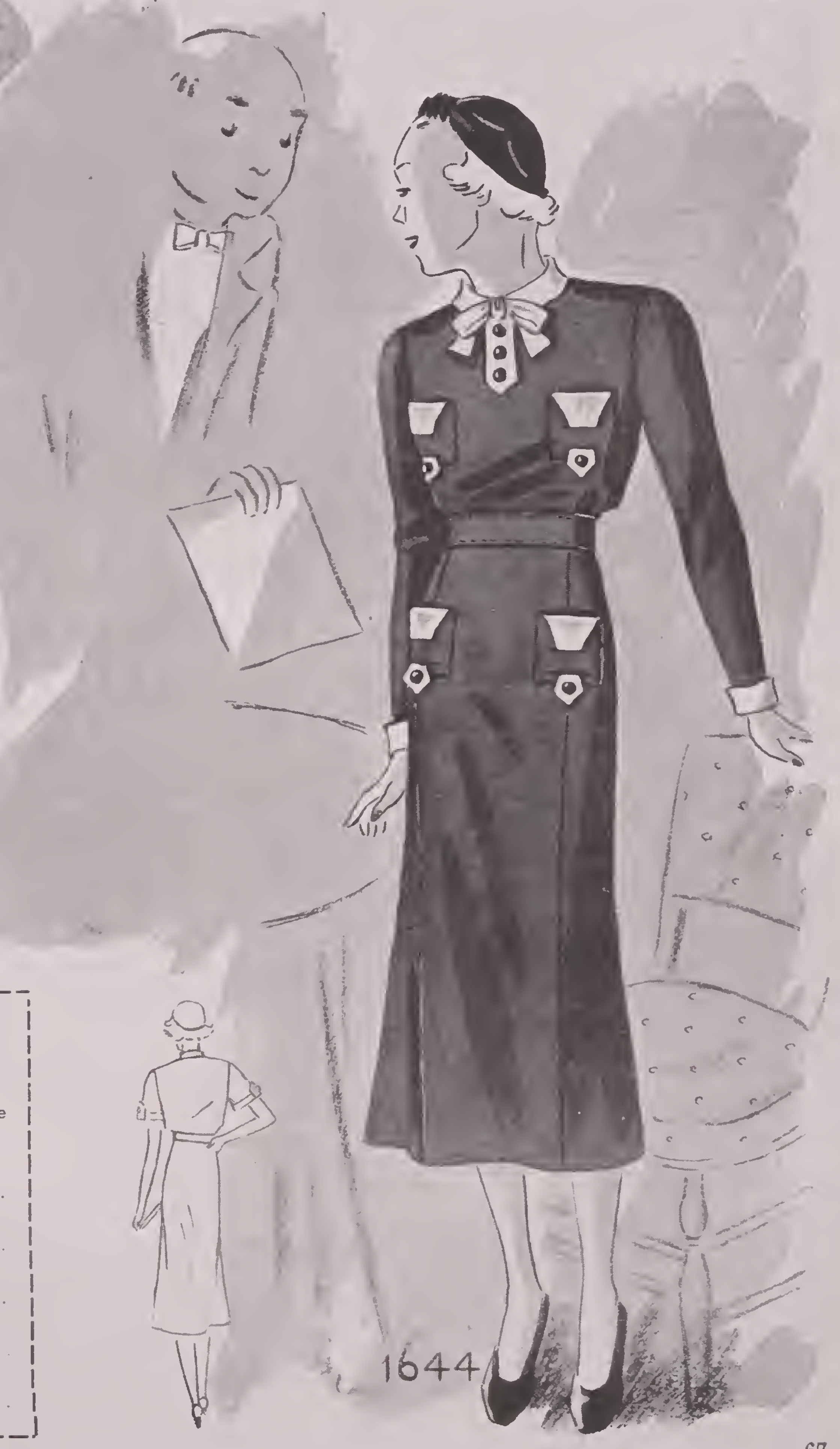
All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin.

Style No. 1841—FITTED JACKET SUIT. This smart buttoned-down-the-front suit is wine woolen mixture. The collar and cuffs are of gray Persian lamb, though wine velveteen is preferable for wear under a coat later. Plain woolen or velveteen is equally attractive. You can use the pattern again for a separate sports jacket or a separate coat. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting and 1½ yards of 39-inch jacket lining. Pattern priced at 15 cents.

Style No. 1644—SIMPLE DAY DRESS. Rich dark green woolen made this simple slender type dress trimmed with velveteen. Metal buttons accent the miniature shirt collar. The gored front skirt with easily flared hem will make you inches taller. Black satin-back crepe also is a lovely practical choice with contrast of the lustrous surface. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Pattern priced at 15 cents.



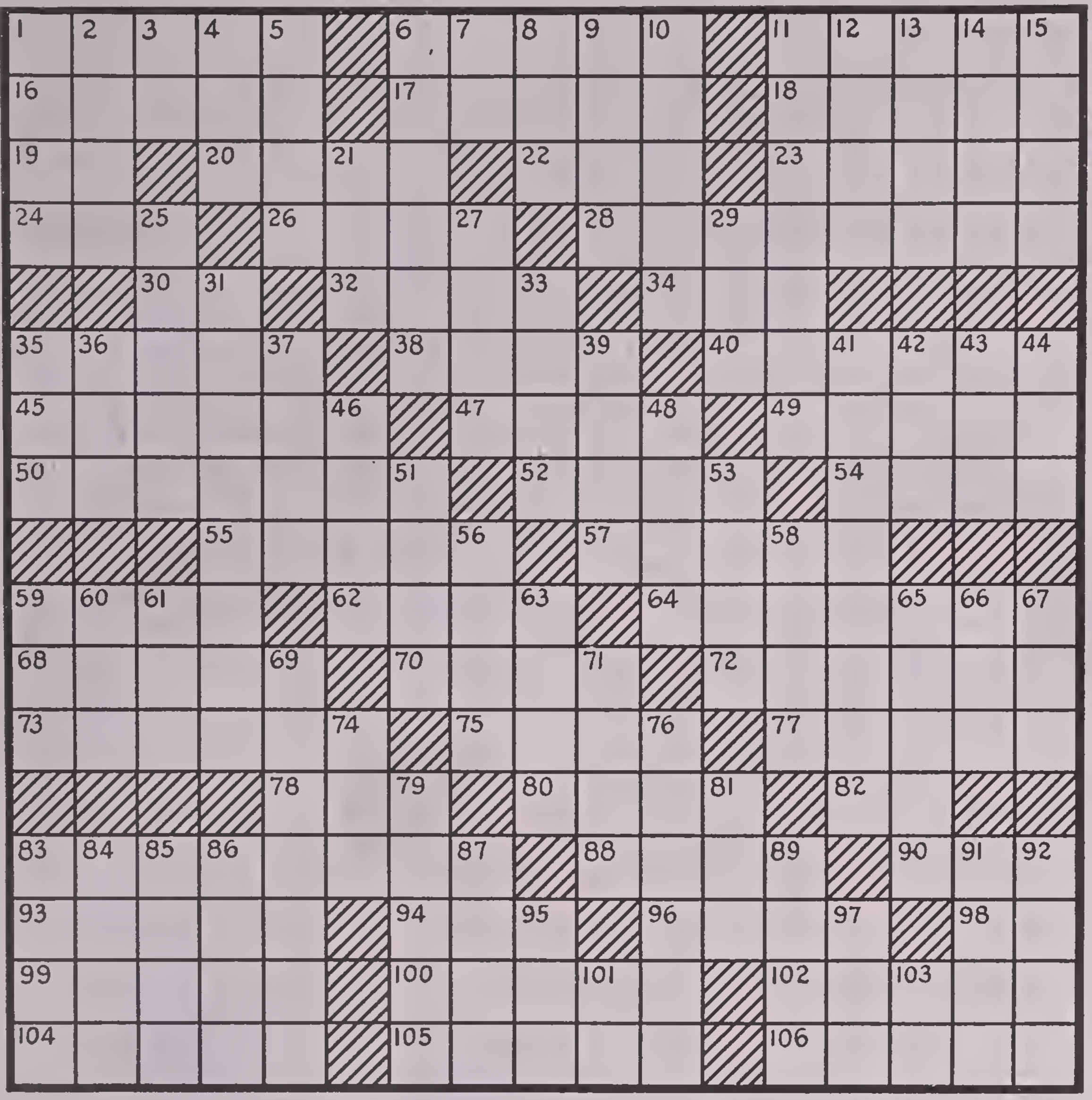
1841



1644

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

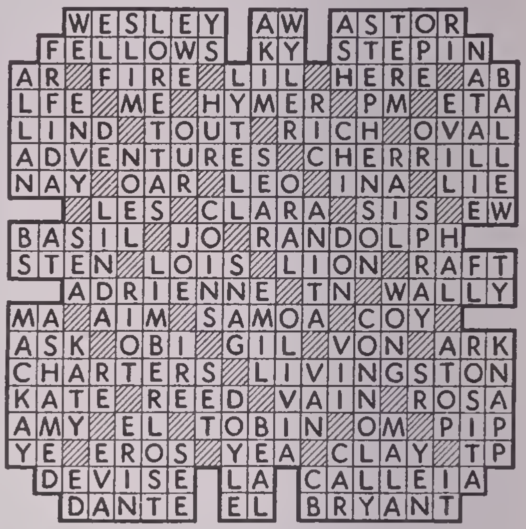
Please find enclosed....................Send me
Nos.: Sizes:
....
....
....
Name..
Address.......................................



MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



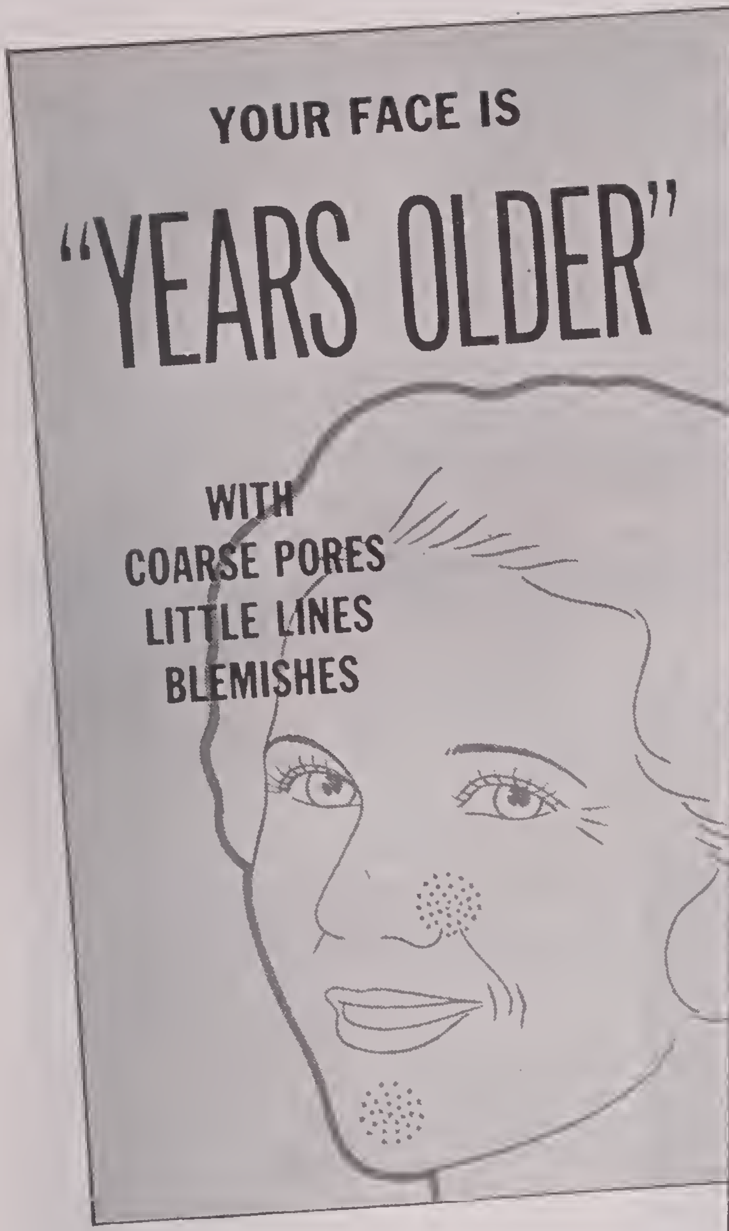
WESLEY AW ASTOR
FELLOWS KY STEPIN
AR FIRE LIL HERE AB
LFE ME HYMER PM ETA
LIND TOUT RICH OVAL
ADVENTURES CHERRILL
NAY OAR LEO INA LIE
LES CLARA SIS EW
BASIL JO RANDOLPH
STEN LOIS LION RAFT
ADRIENNE TN WALLY
MA AIM SAMOA COY
ASK OBI GIL VON ARK
CHARTERS LIVINGSTON
KATE REED VAIN ROSA
AMY EL TOBIN OM PIP
YE EROS YEA CLAY TP
DEVISE LA CALLEIA
DANTE EL BRYANT

HORIZONTAL

1. Sally Eilers' husband
6. He's in "Earthworm Tractor"
11. Porthos in "The Three Musketeers"
16. "—— Oakley"
17. One of "Our Dancing Daughters"
18. "—— of the Nineties"
19. Star of "One Way Ticket" (init.)
20. His manager tried to arrange a match with Gable
22. Tooth of a wheel
23. Irritates
24. Young actor who directed his first picture recently
26. She put fan manufacturers back in business
28. —— parents are Joan and Gene
30. Child player in "Emma" (init.)
32. Instrument of manual labor
34. Miss Prentiss in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"
35. Cecil B. De——
38. Francis Lederer's girl friend
40. Moves slowly
45. "Mr. Hobo"
47. Spanish dancer whose family have produced famous dancers for 400 years
49. Truth
50. Nydia —— is in "Three Live Ghosts"
52. "—— of the Cross"
54. Remain
55. Leo Carrillo in "Moonlight Murder"
57. Perch
59. That funny little good-for-nothing
62. Belonging to Mrs. Joel McCrea
64. Shirley's mother in "The First Baby"
68. Ruth in "Transatlantic Tunnel"
70. Charlie Chaplin's ex-wife
72. Maurice Costello's daughter
73. Heavyweight champion in "The Milky Way"
75. "Farmer in the ——"
77. Supplicate earnestly
78. Bird's beak
80. To secure
82. All right
83. Fay Wray's husband
88. Negative answers
90. He represents the G. in M-G-M
93. Villain in "Show Them No Mercy"
94. American Indian
96. Middle of the day
98. "—— Cucaracha" with Steffi Duna
99. Field of combat
100. Richard —— plays in "The Bride Comes Home"
102. The reporter in "$1000 a Minute"
104. —— part in "David Copperfield" is taken by Maureen O'Sullivan
105. Irish actor who is very popular with fans
106. The priest in "San Francisco"

VERTICAL

1. D'Arcy in "The Princess Comes Across'
2. M'liss
3. Kay Francis portrays the first —— in "The White Angel"
4. Poke fun at
5. "The First ——"
6. Author of "The Amateur Gentleman"
7. "Rhythm —— the Range" stars Bing Crosby
8. Former husband of the late Alma Reubens
9. Indivisible particle
10. Hero of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks"
11. Mavourneen is Pat ——— baby
12. He was nineteen on April Fool's Day
13. Glided
14. Nickname for temperamental actresses
15. Suffix denoting state of being
21. Consume
25. Author of "Things to Come"
27. Dick Arlen made "The Mine with the Iron ——"
29. Floral wreath
31. Moving lightly and swiftly
33. She was in "Bright Eyes"
35. Craw of a bird
36. Anger
37. —— Perry has the role of John Townsend in "The Amateur Gentleman"
39. Arouse
41. Returns to the screen in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
42. Torrid
43. Greek letter
44. Harold Lloyd appeared in "Girl ——"
46. "Blood and ——" starred Valentino
48. Eager
51. "The Scoundrel"
53. He was grand in the silent version of "Beau Geste"
56. Dorothy Davenport is his widow
58. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire know how to do this
59. Frances Dee in "Little Women"
60. Feminine name
61. Deface
63. Foreign star who was a Goldwyn protegee
65. Looks for
66. —— Munson
67. Sour Puss in "Collegiate"
69. Veronica Balfe is ——'s real name
71. Bank robber in "Thirteen Hours by Air"
74. Carole Lombard, —— Jane Peters
76. "Rasputin"
79. It is rumored he will wed his ex-wife
81. He played in "It Had to Happen"
83. Scrutinize
84. Prefix referring to air
85. One who makes use of
86. A Russian star appeared in this
87. The extra's aim in life
89. Kind
91. "Mary Burns, Fugitive" has Melvyn Douglas in this role
92. "Fatal Lady"
95. Turn from the right
97. Correlative of neither
101 Harold Huber is Chan —— in "Klondike Annie"
103. Miriam Hopkins' home state (abbr.)



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

Miss Jane Mellon "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear — smooths out little lines."

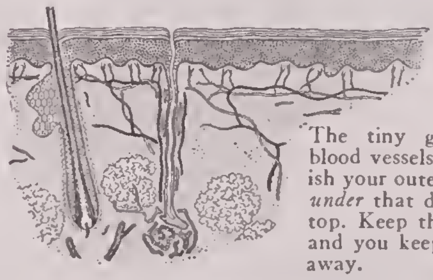
In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept.L131,Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City________________State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Stand-In for Love

(*Continued from page* 29)

you're all right. Where are you, dear?"

"I came right home. Oh, darling—why must we quarrel so when we love each other so much? Why?"

"You insist on it, that's why. Skip it! I'll drive in."

"No! I'm exhausted. I hit a taxi coming in—or he hit me—I don't know which!"

"What? Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm all right, darling. You can't come. I must have rest—sleep. Please don't come until evening and tell the studio to get their attorneys to take care of it, will you? Miss Hughes is phoning Arden, too."

"Charmien, let me come early!"

"Please, Neil! Not until evening. You exhaust me—emotionally, I mean, darling. I can't keep fighting you."

"Why do you? You're licked, so why not acknowledge it?"

"I know," she wailed. "Please, Neil!" Her voice was breathless.

"Okay. Good night, sweet."

She hung up slowly. Dawn, faint and cool, was tinting the eastern sky before her eyes finally closed in sleep.

It seemed to her that she had hardly closed her eyes before her maid woke her.

"What is it?" snapped Charmien, sitting up.

"It's your attorney, ma'am," quavered the girl.

"What does Arden mean by waking me so early?" Her eyes flashed suddenly. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "The accident!"

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the maid, eagerly.

"Get me a robe and slippers. I'll come down."

Twenty minutes later, she paused, theatrically, in the doorway of the drawing room.

"My dear Charmien!" expostulated the attorney. "You can't defy the law, you know. Bad business. The taxi company has been busy. They've rounded up several witnesses who swear that it was *you* who hit the taxi—that *you* were speeding. We'll have to appear in court. I'll plead you guilty to the speeding charge and get away with a fine; but this other matter—injuring the taxi driver—may prove more serious. We *must* catch it this morning, or there'll be suits for damages."

"I won't go," said Charmien, flatly. "*He* ran into *me!* I want him fired—I want you to have that policeman fired—"

Arden interrupted and talked long and earnestly. She closed her lips firmly and refused to answer any questions. She heard stray phrases from Arden like, "Bad publicity. . . . Studio attorney will be here soon. . . . Prevent suits being filed. . . . Damaging newspaper stories. . . . Must show up, or be in contempt. . . ."

In the midst of his harangue, the studio attorney arrived, distressed. Next, came the attorney from her insurance company. She whirled upon them.

"What is this?" She demanded, hotly. "A convention of lawyers? A little accident—a slight bump that didn't even jar me—calls for all this array of legal talent—"

THE butler arrived to announce that the attorney for the taxi company was on the phone and wanted to talk to Mr. Arden.

"Great Heavens!" cried Charmien Chase. "This is ridiculous! I won't go, I tell you—I won't go to any court! What are lawyers for? Go and fix it up—buy them a new taxi—but *I won't go!*"

She strode, angrily, along the great hall, entered another room and paused.

A young girl stood in the middle of the room, dressed in a lavish evening gown. Two men and several women were pinning ribbons, laces, ornaments upon the girl; but they all stopped, looking up in inquiry as the star opened the door and the rear guard of vociferous attorneys came up behind her.

Sheila Grant looked up and smiled, faintly. She was Charmien Chase's stand-in. Only in Hollywood could this minor miracle have happened. The uninitiated or casual observer, glancing from one to the other, could not have told them apart, although the star was older. Sheila Grant and Charmien Chase were as alike in figure, in features, in every detail, to suggest, at first glance, the only possible solution—twins. It was only when one looked closer that a difference was discernible. Not a physical difference, perhaps a spiritual one.

It was Sheila's duty to have all Miss Chase's costumes fitted to her. When they were perfect, Miss Chase wore them in the pictures they were designed for. It was Sheila's duty to double in long shots, where there might be danger to the precious person of the star; it was her duty to attend banquets tendered by societies, organizations and fraternal orders, where the demands for Charmien Chase were important enough to take note of. It left Charmien Chase free of irksome duties.

SHEILA, looking at the little star, always felt a sense of the uncanny tingling her spine. She never could quite get used to it. It was like looking in a mirror There wasn't a hairbreadth's difference except for a small scar on Sheila's forehead, the result of a pantry-raiding expedition in her extreme youth.

Eyeing this bizarre counterpart of herself, Charmien Chase frowned; then she smiled, and turned to the lawyers, who were still behind her.

"Gentlemen!" she said, "you are undoubtedly right. Of course Charmien Chase will go to court with you! There she stands—look at her!"

And so Charmien Chase's stand-in went to court, accompanied by a battling phalanx of prominent attorneys. She was dressed in one of the famous star's sports outfits, and she rode, regally, in the imported Chase limousine.

Arden instructed Sheila as to just what she was to say and do under given circumstances, and she answered in her low, huskily sweet voice—the one distinguishing difference between her and Charmien Chase. During her first months of trying to get into pictures, Sheila had discovered, painfully, that while her husky voice might be pleasing to the ear, the microphone distorted it to the croaking of a bull frog.

During her year as stand-in for Charmien Chase, she had often thought, bitterly, of this slim wall which excluded her from a picture career. Had she been born with a lilting voice, like Charmien Chase, she, too, might have had success in the movies. As it was, she was a screen double, a stand-in, merely the shadow of a star!

She had grown up in San Pedro, the daughter of a medical officer in the Navy. Her mother had died when she was young. When Sheila was fifteen years old, she had seen a number of movie stars at the Mark Hopkins. They were in San Pedro making a Navy picture. That was when she had made up her mind that she, too,

(*Continued on page 72*)

Mint juleps for two, suh! That romance of Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., is getting so serious that Hollywood expects an elopement any day now.

Is your cuticle PARCHED and RAGGED?

CUTEX
CUTEX
Oily
CUTICLE
REMOVER
CUTEX
Oily
Cuticle
Remover

New Oily Cuticle Remover

GIVES YOU 3 IMPORTANT BENEFITS . . .

- ☆ COUNTERACTS DRYING
- ☆ HELPS KEEP CUTICLE SOFT . . . NAILS FLEXIBLE
- ☆ REMOVES CUTICLE SAFELY WITHOUT HARMFUL CUTTING

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NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

(*Continued from page* 70)

was going to Hollywood for a career in pictures

But her father had been suddenly transferred to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and, perforce, she went, too. When she was twenty, she came to Hollywood, determined to succeed. Her father let her come, but he could supply her with little money—a junior grade medical officer's pay is not prodigal—and since then Sheila had been on her own.

She nodded to Arden, now. "I quite understand, Mr. Arden. I am so used to impersonating Miss Chase that I sometimes imagine I *am* Miss Chase Don't worry. I've done it many times before."

"What," asked Arden, curiously, "do you do about that contralto voice of yours? Miss Chase's voice is different."

Sheila smiled. "I pat my throat and say, 'Sorry—I have a slight cold. Nothing serious. It'll be gone by tomorrow.'" She imitated the star so cleverly that an incredulous and delighted grin split the faces of the three men.

Spencer Tracy and his beloved son, John (read their touching story in "If You Had One Hour to Live Over Again"), have lunch with Johnny Weissmuller.

However, Arden, too canny to risk too much on a resemblance, carried the situation along with a swift case.

If His Honor would allow the attorneys the use of his chambers, they could, undoubtedly, settle the matter swiftly out of court. The judge looked at the slim girl, and Sheila smiled at him, demurely. He agreed.

Then, the attorneys gathered in the judge's chambers, and Sheila saw the taxi driver and the attorney for the taxi company. The driver was a tall, black-haired, bronzed young man, with something collected, poised, definite, about him. He had court-plaster across one cheek. Knowing something of Charmien Chase's manner of driving, a quick sympathy stirred in Sheila Grant.

"I'm so sorry;" she said. "Are you badly hurt?"

He came to his feet and faced her. With a little shock that caught at her breath she saw that his eyes were a brilliant gray, strangely luminous, clear as arctic ice.

The impact of his personality upon her was like an electric shock. He was very handsome, but he was, too, somehow special—exciting—with his thick, black hair and slightly predatory nose, with flaring, nervous nostrils. His were no delicately effeminate features, but a thunder of male dominance. A strong and a brave man; a man with a reckless air of shameless and careless bravado; a swaggering Irishman out of an older century. It flashed across Sheila's mind, then, that not since Valentino—not in Taylor or Flynn or Baxter or Fonda—had she seen a man like this one.

"I'm quite all right," he grinned, wryly. "Just a little cut on my cheek—nothing to worry about. If I'd known who it was, I wouldn't be here. It was all my fault, Miss Chase."

Their eyes looked, probed, and she knew that something very astonishing had happened to her.

She saw the answering flare in his clear, gray eyes, and looked away, fighting for neutrality, her heart hammering against her ribs. She thought, "Why—this is ridiculous! I don't even know his name!"

"Ahem!" coughed the taxi company attorney; and flashed the driver a look which meant, "Shut up, you fool!" Then, he turned to Sheila. "This is the driver you turned over last night, Miss Chase—Patrick Shannon."

Arden smiled knowingly to his two colleagues. "Of course, it was his fault," he agreed, nodding to the taxi company attorney. "Nice to hear him acknowledge it, before witnesses."

But, Sheila Grant wasn't a lawyer. She saw the steady gray eyes of the injured driver, heard his magnanimous gesture in taking the blame. Impulsively, she said, "It was my fault! I can't let you take all the blame!" Her husky voice was sweet and throaty, and Patrick Shannon looked up swiftly, his eyes searching.

The taxi company attorney was grinning triumphantly now. His shrewd eyes slitted craftily. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity to gouge Charmien Chase for a fat settlement, if he could insinuate a definite cause. "I see," he nodded. "I understand you were coming home from a cocktail party, Miss Chase? Just between friends and not for the records—weren't you a trifle high?"

And then, suddenly, things happened. She felt her cheeks flush, and Patrick Shannon arose, glaring at his attorney.

"Apologize," he ordered, tersely.

The attorney flushed, angered. Shannon's order seemed to blow some restraining fuse. Fury of that sort is contagious.

"Why—you cheap—" he arose. "You —cheap—"

Shannon's fist described a short arc, and the attorney went down, flat on his back.

Arden shot to his feet. "Here, you crazy coot, stop it! What do you think this is?"

"I'll stand for none of that kind of talk about Miss Chase," said Shannon. "You louse! You're her attorney—haven't you the spirit to resent a slur?"

"Louse?" said Arden, softly. His eyes grew bleak with wounded male pride. He struck Shannon starkly in the face.

Shannon almost fell, but recovered his balance and struck swiftly at the implacable bulk of Arden. Arden hit back, heavily. Then, Shannon hit him twice, and Arden went down. The blows had been brutally skillful.

Fear froze Sheila. The two other attorneys jumped on Shannon, and he went down under the assault. She saw one of the men kick him. And Sheila screamed without knowing it.

What happened after that she didn't remember. She went to Shannon's side and struck desperately, ineffectually, at the two men. They backed away. She was urged on by some blind, inherent sense of fair play.

The door opened. She saw the judge, some officers, reporters. She cradled the battered Shannon's head in her lap.

"What is this?" shouted the judge, angrily. "I've a good mind to fine you all for contempt."

Pandemonium broke. Reporters lanced questions at her. Shannon got up, grinning ruefully. "Thanks, Miss Chase," he said.

Arden arose and came to her side. "Get out of here!" he hissed. "You've done enough damage already!"

The taxi company attorney arose, spluttering like a wet firecracker.

Arden snapped, icily, "Miss Chase will go home, gentlemen. We can finish our business alone"

She walked out, bewildered. Newshawks beset her frantically, eager for the story, but she ignored them and walked on. She got into the Chase limousine and ordered the chauffeur, "Home, Roger."

And as she rode, she wondered if any of this wild adventure would get into the newspapers. She sensed disaster if the story was printed and the volatile Charmien Chase saw it!

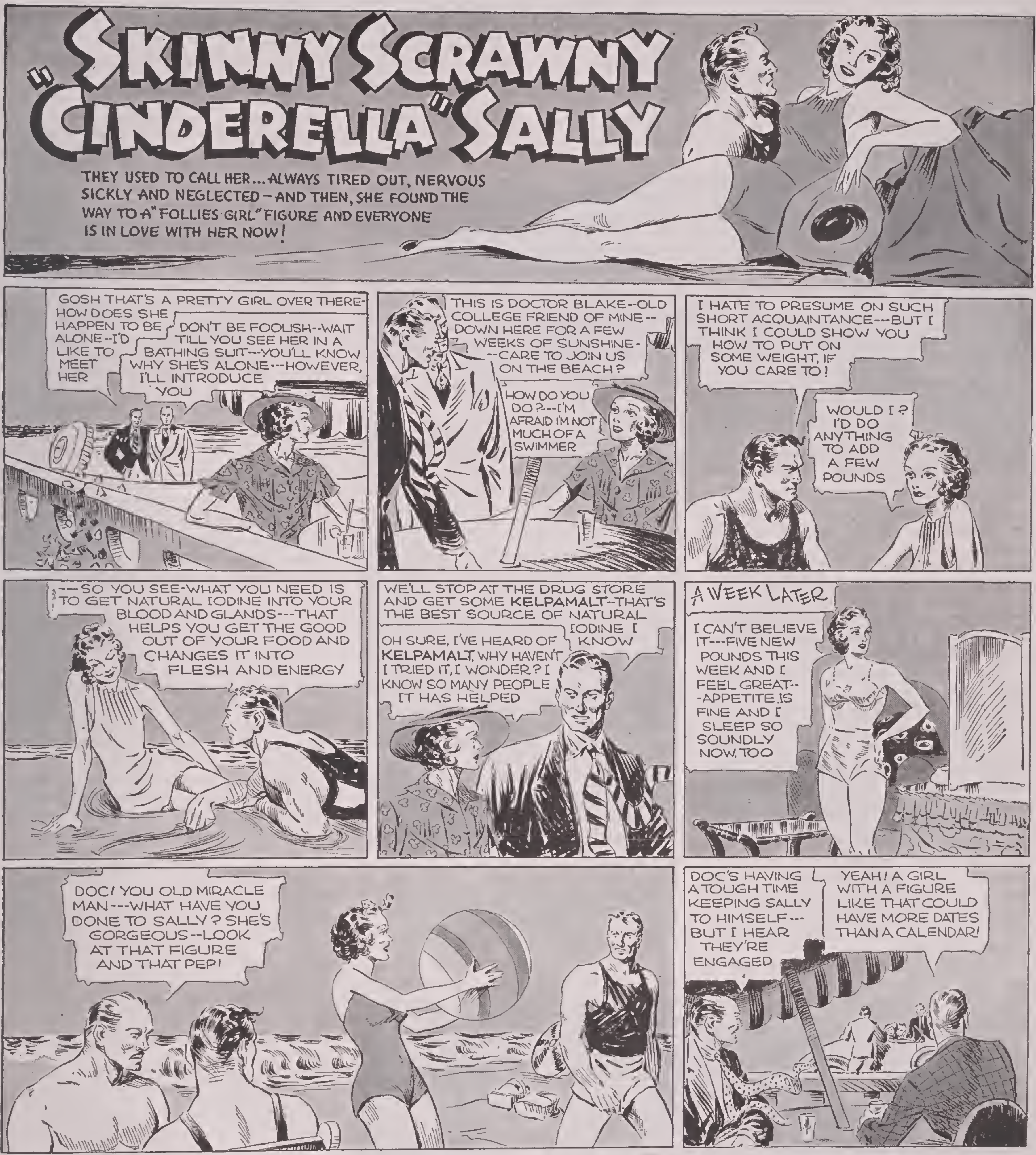
At the Chase house, Sheila found that Charmien had gone back to bed and was asleep; so she went on with the fittings of the costumes.

Through the window, much later, she saw Arden arrive at the house and disappear somewhere within it. Then, through for the day, Sheila went home.

But, after her dinner, she was summoned to come instantly to the Chase house.

Miss Chase sat all alone in her gold-and-white drawing room, her features contorted in fury.

(*Continued on page* 74)


"SKINNY SCRAWNY "CINDERELLA" SALLY
THEY USED TO CALL HER... ALWAYS TIRED OUT, NERVOUS SICKLY AND NEGLECTED—AND THEN, SHE FOUND THE WAY TO A "FOLLIES GIRL" FIGURE AND EVERYONE IS IN LOVE WITH HER NOW!
GOSH THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL OVER THERE-HOW DOES SHE HAPPEN TO BE ALONE--I'D LIKE TO MEET HER
DON'T BE FOOLISH--WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER IN A BATHING SUIT---YOU'LL KNOW WHY SHE'S ALONE---HOWEVER, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU
THIS IS DOCTOR BLAKE--OLD COLLEGE FRIEND OF MINE--DOWN HERE FOR A FEW WEEKS OF SUNSHINE---CARE TO JOIN US ON THE BEACH?
HOW DO YOU DO?--I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A SWIMMER
I HATE TO PRESUME ON SUCH SHORT ACQUAINTANCE---BUT I THINK I COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT, IF YOU CARE TO!
WOULD I? I'D DO ANYTHING TO ADD A FEW POUNDS
---SO YOU SEE-WHAT YOU NEED IS TO GET NATURAL IODINE INTO YOUR BLOOD AND GLANDS---THAT HELPS YOU GET THE GOOD OUT OF YOUR FOOD AND CHANGES IT INTO FLESH AND ENERGY
WE'LL STOP AT THE DRUG STORE AND GET SOME KELPAMALT--THAT'S THE BEST SOURCE OF NATURAL IODINE I KNOW
OH SURE, I'VE HEARD OF KELPAMALT, WHY HAVEN'T I TRIED IT, I WONDER? I KNOW SO MANY PEOPLE IT HAS HELPED
A WEEK LATER
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT---FIVE NEW POUNDS THIS WEEK AND I FEEL GREAT---APPETITE IS FINE AND I SLEEP SO SOUNDLY NOW, TOO
DOC! YOU OLD MIRACLE MAN---WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SALLY? SHE'S GORGEOUS--LOOK AT THAT FIGURE AND THAT PEP!
DOC'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME KEEPING SALLY TO HIMSELF---BUT I HEAR THEY'RE ENGAGED
YEAH! A GIRL WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT COULD HAVE MORE DATES THAN A CALENDAR!

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If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

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Kelpamalt Tablets

(*Continued from page 72*)

"You certainly managed to get me into pretty hot water, Miss Grant," said Charmien Chase. "Look here!" She pointed to several early editions of the newspapers. "See what your crazy actions have dumped on me!"

Sheila stared. One headline said, "Charmien Chase, Film Star, Protects Taxi Driver as Lawyers Battle." Another, "Fist Fight Staged in Judge Hoyt's Chambers." Still another, "Charmien Chase Champions Taxi Driver Victim."

"I—" she began. "The four of them would have killed him—" She could think of no adequate reply.

The star whirled on Sheila in a breathless rage. "You're stupid!" she cried, hotly. "You've disgraced me! You've done me more harm today than you can ever rectify—sitting there, on the floor, with a taxi driver's head in your lap, slapping and defying the attorneys, with reporters looking on—Heavens! Have you no sense at all? I see now that our accidental resemblance is merely on the surface, Miss Grant." A vitriolic superiority colored her words, a stinging and mocking arrogance. "You don't use your head. I'll have no further use for your services."

SHEILA stared. She didn't grasp it, immediately. There was a needless venom in the star's voice and face.

"You're fired," shouted the star, in an ungovernable temper.

For the space of a long heartbeat, Sheila stood there, mute, seething inwardly, too angry to find articulate speech. Chase had gone out of her way to be nasty and vindictive; and from that moment on, an unreasoning hatred, blind and implacable, grew in Sheila's heart for the little star who looked so uncannily like herself. She turned and walked out of the room, hardly seeing where she was going; picked up her hat and left the house. She didn't know what she was doing. She was out of work, and in love with a man she didn't know.

Sheila had saved some money during the year, so she wasn't particularly worried about the immediate future. She'd find some job.

She lived in a little furnished Mexican bungalow. It was inexpensive and quiet and neat. It would, however, be beyond her means unless she found work. She had seven hundred dollors in the bank and last week's salary as yet uncollected. She would need it. She also had a few clothes at the Chase house. She would call for these, she decided, when Chase was at the studio.

Grimly, Sheila decided to test the worth of Chase's threat before she sought again for a job in a beauty parlor. National Pictures, of course was out of the question. She knew a young assistant director, Dan Wright, who was with Classic Pictures. She'd see him, later, and see what happened.

Thereafter, several days passed for Sheila in relaxation and rest; with plenty of time for thought. There were no further stories in the newspapers about the impromptu battle at the court house.

First she tried Splendide Pictures. The casting director was quizzical and said he was sorry; there was nothing just then. The following day she tried the Culver City studios where a frosty-eyed casting director smiled thinly when she asked him for a job.

"Sorry. Nothing just now. How come you lost out with Chase?"

"How do you know I lost out with her? Maybe I quit!"

He shrugged. "The news gets around in this village."

"I see," she nodded. "And the word's gone out? Thanks!"

She walked out and got into her shabby little coupe with the bent fenders. She drove mechanically, absorbed in thought. Finally, she turned on Sunset Boulevard and drove to Santa Monica. She parked beside a stretch of beach and watched the Pacific shimmering beneath a hazy, amber moon. Darkness fell. She sat hour after hour, deep in thought.

Her money wouldn't last forever. Something would have to happen soon. Certainly, she couldn't fall back on her father for money. He never had any to spare. Apparently, the word had gone out that Charmien Chase's stand-in had incurred the famous star's personal displeasure, and had been dismissed. No other studio would hire her, even if they wanted her. No studio would care to risk incurring the personal displeasure of the mighty Charmien Chase, or National Pictures. Hollywood's loyalty was cockeyed and impractical, she reflected, but deathless; especially where her legendary figures were concerned.

It was no use. The best thing she could do, she decided, was to go back to town, get the early editions of the morning newspapers and look through the classified columns for a job in a beauty parlor.

"Which puts me," she told herself, grimly, "exactly in the same place I started from!" And why? And the answer made her furious.

She started the car. The beach was deserted. A glance at her wrist watch startled her. 3 A. M.

A SILVERY drizzle of rain began to fall. As she drove along Sunset, she was aware of a vast emptiness within her. She was hungry. A Neon sign attracted her. It was Harry's place; not at all smart, but a good place for a satisfying sandwich; and it was open all night.

She parked the car. Only half the street lights were burning, and a vague twittering of birds presaged the dawn. The Hollywood hills towered, black and formidable. The aroma of coffee came to her nostrils. She sniffed, eagerly, and went in.

Harry's place was deserted except for one other sun-dodger in a corner. Sheila sat at the corner and ordered eggnog pie and coffee; ate and drank absently.

On the counter lay a newspaper, and she absently picked it up. There was a picture of Charmien Chase on the front page. Miss Chase, said the article, was going on her annual journey to Europe, in a few days. Her new picture, "Nocturne," was a smash hit.

An elemental and primitive rage stirred in Sheila. Some people get all the breaks in life, she told herself, bitterly.

Dimly, she was aware of angry voices at the far end of the counter. The lone diner, a tall young man, stood facing Harry.

"The old graft!" howled Harry. "Sure, I can't get my sandwich back, but I gotta good mind to call a cop, you petty—"

"Easy!" snapped the young man. "I'll pay you the next time. Young fella mustn't call names. It's only a few cents, old man—"

And then Sheila, with a sense of shock, recognized the young man. It was Patrick Shannon, the taxi driver. His hat shaded his face. She took in the situation in a flash. Patrick Shannon didn't have enough money to pay for his sparse meal!

She acted with impulse. "Hello, Patrick!" She called, gaily. "Absent minded again? Did you walk out without money again?"

Shannon whirled upon her, surprise written large on his hawk-like features. Harry wrinkled his nose and eyed her, inquiringly.

"It's all right," she assured him. "I'll pay the bill. This gentleman has a bad habit of wandering out and forgetting to take his pocketbook Here you are." She tossed a five dollar bill on the counter and watched Harry grumpily make change.

HELLO, Miss Chase," he said. "Didn't recognize you. Thanks!" He grumbled something about "picture people" and shot a glance at the silent Patrick. He had not uttered a word.

Sheila turned to him, diffidently. "Come on," she said. "Give you a lift home—if that's where you're going?"

He followed her out into the ethereal, mauve half-light and stood by the side of the coupe, silent, his eyes going from her face to the shabby coupe. He was like one of the Leyendecker posters, she thought; the one of the football player, tall, broad, tapering, his features as sharp as a newly minted coin.

"Thanks, Miss Chase," said Patrick Shannon. "I didn't see you come in. And, of course, I knew I didn't have enough money.

"So what?" she said, hastily. "Are you—well again?"

"Perfectly," he nodded. "I wasn't really hurt."

"Tell me what happened," she said. "But, first—let's get in the car and drive. We look silly, standing here in the drizzle. Harry can't make us out, at all."

"Why—I—" he hesitated. "I was just going home."

"I'll give you a lift," she volunteered. "No trouble at all." She saw the puzzlement on his face. Why was Charmien Chase driving around Hollywood at four in the morning, in an old battered coupe, and dining on pie and coffee in Harry's? It didn't add up. She anticipated his mute question:

"I frequently go for drives, by myself, so I can think. I like being alone, occasionally. And this disguise," she pointed to the car, her clothes, "insures me against reporters and autograph pests. How did the court room session finally come out? Did you lick all of them?"

He shrugged, grinned, said, simply, "I lost my job"

"You did?" she asked. "Well, you hit your own attorney pretty hard, didn't you? But I told him it was my fault."

"Accidents are no one's fault," he said. "If you'll recall, I insisted that it was my fault. So I got canned for playing on your team."

"But," she insisted, "didn't the—my—attorney compensate you for—for—"

He shook his head. "After the fight, I signed a waiver not to sue anybody, and your attorney paid the taxi company for the damage on the cab. Then, the company said, 'Mr. Shannon, scram!'"

"And so," she said, "you signed away your right, lost your job, got knocked out, and now you're wandering around the streets at this hour, in the rain, because you have no place else to go. That's right, isn't it?"

He shrugged. "I've been up against it before," he said

"You fool!" she said, bitterly. Her mind was a whirlpool of conflicting thoughts. "Get in," she continued, swiftly. "I have a little place where I often go to do my studying of roles. We'll go there now and have a talk—and see what we can do about all this."

He hesitated. She saw the fatigue on his chiseled mouth, the faint circles under his eyes. Good Heavens! Maybe the man hadn't eaten in days! Or had a place to sleep!

"Get in," she commanded, suddenly. "I won't bite you!"

PATRICK entered her bungalow living room and glanced around curiously. A marked difference held him awkwardly silent and shy.

"Put your hat down," invited Sheila, tossing her own on a table, "and sit down."

He said, "Thanks, Miss Chase," and sat down. She sensed the tension in him, the panther-like restlessness. She hated that "Miss Chase," but she was committed to it.

She motioned to a box on the table. "Cigarette?" she suggested.

He said, gratefully, "Thanks!" and reached for one He looked around the room, then out through the open window, where a soft breeze ruffled the curtain, sweet with the tangy smell of leaf mold and wet earth. "Nice little place," he commented.

"Not bad," she acknowleged. "A good hideout Will you drink a sidecar, if I get you one? Or an old-fashioned? I have a hunch we can both use a little stimulant."

He nodded, and she excused herself and went out into the kitchen, to the refrigerator. Her thoughts raced with bullet-like speed. For the time being, she was doubling for Charmien Chase again, as far as Patrick Shannon was concerned.

She brought out the two drinks, one for herself. He accepted his with a low, "Thank you!" His disconcertingly direct gray eyes measured her in silent appraisal. She turned her eyes away.

"Suppose," she suggested, "you tell me all about it?"

Their eyes met and clung, then. She saw the warmth that grew in his; and a charged smile passed between them, subtle with unspoken undercurrents; the appreciation of mutually attracted youth.

P. S. Print my letter if you like, but don't print my name.

My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it.

After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.

I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.

So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had my things look so white!

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Now...
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KEEP *Fragrantly* DAINTY

...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor . . . its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you . . . because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢-THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

"There isn't much to tell," shrugged Patrick Shannon. "I got fired for being in an accident."

"And—taking the blame?" she suggested. "Then, what?"

"That's all—you know all the rest." He glanced around. "Are you all alone here, Miss Chase? I—I just wondered."

She had thought of that. "All alone," she acknowledged, shortly. "You needn't be afraid of damaging my reputation, if that's what you mean."

Slow color flowed under his bronzed skin. "No, I—is it safe? For you, I mean?"

"Quite," she said. "I have to have some place to escape to, occasionally; and this does very well. There are no near neighbors, and it's leased in another name. So no one bothers me here, and I can luxuriate in comfortable loneliness." An abstract frown shadowed her wide, low brow. "You're not a taxi driver," she stated. "What are you, really? Why were you driving that taxi? What are you doing in Hollywood?"

He told her. His name was Patrick Shannon. After his graduation from college, both his parents had died, and he had drifted West. He had lived in Chicago for a time, teaching history and English in a junior high school. After months of work with no pay, he had been forced to quit.

HE had been stymied by a world in the throes of depression. After that, it had been a scramble, he confessed. "I've washed dishes in a beanery," he told her; "and then I drifted East, to New York. I shoveled coal in the stoke hole of a cruise ship that went to California, through the Canal." That, he said, was too hard, so he left the ship in San Francisco. Hollywood had always appealed to him, so he took a bus down, figuring he might find work in one of the studios.

"Doing what?" she asked, suddenly alert.

He hesitated. "Well—I've taught English and elocution. I thought I might get work helping some of the budding starlets lose their Brooklyn accent—and master their adenoids." He shrugged. "No luck at the studios, so I finally got the job driving a cab—and you know what happened after that. You're the nearest I ever got to a movie star, Miss Chase."

"And now what?" she asked.

He grinned again. Something, he told her, would turn up; it always did.

"Just how are you fixed?" she demanded, flatly. "And no little white lies, Patrick!"

"Well, if you have to have it," he stated, directly, "my landlady is holding my baggage for back rent." But, he insisted, something was bound to turn up.

"Of course," she agreed. Dimly, she knew what it was going to be, but she said nothing now. "It's almost morning," she added. "I'm leaving town shortly, after which you can occupy this place until the end of the month. I won't need it any longer."

He started to speak, but she held up slim fingers in protest. "It was my fault that you lost your job, so I *do* owe you something," she said. "We'll come back to it later. Do you want to freshen up a bit? There's a bathroom and an extra bedroom. You might catch forty winks before morning. A cold shower might go well, too. I like your idea of teaching elocution. Maybe I can help you."

He sat staring at her, grim-lipped, his black brows rakishly aslant. "I have," he told her, "a folding razor in my pocket. If you don't mind, I'll wash up and take a shave. I'll feel better."

"Go ahead," she invited. "When you come out, we'll talk more about what can be done. I'm going to make you a loan, and you can repay me after you make good. In the morning, you can get your bag from your rooming house, and we'll see what we can do."

He opened his mouth as if to speak, and closed it again. He inclined his dark head in a gesture that was, somehow, an embryonic court bow, and walked into the bathroom.

Sheila sat down on the davenport and lit a cigarette. What was she doing? Why had she promised that? It was—crazy! She was flirting with disaster. If anyone saw him here, they'd be bound to think— She frowned, troubled.

Why had she promised to help him? She had little enough money to see her through her own indeterminate period of enforced idleness. What had possessed her? She had to find a job herself, and she had no idea when that would be, or where. Probably in Weston's Beauty Salon, if there was an opening!

ABRUPTLY, she picked up the newspaper she had brought with her. Charmien Chase smiled out at her. Charmien Chase would be leaving soon for Vienna. Sheila stared at the newspaper photo and then glanced in a mirror. It looked amazingly like a photo of herself! Charmien Chaise, she thought, could get this handsome young man a real break, if she wanted to. She *ought* to! It was her fault that he was out of work and walking the streets without a penny in his pocket.

The thought had power to kindle her anger again. She eyed the newspaper likeness of Charmien Chase. It was all wrong! It wasn't fair! Because Charmien Chase drove her roadster down Wilshire Boulevard, exceeding the speed limit, Patrick Shannon got a bad smash, lost his job, and so—incidentally—did Sheila Grant.

She sat staring into the soft spring dawn. Bitterness flooded her heart and warped her mind. Some day, she thought, she'd get even with Charmien Chase. No matter to what lengths she'd have to go.

Some day?

A bizarre idea suddenly clicked in her mind. Slowly, as the minutes passed, a fantastic plan began to take shape in her racing brain. An impish grin began to tug at the corners of her mouth, and purpose crystallized in her clear gray eyes.

"Why not?" she asked herself, defiantly. "Charmien Chase certainly *owes* him a break!"

Shannon came out of the bathroom, his black hair groomed, his face shaven. She smiled to him, buoyantly, and he seated himself, his eyes direct. He lit another cigarette.

"I feel better," he confessed. His eyes paid her mute tribute. He ventured, "I saw one of your pictures, but I didn't know you had that little scar on your forehead. Didn't see it."

GEE, MOM, THIS TASTES SWELL!

Mothers! A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment

—and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

THEY'RE growing fast, playing hard—those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They're burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It's rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins—energy-giving carbohydrates—valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it's so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. "It's far better than I could make," women tell us. And costs *less!*

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Franco-American
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THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

15¢-Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

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Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN

2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c

Virtually 1c a tablet

12
Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER

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"Naturally," she told him, hastily, "it's covered by the make-up."

He nodded. "I see. Honestly, Miss Chase, I don't know just what to say to you."

"Now, look here," she interrupted, "no thanks, please. I'm going to try to help you because it is my fault that you lost your job. Any arrangements we may make will be on a strictly business basis, Mr. Shannon."

"Okay," he agreed, quietly. "You're sure regular. I won't forget it." He hesitated. "In my work, as elocution coach, I came across a fine remedy for huskiness. You have a bad cold, Miss Chase—"

Her husky voice again! "A slight laryngitis," she acknowledged, from force of habit. "Always get it after a long picture, when I talk too incessantly. It will go in a few days."

"I see," he nodded. He picked up the newspaper and looked at the likeness of Charmien Chase, then, at her. "They don't do you justice," he said; and yawned. He smiled apologetically and said, "I'm sorry!"

SHE smiled. "It's all right. I feel that way myself. Suppose we try a little sleep? You can use the guest bedroom—the door to your right. There isn't much of the night left."

He nodded. His eyes flashed again from the newspaper likeness to her face; and she saw the sudden, unconscious tribute in his eyes, supposing himself in the presence of greatness. Another Chase fan, she thought, sardonically.

"I didn't know," he said, "that anybody like you—a great star—could be so regular, Miss Chase."

She flinched. "Skip it," she ordered, her lips taut. "I owe you something, and I pay my debts. If I can help you get a position, I'll be glad to try. Better take those cigarettes with you. I have plenty more."

He nodded, still looking at her intently. For a moment, his face lighted curiously, and banked flame smouldered in his eyes. It dimmed, but something unforgetable was left in Sheila; something vaguely troubled.

"I also pay my debts," he told her. "When will you return from Europe, Miss Chase?"

"I don't know," she answered; then she remembered the newspaper story. "Three or four months, I guess. Two pictures to make; one already scheduled."

"Yes," he nodded, musingly, his disconcerting eyes level. And suddenly, something vital and passionate seemed to flow between them; something dreamy and opiate and compelling. If he reached out—if he touched her—it would be all over, she knew. Her breath, curiously, was coming fast and her knees were trembling.

Life is growing complicated for Sheila—and it's going to be much more complicated if she carries out the wild scheme she has in mind! Don't miss the next installment with the full details of her daring plan and its amazing consequences, in the December Movie Mirror, *on sale at newsstands everywhere, October 23rd.*

What Two Hollywood Girls Have Done for Each Other

(*Continued from page* 25)

frankly. "My first impression of Isabel was that she was merely another of them. But she grew on me, as she does on everyone. I came to realize the contradiction of her face and body with her amazing mind, to cherish her blinding loyalty."

Frail as Isabel looks, she has a physical endurance beyond belief. When her father went blind she continued to act hilarious comedy scenes, never begging off. When illness should have kept her in bed, she dabbed on brighter lipstick, turned on her electric smile, and went out searching for jobs.

The surprising contrast between them is that Isabel actually has the more vitality, and the flaming ambition. Isabel is profoundly serious, even in her irresistible sparkling moods. She is desperately anxious for a perfect career and an ideal love, and she builds up dreams until they do materialize for her.

ON the other hand, Gertrude, who never bothers to dramatize herself, is all woman beneath her gay, fatalistic attitude. She is an intellectual comprehending the futility of sacrificing too much for a fleeting glory; she habitually steels herself against disappointments so that she will toss them off as inconsequential.

In pictures Isabel is the victim of destiny and Gertrude displays a driving determination and shrewdness. It is ironic that they are the reverse in reality.

"My ambition is all a bit mixed up," admits the dashing Michael. She might easily have become one of the world's leading pianists; but she was afraid of losing the precious, rapturous episodes of life if she concentrated utterly on a pianist's career.

They don't react to rebuffs the same, either. Gertrude doesn't push herself. She'd never have any publicity if it weren't for Isabel's insistence. Feminine to the core, despite her hail-fellow air, she retires into her shell and plays her piano until luck changes. But Isabel is never more than momentarily discouraged. Her gallant bravery is ingrained.

Both had enough money in the beginning; both were most promising students. Gertrude, a musical prodigy, graduated from high school at fourteen and was valedictorian. She entered the University of Alabama the following year, then attended a finishing school and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. There she was adjudged so fine a pianist that she was offered a five-year scholarship to finish her training abroad. Instead, she became interested in the theater. Soon after it was all in earnest; her father died and she had to be the mainstay of her mother and two brothers.

Isabel was sent to an exclusive Episcopal school in St. Paul, and was president of the senior class. She went to college in Kentucky for a year, maintaining her A grades. Then she ventured on her own, into the backstage atmosphere that fascinated her.

"The Hand that holds some girl away from the altar...is her Own!"

says Walter Winchell

(Your New York Correspondent)

Keep your hands adorably soft with Jergens, the lotion that goes in faster, more thoroughly!

Rough, chapped hands have a way of saying, "Keep away, we're not meant for romance!" Yet how easily those same hands can hold on to happiness, with a little help from Jergens!

Smooth, tempting texture comes almost at once, when Jergens Lotion gets down into the dried out skin cells. It penetrates deeply, quickly...acts faster, as proved by test, than other leading lotions! Jergens' two scientific skin-softening ingredients restore, in a few applications, the lost natural moisture that hands must have to stay *young!*

Remember that water, like cold weather, is cruel to your hands, leaves the skin rough. A careful check kept by hundreds of women, nation-wide, revealed that you wash your hands on an average of *8 times a day;* have them in water at least 8 times more.

So keep a bottle of Jergens in kitchen as well as bathroom. Use it lavishly, often. It's the lotion you can count on to keep your hands soft, white and young!

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All four sizes—$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain *more* lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size, most economical of all.

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Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
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On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

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BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

Both of them plunged into troubles and responsibilities when they reached New York. They moved into adjoining apartments to conserve their rapidly decreasing savings. More than once they made three dollars a week do for all expenses.

"We'd allot ourselves only thirty cents some days. We'd have some fruit on hand, it took ten cents each for the subway down to the casting offices and back. We'd buy a dime chocolate bar with the remaining cash."

For awhile it was fun; they were starving for their art. When they could wangle matinee tickets they'd hide in the balcony after the performance and so study the show anew in the evening. Or they'd get dressed up in their best—they had to put everything they could into as decent clothes as they could contrive—and mingle with the crowds during the first-act intermission. Then, with superb nonchalance, they'd stroll in as though they'd strolled out!

Gertrude was the popular one; she has glamor and wit, and she had a lot of dates that didn't mean a thing in the long run. But Isabel fell wholly in love. She was excited by Lee Tracy at her first sight of him, when she tried out for a part in a play in which he was starring. She didn't get the job, because they wanted a siren. But Lee asked her to lunch and from then on she wouldn't glance at any other man.

STILL, she couldn't be with Lee all the time. She and Gertrude hunted spaghetti joints and split an order; they idled away many hours in the apartment house's general parlor, where Gertrude could play the piano. It was mid-winter and being broke had ceased to be a lark.

The depression threatened to lift nicely when Rachel Crothers selected Sister, as the petite Jewell affectionately calls her pal, for the lead in the comedy "Caught Wet." Unfortunately, it was a misnomer; the humor failed to impress so Gertrude was still on her uppers. However, by now Isabel had won the second lead in the hit "Blessed Event." So meals went on.

In the late spring, Gertrude essayed a part in a picture over on Long Island. No one instructed her in make-up; the lighting was definitely all for the star, Nancy Carroll. The experience was regarded by all as an error. Not until fall did she get another play; this time the lead in "Round-Up." Five days before the opening she developed acute laryngitis and a 103 fever; but Gertrude refused to be conquered. She went to rehearsals anyway and the critics clapped hands on opening night.

Metro's scouts suggested film tests. They said they'd pay her fare to Hollywood—and back, if she didn't register well.

"I thought she'd be in Joan Crawford's shoes in no time," remembers Isabel. "She has beauty and is a grand actress. Of course I was tickled for her. But I was ill at the time and I felt terrible because it seemed to me a permanent goodbye. I was sure she'd be a star. Lee had gone West, too. I thought I was losing them both, and with my funny face I didn't think I'd ever get a movie bid."

At the Grand Central station there was a hectic farewell.

"I had my fare, but only seven dollars in cash to my name!" confesses Gertrude.

"I glanced out of the car window and saw Isabel's pallid face; she was holding up two fingers, but I couldn't hear what she was crying." She was crying, "I'll be there in two weeks!" A challenge to fate, so typical of Isabel. A friend had given Gertrude ten dollars at the last minute; later she discovered that Isabel, sick and with no money to spare, had pressed it into the friend's hand to pass on.

I told you Isabel is undefeatable. Somehow she always survives catastrophes. She was left alone, forelorn, but she clutched at a new notion. She would get to Hollywood, too! And, strange to say, two nights afterwards, Roy Del Ruth, sent East by Warners to view "Blessed Event" before filming it, was so pleased by her performance that he went backstage and assured her she'd have to be in his picture version. Exactly two weeks after the day Gertrude left Isabel arrived in Hollywood!

The reception Lee and Gertrude gave her was marvelous. So was everything in California, for she immediately went to work re-creating her role before the cameras. The tragic character she etched drew raves. But she was ill again and had to go to a hospital.

"Gertrude was meeting influential people. I hadn't met anyone; I didn't know a soul here. Yet every single day she'd come to cheer me up. I never asked her to come, but she didn't forget me."

WHEN Isabel was well enough to be up she had just $300 left over from that original picture engagement. And nine months elapsed before she landed another role! She'd been excellent, but she couldn't get a thing.

And, meanwhile, Gertrude had left Metro. It had seemed such a splendid opportunity; but she did only a few roles and nobody took sufficient interest to see that she had the proper build-up. She wasn't wise enough to understand that you have to speak up and demand consideration.

"It did appear then," declares Isabel, "as though we were both beaten. Especially in my case it was awfully hopeless; I hadn't beauty or glamor." Gertrude did a few independents that kept her going; she lived in a forty dollar a month apartment in Los Angeles. Isabel finally got into the local stage production of "Counselor at Law." It had a remarkable run and her obvious ability brought her chance for a second trial in the studios. She moved to the Montecito, a fashionable apartment hotel; keeping up appearances is advisable.

She couldn't bear to see Gertrude out of things; one day she telephoned her that a man who had a lease at the Montecito was going away, and was willing to sublet. Wasn't Gertrude paying almost nothing where she was? Well, she could move into the Montecito apartment for the same money. That is what Isabel said. Months afterwards, when the Michael stock had soared, Gertrude found out that Isabel had been paying the difference in rent all along.

Being installed in reasonable style didn't denote true success; they still hadn't quite caught on. They had occasional roles, and once again went fifty-fifty. Gertrude, a vision of chic, cooked her own meals or charged them at the restaurant downstairs until she'd have some money coming in. As did Isabel.

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties!

They intensify natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Rouge, Powder and Lipstick brings out your *own* natural coloring.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The vogue today is for naturalness! It took a different kind of cosmetic principle to make it possible...the Tangee Color Change Principle. Your own natural color is lovelier...but you never risk that "painted" look.

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New Deodorant . . . QUEST
100% Effective on Sanitary Napkins!

Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors! . . . Quest is 100% effective, even on hottest days! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to stop perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today!

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for Personal Daintiness

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THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
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Use it with KOTEX
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They used to buy candy and popcorn in paper bags and go to the movies on the Boulevard. Gertrude had an old Oldsmobile which she'd purchased second-hand. One evening she had two gallons of gas in it and between them they had fifty-five cents. They arrayed themselves, bowed politely to the tourists in the lobby as they exited, and headed for downtown Los Angeles and a fifteen cent movie on Main Street. There was a dime for sodas, and fifteen cents for an emergency. Which occurred—Gertrude ran through a stop-sign and the law gave her the once-over. She'd also forgotten her driver's license and the registration card wasn't in the car! The officer was about to write out a horrible ticket when the Michael accent of yore suddenly revived. "Ah's just not 'customed to drivin' in a big city like this'n," she gulped. "Ah shuah is sorry!" Isabel had presence of mind and quailed magnificently. They were released because of their naivete.

One more month and Gertrude conceded complete defeat; there was nothing in sight and a return to New York was the only alternative. She went over to Paramount to bid several people goodbye. While there she was offered a test. She vowed she wouldn't bother with make-up; she took it right off, hastily mastering pages of dialogue. It was so long she missed her train. But next day she was signed for the role. Another at this studio and she was put under contract. Just last month RKO-Radio took over this contract, having major plans for her future.

WHILE Gertrude was prospering at Paramount, though Isabel was in distress again. Her romance with Lee Tracy had ended; she had neither love nor work. She had spent her wages in a vain attempt to restore her father's eyesight. There was enough for her parents to live on until she could get into a show in the East. She left town and lined up a stage role. In the meantime Gertrude had a severe auto accident. Isabel, though she should have counted her pennies, long-distanced her every night at the stroke of twelve. It was four months before Gertrude could get out of bed.

And then a final disappointment cleared things up. Isabel had to relinquish the show to fly back for retakes on "A Tale of Two Cities." She had only a few scenes, but she put her very soul into them. And Hollywood hasn't let her mope since. The second lead in "Lost Horizon" at Columbia puts her unmistakably across. Before its release she has already done five more notable roles.

She has found a new love, too. He is Owen Crump, manager of a Hollywood radio station.

Gertrude's future career is all set but she swears she is still seeking romance. She's seen regularly with director Rouben Mamoulian, however.

The other day Gertrude gave her most treasured possession, her violin, to Dr. Jewell. He cannot see, but he is delighted at having a violin. He was fond of the one he had in his youth.

Having gone through this much and still remained friends in the realest meaning of the term, these two now meet the tomorrows confident that success will never spoil the bond between them!

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 23)

POOR Eleanore Whitney is hobbling around town swathed in bandages and covered with court-plaster.

There is a mob scene at the Rose Bowl for her new picture, and in it she was supposed to be pushed around and eventually thrown against Tom Brown. The shot wouldn't work, somehow, and they had to retake it twelve times.

So she is out of the running until her black eye and all the bruises heal. "I wouldn't mind," she says, "except all those football players that have been piling up on the fifty-yard line for weeks came out with hardly a scratch!"

* * *

ROBERT TAYLOR has bought the largest radio in Hollywood and is too pleased for words. It makes ten times as much noise as any radio in town.

Bob is having this gigantic instrument installed in his new home, where it will occupy an entire side of his bedroom wall. It boasts five amplifiers, one for brasses, one for strings, one for drums, etc.

His only hope is it doesn't blow out all fifty tubes at one time.

* * *

IN one scene for "Champagne Waltz," Gladys Swarthout's new picture, she is to sit and sing on top of a high, narrow column while the orchestra plays down below.

They had reheased the shot four whole days. On the fifth everything was ready, the music started, the cameras began to grind, Gladys began to sing—and a fire started at the base of the column.

Grip men and prop boys started to rush into camera view, hard at the rescue, but she waved them away, motioned to the orchestra to keep on, and finished the scene. It was a beautiful take.

When they had finally put out the blaze and brought her down, everyone gathered about to congratulate her on her bravery.

"I wasn't brave," she told them. "I was just tired of sitting on that column!"

* * *

RAY MILLAND and Dorothy L'Amour had a swimming scene to do for "Jungle Princess," and the company moved up to Crater Lake, in the California mountains, for the sequence.

Before the shot a script girl reported she had seen a water snake gliding around just under the surface—so they spent four hours trying to find it, and then decided to do the scene anyhow.

The first half of the sequence went off all right, and the two swimmers were allowed to come out and rest. Just before the next take an assistant discovered the snake, and killed it. He didn't bother to tell anybody.

Two minutes later the mountains rang with an agonized shriek—and Milland came tearing out of the water in cold panic. "It got me!" he shouted.

He'd touched a submerged twig.

Artists Advise

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

Ray Prohaska

"Stunning!" says Ray Prohaska, artist and magazine illustrator.

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"Big improvement!" says Victor Keppler, famous color-photographer.

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"Distinctive," says the illustrator and portrait artist, Ski Weld.

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"Artistically sound," says Lurelle Guild, well-known designer and artist.

MEN who work with color, men who know beauty, know what makes girls lovely . . . it's men like these who now advise, "choose your makeup by the color of your eyes."

And it's all very simple, now that Richard Hudnut has created Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup. For here are face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara . . . scientifically color-harmonized, all keyed to your personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup . . . tell you to buy the *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type, if they're gray; *Parisian* type for brown; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Wear this glamorous new makeup on your very next date . . . and hear the boy friend ask you "Where have you been all my life?"

MARVELOUS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

RICHARD HUDNUT
55¢ each

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Jim Stewart's Life Is Full of Triangles

(Continued from page 43)

engineer and Jimmy didn't. So he switched to an architect's triangle, because you could draw, and he did like to draw.

The major triangle, however, was the Triangle Club. And perhaps this was just as well.

Because nobody loved an architect when Jimmy Stewart hunted a job in mid-depression '32.

But a fellow Triangleer had a stock company up in Falmouth on Cape Cod.

I don't think Jimmy Stewart could give you any sound reason for turning actor except that there wasn't much else to do, and the accordion had a payment coming due, and he wanted a crack at New York.

"Goodbye Again," the summer stock opus, went to New York, and Jimmy Stewart went with it. Thirty bucks a week was no road to quick riches, but a fellow could make it do, even after the Actors' Equity fee had been taken out.

THE Stewarts back in Indiana, Pa., took the news with equanimity. Jimmy's father was Princeton, '98, a successful hardware merchant and a good sport. They thought that Jimmy ought to look around for an architect's spot, though, when things got a little better.

But they got worse.

And so Jimmy is in Hollywood with his accordion, clicking more chips each Saturday that he could ever draw from a draftsman's board.

It wasn't so sudden as that, of course, or as easy as it sounds.

Most of what Jimmy got from Broadway was notice and experience. Most of the time he spent in rehearsing. His plays were many, but not noted for longevity.

"Yellow Jack" was his first important attraction. If you're up on your Broadway, you may remember him in "Spring In Autumn," "All Good Americans," "Divided By Three" and "Page Miss Glory."

And if you chanced to see the last thing he did, during the aforementioned three days of its run, the chances are you'll never forget it. Jimmy never has.

It was called "Journey By Night." It was not exactly a hit.

In the first place, the audience managed to roar in the wrong places, which is disconcerting to an artist, I'm told, and on the last night the props and cues got all mixed up and Jimmy found himself in stage center jerking at a door which wouldn't open, while a telephone he couldn't possibly answer jangled and things collapsed and the cash customers howled.

He took a journey by night to Hollywood with his own airplane, and he arrived in somewhat bad odor.

I do not wish to infer here that the disastrous finale to "Journey By Night" had handicapped our hero forever with its distinctive atmosphere. It was like this:

When Jimmy and Hank Fonda and the other two hopefuls elbowed each other around in their New York nest, Hank and Jimmy had started the construction of an airplane. When you work maybe an hour a day, and that at night, you soon run out of movies to see and aquariums to visit.

SINCE Jimmy was an aviation nut, on the sly, and Hank a born tinkerer, they crowded things even more by turning a closet into a small factory. Then Hank's big break in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" took him off to Hollywood, and Jimmy was left to guard the airplane.

Hank, in the fever of his Hollywood success, never forgot the airplane. When he heard Jimmy was coming out he wrote, "Whatever you do, don't forget to bring out the plane. There is all kinds of room out here. We can fly it."

And Jimmy was true to his trust. He fashioned with loving care a tremendous box, resembling a somewhat unorthodox cross. He soaked it with a dark mysterious substance guaranteed to protect anything from the ravages of dampness and climatic change. Instead of consigning it to the baggage car, he jammed it under his berth where he could watch it.

And everything was fine until they hit the New Mexico desert, where people began to regard him and his burden with suspicion. When the heat got to work,

NOW I ASK YOU—WHY
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES
IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —
WANT ADS
RIN-N-N-G
RIN-N-
WELL — THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO — THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
OH, GRACE — DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA — OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE
SO AM I — AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT

they were sure of it. The dark goo oozed, bubbled and emitted noxious, acrid fumes.

He had the Pullman to himself from then on into Los Angeles.

Incidentally, when the plane was eventually uncased and poised for flight on the wide western sweep of the front lawn it zoomed twenty feet up and then twenty feet straight down, before Hank's enraptured gaze.

It now lies in five scattered pieces somewhere near the kindling box, a mute and shattered tribute to what a man will endure for a pal.

Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart are real pals, though not in the generally accepted Hollywood sense of the word. There was no one in town as elated as Henry Fonda after a peek at Jimmy in "Next Time We Love" had started a rapidly mounting crescendo of praise and questions.

Whereupon Hank crowed. "What do you think I've been telling you about? You wouldn't believe me—well, now you'll have to *pay* to give Jimmy a break."

There was never a more ardent press agent than Hank has been for his pal Jimmy Stewart.

JIMMY had no friends except Hank when he first came to Hollywood. His contract read "M-G-M"—but no one there knew him or bothered much about him. When the "Rose Marie" company went up to Lake Tahoe in the Sierras, the old established Van Dyke outfit, grown possibly a little clannish through making so many pictures together in all parts of the world, barely noticed the beanpole kid who sat silently beside a big accordion case.

Jimmy waited four weeks up at Tahoe to do about half a day's work. He spent most of it in a tiny barber shop out on the pier, sprawled out in a chair. He didn't know everyone was just waiting to make him one of the gang.

They used a horse to initiate him.

Jimmy mounted the beast, wardrobe in one hand, script in the other, for the trail packing back into location. Somebody picked him a capricious nag, who danced and pranced on the narrow trail hugging the mountain's side, until Jimmy took one look at the yawning spaces below and dropped wardrobe, script and all personal belongings while he fastened a firm grip on his mount's bobbing neck.

By the time he arrived at the shooting site, he was a tried and tested member of the Van Dyke picture making gang.

And by the time he returned to Hollywood he had friends. "Woody" Van Dyke was telling everyone what a "whale of an actor" James Stewart was. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy seconded the motion, and the crew branded him a "regular guy."

All of which causes Jimmy Stewart to shake his head shyly and repeat that he is indeed a "lucky" gent. He thinks he has always been lucky, even when things weren't making him any too rich too fast after he got out of school.

But I don't call it exactly luck—and I don't think anyone else who knows Jimmy Stewart does.

I think it just dawned on Jimmy, not too long ago, that maybe he really is an actor after all—that maybe he has some talent that is worth serious development.

In the early days on Broadway he used to attract curious crowds who regarded him on occasions with odd stares. That was because Jimmy would pop out of rehearsals all wrapped up in his part and start going into his lines and gestures just anywhere at all.

ONCE on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street he was darting looks and twitching eyebrows and talking his lines out loud when someone touched his arm. It was the producer of the play.

"Say, Stewart," he suggested, "why don't you come on back to the theater, or else let me sell tickets to the crowd here?"

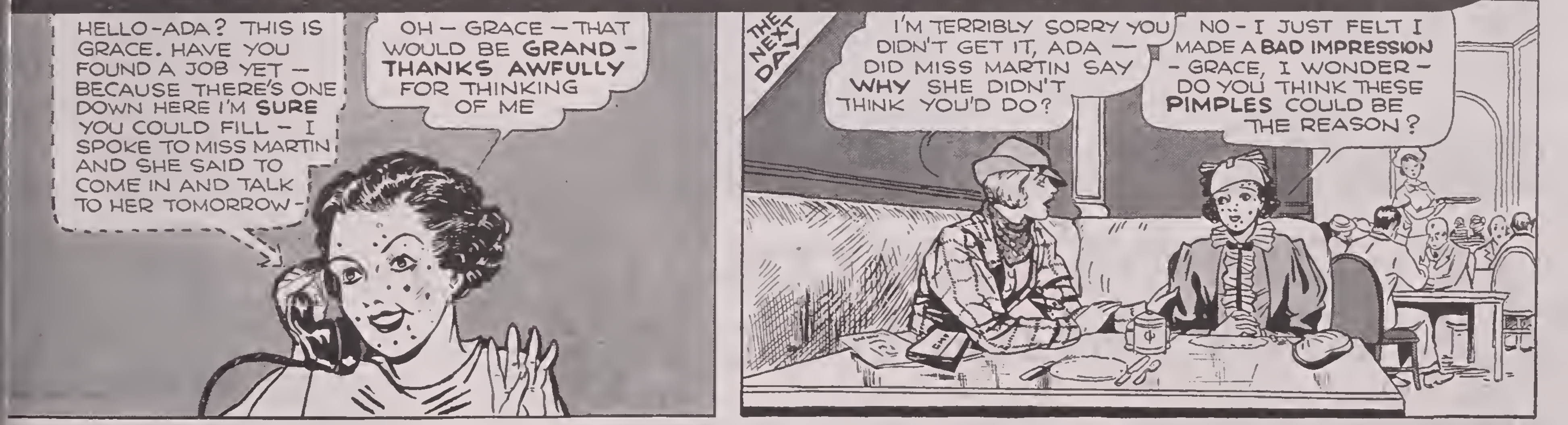
Jimmy looked up and saw the mob for the first time.

And today, beneath the very easy going, almost lazy exterior of James Stewart, there burns that same absorbing intensity for what he's doing. He wants to make a name for himself. He wants to be somebody. I know because he told me so.

The nice part of it is that he already is somebody.

Because besides being the most talked about young feller in Hollywood he's the godfather of fifteen cats born on the Fonda-Stewart rancho and the sole possessor of the most elegant accordion west of the Rockies, which in addition to a ravishing marine embellishment of sapphire blue and mother of pearl, and the proud word "Superio," has a slip of paper marked "Paid In Full."

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!


HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —
OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?
NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

TWO WEEKS LATER
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK
I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?
OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

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by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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How Joan Ended the Crawford-Harlow Feud

(*Continued from page* 41)

gone if her mother, her brother and her best friends had been in it!

It was impossible to be Joan's friend and Jean's, too. During one particularly heated spell, stories were obtained for publication on the vastly interesting subjects: "Why I Do Not Speak To Joan Crawford," by Jean Harlow; and "Why I Do Not Speak To Jean Harlow," by Joan Crawford. The battle might have come out into the open, if Metro officials, getting wind of the approaching gale, had not stopped the publication. The stories never saw the light of day. But Joan knew Jean had given such a story. Jean knew Joan had. The gauntlet was down!

But the showdown never came.

More than three years went by, and still it did not come. Hollywood as a whole may have been surprised, but not the people that know Joan Crawford best. The others forgot just one important thing—and that is that Joan is just about the fairest and squarest fighter for every point she has ever earned that Hollywood is likely ever to know!

AT the time Jean came on the M-G-M lot, Joan, the queen, could have made things difficult for the girl not yet established, the girl whose position was made even more uncertain by tragedies and great unhappiness in her private life beyond her control. Joan, secure in her position, the pampered darling of a glamorous lot, could have made many demands, could have thrown innumerable stumbling blocks in the path of the star who had only one hit, "Red Headed Woman," behind her! Other stars have done it. There are so vastly many ways it can be done—demanding leading men who have been booked for a rival's picture, demanding the same stories, directors, and yes, even contracts have been demanded!

But Joan Crawford isn't that kind of fighter.

I think the swellest thing I know about Joan is that her enmity is as honest as her friendship. She doesn't know the meaning of subterfuge. Her enemies, like her friends, are her own. You can't reach the heights Joan has achieved in this world without battling for it, but every thrust from Joan's lance has been straight from the shoulder. That is the kind of friend she is. That is the kind of enemy she is. And it is the chief reason why even the few people who aren't devoted to her still admire and respect her achievements and what she has made of herself.

If this seems like a long and detailed resumé of the bitter feeling that has existed between Jean and Joan for more than three years, it is only because it is necessary to fully understand the generous gesture that has ended the long battle between the two swellest girls I know.

That's my justification for breaking a promise I made Joan not to reveal something I learned accidentally. Poor Joan, always so fearful that every gallant gesture she makes will be columnized, and thus somehow spoiled for her. Poor Joan, who went to such great efforts to keep one of the nicest things she has ever done in a career filled with generous gestures, just a simple little secret between herself and a girl who needed a friend very much!

Remember there had been three long years of the Harlow-Crawford feud when both Joan and Jean reported for work on the M-G-M lot at just about the same time. Joan was to do "The Gorgeous Hussy" after a nine-months' vacation that had seen her marriage to Franchot Tone and a long honeymoon since her last production. Jean was to do "Suzy" with bridegroom-Tone chief in support. The pictures started within two days of one another, and as usual, Hollywood expected the long delayed climax to their differences; especially since it was being rumored that Joan's patience was being strained to the breaking point over the continued casting of Franchot in Jean's pictures.

A very close observer, however, might have noticed something far more important than a studio feud possibility in Jean Harlow's demeanor. There was a tiredness and weariness surrounding the little Harlow that seemed to transcend anything personal between herself and Joan. Though it has not been printed before, Jean Harlow went into production on "Suzy" so dangerously close to a nervous breakdown that it took every ounce of energy, every disciplined nerve in her body to keep from asking for a release from the assignment!

ONLY those vitally close to her, desperately worried over her condition, knew this fact. They begged her to take the rest she seriously needed. The past year has been a confused and at many times an unhappy one for Jean. Without prying too deeply into her private affairs, let it suffice to say that Jean has been going through an emotional crisis in her life, striving desperately hard to find herself. Added to this had been complications in the lives of those close to her, her mother's divorce from Mario Bello, the death of a dear friend in the profession, the legal tangles attendant on the sale of her home, becoming settled in new surroundings.

It was a worried and unhappy girl who reported to work on "Suzy." Players who had worked with Jean previously began to whisper that they hardly recognized the gay flame that formerly was Jean Harlow on the set as the exhausted girl who was forced to take long rests between "takes." Because it is impossible for Jean to share her troubles, no one really knew just how much she shouldered. She hated drifting away from the company during that gay half-hour in the afternoon when they stopped for hot dogs and soda pop. But she had to. She had to rest with ice packs over her eyes, alone in her dressing room, soothing every tired nerve if she was going to be able to finish the picture at all. Nothing else particularly mattered to Jean, except making that giant effort not to let her company down, not to have to give up now that the picture was so far along with so much money invested in it. And that is the kind of girl Jean Harlow is!

It is ironic that "The Gorgeous Hussy" found Joan Crawford in almost the same state for a directly opposite reason! True, Joan had had nine gorgeous lazy months

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SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR ..Goes 3 times as far!

to prepare herself for the long schedule of her return picture. For the last two months of her vacation she had been beside herself to return to work, to smell the greasepaint again. Her ambition was so intense she didn't realize what a toll it was taking of her nervous energy. A week before the picture started Joan was finding it difficult to eat her meals. She could not sleep. The first week of shooting, the strangeness of work she had not done for so long, the desire to give the best darn performance Joan Crawford had ever given in her life—and then one day Joan collapsed on the set!

"Crazy, isn't it?" she laughed to a production head.

"Not crazy at all," he assured her. "You're just putting too much into the first picture you've made in a long time. Your nerves would be better if you'd been in harness all along." He added, "We're sending over the nurse to you, young woman. Don't worry. Just rest this afternoon."

The nurse came in a minute—hot and cold applications in her hands. As she turned Joan over, massaging the tired muscles, she chatted, "This is the second one of these treatments I've given today. I've been working over Jean Harlow for an hour and a half!"

In idle politeness, Joan inquired, "Is she ill?"

"I'd say she's pretty darn sick! Sicker than anybody knows—except me," the woman replied. "What that girl has been going through and not uttering one word of it to anybody—!"

KNOWING Joan, I believe that right then and there, with those idle words telling of a girl fighting so courageously alone, was the beginning of the end of the strangest studio feud in history! Something must have turned over in Joan's heart as it always does when she hears of unhappiness or illness, the same something that always sends her straight to the heart of it, offering generously whatever it is that is needed, her pocketbook, her strength, her friendship!

She knew that if it leaked out that Joan Crawford had visited Jean Harlow on her set it would make banner lines in every movie column in town the following morning. It had taken time and waiting and plotting to find out when the director and the technical crew of "Suzy" would be in the projection room looking at the rushes. And when the stage was quite deserted a great and very proud star crossed the battle line into the camp of her arch enemy!

It was Jean who told me about that amazing visit! It was Jean who hadn't wanted anyone to know how ill she really was, who had fought so hard to keep anyone from knowing, even her mother and her closest friends, who suddenly opened her eyes and found *the girl who had hated her* standing there in the door of her dressing room!

She said, "Jean, may I come in . . . may I help?"

LATER, Jean told me, "I don't know why, but suddenly I felt that I wanted to cry. I didn't have time to wonder why she had come, or how she had heard. All I knew was that she was there, this shy almost timid girl I had always considered so imperial before, finding time in her own busy day to think of me, to come to me when no one else knew! I don't know what we talked about for the next half hour. I don't believe I talked very much at all. I know I found myself holding both Joan's hands in mine, saying inadequate words of thanks for what she had done that couldn't possibly convey what I really felt. But I hope she understood, and I think she did.

"Mostly, I think I was glad way down in my heart that this long strain between us is over. I was glad to be able to be open and honest about the admiration I've always felt for Joan in spite of everything. She's one of the really great stars in this business. She's conquered so much, fought against so many great odds to get where she has with no one but herself, her fine courage and overwhelming talent to get her there. She's a great star, but more important than that, she is a fine person!

"Since that day we have talked over the phone several times. When we finish our present pictures, 'Libeled Lady' and 'Love on the Run,' I am going to meet Joan somewhere, at her home or at mine, and talk to her and get to know her better. Nothing would make me happier than to call her my friend. It is such a really fine thing she did!"

And it is such a really fine thing to tell it, Jean!

Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray, of course, who's just back from England to be here when her first baby is born), at the Cafe Lamaze.

For Young Girls Only

(*Continued from page* 47)

each person a pencil and paper. Turn out all the lights and, in the darkness, let each draw Mickey. The best likeness wins a prize.

One of the Anne Shirley group is that very cute child Cecilia Parker who gave that sensitive performance in "Ah, Wilderness."

When I saw her Eric Linden was her favorite escort, but such lads as Bill Henry, Tom Brown (of course!) Noah Beery, Jr., Johnny Downs, Jimmy Dunn and Bob Taylor have dated her.

Cecilia believes, like her friend Anne Shirley, in naturalness, sincerity, being honest and treating men as you want to be treated. Her philosophy is a sort of up-to-date Golden Rule. She also thinks that discussion is good for the heart and soul and she believes that if your beau suggests you have a habit which annoys him, then you should break the habit immediately. Flatter him, by all means, but you must be subtle about it since men are not so dumb as they sometimes seem.

SUBTLETY brings me to Betty Furness, who has made life more amusing for such attractive boys as Cary Grant, Bill Henry, Cesar Romero and numerous New York lads who come to Hollywood to have fun.

"If you want to keep 'em after you have 'em," Betty said, "find out right away the things they like and don't like, the people they like and don't like. Find out about the girls your man has gone with before he met you. That will give you a fine tip about the *type* of person he likes. Be as near that type as possible.

"And remember the old 'word to the wise' gag. Once a boy friend of mine happened to remark that if there was anything in the world he hated it was seeing dirty ash trays around. You may be sure that the next time he called I emptied the ash trays as often as they needed it. But I tried to do it unostentatiously. I didn't want to have the 'look, see what I'm doing just for *you*' attitude.

"I think it right to believe in men, to accept a plausible excuse for a broken date. And even if you find out he has gone out with another girl, forgive him, if you want him enough, and take him back.

"There is one time," she went on, "when I'm helpless. When I see that an older, more sophisticated woman than I is after my beau. Then I give up. I know that I can't compete and I don't try to do anything about it. It's no good for a young girl to try to match her wits against an experienced woman. She only makes herself ridiculous when she does."

Beverly Roberts agrees with Betty Furness about not trying too hard to hold a man. Beverly is a new Warner starlet. She was in 'Singing Kid" and "Sons o' Guns." Hers is one of those emphatic, decided personalities. Her opinions are as terse as your physics professor's.

"Give them rope," Beverly advises. "Give them all the rope you have. I know that's right, although sometimes I don't take my own advice. Then I'm sorry.

WHEN I'm in love with a man, I get knee deep in feminine vices. My inclination is to be possessive and jealous, to cling like a bull pup. That's wrong. The best way to hold people is to let them go. For if you give a man love and tenderness and mental satisfaction, if you give all and take nothing you can keep him longer than if you play childish tricks."

That little bouquet of dynamite, Ida Lupino, whose beaux have included the ubiquitous Tom Brown, Fred Kohler, Jr., Jackie Coogan and Victor Orsatti, has a hard and fast creed. "If you love a man hold him by refraining from making up at the table—men hate that. And never ask him where he's been. If he says he's been fishing—well, then, he's been fishing. Give him a break. Maybe he *is* telling the truth. Suspicion ruins everything. And anyhow, what you don't know won't hurt you.

"Never keep him waiting. He'll think you're not reliable.

"When he's in the dumps don't sympa-

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WHEN thousands of formerly skinny, rundown, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, with this sensationally quick new body-builder, you may not only gain normal, flattering pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

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If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

thize with him. That only makes it worse. Cheer him up. Make him go dancing or to a theater. But when he's really sick you've got to baby him. Be true to him and don't make him jealous."

Madge Evans, however, who looks like the composite picture of the soft, feminine, candy box girls and who has held Tom Gallery for years, doesn't agree with Ida. Madge may appear to be a clinging vine but independence is her middle name. She says never to be humble with a man, never let him know that everything is all set. Don't actively make him jealous, she says, but just give him the little uneasy feeling that maybe somewhere in the offing is someone else.

That's what Rosalind Keith believes, too.

"Don't let him think he's the only one in the world," she said. "Be independent. Be cocky, if you please, but never, never be a softie. Give him a home cooked meal now and then, too, but never let him get the idea that you're just a 'home girl.' Be prompt and orderly, but also be mysterious and hard to get. Be feminine at all times and keep him guessing."

LITTLE Marie Wilson, that grand dumbbell comedienne, wailed, "Goodness sake, I don't see why you ask me what to do with a man. I don't do anything I should. I'm just a clinging vine and that's all wrong. I try to do the right thing and can't.

"Once I was madly in love and the fellow wasn't interested in me at all. I'd wait and wait for him to call—just sitting there by the telephone, waiting. And when he didn't call I'd ring him up and say, 'I've been out in the back yard. I heard the phone ring, but when I got in the party had left the line. I thought it might be you and that maybe I'd better call.' But that's all wrong. I know it is because it never did any good.

"I guess I'm holding my present beau all right, but I don't know how I do it. I never tell him his faults because I don't think he has any, but I certainly welcome any criticism of me he has to offer. I just love him, that's all. Oh, goodness, I'm afraid you've come to the wrong person."

But Marsha Hunt has the romantic department running smoothly. There are boys and boys and boys in her life. Marsha thinks that men prefer girls "as is" and that's why she remains plain Marsha Hunt instead of trying to be a tricked up, unnatural number.

Anita Louise is for naturalness, too. She doesn't believe in making a doormat of herself but on the other hand she thinks that being too independent and stand-offish irks a man. She believes that a girl who uses a line on a man is foolish for when the line's possibilities are exhausted—and they, as well as the man, soon are—she's stumped.

So this was my idea—to find out these theories.

But now that I've finished, I discover a strange thing. Many of the theories advanced, the advice given, differ one from the other. I asked the girls to be honest and this is the result.

But with this difference of opinion it seems to me that the only solution is to pick out the girl who is most nearly your type spiritually and physically and follow her routine.

Death on the Sound Track

(*Continued from page* 59)

Rita Reynolds. He didn't like Hayden and made no bones about so expressing himself. Although Creighton had no proof of the fact, he was reasonably certain that Carlock had installed the short-wave radio set in the ceiling of Rita Reynolds' portable dressing room. It was Carlock who had told him about Hayden—and Hayden was dead.

Back of the whole case, like three guiding pillars, were the three bottles. What bearing did they have on the matter? Two of them bore the initials of Rita Reynolds—might not the third one, destroyed by Petrovski, also have borne the same mark? One bottle nearly had ended his own life. Another had brought about the death of Hayden. Why had Petrovski destroyed the bottle he had gone to so much trouble to get? True, the one the old man had broken had been empty, so far as Creighton could tell. The one that killed Hayden had carried acid.

The third bottle was still in Creighton's pocket. He glanced at it casually as he waited for Carlock to come out of the drug-store It too, was empty. But it bore Rita Reynolds' initials "RR" the same as the other. Had it ever contained—

His fingers closed over the stopper to pull it out, but he saw the director coming out of the drug-store and quickly shoved the bottle back in his pocket, started across the street.

Three minutes later Creighton faced the clerk, a pimply faced youth, who was polishing the metal work back of the fountain.

"A MAN just went out of here," said Creighton, flashing his badge. "What did he buy?"

The boy swallowed hard and answered, "Nothing, mister. He just used the telephone."

Creighton snapped his fingers, the noise making an exclamation point at the end of the boy's sentence. "Did you hear what he said?"

The clerk shook his head. "After he got his number he closed the door, mister," he answered. "I couldn't hear a thing. Are you a real detective, mister?"

Creighton shook his head. He was beginning to have doubts about it himself.

"I'm goin' to be a detective some day," the boy went on.

"Then the next time a man comes in at six o'clock in the morning to use the telephone," said Creighton, "listen to what he says."

"I did," protested the boy. "But I couldn't hear anything only the number."

Creighton whirled.

"What was it?" he asked quickly.

"Here it is—I wrote it down," said the boy. "Ever since they caught those kidnappers with a telephone number—"

Creighton didn't hear the last of the remark Snatching the paper from the boy he headed for one of the booths He wanted to know who Carlock was calling at that hour in the morning. He called the special agent's office of the telephone company, explained who he was and what he wanted.

Five minutes later he had the informa-

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tion, but he wasn't much better off than he had been before.

"No name listed on it," said the special agent's office. "It's assigned to Apartment 705, Belle Adair Apartments, out in the south end of town."

That was easy, figured Creighton, as he dropped another nickel and called the Belle Adair.

The landlady, although grumbling a little at being routed out of bed at such an early hour in the morning, answered his question readily enough. The apartment was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, moving picture people.

All of which, thought Creighton, as he slammed up the telephone, spelled exactly nothing. Carlock had hundreds of friends in the motion picture world, even friends whom he could call at six in the morning without anything untoward being attached to it.

He thanked the boy, got in his car and drove home, sloshed through a shower and had breakfast served in his room. By that time it was eight o'clock. He started for the studio, still wondering just how he was going to justify the call for nine o'clock that he had had Carlock issue. At the time he had asked the director to have the company assembled, he had had a fairly definite idea as to why he wanted them there. That idea had been pretty thoroughly wrecked in the meantime.

ONE thing that Creighton carried in his mind was that Marion LaCourt's father, Herman Petrovski, had lied as to his reason for dropping over the back wall of the studio rather than going out through the front gate. All mechanical help was due at the studio at eight o'clock, he knew, and he determined, in the interim between then and nine, to see if he couldn't get something more out of the old man.

He went through the front office and made his way to the staff room which adjoined the property building. The foreman of the staff shop, in answer to his question, said that Petrovski hadn't put in an appearance, was already fifteen minutes late.

"Know anything about the old man?" asked Creighton in a casual manner.

"Not much," was the ready response. "He was here before I came into this department. Good staff man; used to be a glass blower in the old country. He's a Russian, I believe. Was some kind of an officer in the war. Always talking about what a big man he was in his business before the Reds got control over there."

Creighton nodded his thanks. Nothing very incriminating there. "Interesting work you do here," he commented to the foreman, looking around the shop.

"Yep!" agreed the other. "We make pretty nearly everything here and what we don't make here they have in the prop room. Talkies have changed it a lot now. Years ago we used to figure how things looked. Now we have to figure how they sound. We make plates for comedies; statues, pillars, anything and everything—imitation glassware, all kinds of breakaway stuff—"

He looked around, snorted. Dan Creighton was gone.

Dan Creighton had the answer now. He knew what was missing from that scene and sound-track he had sat through three times in the projection room the night before.

He went to the casting office and asked a question. They had never heard of Mr. or Mrs. Carlisle. He asked about a dozen other names; the cards were handed to him but he didn't even look at the names—he looked at the addresses. And he found what he wanted.

His watch indicated five minutes of nine. He turned his steps in the direction of the sound stage where he had asked to have the company assembled.

Creighton opened the door to Sound Stage 9 and walked in. A group of people with drawn, expectant faces greeted him. But there was one person there he hadn't expected to see—nor was he particularly pleased to see him—Joe Malarkey

"Mornin', Dan," said the police official. "Puttin' on an early show, eh? I wasn't invited—but then, cops seldom are. Thought I'd better show up, though, just so you don't try to put somethin' over."

"Think nothing of it, Joe," cracked the investigator. "No party would be complete without you. Just keep out of the way and don't get trampled in the rush."

Malarkey grunted but made no reply. His pin-pointed blue eyes followed every move made by Creighton.

"I MADE out my report this mornin', Dan," he said after an interval. "The Reynolds girl committed suicide."

"Am I surprised?" clipped Creighton, knowing perfectly well that Malarkey had made out no such report.

"Everybody is here, Dan," said the director. "What do you want to do?" His face was lined, drawn. As he raised his hands to wave inclusively at the group, Creighton noticed that they were trembling.

Creighton shot a glance over the assemblage. LaCourt, Petrovski, Carlock were present—only Hayden was missing. Some one of that group knew how Rita Reynolds had died. Which one?

"I've been thinking this thing over," said Creighton, raising his voice. "It occurred to me that if we duplicated the scene in which Rita Reynolds was playing when she met her death it might suggest things to the memories of those of you who were present that you might not recall otherwise. I'm going to ask all of you to take exactly the same places that you occupied yesterday when the scene was shot. I'll ask Mr. Carlock to take the part of Miss Reynolds. I'll stand where Mr. Hayden stood. I want this as realistic as possible so I'll ask the camera men to start their cameras and shoot the scene just as it was done yesterday."

At Creighton's elbow Joe Malarkey whispered, "You better make it a good show, Dan. I've got a warrant in my pocket for the arrest of Bert Carlock and the charge is murder. Rita Reynolds was Carlock's wife. He married her secretly and when she got to runnin' around with Hayden he bumped her off and then got Hayden the same way. Tie that one, Fancy Pants!"

If the information stirred any emotion within the breast of Dan Creighton he failed to show it by any change in the expression on his face. In fact to all outward appearances he hadn't even heard

DO YOU HAVE TO TURN AWAY FROM YOUR OWN SKIN?

BLAME YOUR CARE, NOT YOUR SKIN!

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By Lady Esther

Have you a skin you "can't do a thing with?" Does it hurt you to have to look in the mirror?

Many a woman who dreads the mirror is not born with a bad skin, as she thinks, but is rather the innocent victim of improper methods of skin care.

One thing you must grasp is this: The care of the skin is not a complex problem at all. It's really very simple. So simple, almost, as to appear ridiculous.

Simple, the Needs of Your Skin!

All your skin needs, commonplace as it may sound, is thorough cleansing daily and, with it, a little lubrication. Given these two things, it's amazing what the skin will do for itself.

The trouble is that all methods do NOT give the skin the cleansing it needs, let alone lubrication. Many methods are too complicated and only tax the skin. Many methods are merely "surface" methods. They take off only the top dirt and leave the imbedded dirt untouched.

What you want is deep-reaching action—a cleaning out of the stubborn, buried dirt!

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Lady Esther Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. Gentle and soothing in its action, it is yet *penetrative*.

It does not stay on the surface of the skin. It gets into the pores! There it gets busy. It goes right to work on the accumulated waxy grime. It loosens it—dissolves it—makes it entirely removable.

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anything Joe Malarkey had said to him.

"Let's have it quiet, please," called Creighton, walking across the stage to a prop box near the wall: He reached in the box, took out an electric light globe and put it in the lamp on the table over which Carlock, as Rita Reynolds, was to fall. Every eye in the place followed him but he saw only one pair.

"Give us the scene number," called Creighton, and the assistant slapped the hinged boards together.

"Okay for sound," echoed a voice.

"Music! Camera!" called Creighton.

It was a drab spectacle. Marion La Court, dressed in street clothes, danced across the stage nervously, her feet faltering in the steps of her dance. At the edge of the dance floor she turned. She seemed about to faint.

Carlock, playing the part of Rita Reynolds, rose to his feet, turned to glance in the direction of the stairs.

"Stop it!" screamed Marion LaCourt, hysterically. "Stop, Bert! Oh, Bert, please don't make that fall!"

"Keep those cameras going," roared Creighton above the din.

He left his position on the sidelines, walked into the scene. Carlock turned, his eyes wide.

HOLD it Carlock," cried Creighton, "Don't move if you value your life!"

"That lamp, Bert," screamed the girl, it's—"

"Hands up!" came a command in a thick, guttural voice.

A dozen pairs of eyes turned to face—Herman Petrovski.

"I did it," he almost screamed "She stood between my daughter and her happiness. This man, Carlock—he promised to marry my girl—he was already married—"

In his hand the old man held a revolver. His hand was steady. The gun swept in an arc from side to side.

Joe Malarkey was standing nearest the demented Russian. Malarkey was no coward. He had proved it again and again and he proved it once more. He flung himself toward Petrovski. The gun blazed and the cop went down with a bullet in his shoulder.

"I go now," screamed the old man. "I kill the first one that follows!"

That one instant of diversion had given Creighton an opportunity. The only thing he could think of as a weapon was the heavy glass bottle in his pocket. He jerked it out and hurled it with all his might. It struck the wall near the old man, splintered into a tinkling crash. Petrovski gasped, threw up his hands. The gun fell clattering to the floor and the old man slumped down on top of it. Half a dozen people started toward him.

"Stand back!" yelled Creighton.

Those in the lead froze at the command. There was something compelling about it, something that held in its tones the menace of impending death.

"Open the doors," was Creighton's next order. "Get some air in here."

He helped Malarkey to his feet. "All right, Joe?" he asked.

"When I ain't, I'll let you know," snapped the detective, but his tones lacked their usual acidity. "Just a flesh wound."

Creighton whirled. The LaCourt girl,

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with her face in her hands, was sobbing quietly.

"It's not a pretty story, Malarkey," said Creighton, "but you might as well hear it. You won't be using that warrant. You dug up part of it, Joe, but you didn't get it all. Carlock here was married secretly to Rita Reynolds, as you said. But he didn't trust her and they separated. He wanted to check on her so he had a short-wave radio put in the roof of her dressing room so he could hear her conversations with other people when she wasn't working on his own set. She became friendly with Hayden, and Carlock took her to task for it. They agreed to patch things up and that was the note Carlock came back to get after her death. But in the meantime Carlock had been carrying on an affair with Marion LaCourt, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle. That's true, isn't it, Miss LaCourt?"

An increase in the tempo of the sobbing left no doubt in the minds of the auditors but that Creighton was correct.

"When Marion LaCourt's father found out about it she admitted her affair with Carlock but said that Carlock had promised to marry her when he had divorced his secret bride, Rita Reynolds. The old man learned in some way that Carlock was planning to resume with Rita Reynolds and, inflamed by the thought of the injustice being done his girl, he planned to kill her, thus removing the one obstacle that stood in the way of his daughter's marriage to Carlock. So he fixed up the cyanide death trap in the perfume atomizer and put it on her dressing table."

BUT how did Hayden get it?" cut in Malarkey, sharply.

"Rita Reynolds never used it, obviously," replied Creighton. "When Rita told Hayden she was married to Carlock and was resuming with him, Hayden, a sentimentalist to the core, asked for some memento of the affair and she gave him the atomizer, little knowing that she was sending him to his death the first time he used it."

"Granting that you are right so far," said Carlock, soberly, "that doesn't explain who attacked you."

"It was Petrovski," answered Creighton. "After he caused the death of Rita Reynolds he remembered that a second perfume bottle he had put in her dressing room after the first one failed to work, was still there. He feared someone would find it and he came back to get it. I disturbed him and he slugged me with the bottle. That bottle had compressed cyanide gas in it. That's what killed Petrovski when I threw it at him and it broke alongside his head."

"And you've been carrying it in your pocket all this time," cut in Malarkey. "I wouldn't have followed you so close if I had known."

"There was a third bottle that Petrovski had made but never used," went on Creighton. "He knew he couldn't get out the front gate with it and so he climbed the wall near the carpenter shop. I caught him at it but he broke the bottle."

"All of which clears up a lot of things," growled Malarkey, "but it doesn't explain why the LaCourt girl screamed to stop the picture, or how Rita Reynolds died."

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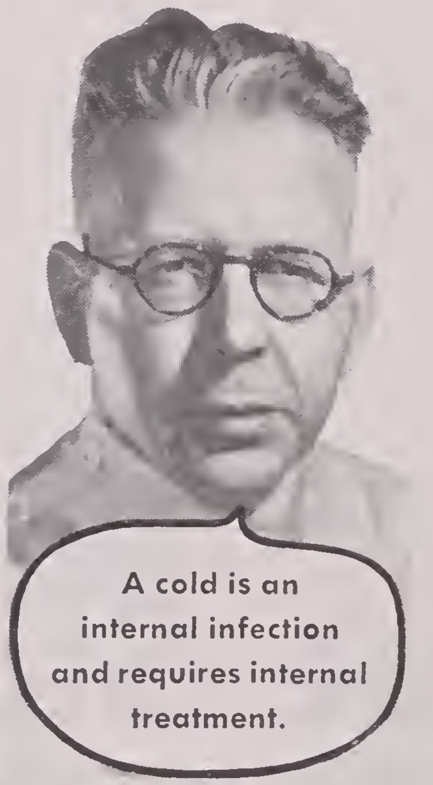
Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.


A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

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When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.

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GOLD BOND GUARANTEE

"And both things are covered by one fact," responded Creighton.

He walked onto the set again and unscrewed the lamp from its socket on the table over which Carlock was to have fallen.

"This little globe is filled with cyanide gas also," he said, slowly. "When Rita Reynolds fell with the table, it broke, she inhaled the gas and died. Marion La Court, having had the truth from her father, feared that Carlock would meet his death the same way."

He dropped the imitation globe on the floor and it crashed with hardly a sound.

"This one had no gas in it," he explained, quietly, "but of course Marion LaCourt didn't know that."

Joe Malarkey was tearing up a paper.

"Publicity of this kind is bad for a studio, Joe," said Creighton, looking straight at the detective. "It's necessary to make a sworn statement to get a warrant for murder. I can keep this end quiet if you keep yours under control."

IT'S too bad a nice girl like Rita Reynolds would take a run out powder," replied the big dick, indirectly, as he walked toward the door. "I'll 'phone for the wagon, Dan," he added, as he cast a passing glance at the body of Herman Petrovski which someone had covered with a blanket.

"Say, Mr. Carlock," came the voice of a cameraman, complainingly. "The can is nearly empty; shall I make the cut?"

"Cut," echoed the director, "We'll never use it, but nobody can ever question what happened."

"Suppose there's a drink left in that bottle in your office, Bert?" whispered Creighton. "I sure need one."

"Me too," was the laconic acquiesence.

THE END

What nonchalance! Joel McCrea just wants a drink of water between scenes on Goldwyn's "Come and Get It" set.

Movie Mirror Jr. Prize Winners

MOVIE MIRROR is happy to announce the following winners in the Edith Fellows Letter Contest. To each of the winners an autographed photograph of Edith Fellows has been sent.

Madeline Mavar, 237 W. 12th St., San Pedro, Cal.

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La Verne Blackford, 4633a Kennerley Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Bobby Grubbs, 3539 Sabina St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Betsy Trollinger, 911 N. Main St., Burlington, N. C.

Jill McClain, 1148 North Wood Ave., Florence, Ala.

Betty Tucker, 2709 West Pico St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Anita Lo Pusti, 53 Harvest St., Salinas, Cal.

Hildabell Emmons, U. S. Fisheries Station, Rochester, Ind.

Lloyd Waterhouse, 3841 Addington Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

Kay Shippee, 915 E. Ninth, Pueblo, Colo.

Florence Wittich, 2140 68th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rosie Fong, 311 S. Commerce St., Stockton, Cal.

Helen Gottman, 400 Hendrix St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marion Stewart, 283 Chestnut Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Virginia Jennings, Box 561, Edmonds, Washington.

Norma Anderson, 2412-16 A St., S. S., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Carolyn Parks, Parksacres, Trimble, Tenn.

Jeanne Crumbo, Ft. Duchesne, Utah.

Dorothy Pollock, 79 Sage Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Barbara Lutz, 1735 Montreal St., Regina, Sask., Canada.

Jean Markle, 35 Pringle St., Kingston, Penna.

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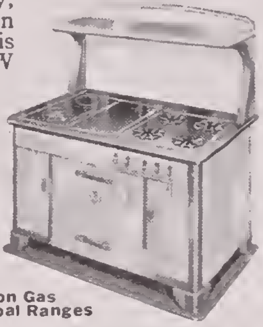

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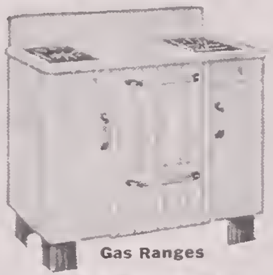

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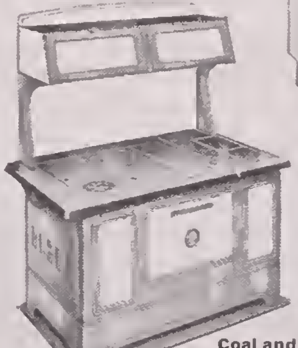

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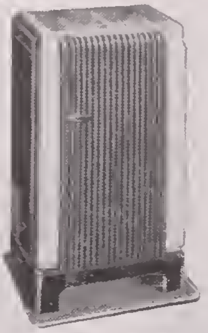

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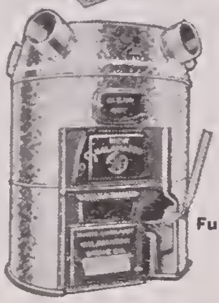

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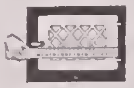

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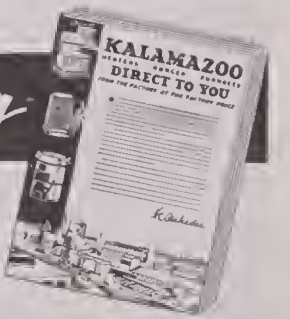

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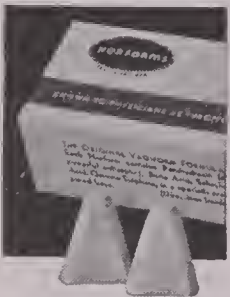

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The Untold Love Stories of Kay Francis

(*Continued from page 27*)

record whether Kay has been married three or four times. It is a disputed point whether a mysterious "John Meehan," or J. Dwight Francis was her first husband. If a "Meehan" was ever Kay's husband, he has certainly become a mythical figure, a ghost name, and, personally, I doubt if he ever existed other than in a couple of misinformed newspaper records.

I remember interviewing Kay once, arriving at her dressing room when she was putting the finishing flourishes on a letter addressed to a syndicate writer. After apologizing for the slight delay, she said, "I want to correct him on a point of misinformation concerning my marriages. He printed that I had been married and divorced four times. That isn't true. My divorce from Kenneth was my third!"

I suggested, "I should think you would demand a retraction."

Kay smiled slowly, and then unexpectedly revealed one of the most important keys to the secret of her impregnable private life. She shook her head. "This item was run in an inconspicuous column on Page 6. Probably a great many people did not see it. If I demanded a retraction it would rate Page 2 at least, and everyone would see it, along with a complete rehashing of my matrimonial experiences. This note is merely for the writer's future use!"

So by Kay's own words, the three untold love stories of her life must begin with Dwight Francis (whose name she carried to movie stardom), followed by William Gaston and Kenneth McKenna, and now Delmer Daves, who may or may not be her fourth!

THE former Katherine Gibbs was seventeen years old when she married Dwight Francis in St. Thomas' Church in New York.

It was a "first love" marriage, a tempestuous "forsaking all others" union, and like all of Kay's marriages to date, it was a quiet, almost secret affair for the simple reason that so many advised her against the step. Not that Dwight's well-known New England family objected to the beautiful girl of their son's choice; or that Kay's actress mother, Katherine Clinton, had anything against the handsome boy who had wooed and won her daughter. All they wanted the children to do was to wait, to be sure this new and heady emotion was the real thing. Both of them were so very young.

Kay hadn't planned her life when she married Francis. Her education, particularly at Miss Fuller's in Ossining, New York, had been in preparation for a social life. But Kay was ambitious. She wanted a career. At first, she thought she wanted to be an actress like her lovely mother. After she wrote the school play, "You Never Can Tell," she thought she would prefer to be a dramatist. But her final decision was to enter the business world.

In less than a year she was graduated from a secretarial course, took a trip to Europe, had one glorious time and might have returned heart whole and fancy free if she had not met the attractive Dwight Francis on shipboard on the return trip.

Exactly two weeks after they met, they were married!

That marriage was doomed to failure from the start. Kay lived with Francis for a year in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and by the end of that time both of them realized the mistake of their youthful infatuation. Kay was too eager, too ambitious for a life of her own to be content to settle down as a seventeen-year-old bridge playing matron in a small town. She and Francis really had no common bonds, and at the end of a year of their mistake-marriage there was no bitterness on either side when she left him to return to New York and take up her business career again.

Kay did not take any steps for an immediate divorce. There was no one else in either life, and she was delighted with her new bachelor existence, sharing an apartment with two other girls, and with her job as a secretary to a publicity director. Soon Kay was doing publicity work on her own.

ONE evening one of her friends brought to the apartment a young and very handsome man named William Gaston, son of the late mayor of Boston and Governor of Massachusetts. The moment Kay set eyes on him she knew she was going to marry that man! She didn't know how or where. It was just an overwhelming romantic hunch!

The astounding obstacle that she already happened to be a married woman carried no weight against the immediate feeling of destiny she experienced at that first meeting with Gaston. And yet, this is the most evaded romance in Kay's life, for the knowledge of their great love, their marriage and secret divorce did not become public until almost ten years later—at the time of Kay's divorce from Kenneth McKenna.

There were even more obstacles in the path of her second marriage than there had been in the first. This time it was no hurried, hectic emotionalism that drew them toward marriage. Kay took a leisurely trip to Paris and divorced Francis there. Returning to New York, she was once again confronted with parental objections. Gaston's wealthy and socially prominent family were very ambitious for a political career for their Harvard son. At the time, Gaston was Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, and he was in the midst of a political campaign.

Because of the exigencies of the campaign and the objections on all sides, Kay and Gaston were secretly married in Kay's apartment in New York one very cold morning with only Gaston's colored chauffeur and a maid as witnesses. And what an amazing marriage it was! There were no ring, no flowers, no wedding breakfast. Immediately after the ceremony it was necessary for the bridegroom to take the train back to Boston, and Kay spent the first four days of her honeymoon alone in New York!

During the entire two-year duration of that secret marriage only the maid, the chauffeur, the minister who performed the ceremony, and the friend with whom Kay shared the apartment, knew of it! Their married life was almost as fantastic as the ceremony had been. It was possible for Gaston to make only flying trips to New York to be with his bride for a few hours at a time. For the girl who was so much in love, it was a bitter and unhappy arrangement.

In time she came to realize the utter futility of their relationship. It was not a marriage at all! And somehow down under the deep unhappiness and hurt, she realized it never would be. It was becoming more and more impossible for them to plan a home life together, for by this time Kay had turned definitely toward a stage career. At the end of two years in which she swore she would never trust love, and hoped she would never experience it again, Kay quietly sailed for Paris again and secretly divorced Gaston.

FOR the next five years her work took all her time. She played stock engagements in Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Dayton; then back to New York for the second lead with Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney in "Crime," followed by successes in "Venus," "Elmer the Great," and "Gentlemen of the Press" with Walter Huston. It was Huston who prevailed upon Kay to try for the movie version of "Gentlemen of the Press" and in less than a year she was one of the really important names in Hollywood stardom, so quick was her immediate success on the screen.

When Kay first came to the movies she was constantly referred to as a "bachelor girl." She was exceedingly vague in interviews on the subject of a past marriage, or marriages. And when it did come out that she had been previously married, Dwight Francis' name was the only one mentioned.

Kay lived very quietly in Hollywood. She had few friends. It amused her to be titled "the best dressed woman on the screen" when she insisted she had four garments hanging in her wardrobe. But if she was romantically interested in anyone during the first year or two of her stardom the news never made the gossip columns—until the advent of Kenneth McKenna.

McKenna, whose real name is Leo Mielziner, was a well known Broadway actor who came to Hollywood at the time the talkies were making shameless raids on stage stars. One evening at a party at the home of Jessica and Dick Barthelmess he met the gorgeous Kay Francis. And that was the beginning of the end of all Kay's great illusions that she would never fall in love again.

Not that she didn't fight against it. She had been seriously disillusioned twice in love and marriage. She did not believe a woman with a career should be married. But the more she argued, the more insistent McKenna became. Kay was sincerely afraid of marriage. But McKenna only scoffed. He was romantic and dashing and impetuous; and during a time while Kay was recuperating from an illness in the hospital, McKenna literally abducted her. They were married at Catalina, January 17th, 1931.

Kay was deeply happy. For almost three years she had everything in the world a woman's heart could desire—a home, the man she loved, a career that had made her one of the highest salaried women stars in the business. And there, say those who were close to them at the time, lay the beginning of the real trouble with the McKennas.

Ken McKenna was, and is, a very splendid actor. He is an excellent technician. And it was whispered that his wife's great popular success, her sensational "draw" at the box office, began to be a thorn in the side of the husband who believed he knew so much more about acting than his charming wife. But whatever the reason, it was apparent to their friends that Kay was beginning to lose confidence in herself. Finally, when the situation became completely intolerable, she filed a surprise divorce suit against McKenna in Los Angeles, charging "incompatibility" and "nagging."

REPORTERS, sensing a great human interest story in the break up of another one of those "perfect marriages," stormed Kay for the truth of their separation. But she literally barricaded herself against them, refusing to see all interviewers except those on their oath not to broach the subject of her divorce, and the even more startling knowledge of her second marriage to Gaston (then married to Rosamond Pinchot) which became generally known for the first time.

I wonder if Kay's reluctance to talk about the loves of her life does not have its basis in fear of the emotion that has brought so much disillusionment into her life?

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Perhaps these three unhappy marital experiences have made her hurtfully cynical of wording hopes and enthusiasms as other stars do in the first flush of new emotions in their lives.

Someone who knows her well once told me that with each love's ending Kay has definitely attempted to plan her life uncomplicated by the great emotion that has failed her so many times. But that, of course, is impossible. As long as she lives, the great femininity and loveliness of Kay Francis will draw men to her, writing destiny and drama into her future life.

Many of her friends believe that Delmer Daves is the one man Kay has loved who has the possibility of bringing real love, *the love* Kay has searched for so romantically, into her life. Their interests are similar, but the important phase of their romance is that it is founded on a friendship that has stood the test of time since Daves first met Kay two years ago while working on one of her scripts. He is her greatest admirer and most ardent booster. When Kay had qualms over portraying the role of Florence Nightingale, it was Daves who scoffed at such an idea, encouraging her, constantly building up her belief in herself as an artist.

Whether or not they are married, or will be married in the near future, no one really knows.

For Hollywood and the world have always known so very little of the untold love stories of Kay Francis!

"First Love Is Dangerous," Warns John Howard

(*Continued from page* 48)

with remarkable intuition. If she hadn't taken it upon herself to say that last goodbye, most probably he would have rashly assumed responsibilities fatal to his ultimate happiness.

Like so many love affairs, theirs began as a lark. It started with their first glance at each other on a double date. John confesses that he stole her from the boy who became his best pal at college.

It was in Cleveland at the end of spring. He and his special chum were elated at being pledged to the same fraternity at Western Reserve University, which they were entering in the fall. So naturally they had to celebrate. In high school John had been the exceptionally earnest student and athlete; he hadn't fallen for any of the flirts. Instead, he'd plugged away for the scholarship which would enable him to continue his education. But he realized his susceptibility to fundamental emotions that evening when he consented to take a girl dancing. One look at Marion and he was walking on air.

Although he has since met a lot of Hollywood belles, John still speaks of Marion's beauty in superlatives. She was tall and slender and graceful. Her eyes were a superb violet, and her black hair fell thickly in waves to her shoulders. She had the warm blood of Ireland in her. "What a temper!" he sighs, reminiscently.

He had plenty of temper himself, then. An only child, his parents ambitious for him, he immediately encountered opposition at home to his overnight infatuation. He *couldn't* be serious—at his age, with everything before him! Visit John nowadays in the Hollywood cottage where he lives with his parents and you'd never guess that he was once given to emphasizing his burning devotion to Marion by frequent rages. He was not above angry threats and he could throw a book across the family living-room and stalk out with all the dignity of a Hamlet.

"We imagined ourselves so mature, Marion and I. So sagacious. But we weren't. And that's one of the main dangers of first love. It's all blind impulse."

A few inarticulate dates and John had to leave for the mountains, to earn some necessary money as a leader in a boys' summer camp. They wrote daily, and you may be sure this didn't escape the notice of his fellow leaders. He who had scorned adolescent enchantresses had fallen hardest of all. But joshing didn't have the slightest effect. He declared, with profound sincerity, that he had "just waited."

As soon as camp was over he and Marion were together every possible minute. He had no car and her house was thirteen miles across the city. But John didn't mind using the streetcar because he was barely conscious of being in one.

They had practically nothing to spend, but they were too interested in each other to require expensive entertainment. She sang gloriously and John was glad that he'd been conscientious about his piano lessons. They used to wander among the dogwood trees in the municipal parks, holding hands in the dusk. It was on his fourth evening home that they were canoeing and while they drifted on the quiet, moonlit waters of a secluded stream he mustered up the courage to tell her he loved her. When they kissed they felt they had been waiting forever for the moment. Solemnly they exchanged high school rings—and today, when he could buy a precious stone, the ring John wears is that one Marion put on his finger that August night in return for his.

HE has always had an urge to write, and so he proffered numberless odes to her loveliness. He sketches, and on many a lazy Sunday afternoon she posed for him. A wealthy fraternity brother owned a yacht; they were in seventh heaven when invited to go sailing.

When college commenced there was a cycle of new thrills for John. Marion couldn't afford to attend, but he proudly escorted her to every freshman function. When he saw how the other fellows envied him he was pleased, and if she paid any attention to anyone else he was utterly depressed. They argued, as two overhasty lovers are apt to. They were melodramatic in their gusts of sadness and yet this made making-up all the sweeter.

After they split John threw every single sketch of Marion in the fireplace; one memorable evening when stern realities crowded in on him he vowed that he'd erase her from his past. But he hasn't

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been able to. And he still remembers the rose she tangled in her hair when they went to their first formal dance.

They had to begin bucking the adverse currents when John registered for his classes. He was drawn into the college whirl more and more. Fraternities invariably fascinate freshmen; the oath of brotherhood is impressive. And fraternities are anxious for their members to excel in extra-curricular activities. John had been an outstanding prospect. His attention was on Marion, but he had to go out for the basketball team, for the paper, and for dramatics. He had to make good enough grades to hold onto his scholarship and do part-time work to balance his budget.

He could meet Marion only a couple of evenings a week; yet their strong affection, harassed increasingly by fate and common sense, flamed more keenly than ever. Apart, each had a chance gradually to make comparisons. Then, with the martyr complex John says is so tied in with first love, they swore undying loyalty.

"WE either had to marry or stop going together," John confessed to me the day I was at his home and he was in extraordinarily frank mood. "I couldn't afford to marry, though heaven knows I wanted to badly enough! I'd have had to quit college, abandon all my opportunities, and start walking the streets for a job. Marion recognized this, and realized that it would eventually be a tormenting sacrifice. She saw that I'd come to regret it, because actually we'd be mismated. We didn't really want or believe in the same goals; we were accustomed to contrasting kinds of people, to different dreams of what life ought to be. But it was she who was discriminating, who grasped that we had nothing in common and would never be companions.

"I can't erase the vision of our last date. It was for the fraternity's Christmas formal. The gang was so peppy, and we tried to get into the spirit of the party. We were even more considerate of each other than usual. But we knew we had to reach a cross-roads, make a decision."

The decision was Marion's, and it was for a clean break.

He wouldn't, couldn't accept it. But next day he began to understand how firm she was. She wouldn't answer his telephone calls, refused to meet him again—and he just had to make the best of it. He was terribly hurt; she could get along without him!

Then the tumultuous after-effects of first love set in with a vengeance. He was oblivious to everyone for a brief spell. Despair seized him; then he was gripped with an amazing loneliness. He was appalled by the stern realities that surged in on him.

Fortunately for John, his college duties absorbed the time he'd allotted to his emotions. He was surprised to learn how much he'd depended upon one person, how seldom he'd recollected his friends. Once more he was close to his parents and grateful for their patience. Because Marion had that flash of feminine insight and was brave enough to say no, he resumed his rightful road. He returned to his destiny, becoming not only the foremost man in his class, but the campus dramatic star as well.

A Paramount talent scout covered the senior play and was so enthusiastic about him that John was promptly offered a test. It was excellent and now he has done half a dozen screen leads. His most auspicious acting is in "Lost Horizon," as Ronald Colman's hot-headed young brother. Columbia borrowed him for this role that every juvenile in Hollywood campaigned for.

There is no marriage on his immediate horizon.

"NOT set securely enough," he maintains modestly. "Anyway, I haven't met anyone in Hollywood who's impelled me to be rash. When I do, I may be!"

When he does, he will be. And it won't be a damaging love. For now that he's standing on his own feet and has fine future assignments at Paramount he can be a husband in the full meaning of the wedding ceremony. He can provide and also bring the experience that assures happiness to a woman.

"First love is all fire, and no sense of humor," he states.

Still, it taught John Howard much. He is beyond expecting the impossible, beyond being ill-advisedly ardent. But he's not beyond being himself. In Hollywood he asks a variety of girls—including Anne Shirley and Margo—to go places. Evidently he's relying on that ancient motto about safety in numbers. The lad doesn't quite trust himself yet—and there's screen work to be done!

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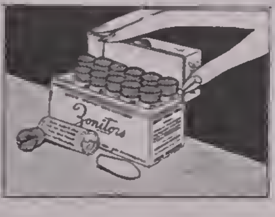

A ZONITE PRODUCT

Robert Taylor's Always Been in Love

(Continued from page 61)

He'll never quite understand that amazing experience, just how it happened or why. Maybe it was because he was mentally primed for exciting adventure. Or, maybe, in the moonlit shadows of her front porch, this girl seemed the most gorgeous and glamorous creature he had ever seen. Her name—even the fact that she was small, dark and glowing—isn't very important. But the experience was! The moment he saw her, Bob knew he was going to do everything in his power to make her like him. That this girl was his friend's sweetheart just didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered, particularly, except this girl who was making his heart turn in somersaults for the first case of love on sight he had ever known.

That evening, the three of them drove up the mountains to Lake Arrowhead. They danced under a canopy of stars by the edge of the lake and felt as unreal as though they were two people imagined by a clever novelist. There was just one important thing Bob wanted to know: were she and his friend really in love? When she said no, the die was cast. And Robert Taylor wasn't the first man to decide that "All's fair in love and war." But this unusual, unreal, almost fictional romance lasted only Bob's first two months in Pomona. Then it wore itself out by its own unreality. It was the girl who ended it on the night Bob proposed. Perhaps she saw more clearly than her impulsive suitor that, beyond an electric attraction for each other, they had little in common. She said, "We aren't real people to one another; we're just forces in an emotion." Somehow, that broke the spell that bound them. But they have remained the best of friends. Bob sees her frequently, to this day. They dine together occasionally and laugh over their "midsummer madness." The spark is gone, but the sheer poetry of their romance is a beautiful memory.

HE liked Pomona College from the start and had a grand time on the campus. With the ending of his first romance, he quite frankly played the field—taking blondes, brunettes and redheads on the usual round of college dates, picture shows and fraternity dances. He had been initiated into the Phi Delta fraternity. He continued the cello lessons that had brought him to California and began taking an *acting* interest in the school dramatic club. After working himself up to the leading role in "The Devil and the Cheese" and a stellar part in "Let Us Be Gay" he crowned his first year with a smash hit (according to the college paper) in "Camille." Of course, if a neighbor back in Nebraska had predicted that he would some day play the lead in "Camille" for a college drama club, he might have believed it; but he would have laughed had you had the temerity to so much as hint that, two short years later, he would be playing the same role in pictures opposite Greta Garbo! Even when he thinks of it now, he smiles a bit.

"I was crazy about doing those college plays," Bob explains, "but even when I had worked up to leads, I don't believe I ever seriously plotted an acting career for myself. Just because the school paper and the local critics happen to think you are pretty good behind the footlights doesn't necessarily mean you are launched on a career. Offices, homes and farms must be overflowing with men and women who got raves for their work in college plays. But even so, I got a terrific thrill when the rumor was whispered about that M-G-M was sending a talent scout down to see our version of "Journey's End." The great studio, it was said, would look at our play for possible talent to groom for picture making in Hollywood!"

Until that time, Bob had looked on motion pictures just as thousands of other college kids over the country do. His usual college dates had begun with a two-hour session at the movies to see Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck or Greta Garbo. But now a "scout" was coming way out to Pomona to catch the local celebrities in the act!

A HALF hour before curtain time, the cast of "Journey's End" was taking turns plastering an eye at the peek hole, their attention riveted on the seats they knew to be reserved for the talent scout and his party. The rumors were so exaggerated that they were almost expecting Clark Gable to arrive. But though they watched and waited—even held the curtain ten minutes—no one came to occupy those particular seats. The actors tried to relieve their pent up emotions by admitting that it was "a long ride from Hollywood . . . besides, maybe the scout was just late."

But no one sat in those glaringly vacant seats all evening. Before the play was over, they had become like teeth missing in a mocking grin at the disappointed Thespians. After the performance, the entire cast met at the college eating spot and assured themselves that the whole thing had been a false alarm. Why, with all the real actors in Hollywood, why should the biggest studio of all be bothering to look for "talent" in a college play?

The next night's performance found them all relaxed. They forgot even the possibility of an all-seeing eye in the audience. As usual, Bob dropped by the little cafe for a sandwich and a cup of coffee before going back to the fraternity house. No sooner had he entered the place than Joe, the waiter-cook-owner remarked, "Well, I guess you did yourself proud tonight, Mr. Clark Gable!"

Bob said, "What do you mean, *Clark Gable?*"

"Oh, nothing," continued Joe, who had a flair for dramatics himself and loved to drag out a point. "Nothing except there was a guy down here from Hollywood tonight. Said he was from M-G-M. He caught the show. And in case you're interested, he said he thought you were sort of a standout, or something like that."

Thus Bob Taylor, the shooting star of today's Hollywood sky, was first notified of Hollywood's interest by a waiter in a small town cafe. Two days later he received a wire to report to M-G-M for a "test." Even then, he could hardly believe it. Nebraska-to-the-sound-stages-of-Hollywood in two short years sounded like an impossible dream to him. And no rabid tourist ever went through those magical gates at Culver City with a more pounding heart than Bob's. He dared to hope, in a sort of wild way, that something might come of this chance, but he didn't honestly believe anything would. He actually found himself hoping that he might get a fleeting glance at Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Garbo while he was on the lot. He might never set foot inside, again.

Much to his surprise, he was not particularly nervous before the camera. Perhaps it was because he was doing his big scene from "Journey's End" more than anything else. He was amazed at the speed and matter-of-fact attitude in the studio. He was taken immediately to a make-up man who had him ready for the camera in fifteen minutes; then to the set, and after a few instructions and a short rehearsal, he was acting. He had thought he would be there all day, but within two hours after his arrival—and without seeing a single star he recognized—he was on his way out.

They couldn't have been very interested, was the way he figured it out. Two days later, when they called to inform him that his "test had been very satisfactory, M-G-M would keep him in mind and would let him know if anything came up" he was sure he had failed. It sounded like the sort of stall Rob had expected, so he determined to forget Hollywood and settle down to finish his education.

The death of his father, at this time, drove the memory of his "failure" from his mind. Bob's heretofore rather aimless, unplanned life began to take on a pattern. Dr. Brugh's death was a terrific wrench to the boy who had always found friendship and inspiration in the understanding human being he called "Dad." Even while they were separated, Bob had always felt his presence in the background of his life, an unfailing bulwark against troubles and disappointments.

Now, for the first time, he began to plan his life; he found he had a real desire to become an actor. Shortly after Dr. Brugh's death, his mother joined Bob in California and he set about finishing the final few months of his education. He wondered if anything would ever come of the M-G-M test. He figured that they must have forgotten him by now—so many weeks had gone by. He even made up his mind that he would contact the talent scout as soon as he had graduated; but before that fateful day, the casting office at M-G-M put in its own call for Bob.

HE'LL never forget the excitement attending that first business talk about his "contract." First: his name must be changed from Spangler Arlington Brugh to something more "typically American" and easy to remember such as, Howard Adams, Frederick Richards or maybe Robert Taylor. Yes, as casually as that, was chosen the name that, in two brief years, was to flare across the Hollywood heavens to become the most important since Gable's! His contract called for a salary of $35.00 a week while he studied as a "student actor" and prepared himself for screen opportunity. Though his was no doubt the lowest salary agreement ever signed in the movies, Bob couldn't have been more excited if it had called for ten times that amount.

Bob and his mother moved into a small house in the Hollywood hills and for six months he attended the studio school. At the end of that time, he was advanced to parts in a series of two-reel short subjects called "Crime Doesn't Pay." He played the lead in the last two. The less important directors with whom he worked seemed impressed with his ability but apparently none of the "higher ups" were aware that such a person as Robert Taylor was on the lot.

Bob would be the first to admit that destiny, fate or just good old-fashioned luck had far more to do with the turning point in his career than any other factor. A great many young actors are signed by studios every year. Many of them are promising. Many have definite potentialities. They may have looks, talent and willingness to work and learn. But somehow they never quite get that magical opportunity that puts them on the ladder of fame. Bob sincerely believes that he might have been one of these except for the most fortunate of accidents: his latest "crime short" was being run off in a private projection room when Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, entered for the purpose of seeing a far more important picture. One of his assistants ordered the two-reeler removed immediately; but the top executive cancelled the order. In just that brief glimpse, the studio boss recog-

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WENDY, I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO BELIEVE IT .... SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT!
SHE'S GREAT... GET THAT GIRL QUICK!
YOUR EYES CINCHED IT, MISS BROOKS... SIGN HERE... AND NOW LET ME WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS
OH WENDY... A CONTRACT! YOU WERE RIGHT... AND SO WAS WINX
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nized something in the voice, the bearing and the appearance of the handsome boy on the screen. It was obvious that he was green and inexperienced.

But that afternoon, the man who makes the final decisions at M-G-M sent for his lowest-salaried contract player and informed that flabbergasted young man that he believed he had a future.

To Louis B. Mayer goes the lion's share of credit for the ultimate "discovery" of Robert Taylor. Once he had made up his mind that Bob was a box office asset who should be given a real chance to prove his worth, Mr. Mayer backed up his judgment against all arguments to the contrary. The producer of "Society Doctor" wanted Robert Montgomery in the cast. The director seconded the motion and the exhibitors rallied to support; but Mayer never backed away for a moment. He was adamant. He insisted that Bob Taylor be cast in the role and when the producer and director finally came to the conclusion that nothing would change that decision, they assented to his dictation.

NOR did Mr. Mayer's interest in his protege stop with the quick flash of success that came to his young actor following the preview of this film. Though the press heralded the birth of ". . a new star who is destined to go far. . . ." Mayer was not content to allow Bob's professional fate be the result of fate or accident. He had long serious talks with the twenty-four-year-old boy, advising him and counseling him almost as his own father might have. He warned him of the dangers wrapped up in that first blinding glare of success. He even called in his own high-priced tailor to make Bob's clothes until such time as his own judgment and income would permit him to choose for himself. And throughout Bob's two years on the screen, Louis B. Mayer has been his staunch friend and confidant.

He needed that guidance. Perhaps he still needs it. For there had been something hysterical and unsettling about the comet of stardom that followed in the wake of "Broadway Melody of 1936," "Small Town Girl," "Private Number" and "The Gorgeous Hussy." Overnight, he became the toast of the fan world. Only Clark Gable's mail exceeded the number of letters received by Robert Taylor.

I was the first Hollywood writer to do a story on Bob. The second article concerned the women in his life. But even as I wrote that story, I realized that it hung upon a very slender thread of inexperience. I really believe that Irene Hervey and Barbara Stanwyck are the only two who have had any direct influence upon either his life or his philosophy. I believe he really loved Irene, the beautiful girl who started her career at M-G-M about the time Bob arrived on the lot. They shared one grand year of hopes and ambitions, of dreams and plans of what they would do when real success came to them. Over cups of coffee in moderately-priced cafes, on moonlit rides to the beach, they dreamed the same wonderful thoughts that young lovers the world over dream together. Their love story might have had a different ending had Bob's quick success not flared so disconcertingly between them. They were too young and too new to the unbalancing values of Hollywood to weather the inevitable strain of a new and sensational rise to stardom. And so Irene is now married to Allan Jones. And Bob? Well, Bob is hailed as the biggest bet on the screen next to Gable.

In the year and a half I have known him, Bob has changed. He is developing. He is beginning to understand himself a great deal better than did the just-off-the-campus boy I first met. He doesn't understand Hollywood yet, but he will. He will continue to change.

And it is obvious that women will continue to have an important part in his life. At the present time, Barbara Stanwyck is filling his heart, and the friendship of this fine, humorous and generous girl is a wonderful thing for Bob right now. Barbara is so balanced. So firmly set on the ground. She isn't fooled by anything, not even Hollywood. They have wonderful times together. Whether their love story will lead to something more important and serious in their lives, no one knows, not even Barbara and Bob.

But in reviewing Bob's twenty-six years, there is one important thing to remember: his lack of real, vital experience. Where he goes from here, what happens to him from now on is the *real* story of Bob's life. He is the only actor I've ever met whose destiny was begun with a studio contract. Before that, he might have been your kid brother.

I WONDER what ten years will write into his life?

Because I like him so much, because I appreciate his friendship and the terrific effort he has made to retain a balanced philosophy in the face of the most hectic, head-turning fortune Hollywood has to bestow, I hope the years will write plenty of happiness across the unfilled pages—happiness founded not merely on continued good luck and sensational success but on honest mistakes, lived through and valued and summed up into a sort of living experience that will really matter.

He deserves that sort of life—he's a grand chap.

THE END

HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS!

That's what the stars do. And no one knows more about the terrific struggle for success and serenity than the great headliners of Hollywood. Learn their infallible rules for a happier, richer life in this amazing feature in the MOVIE MIRROR for December, on sale October 23rd.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 31*)

the Jones family and what happened when they all went on papa's vacation.

Comes now the third in the Jones family series, and it's just as good as the previous two.

Hard luck dogs the Joneses from the moment they leave home in their auto trailer. Know-it-all Papa Jones tries—and fails—to impress the family with his camping knowledge. Sister falls for an escaped convict and it takes the whole family to keep her from the altar. Big brother has his usual summer flirtation and the younger boy picks up a few dollars via photography. All in all, it's what you might expect—especially the return with the firm conviction that trailer-travel is not the most comfortable means of spending one's vacation.

The cast is the same as used in previous pictures of this series. Jed Prouty as *Papa*, Spring Byington as *Mamma* and Florence Roberts as *Grandma* keep the fun rolling in grand style. George Ernest, the youngster of the family, comes near stealing the show.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like the Jones family, this is your movie.

✓✓ Follow Your Heart (Republic)

You'll See: *Marion Talley, Michael Bartlett, Nigel Bruce, Luis Alberni, Henrietta Crosman, Clarence Muse and the Hall-Johnson Choir.*

It's About: *The most gifted member of an impoverished family of show folks who wants marriage rather than a career with music.*

With a burst of song, Hollywood brings you a famous opera singer in her first motion picture and when you hear Marion Talley sing, you'll forget the slimness of the story. Hit song follows hit song and you will love Miss Talley's arias from *Mignon* and her duet with Michael Bartlett from *Les Huguenots.* What beautiful voices they have!

The story serves merely as a backdrop for the gorgeous singing. It concerns a family of show people whose daughter, the most talented of them all (Marion Talley), wants a sane, normal marriage and babies rather than the hard road toward a successful career. She is set upon marrying a certain young man when along comes a singer-press agent (Michael Bartlett) with other ideas. He is not only in love with her but wants her to sing. How he manages to trick her into a career—starting on the front lawn of a Southern mansion—is the story

Marion Talley is not an experienced actress. She is, however, a fine singer and we believe you will be more than glad to overlook her inexperience when she sings. Michael Bartlett sings beautifully, too. For additional song, the now-famous Hall-Johnson choir and Clarence Muse will rate your willing applause. The cast is well chosen and capable. The hit tune is "Magnolias in the Moonlight" and you'll rave over "Follow Your Heart," too.

Your Reviewer Says: Music lovers attention! This is worth while.

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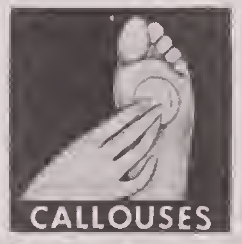

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I never dreamed that playing the piano was so simple. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorite pieces almost before I knew it. Then came the night that proved the turning point in my whole life. I went to a party and this time I had something to offer. My friends were amazed when I sat down at the piano and played song after song. Before the evening was over I was invited to three parties, and it wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

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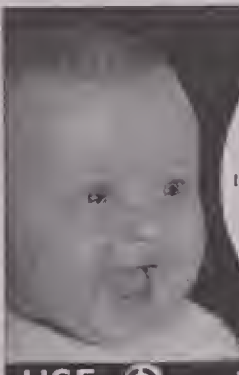

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✓Walking on Air (RKO)

You'll See: *Gene Raymond, Ann Sothern, Jessie Ralph, Henry Stephenson, Gordon Jones, George Meeker, Patricia Wilder.*

It's About: *A madcap girl who hires a man to impersonate her sweetheart, only to fall in love and spoil her own game.*

Nothing pretentious, nothing big here, but such a grand hour of entertainment that we recommend it highly for laughs. Even when Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern sing, they don't try to make you think they have great voices . . . they merely sing, let it go at that, and you like them.

Ann Sothern, a rich madcap debutante, is in love with a man whom her father refuses to recognize as a marriage possibility. He locks her in her room to enforce his decision. Seeing Gene Raymond's ad in the newspaper ". . . noble character, do anything, go anywhere . . ." she hires him to impersonate a "count" whom she has supposedly met in Europe. He is to come as her house guest and be so nasty that the folks will finally beg her to marry the man she loves. But, unfortunately, she falls for the advertising young man instead. The jams they get into and the clever way in which the two real lovers are finally united makes for much laughter and fun.

Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern make a nice team. They play for laughs and sing rather well together. Jessie Ralph and Henry Stephenson do a grand job as the older members of Ann's family. The cast, especially Patricia Wilder in a small bit as the telephone girl, is far above average. Two of the songs are mild hits: "Cabin on a Hilltop" and "Let's Make A Wish."

Your Reviewer Says: Good and funny. You'll get a lot of laughs.

✓✓ Lady Be Careful (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle, Benny Baker, Larry Crabbe, Grant Withers, Irving Bacon, Barbara Barondess, Jack Chapin*

It's About: *A lady-killing sailor whose pals bet their last dime on him to make a man-killing dance-hall girl say "uncle."*

A comedy hit! This supposedly unimportant picture is surprisingly excellent. Lew Ayres makes up all lost ground with a grand performance and Mary Carlisle is swell.

The story, a Broadway play that has been banned as too risque for over two years, is told for laughs, rather than snickers. All the dirt has been drycleaned and "Sailor Beware," in its movie version, is a better piece of fun than the original show. Telling its story of a modest chap in the Navy who accidentally gets the reputation of being a lady killer, it will leave you gasping for air at the end. The gobs, sure of the romantic ability of Ayres, make bets that he can make any girl in the world fall for him. The girl chosen for the test is nicknamed "Stonewall" because she has never fallen for the chumps who go for her in a big way. But when sailor Lew shows his modesty, the hard-hearted gal does a nip-up and you'll see some of the most perfect love scenes since "Bad Girl." Throughout the picture, the laughs tumble one over the other to add to the merriment

Lew Ayres and Mary Carlisle are grand. Benny Baker will have you in the aisle as the gob who bets his watch on Lew and wants to be sure he'll win. Larry Crabbe, as the handsome sailor, and Grant Withers combine with Barbara Barondess and Ethel Sykes to lead the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A perfect piece of entertainment. You'll love it.

Two In a Crowd (Universal)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Elisha Cook, Jr., Alison Skipworth, Reginald Denny, Henry Armetta, Andy Clyde, Nat Pendleton.*

It's About: *A boy, a girl, a horse and a stolen thousand dollar note*

Here is another of those carefully frothy, quick-on-the-uptake love stories, patched together with good comedy and based on a thoroughly incredible plot.

Joel McCrea is a young and very broke ex-owner of stables who has one horse left and a faithful jockey for a companion. On New Year's Eve he finds one half of a thousand dollar bill; Joan Bennett finds the other half; they meet, they are immediately attracted to each other (of course) and with the combined sum—which is stolen money and which affords a counter-plot—they enter Joel's horse in a handicap. If you try hard enough you can guess the rest.

Unless you are irritated by unbelievable background stories and too-breezy dialogue delivered in the best class B tradition, you will probably find this an entertaining eighty-five minutes. Henry Armetta, Alison Skipworth, Andy Clyde and Nat Pendleton are good for several chuckles, at least.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect too much.

✓✓ Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Claire Trevor, Jane Darwell, Arline Judge, Evelyn Venable, J. Edward Bromberg, Dean Jagger, Joyce Compton.*

It's About: *Sentimental devotion of family for its sightless mother—plus backstage comedy, music and romance*

A fine picture with an unusually wide scope of appeal is this charming film containing both the elements of a sentimental mother-love story and the hey-hey fun and romance of a back stage frolic as well. The entire family, from Grandma to Jimmie, should love it.

That grand trouper, Jane Darwell, plays the role of a blind woman in a little European town. She thinks each of her three children is highly successful in America and accepts their gifts of medical attention and money with a smile of happiness. But when the three youngsters receive a wireless that Mamma is arriving on the next boat, the applecart is upset. The kids have neither success nor fame; they have lied to the mother so that she would be proud of them and willingly accept their money which they must stint to provide her. Of course they try to make her continue her belief, but a famous eye specialist cures her blindness and then the big climax comes.

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Jane Darwell scores a personal hit. Claire Trevor, while not as adept at leads as she is at semi-heavies, does well and sings and dances beautifully. Arline Judge is a stand-out in a tough chorus girl part and J. Edward Bromberg is excellent as the doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: A charming picture with plenty of laughs.

✓✓ China Clipper (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander, Humphrey Bogart, Beverly Roberts, Henry Walthall, Marie Wilson.*

It's About: *The advancement of American commercial aviation and the launching of the China Clipper.*

Here is a thrilling, dramatic story of the human interest and human heartbreak behind the success of American aviation abroad, climaxing in the successful oceanic flight of the *China Clipper.* A story destined to stir national pride and American enthusiasm.

The story begins with a group of aviators, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart, who believe in the future of commercial aviation and set out, against all opposition, to prove its value. Henry Walthall, an engineer-scientist, designs planes suitable for their purposes and the trio blaze new trails through South and North America. They are successful and from then on, with Pat as their hard driving leader, they expand. Beverly Roberts, Pat's wife, fails to believe in the future of Pat's work and leaves him. He grows more ruthless, more venturesome, more visionary, founding aviation schools, conquering dangerous new airways and bullying and browbeating his way to his greatest achievement, the *China Clipper.* Eventually O'Brien learns human lives must not be sacrificed for mere success and his wife returns to him.

All performances, however strong, are subordinate to the the *Clipper* itself. The near-newsreel shots are superb and the flight of the great ship dramatic and breathtaking.

Your Reviewer Says: Here is impressive, instructive entertainment.

✓ A Son Comes Home (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mary Boland, Julie Haydon, Donald Woods, Wallace Ford, Roger Imhof, Anthony Nace, Herbert Rawlinson.*

It's About: *The mother of a long-lost son who refuses to protect him from justice and involve an innocent man.*

A fine, wholesome picture that will thrill you with its homey, honest entertainment. It's the sort of picture Marie Dressler might have graced in a more serious moment; and it proves conclusively that a film can be clean fare and still emerge as great dramatic diversion. We bow to Mary Boland for accomplishing the change from light comedy to straight dramatic roles with such brilliant ease.

Story is laid on the waterfront of San Francisco. Mary Boland, whose son ran away as a boy, is a famous and charitable

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character of the district. Julie Haydon is her helper in the chowder joint. When Wallace Ford, a newspaper reporter, learns the woman's story, he writes a piece for his paper begging the son to come home. Here the yarn switches to a young hitch-hiker being picked up by an older man. Stopping for gas, the driver attempts to hold up the attendant and kills him. The hitch-hiker tries to hold the murderer but is hit over the head and left to take the blame for the crime. In jail, he reads the story of Mary Boland's son. She, realizing the fraud, decides to defend him and find the real murderer.

Greatest praise must go to Mary Boland. Julie Haydon is good and Donald Woods as the hitch-hiker is swell. Wally Ford steals a few scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: The entire family should go. It's a fine picture.

Postal Inspector (Universal)

You'll See: *Ricardo Cortez, Patricia Ellis, Bella Lugosi, Michael Loring, David Oliver.*

It's About: *The romance surrounding the Post Office Department where " . . . a two-cent stamp is the best insurance in the world. . . ."*

A fairly-interesting, double-bill picture that gives us an inside slant on the Post Office Department. Lots of action, a bit of education, a touch of romance all topped off with a flood, it is pleasing enough.

Ricardo Cortez is the postal inspector. His motto is: Bring in the mail, all the mail, on time, regardless—and to blazes with night life, romance, fun and frills. Thus when his bank clerk brother falls for a chorus girl and blabs to her about the exact route of three million dollars being shipped through the mails to the mint and she, in turn, tells her boss who needs fifty thousand and is willing to murder the mail man to get it, you can imagine what happens to Ric's motto. Then came the flood, murder and robbery, but after a chase with speed boats, a gun fight and a few laughs, the inspector brings all the stray ends together.

Ricardo Cortez does the best he can. Patricia Ellis smiles and sings. The menace attitude is adopted by Bella Lugosi. Typical line by Miss Ellis when she meets Cortez in his office: "So, this is where you play Post Office?"

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect too much and you won't lose.

✓Stage Struck (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Frank McHugh, Jeanne Madden, Carol Hughes, Craig Reynolds, Hobart Cavanaugh, Jonnie Arthur, Spring Byington, others.*

It's About: *A Broadway dance director and his problems.*

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have another grand time in this fast-moving comedy of back-stage life. Dick is a hard-working dance director, completely surrounded by women. He handles the part with his customary easy charm, despite his new mustache. And Joan Blondell, as the dumb husband-shooter who furnishes the money for the show and is to be its star, is a laugh panic.

When sweet, inexperienced Jeanne Madden hits New York with stage ambitions and asks Dick for a job, he tries to spare her the heartaches of show business by getting her another job. But she is determined. Through ham-actor Craig Reynold's influence, she lands a job in Dick's show, with considerable misunderstanding on Dick's part. Joan Blondell's dizzy love-making to Dick results in further complications, until the show opens, with several surprises.

Frank McHugh plays Dick's slow-thinking assistant, and his funny antics are good for many laughs. Warren William does well with a small part, as the harassed producer. Newcomer Jeanne Madden is interesting, in her important role, and sings well. Craig Reynolds is swell as the "arty" ham-actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Good comedy; you'll enjoy it.

Straight from the Shoulder (Paramount)

You'll See: *Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, Andy Clyde, David Holt, Bert Hanlon, Noel Madison, Paul Fix, Onslow Stevens.*

It's About: *An artist with a camera eye who helps identify the murderers by drawing sketches of those on the run.*

Thin, uninteresting material and uninspired performances leave this picture without many redeeming features except where the kids are concerned.

Ralph Bellamy is an artist with an all-seeing eye. When he sees three payroll bandits escape after a murder, he draws pictures of them for the detectives. They recognize and capture one. The others put Bellamy on the spot several times, so that he won't be present to testify, but he always steps off just in time. At last, his girl friend decides that he should hide out in her father's lodge until the ill wind stops blowing his way. Papa happens to be a gunsmith. Thus, when the murderers show up at the lodge, Bellamy's little son (David Holt) has learned enough gun lore to stop them in their tracks long enough for the girl (an expert markswoman) to draw a bead. Clinch.

Ralph Bellamy never rises above his surroundings. Newcomer Katherine Locke is inexperienced. Little David Holt takes what honors there are; he should wow the kids. *Papa,* played by Andy Clyde, is a painless package.

Your Reviewer Says: Send the kids, don't take 'em.

Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)

You'll See: *John Halliday, Marsha Hunt, Robert Cummings, C. Henry Gordon, Esther Ralston, Frieda Inescort, Mae Marsh, Hyman Fink.*

It's About: *A famous movie star who tries to make his comeback by writing his love life and finds he has injured many women.*

Here is an inside glimpse of Hollywood—Brown Derby, Sardis, stars, and studios—with a chance to see some old-time favorites just once more. It's not

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THAT'S JUST THE TIME TO ALKALIZE!
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ALKA-SELTZER, FRIEND IN NEED!
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a top notch picture but it has much of interest to anyone who has followed Hollywood for long.

Its about an oldtimer who though once the movie rage has now lost out. He thinks that by selling his memoirs he may gain enough renewed interest to get another movie job. The second rate house who buys them decides to build up the "love life" angle, and the actor's daughter tries to show him that this will hurt many people. The publisher refuses all pleas to stop publication, until he realizes that his own wife is mentioned in the memoirs.

John Halliday does well as the actor but seems to lack the verve necessary for complete perfection in the role. Marsha Hunt and Robert Cummings carry the young love interest and make you like them. Henry Gordon and Frieda Inescort as the publisher and wife were a bit too harsh. Besides there are twenty oldtime Hollywood stars moving through the background. See if you can pick them out; and, surprise, MOVIE MIRROR'S own cameraman, Hymie Fink, is an actor here too.

Your Reviewer Says: Those who love their Hollywood will like it best.

✓Sing Baby Sing (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Alice Faye, Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly, Michael Whalen, Dixie Dunbar, the Ritz Brothers.*

It's About: *"Caliban and Ariel" set to music and gagged to the very limit. As many laughs as the Barrymore-Barrie cross country feat.*

Here is the picture that John Barrymore threatened to sue the studio for making. Mr. Barrymore believes the story is a "steal" from his Caliban and Ariel jaunt with Elaine Barrie. Maybe it is. Certainly it's as funny in spots and it has grand music, exceptional comedy and fun to relieve the monotony of the "original."

The story is developed "between songs and laughs." It's about a night club entertainer (Alice Faye) whose manager (Gregory Ratoff) has a hunch he can bring her before the public by tying her up in a romance with a hard drinking actor from Hollywood. But Actor Adolphe Menjou is suddenly called back to Hollywood and the chase across the country starts. The girl demands an apology. They finally get together for a radio broadcast in Kansas City, and there Alice meets Michael Whalen, newspaper reporter. When boy meets girl the story is just about over. But since this is a musical the story is not quite as important as the comedy and music.

The Ritz Brothers make a personal hit with their comedy and songs. Adolphe Menjou is the best in the cast. Gregory Ratoff is swell. Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly and a host of lesser comics fight it out for second place in the laugh market after Ratoff steals that end of it.

Alice Faye and Michael Whalen carry the romance adequately. Best tunes: "Sing Baby Sing," "When Did You Leave Heaven," "Love Will Tell."

Your Reviewer Says: A laugh fest with plenty of songs. See it.

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All-American Chump (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Betty Furness, Robert Armstrong, Edward Gwenn, Harvey Stephens, Edward Brophy, E. E. Clive, others.*

It's About: *A hick mathematical marvel who is ballyhooed into fame as a bridge expert only to find his pals have been exploiting him for money.*

A little homespun number that will make you chuckle where it might have made you laugh, and make you sigh where it should have had you crying.

When the carnival runs out of money in a small town the boss tries to borrow money from the bank and discovers a human adding machine working in the cashier's cage. He takes the rube on tour but the sideshow customers don't like the act. By accident, *Chain Lightning* gets rushed into a bridge game on the train and beats the champion. Now the boss really has something. They ballyhoo the bridge marvel until a championship match is arranged. Of course there is a girl mixed up in the deal. She loves the boss, the boss loves himself, and *Chain Lightning* loves the girl. It works out though toward the end.

Stuart Erwin plays for slow drawn-out laughs. Betty Furness is the girl, and Robert Armstrong is the boss. They both fill the bill, but the real acting honors go to *Pop,* a lovable but drunken old carnival man, Edmund Gwenn. You'll love *Pop* when he's trying to wheedle a dollar for a bottle.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant little movie. You will like the humor.

✓ Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Lewis Stone, James Gleason, Bruce Cabot, Louise Latimer, Betty Grable, Grace Bradley, Nella Walker.*

It's About: *The parole of a murderer son by his parole board father, and the dramatic result when the boy resumes his crime career.*

Can you stand a too strong dramatic dose of unsugared film fare in the name of entertainment? This powerful indictment against the evils of the parole system is pretty somber business, but great acting and a definite stand against parole. Places the resulting picture in the top flight for the month.

Story concerns a black sheep son in a fine family. The boy is a Jekyll-Hyde character who can fake a semblance of decency while he plans another bestial crime. Sent to prison for murder, he is paroled through the efforts of his father who is a member of the parole board. The dramatic peak of the story is reached when the father suddenly comes face to face with undeniable proof that his son is about to commit another murder.

Lewis Stone as the father is exceptional in a role that tests his acting ability to the hilt. Bruce Cabot turns in one of his best performances and you'll hate him thoroughly—which is exactly what he hoped you would do. James Gleason, as the police officer, Betty Grable and Louise Latimer head a fine cast. Strictly adult fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong stuff, but good for those who can take it.

✓ The Tattler (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Ross Alexander, Glenda Farrell, Anne Nagel, Craig Reynolds, George E. Stone, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

It's About: *An ex-publicity man in Hollywood who became a dirt-slinging radio columnist for revenge . . . and gets it.*

An unpretentious little picture that fairly glows with grand comedy situations and entertaining performances. Using a Hollywood background plus the backstage scenes of a radio station, the story will keep you laughing from beginning to end.

Ross Alexander is the head of a studio publicity department in Hollywood until he refuses to protect a ham actor from the bad publicity that promises to result from his failure to provide for his wife and kids. Fired from his job, Alexander swears revenge and finally finds it when he pinch hits for a radio columnist and gives out with plenty of inside dirt. His former secretary is also fired and he helps her get a job singing at the same station. His inside information makes him a high-priced radio star in no time but it also causes him plenty of grief from the possessors of the toes he steps on. You'll get a kick out of the way he beats the gangsters at their own game.

Ross Alexander, delivering another of his fast tempo, laugh-getting performances scores a decided hit in this unimportant film. Glenda Farrell, though, must have been in there just for the ride (her name being important) and has little to do. Newcomer Anne Nagel, while inexperienced, shows definite promise and sings well. John Sheehan, comic gangster, is a riot and the cast is adequate.

Yours Reviewer Says: No big names, but lots of fun. Better go see.

✓ Old Hutch (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Wallace Beery, Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker, Elizabeth Patterson, Robert McWade, Caroline Perkins, Julia Perkins.*

It's About: *A small-town loafer who finds a box full of thousand-dollar bills.*

Did you like "Ah, Wilderness" and "Bugle Ann?" Well, here is the same type of story and equally good entertainment for the whole family.

Beery is the town loafer. He's married and has a house full of kids but his wife is the one that does the working. That is, until *Hutch* finds a buried strong box with a hundred thousand-dollar bills. What to do? He can't walk into the bank with such money. They'd investigate. Maybe he'd better go to work and earn just enough money so that he can spend the hundred thousand. All sorts of funny complications follow—a house is built over the hiding place of the box, his daughter falls in love with the town banker's son, and the robbers who stole the money turn up.

Wally Beery is just Wally Beery. We thought he was swell in this one. Again Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden are the young lovers. But the whole deal is wrapped and stolen by a character actress—Elizabeth Patterson in the role of *Hutch's* wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Better go.

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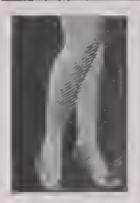

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Murder With Pictures (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lew Ayres, Gail Patrick, Paul Kelly, Benny Baker, Ernest Cossart, Onslow Stevens, Joyce Compton, Anthony Nace and others.*

It's About: *A newspaper photographer's efforts to save an innocent girl accused of murder.*

Flash bulbs and bullets pop continuously throughout this mystery thriller. It's so confusing in spots you can't tell whether the cameras are booming or the bullets blazing. But that's all part of the story, and furnishes some exciting moments before the villains are finally rounded up.

Lew Ayres, a crack newspaper photographer who has "blonde trouble," scoops the rest of the paper boys in photographing a notorious oil racketeer, his lawyer and a mysterious woman immediately after the promoter has been acquitted for a murder. At the celebration later in the racketeer's apartment the lawyer is mysteriously murdered. That sets off the guns, and from then on murders pop right and left. The unknown beauty takes refuge in Lew's apartment and he shields her while attempting to prove her innocence.

Gail Patrick's beauty and fine talents are all but wasted in the hustle and bustle of the fast moving plot. Lew Ayres gives a satisfactory performance, and Paul Kelly tries hard to make something out of his mediocre and all too small part.

Your Reviewer Says: If you are mystery crazy only.

Draegerman Courage (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Jean Muir, Barton MacLane, Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, Addison Richards, Helen MacKeller, Gordon Oliver, Joseph Crehan.*

It's About: *The rescue of several entombed miners as reported in recent headlines from the mining districts of Canada.*

A good program picture. Directed, acted and photographed in the much discussed *Time* manner, this two-fisted story has a genuine feeling of reality that will leave you limp. Not for a moment are you allowed to debate the actuality of what you see on the screen.

While the outcome of the story is never in doubt, the suspense and action, romance and hatred result in a well balanced dramatic film. The newspaper accounts of the mine disaster of recent months have set the pace of the picture in which the draegermen (rescue men) play such an important part. When Barton MacLane, the chief draegerman, reports the mine shafts as unsafe he is fired by the boss. Later, when the boss and the town's beloved doctor are entombed, the draegerman returns to work to save his greatest enemy. A love story and several lighter moments are included in the headline material.

Barton MacLane heads a fine cast and his characterization of the draegerman is one to be remembered. Jean Muir as his sweetheart has little to do. The surprise of the picture is the strength and beauty of Henry O'Neill's characterization of the doctor. Robert Barrat is a nasty villain and the cast is above par.

Your Reviewer Says: A good movie.

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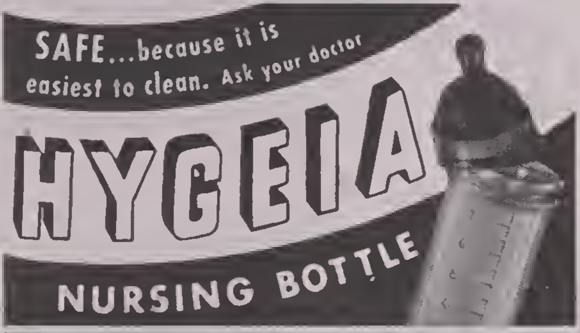

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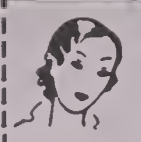

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If You Had One Hour to Live Over Again

(*Continued from page* 55)

Nothing at all happened in the hour Fay Wray would recapture if she could. She just left the little inn where she was stopping in San Moritz and walked up the mountain. Snow crunched under her feet and even though she knew it was ridiculous she had the feeling that if she stretched high enough she would be able to touch the stars bright in the dark blue sky.

Below the lights of the inn were warm golden squares against the darkness. And still farther down the lights of the village were like stars in another night sky. So when Fay fastened on her skiis and went flying down the white trail she seemed suspended between two heavens. Three times she climbed up that steepness, her skiis over her shoulder, and three times she came flying down again. Because she couldn't bear to stop and go back to the inn. Because alone with the magnificence of that night she felt free of all things. She saw her life—which until then and soon enough again was to be all important to her—in a few broad phases. She knew her own insignificance.

FOR that little while," Fay told me, "all I knew, all I felt was the joy of living. My happiness wasn't even remotely touched by the knowledge that I must call my lawyer about a business matter, speak to the cook about dinner, or learn my lines for the next day. And whatever I've done at any other time of my life has always been colored by some care or concern somewhere in my mind. At no other time have I ever known such an interlude of unadulterated joy."

Those who have had a similar experience—a psychic experience, undoubtedly, since in such moments material equations cease to exist and we live with our spirits—will understand why that is the hour Fay would choose from all others to live over again. And why Anita Louise chooses a similar hour.

Anita's life has held a great deal. Young men with dreams and older men with fortunes have loved her. Recently when she returned to America on the *Queen Mary* she created such a sensation when she entered the red and gold salon with her golden hair shining and wearing a white chiffon gown reminiscent of the Greeks that drawings and descriptions of her were presented in the smart magazines and the moment of her entrance into that salon was marked as a high point of that proud ship's maiden voyage.

Yet it is no such material triumph or glory Anita would relive. It is a quiet hour during a week-end at the Hearst ranch that she would choose.

Anita was on horseback. A Mexican guide rode behind her. They sauntered across the hills that slope down to the Pacific. But the ocean crashing on the shore came to her only as a faint murmur. The sea lay against one horizon and the hills dipped in places to show the other.

Anita had come through an unhappy love affair. She had known certain complications in her work. But now these things fell away. The Mexican pushed his horse forward until he came to Anita's side. He pointed out a tree bent by the wind in a fantastic shape against the sky. "Beautiful!" he said. "Beautiful!"

"I felt," Anita told me, "that nothing less important than a need to call out about something beautiful could have made him spur on his horse like that. And it occurred to me that I'd forgotten about simple things and had come to count other things important—that that was my difficulty. And when we drove back to the ranch—it sounds silly to say it, maybe—I felt quiet inside of me and strangely content."

Dick Barthelmess remembers the time he stood at the rail of the top deck of the *S. S. Molulu* while the ropes were cast off and the ship was nosed out of her slip. Jessica Barthelmess was at his side. They were on their honeymoon.

"Somehow," Dick told me, "it was my second chance. At everything I wanted. It all promised that life would be as I always had wanted it to be and thought it should be. At that time I was happy not only at seeing Hawaii with Jessica, but at the prospect of coming back from our journey to a dignified, well-run house, of coming home nights with my problems to an understanding woman—without which any man is pretty poorly off—of seeing the children—Jessica's boy and my daughter, Mary—sent off to good schools at the right time with the right things in their trunks.

"Really," Dick concluded, "then in one great rush I anticipated all the things I have since enjoyed as they have spaced themselves through the years. Life with dignity. Good times."

WHILE I was gathering my material for this story I talked with some friends one evening about it. And immediately everyone present began searching their years for the hour they would choose. Cards and scores lay forgotten on the bridge table. Everyone moved to a comfortable chair and it was early in the morning with the lamps turned out and the fire burning low before the last revelation ended. Try it sometime. For besides proving fascinating it brings people close together. Because of that particular evening several of us are better friends than we ever were before.

It is the hour Joan Bennett lived when her Melinda was born that she would recapture if she could. Understandably enough. Previously, when Diana was born, Joan must have known a joy that was alloyed because she must have been uneasy and more than just a little afraid. Joan wasn't happy with Diana's father. It was only when she learned that a baby was coming that she went back to live with him. At that time Joan was very young, too, almost too young to assume the responsibility of motherhood even with a happier set-up. But married to Gene Markey, whom she adored and by whom she was adored, she found life

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good—so good that she was eager to share it with another life. Fate can be perverse at times, however, and finally Joan decided she and Gene weren't going to have a baby, that that was probably too much to expect. So she decided to adopt one instead.

"Gene wasn't keen about the adoption idea," Joan told me. "Men rarely are, I find. But he indulged me and the papers were being drawn up when I knew I was going to have a baby of my own after all. So we stopped everything. And waited. And then Melinda came. And when I was back in my room my nurse told me how fine and strong she was. And then they put her in my arms and a tiny Gene Markey face looked up at me. . . . Well, I guess no one ever feels like that twice in the same lifetime. So that's the one hour I'd take over again, thank you very much."

THEN there's Irene Dunne. Irene would, if she could, go back to a certain Thanksgiving day when she was sixteen years old. A gentleman and his mother, friends of the Dunnes, took Irene to the Metropolitan Opera House. She never had been there before. She thought it very grand. That first time it gave no hint of being as old or as shabby as Irene has found it since. She sat quietly between the gentleman and his mother. Her hands in her white kid gloves, purchased for the occasion, were folded in her lap.

The curtain went up. Geraldine Farrar sang the title role of *Madame Butterfly*. No longer was Irene merely a polite, well-dressed and pretty young girl sitting poised and quiet between family friends. She was on the extreme edge of her red velvet chair. Her lips were parted. Her cheeks were as flushed and her eyes were as bright as when she had been ill with fever.

The music of Farrar's voice flowed through that great old building and reached down into hundreds of hearts to release many emotions. In Irene's young heart it lit a torch. She marvelled at the spell this beautiful woman cast with her beautiful voice. And in that very hour it was her ambition to study for years that she might learn to breathe and to command her voice so one day she too might have the power to release an exquisite flow of sound.

"It was," Irene says, "as if I had been asleep all my life and Geraldine Farrar and the beauty of her singing had awakened me. For days I walked about dazed with the brilliance of my new vision. And that hour in which you find the vision of what you may do, whatever it may be—surely that must be an hour above all others."

Picture a long room lined with white beds. With the men in those beds broken and wearied by war. Some of them blind. Some of them without legs. And some of them picking at the covers because their minds no longer will control their fingers. At one end of that room, surrounded by the hospital staff, a woman no longer young. There is white in her hair and it is only by a miracle that fear isn't stark in her kind eyes. For her sons still are fighting, one with the Germans and one with the Allies. And to her they are still the eager little fellows who at bygone

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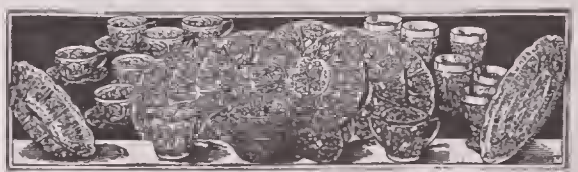

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Christmas times waited for the spiced holiday cookies to come out of the oven. That woman is Madam Schumann-Heink whom you may have been fortunate enough to hear sing in the Metropolitan, whom you surely have heard on the radio, and whom you probably saw with Nino Martini in "Here's to Romance."

"What do you want me to sing, boys?" she calls in a cheery voice, giving no hint of her anxiety or of the pain that has lain strong and deep within her now while months have dragged into years.

A dozen voices cry, "Sing 'Holy Night.' Sing 'Holy Night,' Mother Schumann-Heink."

THEN tears do come into her eyes. And she shakes her head. For she is confident they will not have that song in the tongue of their enemies. She knows how it is outside those white walls where those who walk about hale and strong have far less cause to hate.

"I only know that song in German, boys," she says gently.

But again those voices rise, some of them unequal to the strength their words demand of them. "Sing it in German then, Mother. What does it matter?"

There was silence for a minute or two, even three. Then she began, and though tears ran down her cheeks her voice was clear until the end, touching those war scarred sufferers with a benediction.

"How in such a wonderful life as I have known can I choose one hour?" Madam asked me in answer to my question. But after she had thought for a little while she told me that story. And I knew that after all she had chosen.

If time could be turned back Una Merkel would stop the hands of the eternal clock at one of the happy hours when her grandmother was alive. Una often remained with her grandmother in Kentucky while her mother and father traveled. Her grandmother made her clothes and if it so happened that she went off on one of the family trips, too, her grandmother always had a surprise for her when she came back home. You see, Una's grandmother had been like a stranger in her own family until Una came along. Una was like her. Una, too, had a quiet way of understanding why people did even the wrong things they did. Relatives would say to Una, just as they had said to her grandmother before her, "Surely you don't mean you condone such an act!" As if that had anything to do with it. And Una's grandmother could see that, again like her, Una often had the most irresistible impulse to smile at a time when everyone else was being very serious. It isn't strange then that she adored Una beyond all the rest and that there should have been a bond between them.

"I'd go back to any one of those hours with my grandmother," Una told me, with that quaint directness which marks her, "because while I remember the happy essence of those times we spent together vaguely I can remember nothing definitely. And any other hour I would choose to relive I can relive more or less in memory."

Dick Arlen, on the other hand, would turn time back only a few years. He would, if he could, be with Joby on their yacht in Catalina harbor on a certain September evening in the year 1930.

"Joby and I had come in from a cruise," Dick said, "and it was very still as we lay there in the bay. There wasn't a sound but the water lapping gently against the sides."

At that moment, according to Joby, Dick said, "Nice night for an explosion." And she said, "You would be like that!" Nevertheless his comment made her a little uneasy and she asked how long it would take him to get the speed boat started in case of trouble. Dick guessed it would take about twenty minutes to get in the speed boat, loosen her ropes and start the engine.

Then he and Joby decided to jump overboard for a swim. And it was while they were down in that cold phosphorescent water that they heard an explosion and felt the water shudder around them. It wasn't their yacht but a yacht riding at anchor not far away.

Joby and Dick climbed up the ladder and in no time at all were in the speed boat and Dick had the engine started. The whole procedure took five minutes, not twenty. Miraculously enough. However even in that time the fire had spread and oil was blazing on top of the water.

"Don't go into the flames!" called Joby, torn between the frantic cries of the people struggling in the water and her fear for their own safety. But Dick kept right on going. "What's the difference?" he said. "We've had everything."

"IT wasn't," Dick would have you understand, "a matter of bravery or anything of the kind. Other people in other boats were doing the same thing.

"It may have been silly of all of us," he grants, "but it also was thrilling, let me tell you, to see all those people risking their own well being to pull other people out of blazing water. It made you forget a lot of idiotic bitterness you'd stored up to see them. And it gave you back some of the self-respect you were afraid you'd lost along the way to be one of them.

"I wouldn't," Dick concluded, "give up that hour, believe me. And out of several swell times I've managed to grab for myself if I could only have one hour over again that's the hour I'd take."

These are the hours out of their entire life-times that the stars would choose if they could have one sixty-minute span to live over again.

...Now that you've read what the stars have to say, what hour of your own life would you like to relive—and why? MOVIE MIRROR offers a series of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—$10.00 for first prize, $5.00 for second, and $1.00 each for the five next best contributions. Based on your own experiences, simply answer the statement: "What Hour I Would Like to Live Over Again." Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity, originality and sincerity. They should not exceed 200 words in length. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Why not try for one of these prizes? All entries must be in our hands not later than November 5, 1936. Send your contribution to the Contest Editor, "If I Had One Hour to Live Over Again," MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York.

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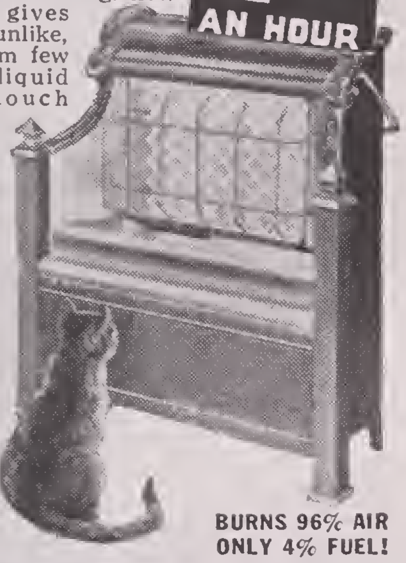

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 6*)

degrees than the drab one of years ago!

So let's hope, when pictures like "The Dancing Pirate" are flashed to us again, they may please everyone's fancy and teach us the value of wonderful color blending contrasts and combinations. May there be miles and miles of "colored celluloid."

Gladys Lutz,
Schnecksville, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Elusive Bluebird

You can't keep away from them and yet you hate them. The price of a seat carries you away into another world, a world of Lombards and Crawfords, bringing you sweet discontent. The little girl by your side, her warm little hand lying contentedly in yours, may be nice enough, but then you feel the difference. Your whole existence seems drab and empty as you leave the cinema with a sigh, and there is a yearning which hurts all the more because of the futility of it all.

It isn't their riches that we grudge so much. It is their beautiful romances and the happiness which we think is theirs as they smile on one another just fifty feet away. But then do our Gables and our Lorettas feel the same way when gazing at the screen? To them it must be harder still. We only look at a life that is make-believe. They, poor things, have to act it and try to live their parts!

S. K. Kooka,
Bombay, India.

HONORABLE MENTION

I often wonder why so many of us are so critical because every movie produced isn't a masterful production. We don't expect that every book written will be a best seller, nor do we look for every stage play to be a success—Dorothy Patty, Fremont, Neb.

Like many others who are interested in seeing new faces on the screen, I can't help but wonder why the studio heads go to such great pains to find new talent when there are so many deserving youngsters in the cinema city who have never been given parts worthy of their talents—Sue Hurt, Abilene, Tex.

I've just seen "Rhythm on the Range" and with all my heart I say, "Three—no, thirty—cheers for Martha Raye, that spunky little comedienne, with the mouth second only to Joe Brown's"—Dorothy E. Haynes, Topeka, Kan.

If producers insist on making Western pictures, why in the name of common sense don't they use real actors and actresses in them?—Ova Hunt, Huntsville, Ala.

CORRECTION

Last month, we promised you the lovely pictures of Dolores Del Rio's new European wardrobe for the November "Star Fashions." Owing to a delay in obtaining these, and the unexpected opportunity to show you Arline Judge's costumes for "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," in this issue, the Del Rio ensembles will be a feature of the December issue of MOVIE MIRROR, on sale October 23rd.

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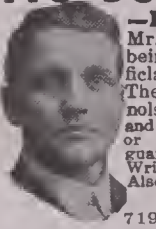

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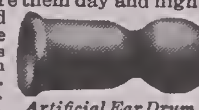

Artificial Ear Drum

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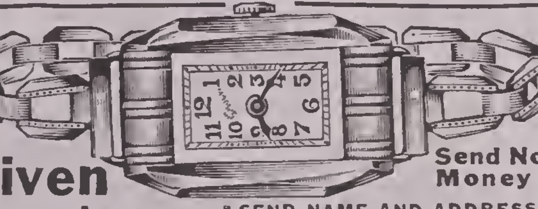

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The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page 63*)

up whatever drugs you may have been induced to take for reducing purposes. There are at best only a few chemicals guaranteed to remove fat and these are so dangerous as to be disastrous except in the hands of a physician; other so-called remedies are incompetent and mere waste of your time and money.

If you've been dissipating start living the pure life for a change. This needn't mean a sanctimonious refusal of all pleasure during the period of your reducing campaign, but any liquid containing alcohol is decidedly fattening and as necessarily taboo as the foods you must not eat. And too much smoking will lessen your resistance, make your newly active routine a hardship.

Finally, establish regularity of habit in such things as meals, retiring, rising and working. Eat at the same times every day, set a standard hour for exercising and another for going to bed; you'll find the entire campaign will be easier.

Before you begin the diet regimen, the first important thing to do is prepare your stomach for the new type of existence it will lead; and this is very simply accomplished by a religious fruit-juice fast which will endure for two or three days. On the day you make up your mind to enter the race for the most perfect figure in your town, take a long breath, eat a ceremonial dinner calculated to end all dinners, and then buy a crate or two of oranges. For two days if you are very active normally, and for five if the work you do is negligible, take no nourishment but a glass of orange juice mixed with water, every three hours. It won't hurt you—the only effect will be that your stomach, accustomed to accepting an exceptional quantity of food in the course of a day, will have a chance to shrink to its normal size; and in the meantime you will discover that your system will respond gratefully to such simple fare. Take a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda before retiring to offset the acid.

AFTER that comes the fun with the calorie chart, and this requires a minute or so of busy scribbling with pencil and paper. Take your normal weight (not what the scales read now but what last month's chart tells you should weigh for your height and age) and multiply that number by 15 if you do no work, 16 if you are fairly active and 17 if you bounce about a good deal in your home or at the office. Then merely take two-thirds of that final result and you have the number of calories necessary to sustain you for one day.

As an example: if you should weigh, normally, 120 pounds and are a stenographer who sits all day at a typewriter, you will multiply 120 by 15 and get 1800, which is the amount of calories that will keep you at your present condition. To reduce, cut a third of this number out of your diet and limit yourself to 1200 calories a day.

A girl under twenty-one who is nevertheless an active person must add 200 to her final sum, and a mature, inactive woman should subtract 300.

The four-day suggested menu can be varied according to the amount of nourishment you personally need, and substitutions can be made from the list of accepted foods; it is absolutely necessary that you follow these diet instructions literally and religiously.

Don't eat anything else.

Don't eat between meals.

Don't eat before going to bed.

Your exercises will require only ten minutes of work in the morning, just after you get out of bed and before your shower, and ten minutes in the evening before getting back into bed again. They're just as important as the food you don't eat, and very easy to learn.

WORK out in comfortable clothes, preferably with a sweatshirt or sweater, and do your exercises in a warm room, for an obvious reason. There should be no rest periods between routines, and the work should be done as rapidly as possible, since the short ten minute period consists of very concentrated use of the muscles and depends on speed for its result.

1: Stand erect with your arms stretched high above your head; then, without bending your body, bring your right knee up as far as you can. Reach down with your hands, catch the knee, and squeeze it close to the chest. Repeat this with your left knee, then the right again, and continue until you are a little tired.

2: Lie on your back with your arms stretched out to the side like the murdered man in the old fashioned meller-drammers. Keeping your back always flat, and your arms on the floor throughout, bring your right knee across your left leg and with it try to touch your left elbow; then straighten, bring your left knee over and touch the right elbow. Repeat as quickly as possible.

3: Still lying on your back, bring both knees up and squeeze them to your chest; then alternate knees, one at a time; then put your hands under your head and ride an imaginary bicycle in the air above you, bringing the knees back as far as possible.

4: Stand up again, stretching your arms high; then sit down, stand up, sit down, stand up as many times as you can, bringing the knees under your chin and nearly touching the floor before you start to rise.

5: Choose one particular position or design on the rug, and run as fast as you can without moving from that spot, bringing your knees up hard. This is called running in place, and is the most strenuous exercise on the calendar, so be moderate with it. If you find yourself suddenly breathless, or if your heart begins to pound, stop at once. And don't attempt it to any degree unless you are sure of your general health.

6: Now lie on your stomach, face down, and kick each leg alternately up in the air behind you. Kick as hard as you possibly can; it may look a little silly but it will take inches from your hip measurements.

7: When you have finished doing this, turn on your left side and do the bicycle exercise in that position, bringing your

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knees up again and stiffening your legs at the end of each stroke. Then turn on your right side and repeat.

8: Sit on the floor with your legs stretched out before you. Very quickly bring your left knee up to your chest with the heel scraping the floor as you do so; straighten the leg again and do the same with your right knee. You'll find this simple to do and not very tiring, and you'll also discover a lasting effect on your calves and thighs.

9: Still sitting, with legs stretched out on the floor, and arms pointing straight out from the shoulders, reach forward with your right hand and touch your left big toe; swing back to normal position, and with your left hand touch your right big toe. Keep elbows and knees stiff.

10: Finally, stand stripped to the waist and jump rhythmically up and down on your toes, with your hands on your hips and your head back; when you've finished, go immediately and take a cold shower.

You can vary the numerical order of these as much as you like, just so long as you do them all, night and morning. Remember, don't attempt this routine unless you are sure the last examination your doctor gave you found you in good health; if you dislike exercise simply consider that twenty minutes a day is after all a very short time, and in a few weeks you will have to begin taking in the seams of every dress you own.

CALORIE CHART
Of Foods Approved for the Reducing Diet

FRUITS	
Apple, 1 average size	50C
Cantaloupe, 1 melon, 4½ in. diameter	100C
Cherries, stoned, 1 cup	100C
Cranberries, fresh, 2 cups	100C
Grapefruit, half	50C
Lemons, 3 large	100C
Oranges, 9 oz.	100C
Peaches, fresh, 2 large	100C
Pears, fresh, 2 medium	100C
Pineapple, canned, 1 slice, 3 tablespoons juice	100C
Fresh, 2 slices, 1 in. thick	100C
Plums, fresh, 3 to 4 large	100C
Raspberries, fresh, 1 cup	100C
Strawberries. fresh, 1⅓ cup	100C
Watermelon, large slice	15C
BREAD AND CEREALS	
Rye, 1 oz., 1 slice	72C
FOWL	
Chicken, 1 slice, 3½x2½x¼ in.	35C
SUGARS, DESSERTS, PASTRIES	
Fruit Gelatin, ½ cup	100C
VEGETABLES	
Asparagus, 20 stalks	100C
Beans, string, 2½ cups	100C
Beets, 4 beets	100C
Brussels sprouts, 2 cups	100C
Cabbage, shredded, 5 cups	100C
Cauliflower, 1 small head	100C
Celery, 4 cups	100C
Cucumbers, 2½ cucumbers, 7 in.	100C
Lettuce, 2 large heads	100C
Spinach, 1 1/3 lbs.	100C
Tomatoes, fresh, 1 lb.	100C
Radishes, 3 doz.	100C
Turnips, 1 lb.	100C

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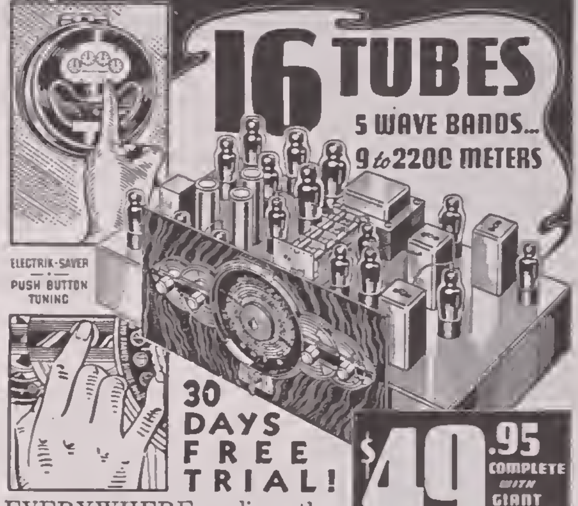

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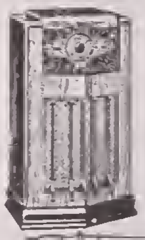

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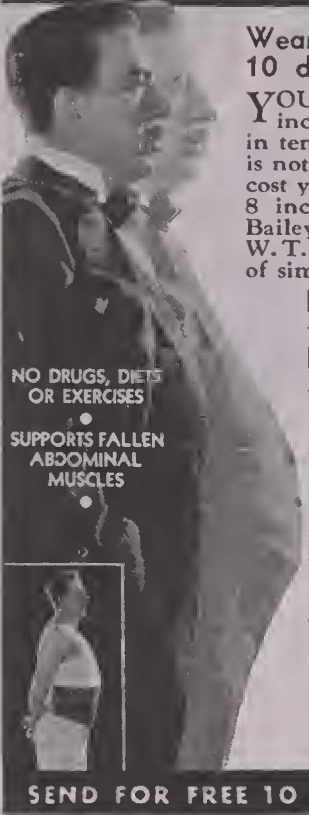
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BREAKFAST

	Calories
Grapefruit, half	50
Apple sauce, ¾ cup	100
Decaffeinated coffee, 1 cup	50
	200

LUNCHEON

Clear tomato soup, 1 cup	100
Cottage cheese salad	75
2 small salted soda crackers	50
Fresh fruit	100
	325

DINNER

Mushroom and tomato omelet	200
Asparagus tips on toast	80
Cole slaw	50
	330

BREAKFAST

Orange juice, half glass	50
1 poached egg on toast	150
Decaffeinated coffee, 1 cup	50
	250

LUNCHEON

Celery soup, 1 cup	75
2 small salted soda crackers	50
Raw carrots, celery and radishes	25
Tangerine	50
	200

DINNER

Fresh or canned peas, ½ cup	75
Stewed tomatoes, ¾ cup	50
Pineapple and cottage cheese salad	150
Buttermilk or skimmed milk, 1 glass	80
	355

BREAKFAST

	Calories
Whole grapefruit	100
Decaffeinated coffee, 1 cup	50
	150

LUNCHEON

Hamburger, 1 cake 2½x7/8"	100
Combination green salad	50
Buttermilk, 1 glass	80
	230

DINNER

Breaded tomatoes, baked	50
Lima beans, ½ cup	100
Broccoli	50
Pineapple and cottage cheese salad	150
	350

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit juice	50
Apple sauce, ¾ cup	100
Decaffeinated coffee, 1 cup	50
	200

LUNCHEON

Split pea soup, ½ cup	110
Celery	15
Pineapple, 1 slice	100
Buttermilk, 1 glass	80
	305

DINNER

Halibut, broiled, 3 oz.	100
Fresh spinach or asparagus	25
Combination green salad	50
Fruit gelatin	100
	275

Don't miss next month's article on the ever-fascinating subject of how to look at least five years younger.

You Can't Beat Soap and Water for Beauty

(*Continued from page 12*)

secrete, and bring to the surface, a lubricating oil which helps to keep the skin elastic and soft, fresh and young in appearance. If surface dirt is allowed to remain on the skin, it may work down into the pores, combine with these secretions and, harden—and you have a blackhead! It's as simple as that, and it can happen to even normal skins. Soap and water get rid of this external grime.

If, for any reason, the general health is a little below par, the tone of the skin is bound to suffer. By "tone" I mean the ability of the pores to throw off these secretions which should be passed through them. Also, internal troubles may cause these secretions to irritate the skin, and then there is only too apt to be a flock of real pimples, which are often given the general name of "acne."

Should you suspect this to be your trouble, stop using anything on the face, even soap, and run, don't walk, to the best doctor you know, and put yourself in his hands! Whatever you do, don't try remedies recommended by friends. Acne is still pretty mysterious even to specialists, but they do know this about it: that each case needs an individual diagnosis, and individual treatment. What might have done wonders for your friend, might be exactly the wrong thing for you!

But if yours is the normal skin, soap and water, as I said, are the things for you because they remove that external dirt. If your complexion seems slightly too oily, it is sometimes good to allow suds to remain on the skin for a bit before rinsing them off, as this has an astringent effect.

People who live in a neighborhood where the air is unnaturally filled with grime, as it is only too apt to be in big cities, need a cleansing cream as well.

A word here to the girl with the too dry skin. It is really best for her to see a skin specialist, as she may need a drastic change in diet, and she certainly needs specialized cleansing methods. Occasionally, this method seems to soothe dry skins. Use a good cleansing cream, working it in gently and thoroughly. Then with the same gentleness, wipe off every bit of the cream with soft cleansing tissue. Lay over the face a warm, moist towel to get the benefit of the steaming, and then pat the face thoroughly dry.

A great many girls insist that their skin is too sensitive for soap, but I find this frequently means they haven't been using

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soap and water the right way, or they haven't been using the right soap. There are so many splendid soaps available nowadays; no matter what kind you want, you are sure to be able to find it. I think one of our minor, modern miracles is the pure, good soap which can be purchased for only a few pennies. We should have a real respect for the little cake which we buy and use so casually. Years ago, an empress couldn't have had as good, at any price! And, incidentally, did you know that in certain backward countries soap is so scarce and so valuable that it is used for money?

Just as certain foods, good and pure in themselves, may not agree with you, certain soaps may be wrong for your type of skin. So shop around and find a soap which is right for you, before you give up soap altogether.

One recent development of soap making is a real triumph of research. Scientists have at last been able to impregnate soap with Vitamin D, which is believed to be important for skin beauty. The regular use of this new soap seems to have a remarkable effect on skins which have begun to lose their youthful elasticity.

PERHAPS you are surprised at my stating so flatly that there is a right and a wrong way of washing the face. For one thing, if you are wearing make-up, wash your face *after* you have used cleansing cream and wiped it all off. Then use plenty of warm suds, chasing away every vestige of accumulated waste-matter and grime. Follow this immediately with a thorough rinse of clear, warm water, but never scrub the face. And end up with splash after splash of very cold water, or, as Jean Harlow does, bury your face repeatedly in a bowl of water in which ice-cubes are floating.

A-a-ah! Doesn't that feel good? Reach for a towel, and as you pat away the moisture and enjoy the delightful keen tingle which means the stimulated circulation is bringing fresh health to the clean pores, you can reflect that it is just as good for you as it feels! You have taken one more step toward the natural beauty of a fine, clear skin.

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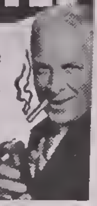

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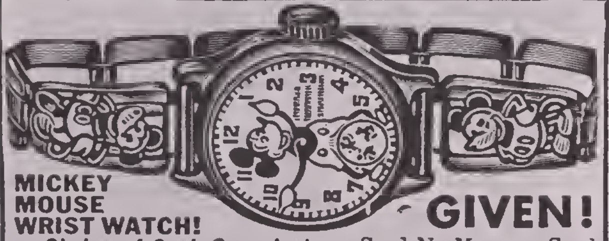

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Movie Mirror Cooking Department

(*Continued from page* 10)

At this point, you can further insure the lightness of the crust by chilling the dough in the refrigerator. Professional chefs always do this.

In rolling out pie-crust, flour the board and rolling pin very lightly. If the dough has been properly made, you will need very little flour for this, and too much makes pastry leathery. Use the rolling-pin gently and handle the dough just as little as you possibly can. Dough that is worked over and over is only too apt to be tough.

Here, then, are three more important points: chill the dough, roll out lightly, without excessive extra flour, and as quickly as possible. The last vital point is to use a very hot oven, around 500° F.

Once you've mastered plain pastry, it's fun to go on and experiment with the more complicated forms. Did you ever make cream-puffs at home? Not nearly as hard to do well, as you might think.

Quite a long time ago, one of these cooking articles gave a recipe for French apple pie. I knew it was a delicious pie, but apparently it was even better than that, because I have had so many requests to repeat the recipe. Here it is, but don't lose it this time, because I don't think we could have a second encore, flattered as we are by this one!

FRENCH APPLE PIE

Make enough plain pastry for a lower crust, and line the pie-plate. Peel, quarter and core about five apples. Slice rather thin till you have enough to fill the crust. If the apples used are very dry, pour a little water over the apples, but otherwise not.

Sift together one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one eighth teaspoon salt. Rub into this a scant half cup of soft butter till it is all blended, making a mixture of little lumps. With a big spoon, arrange this evenly over the apples. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven (400° F.) and then for twenty minutes more, or until done, in a cooler oven (300°F.)

You can serve this hot or cold. I like it best served hot, and of course you can add whipped cream, or pass the cream pitcher with it, but I think you'll like the tart and sweet of the pie well enough without any garnishings except of course, a piece of cheese.

I'm guessing you will be just as enthusiastic about this new pecan pie. It's to be baked in a square tin or glass pan, rather deep, so the edges come up well around the meringue, and is served cut in squares. It makes an ideal contribution to a picnic, a covered dish dinner or church supper.

PECAN PIE

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
3 eggs
1 cup corn syrup
1 cup pecan meats chopped fine
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
Two or three dozen pecan halves for decorating the top

Cream sugar and butter together. Beat eggs just enough to combine the yolks and whites, and add to the creamed mixture. Stir in the corn syrup, nuts, milk and vanilla. Have your pie-crust lining an eight-inch square tin or glass pan, and bake it separately first. Turn the filling into it and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a medium oven (350° F.). Let it get cold, and then top with a fluffy, unbrowned meringue of four egg whites and eight tablespoons of sugar. Decorate the top with the pecan halves. The jumbo pecans are particularly effective for this.

Serving cheese with pie is familiar to us all, but did you ever put the cheese right into the pie-crust itself? It is very simply done, gives an elusive flavor and an especially nice texture. The type of crust is excellent for small pastries and tarts as it is very rich, but made with a tart apple filling for a full-sized pie, it can be a revelation! Or you can roll it thin, cut it into shapes with fancy cookie-cutters, and have little tea-time wafers.

PASTRY MADE WITH CHEESE

¼ lb. butter
¼ lb. fresh cream cheese
1¼ cups bread flour
½ tsp. salt

Notice that you do not use pastry flour, nor does the recipe call for water as in ordinary pie-crust. Cream together until very soft, the cheese and butter. Sift flour first and then measure. Combine with the salt and work into the creamed cheese and butter. Chill in the refrigerator, roll out as wished, and bake in a hot oven (450°F) for about fifteen minutes.

Since Thanksgiving day and its gala dinner is just a little way off, this recipe for pumpkin pie will be welcome, as it is planned to avoid that only too common failing of otherwise excellent pumpkin pies—a soggy undercrust.

PUMPKIN PIE

1 cup cooked or canned pumpkin
¾ cup milk
1 egg
½ cup sugar
1 tbl. molasses
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbl. flour

Line a pie-tin with plain pastry. Sift together the dry ingredients and mix in thoroughly the rest of the recipe. (The egg should be lightly beaten first.) Pour into the lined pie-tin. If you wish that delicate, brown finish on the top, this is how to achieve it: just before the pie goes into the oven, gently pour over the filling about a quarter of a cup of milk. Don't worry, it won't mix with the filling, but will stay on top to form a delicate finish. Bake for forty-five minutes and serve cold, with cheese of course.

THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR PAULINE NELSON'S other tempting pastry recipes. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a prompt reply, to receive instructions for making ice-cream puffs at home, pretty and delicious pastries, and original ideas for using that left-over pie-crust dough!

Pauline Nelson
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D.D.D. Prescription

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Brooks Company, 182H State St., Marshall, Mich.

Movie Mirror, Jr.

(*Continued from page 8*)

very big production and I was so anxious to do my part well. But for some reason, everything seemed to go the wrong way that night.

If you saw me play Puck on the screen, you'll remember that I had to climb around and jump a lot. Well, that night at dress rehearsal, I was up in a tree and had started to climb down when I heard an awful ripping noise. The seat of my very small costume had caught on a limb and split wide open. Being nervous, anyway, that just about finished me. I was afraid to move out of that tree.

It wasn't long before Mr. Reinhardt began calling for me to come down out of the tree to the stage. I told him I couldn't. When he wanted to know why not, I had to tell him about my pants. They threw me some sort of wrapper to tie around me and I had to finish my rehearsing minus my costume!

These young stars have all been guest editors of MOVIE MIRROR, Junior, at various times. Hymie Fink caught this picture of Mickey with Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper on the M-G-M lot, where all three are now making "The Devil Is a Sissy"—and having a swell time, as you can see.

When I get older, I'd like to be a director. Of course, I'm too fond of acting right now to give it up, unless I have to. But I can't think of anything in the world I'd rather be, when I grow up, than a director. I want the chance to express my ability to direct and make really fine pictures.

It was while I was working in Robert Montgomery's picture, "Hideout," that I decided definitely about my ambition to be a director. W. S. Van Dyke was our director on that picture. I watched him for hours and hours. He is the kind of real director I would like to be some day.

(*Continued on page 123*)

OLSON for RUGS

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$25,000.00 MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

25 GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH

HERE is *real* opportunity. You are cordially invited to take part in what we believe is the most spectacularly attractive true story contest that has ever been conducted. Macfadden Publications, Inc. will pay $1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Monday, November 30th, 1936, i.e. $25,000 for twenty-five stories.

By dividing this great appropriation into twenty-five grand prizes of $1,000 each we hold out to every person taking part an unprecedented opportunity to get a really magnificent sum in cash for a simple account of a dramatic, tragic or soul-stirring episode that he or she has lived or observed.

The chances are you know a true story of quality and calibre to put you in line for one of these prizes. If you know such a story it would be a pity indeed not to set it down and send it in. If you win, you win $1,000. And to win $1,000 you do not have to submit the best story, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If yours should be the twenty-fifth best it would still be worth $1,000 to you.

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to win one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

The following letter from Mr. Aron M. Mathieu, business manager of Writer's Digest, was extremely pleasing to receive and we hope will encourage you to take part in this contest.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.—An editorial discussion of contests appears in the April issue of Writer's Digest. The following sentence appears in this discussion: "All Macfadden contests are always fair and square." I know that it must be pleasant for your staff who worked so hard on this contest to know that the literary trade believes in you and has complete faith in the fairness of your work.—Signed, Aron M. Mathieu, WRITER'S DIGEST.

HERE ARE THE RULES READ THEM CAREFULLY

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Monday, November 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 27C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 27C **M.M.**
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

Name..

Street..

Town..............................State..............................
(Print name of state in full.)

(Continued from page 121)

My home is in Santa Monica, California. That isn't very far from the studio. We've lived there for some time. I am fifteen; my birthday was the twenty-third of September.

I'm very fond of all sports. Diving and ping-pong are special favorites with me. Right now, I am state champion of ping-pong, in the boys' division of eighteen years and under. This year I will have to defend my title again.

From the number of clubs I belong to, some of my friends have told me that I'm a natural "joiner." I have memberships in the Los Angeles Tennis Club, the Deauville Beach Club, the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and many other less important ones.

I also love to go to movies. Of the men, I think Bob Montgomery and Lionel Barrymore can't be beat. My favorite girl stars are Margaret Sullavan and Jean Harlow.

Although I play by ear, I've been hammering away at the piano since I was six years old. I like to compose songs of my own, and have already had three of them published. They are, "When I Grow To Be a Man," "You're the Weather Bureau of My Heart" and "Indifferent." For a long time, some neighbor kids and myself had an orchestra and we played at a good many social functions. We've had to give that up, though, because of my work at the studio. It was fun while it lasted.

I have two pets. "Sniffy" is my wire-hair terrier. He was given to me by some friends of the family. When I first got him, he tore up a pillow and sniffed the feathers all around the place. That's why I called him "Sniffy." I have a canary bird named "Dick."

I had better be cutting this off. But before I do, I want all of the MOVIE MIRROR Juniors to know that I'd like to have you write to me. So, for now, I'll say.

So long—
MICKEY ROONEY

P.S. I'll send twenty-five autographed pictures of myself to the twenty-five boys and girls who write me the best letters on the subject, "What my favorite sport is, and why I like it best." That should be an easy one to do. Letters will be judged upon the basis of interest and convincingness. Miss Betty Turner and I will be the judges. Send your letters to me in care of Miss Turner, MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, before November 5th.*

FRANCHOT TONE, SMILING REBEL

They tried to change his name, they tried to change his personality, and they even tried to make him change his mind—but Franchot just keeps on smiling and getting his own way. You'll get the whole story next month, in the December MOVIE MIRROR, out October 23rd.

Announcing a Series of Radio Discussions of National Questions by

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Until further notice, Bernarr Macfadden, humanitarian, publicist and philanthropist, will discuss a topic of national interest every Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock E.D.T. in a fifteen minute broadcast over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

Arranged by and conducted under the auspices of Liberty Weekly, this series of discussions will have a strong appeal to every person who is interested in national affairs.

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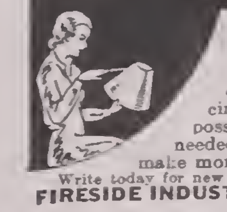

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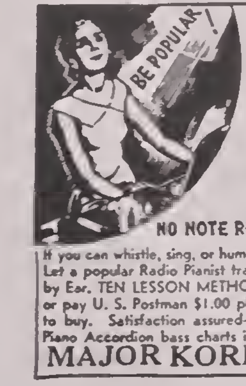

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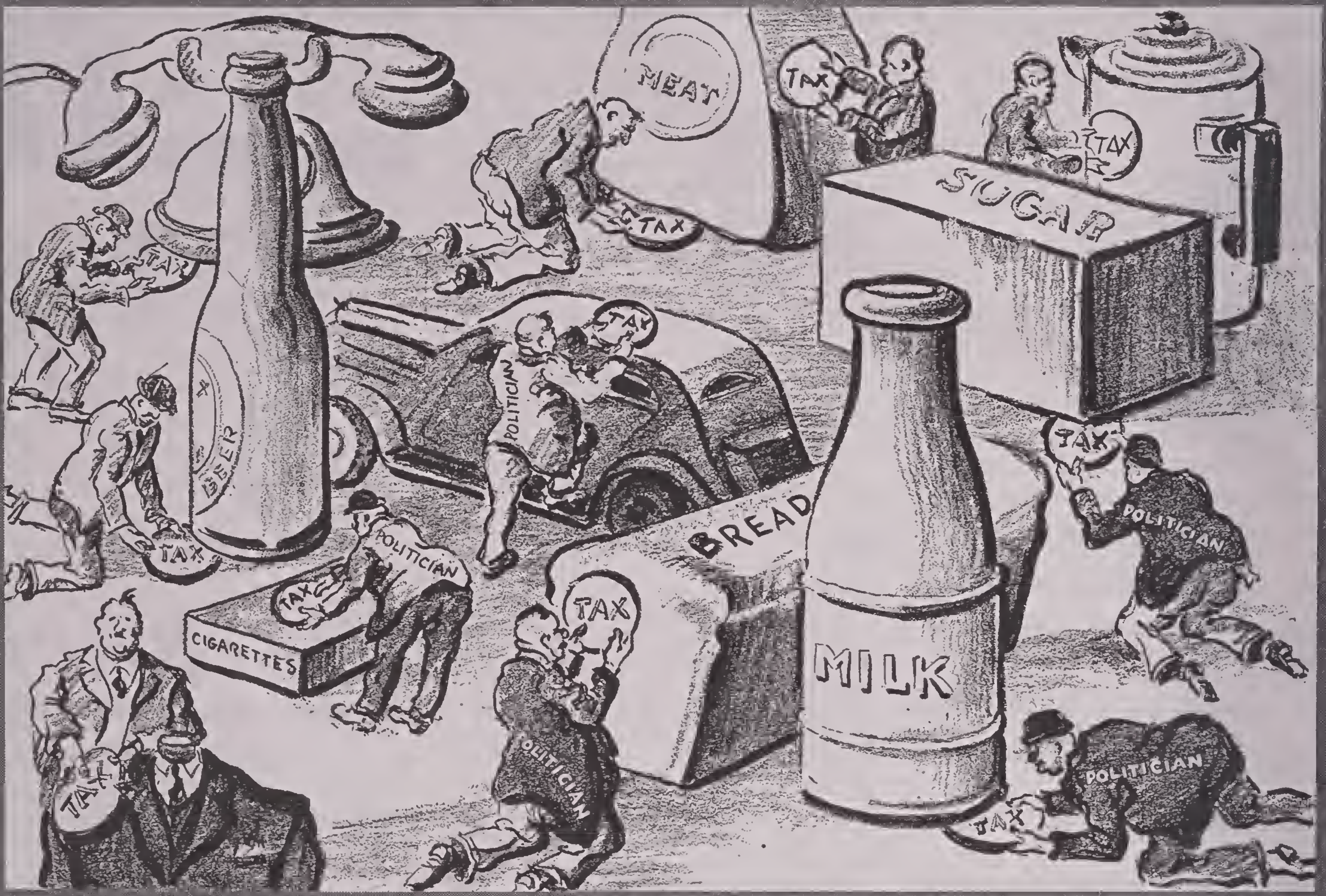

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But *you* pay, too . . . in HIDDEN taxes. Look at your next pay check. Let's say it's $24. Take out ⅓ for national, state and local government costs. That $8 is your weekly share.

If you make $30, your weekly bill is $10. If you make $100 a week, your share of government expense is $33, because government spending now equals nearly ⅓ of all we *all* make. There are 53 taxes in every loaf of bread. 40% to 60% of your gasoline money goes for taxes.

WHAT TO DO

Your clothes are taxed before you buy them. Everything you use is weighted down with taxes . . . and billions of tax dollars are wasted by careless, irresponsible officeholders. We need lawmakers who insist on ECONOMY.

Big tax cuts could be made just by cutting out wastes. We could have good government, all necessary relief, *more* good roads! Only you can force the WASTERS to quit *throwing your money away*. First, make this resolution:

"I RESOLVE to oppose every present officeholder who cannot prove to me that he has used all his influence to reduce the cost of government."

Now resolve to *keep* it! Remember it when you vote. You have all the power You can oust the political spendthrift.

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One to your MAYOR (or the County Clerk, if you live in the country) One to your GOVERNOR. *One to the* PRESIDENT.

Write only one sentence in each letter and sign your name and address. Say. "I WANT THE COST OF GOVERNMENT REDUCED!"

BUT DO IT TODAY! It's *your* job You alone can protect yourself. Don't fail. Let the spenders know their game is up. Let's all pull together. Help us to give America back to the people

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MAIL COPIES OF IT TO:
1. Your Mayor (or your County Clerk)
2. Your Governor
3. The President of the United States

REGISTER—VOTE—Give your support to candidates, regardless of party, who WILL cut the waste out of government.

Space for this message is provided by Movie Mirror because of a firm conviction that a reduced cost of government is vital to the interests of all its readers

Cinderella's Still a Working Girl

(*Continued from page 45*)

the invitation said so I went out and bought a pair—I always wore nighties. I'll never forget those pajamas—blue crepe de chine. I got them home, and then the real problem arose: what to wear under them? I tried them over nothing, and looked naked. I tried them over a chemise, and felt naked. So I tried them on over all my clothes, and decided to go that way. Of course I looked horrible. All bunchy, and in the *wrong* spots. I arrived at the party, took off my coat, and everyone looked at me in amazement. A few who were under the impression that I had a nice figure now looked twice to make sure I was the same girl. Everyone was laughing at my ridiculous display of modesty. I certainly was the cynosure of all eyes that evening. But, do I have to tell you that I *didn't* have a good time?

YET—and how do you account for this?—when I went to my first big ball and reception at the world-famed Londonderry House I had a perfectly glorious time. Lord and Lady Londonderry are one of the best known couples in London and Londonderry House, in Park Lane, is one of the few houses where they still entertain formally in the traditional style. I remember the invitation included the order: 'Medals and decorations,' which on any invitation always means that some member of royalty will be there, and that the male guests should wear their honorary insignias. That evening I met many of the most important people in Europe—ambassadors from every country, cabinet ministers, everybody—and what a thrilling time I had! I asked you why. I'll tell you. Because they were genuinely *sociable* people, real people, the people who matter. But then, if I must be strictly honest, I suppose there was another reason, too. You see, there were a lot of good dancers there that evening, and that helped me to enjoy myself, because, if I do say so as shouldn't, I'm a pretty good dancer. I had had lots of practice with an old beau of mine at the University. He was a marvelous dancer, and we used to skip evening classes to go dancing together.

"There were other wonderful parties of that kind. One I recall particularly, at the Viennese Legation, when they reproduced the atmosphere and costumes of the Congress of Vienna. Beautiful tapestries and paintings on the walls, soft colors in the elaborate costumes, waltz music in the air, and everyone living up to that traditional beauty. Is there any wonder that I can be enthusastic about that? Is it strange that I found a 'pajama and bottle' party forced and crude by comparison?

"You ask me about society in Hollywood. I have found a real and very great hospitality, a grand congeniality. When I arrived here this last time I found my rooms filled with flowers, and the phone already ringing. Not only did Herbert Marshall and Frank Lawton and all my other English friends call up to say hello, but there were my new American friends that

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"I have a position with the Los Angeles Civil Service, operating the Public Address System in the City Hall Council. My salary is $153 a month."—R. H. ROOD, R. 136, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Do you want to make more money? Radio offers you many opportunities for well-paying spare time and full time jobs. And you don't have to give up your present job or leave home and spend a lot of money to become a Radio Expert.

Many Radio Experts Make $30, $50, $75 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to $5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as $200 to $500 a year—full time jobs with Radio jobbers, manufacturers and dealers as much as $30, $50, $75 a week. Many Radio Experts operate their own full time or part time Radio sales and service businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to $6,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world besides. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and loud speaker systems are newer fields offering good opportunities now and for the future. Television promises to open many good jobs soon. Men I have trained are holding good jobs in these branches of Radio. Read their statements. Mail the coupon.

There's a Real Future in Radio for Well Trained Men

Radio already gives jobs to more than 300,000 people. In 1935 over $300,000,000 worth of sets, tubes and parts were sold—an increase of 20% over 1934! Over 1,100,000 auto Radios were sold in 1935, 25% more than in 1934! 22,000,000 homes are today equipped with Radios, and every year millions of these sets go out of date and are replaced with newer models. Millions more need servicing, new tubes, repairs, etc. Broadcasting stations pay their employees (exclusive of artists) more than $23,000,000 a year! And Radio is a new industry, still growing fast! A few hundred $30, $50, $75-a-week jobs have grown to thousands in less than 20 years!

Many Make $5, $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Practically every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs that you can cash in on quickly! Throughout your training I send you plans that made good spare time money—$200 to $500 a year—for hundreds of fellows. My training is famous as "the Course that pays for itself."

I Give You Practical Experience

My Course is not all book training. I send you special Radio equipment and show you how to conduct experiments and build circuits which illustrate important principles used in modern Radio receivers, broadcast stations and loud speaker installations. I show you how to build testing apparatus for use in spare time work from this equipment. This 50-50 method of training makes learning at home interesting, fascinating, practical.

You Get a Money Back Agreement

I am so sure that I can train you successfully that I agree in writing to refund every penny you pay me if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you finish. I'll send you a copy of this agreement with my Free Book.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

Act Today. Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my training in Radio and Television; shows you actual letters from men I have trained telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers YOU! MAIL THE COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 6MT, Washington, D. C.

This FREE BOOK Has Helped Hundreds of Men Make More Money

Rich Rewards in Radio

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6MT
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME...AGE...........

ADDRESS...

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I had met briefly on my first visit here a year ago. Incidentally, my maid became quite emotional about all this big welcome and promptly burst into tears. She's always doing that, which I suppose is what keeps me fairly steady. One hysterical fool in a family is enough.

"You see, I don't believe that society, as it is found in other cosmopolitan centers, *can* exist here, for there is too much talk of shop. I hear a lot of people complaining about that shop talk, but personally I like it. I'm one of those crazy people who likes to eat, drink and sleep my work. That's why I'd be such a bore if I did try to follow society. I just couldn't take my mind off yesterday's scene long enough to think about tomorrow's horse! My impression of Hollywood can be told in two words: youth and endeavor. People want to get places quickly and they make up their minds quickly about which way they should go. And I'm not speaking of roadhouses, or roads there, either. I'm talking about principles and careers and jobs. Even in little things they don't dilly-dally. Everything is so spontaneous. That's why I say a strictly social life can't exist here. Parties and dates are too last-minute. They might much better be labeled 'Just Fun.'"

AND speaking of that I must put in my word; I can't resist saying that Madeleine is fun, too. Loads of it. It's so refreshing to meet a star with no false modesty. A star who doesn't say when she is talking of stars, "Not that *I'm* a star," who doesn't say when she is talking of beauty, "Not that I think *I'm* beautiful," a star who *does* say, when she's talking of dancing, "I'm a pretty good dancer, if I do say so as shouldn't." That, dear ladies and gentlemen, comes under the usual blank heading of "Interviewer's Fun!"

You see, so many stars wrap themselves in their shiny glamor-armor that you haven't the least idea of what the real person is like. But Madeleine, bless her, is entirely lacking in artifice. So much so, that after "The General Died at Dawn." even the usually so taciturn Mr. Gary Cooper found himself saying, "Gosh, I liked working with you, Madeleine. Because you haven't a glamor complex, I guess!"

"Sometimes I think maybe I should have," Madeleine laughed, in telling about it. "Sometimes I look around me at others, even debutantes, who have such lovely acts, such lovely publicity acts, that I wonder. But then again, I don't believe I could 'take it.' The one and only publicity act ever attempted in my behalf embarrassed me so that I have never quite recovered. Though it did launch me on my career, still it makes me uncomfortably warm, every time I think of it. It was when I first left Birmingham and a tutoring job to come to London and be an actress. It's also the story of my first love. In Birmingham there was a young architect. It was he who put the acting bug in my head and he was so certain that I'd succeed that he insisted on giving up his own work to be my manager. It was an ideal romantic situation.

"'I will spread your name the length and breadth of the world!' he said—you know how ambitious young people always are. Well, he couldn't do that right at the beginning, of course, but he did spread it the length and breadth of Fleet Street, which is the center of London's newspaper world. He did it by the unique method of bursting into every editor's office, and shouting from the doorway, 'Madeleine Carroll is the eighth wonder of the world!' and then running quickly before anyone could throw things at him! Up and down Fleet Street, every morning, day after day, he ran, like your Paul Revere, shouting his message, trying to rouse sleeping editors and managers to life and excitement—over Madeleine Carroll. Sometimes he varied the alarm. Sometimes he had the nerve to shout, 'Madeleine Carroll is the greatest actress in the world!' Of course, Madeleine Carroll, who had never acted in anything except a few university plays and was sitting in her dingy rooms not far from Fleet Street, *thought* she could hear the reverberations—and blushed for shame.

"But, strangely enough, it worked. After managers got tired of breaking their own good vases against their own closed doors, and after my friend had so conditioned himself that he could enter an Olympic track meet and walk off with the honors, they began to ask the inevitable (though with annoyance), 'Who is this Madeleine Carroll anyway? Why don't you bring her around?' It led to my first screen test and the lead in my first picture. But never again. It was much too embarrassing. Incidentally, too, that publicity brought me a lot of fan mail. Even before I had ever appeared in any picture, or on any professional stage. Right then and there I learned one good reason why I should never allow myself to be conceited about fan mail.

THE MILLION DOLLAR BOY FROM THE FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

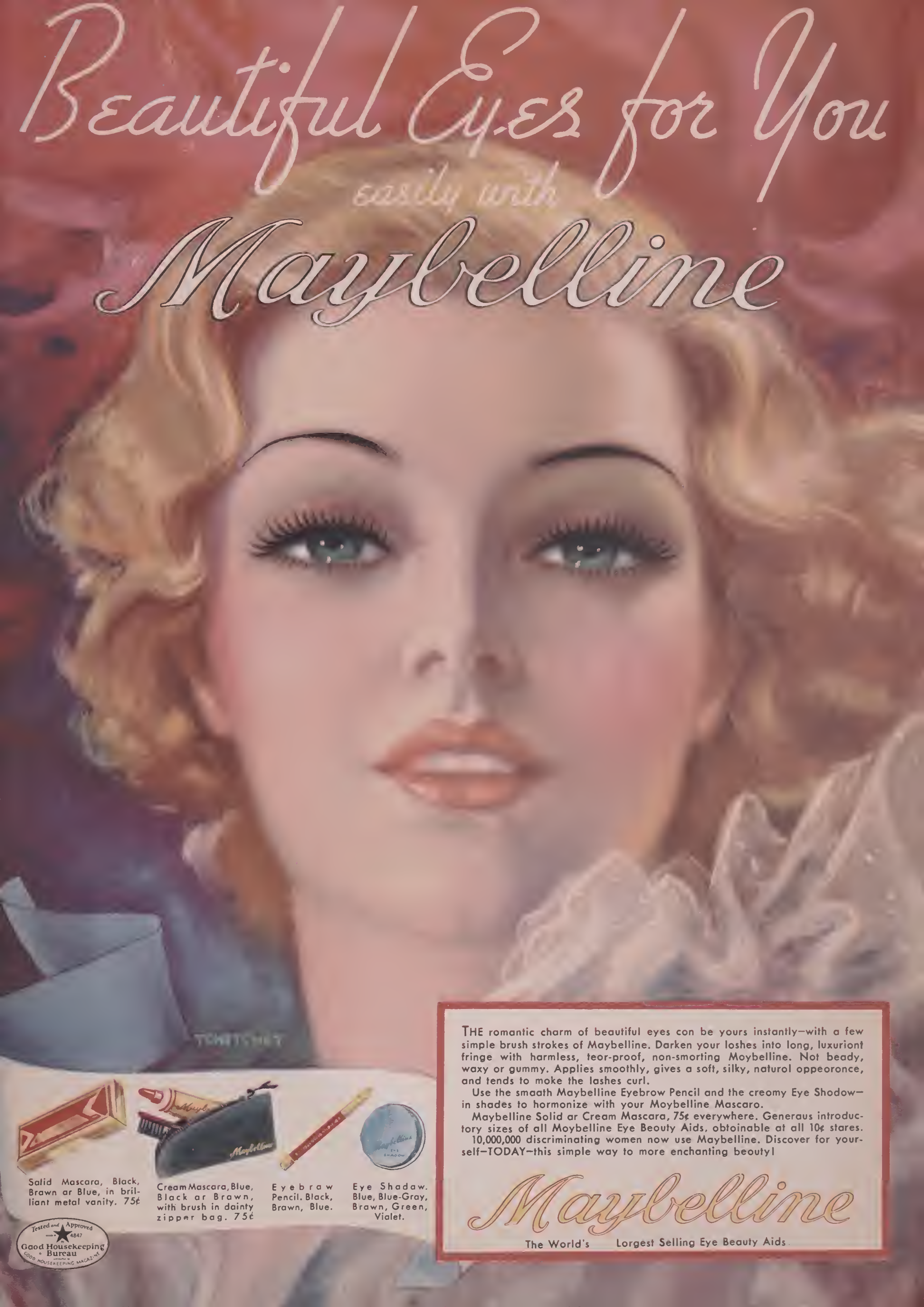
That's Michael Whalen! There's a heart-warming story of encouragement in his courageous rise to fame and fortune in filmland. Read it in the December MOVIE MIRROR, on sale October 23rd.

FOR a while, naturally, it made me publicity shy. But a thing that occurred at my wedding finally cured me of that. Hoping to *avoid* publicity, Phillip and I eloped to Lake Como—all very much a secret. But one of the local photographers did manage to get a picture without our knowing it, and the next day there it was spread all over the front pages of every European newspaper. And what a picture! I looked like the fourth or fifth housemaid—and poor Philip! The light had fallen on his hair in such a way that he appeared not to have any at all. He looked miles tall, and his hand on his breast had moved so that it covered the entire space from his middle coat button to his chin. Furthermore, the papers said that the ceremony had been performed in Italian, and that 'the shy bride had answered "Si, si."' Which was ridiculous. The ceremony was in English, certainly! Oh, and I almost forgot! They reported that my gown was pale gray. Which I took for a distinct insult, since it was the conventional white satin, of course!

"Afterwards, a friend of mine, an editor of one of the big London papers said, 'Well, that's what you get. Don't you know, young lady, that a discovered secret is always worse than planned publicity? You should learn to trust us.' I have since learned how right he was.

"As a matter of fact, only once have I ever had any terror of the press, and that was on the occasion of my first arrival in America. I crossed on the *Ile de France*, and the captain and I had become quite chummy by the time we arrived at Quarantine. He was a Basque, and my mother was from the Basque country, too—I'm French and Irish, not English as most people assume—and so, naturally, we got on like a house afire. He thought he should warn me about 'those awful New York newspaper people,' and advised me to take at least four aspirin. I said that London newspaper men had never been so bad, and I couldn't imagine that New York ones would be, either. But he said I'd find out soon enough—they asked such foolish questions—and insisted on the aspirin. Finally, though I had never taken aspirin in my life, I was persuaded to swallow four of them! Consequently, I went to the interview in a haze, completely foggy, *weaving* my way into the room. When I realized that these four reporters were four of the most charming people I had ever met, I thought I must be dreaming. But pretty soon the veil lifted and they were still charming, so I told them about it—the aspirin and how terrified I had been, and the captain's predictions. And why *weren't* they as nasty as usual? 'Well,' one of them said, 'you see, you're not a lecturer.' That didn't make sense, so I asked them for a further explanation. 'You see, in the course of our jobs we have to interview a good many visiting lecturers, men who delight in making fools of the press; who always have, or think they have, a scintillating, ready-made answer. So we always ask them the most foolish questions we can think of! But you, well, you're not a lecturer.' It was a rather nice compliment, I thought. And ever since I've felt completely at ease with reporters. I try to take the attitude of 'Well, here I am. You want me to say something interesting, and I certainly want the public to think I have said something interesting, so let's put our heads together and see what we can do about it.' I believe that naturalness pays."

IT not only pays but it tells us at last why Madeleine Carroll has turned her back on a unique social position which could easily be hers, to be, instead, a hard-working moving picture star. She pretty well summed it up herself when she said, "I go to keep a date with seven centuries of tradition, yes, of course! But you'll never find me dashing from lunch at the Ritz to tea at the Plaza, to cocktails at Pierre's to dinner at Henri's. I just *couldn't* be bothered!"



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